A lonely impulse of delight
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Yeats, as he himself said of Swift, is around every corner: he inhabits the imagination of those who came after him. (Is this partly what Auden meant when he wrote in his Elegy for Yeats that he had 'become his admirers'?)

That inimitable, interrogative voice has echoed in the world's ear since he came to fame in the 1890s – as the compelling, beautiful young genius of the Celtic revival. And the imposition of his powerful artistic personality stretched beyond the written word. Looking like he did, he was always going to be prey to artists, and there are many wonderful images of him: countless drawings and an iconic painting by his father John Butler Yeats, etchings and paintings and sculptures by Augustus John, William Strang, John Rothenstein, Sean O'Sullivan, Althea Gyles, Albert Power, and many others, and haunting photographs by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

It should also be remembered that Yeats had himself - like all his siblings - trained as an artist; he painted (watercolours and pastels), frequented the company of painters, and wrote continually about art. His occult philosophical study of cyclical patterns in world history and human destiny, A Vision, constantly refers to the way that civilization is affected by developments in art. The achievements and significance of classical sculptors, Byzantine mosaicists and Renaissance painters recur in his poems. And his imagination – which James Joyce said exceeded that of any surrealist poet – continues to provide rich inspiration for artists today. That is what is consummately demonstrated in this exhibition.

In some of these artworks, a single phrase or image has taken wing and been transmuted; in others, the core or kernel of a poem supplies a dominant image. The title of the collection, ‘A lonely impulse of delight’, comes from An Irish Airman Foresees His Death; Richard Gorman’s brilliant and ingenious propellor-image suggests not only the whirling of the plane as it falls, against the cerulean blue of the Italian sky, but also gestures towards the Futurist aesthetic of the era when the poem was written. Earlier Yeatsian works, even when they invoke the dim blue-and-silver aesthetic of the Celtic Twilight period, are transmuted into something else; Barbara Rae’s ‘Grey Twilight’ is anything but grey. Themes from Japanese art are woven through much of Yeats’ writing, and several artists here fasten onto this. Stephen Lawlor’s haunting evocation of ‘two girls, both beautiful, one a gazelle’, suggests, not only the ravages of time, but also the Japanese aesthetic that possessed Yeats from his discovery of Noh theatre. Elsewhere Jean Bardon works the theme of ‘imitation from the Japanese’ into a concrete assembly of images, and Kelvin Mann’s screen print of The Fish makes a bow to Hokusai.
The hard edge of Yeats’ political and philosophical poetry has left its mark as well. John Behan’s ‘1916’ sculpture suggests a torch of victory as well as a crown of thorns. Amelia Stein’s pile of toppling prayer-books reminds us that the message of *The Fiddler of Dooney* is a subversive one: the primacy of the artist over the priest. Paul Muldoon allows the miraculous sphinx-like creature of *The Second Coming* to escape its destiny, but it ends up in a circus. John Banville gives Leda’s experience with the swan a new twist. Other writers choose less familiar and more offbeat works from Yeats’ canon. Colm Tóibín illuminates the technique behind *The Wheel*, tracing the buildup to the chilling last line, which suggests that all life represents not only a preparation for death, but a desire for it. Edna O’Brien pinpoints Yeats’ version of Mary, Mother of God, where mother-love is counterpointed by the sheer fear at what she has been chosen to incarnate: relating perhaps to the theme of terror which also infuses Yeats’ play about early Christianity, *The Resurrection* (and echoes forward to Tóibín’s own *Testament of Mary*). Eavan Boland’s beautifully accomplished poem about Yeats’ ship of thought suggests the miraculous sky ship that hovers over the medieval monastery church in Seamus Heaney’s *Lightenings*. These reflections suggest the way that Yeats’ voice and thought echo forward into the labyrinths of Irish writing and are yet again encountered, often surprisingly, ‘around every corner’.

In these works, the worlds of imagined landscapes intersect with the recognisable landmarks of the Sligo and Galway territories, which Yeats turned into a kind of myth: the thorn trees above Cummen Strand (Lars Nyberg), the outline of Ben Bulben (Norman Ackroyd), the Seven Woods of Coole (Ed Miliano), the lake isle of Innisfree (Niamh Flanagan, Leo Higgins, Vincent Sheridan). The range and intensity of the work remind us of Yeats’ great gift for creating concrete and visual images in his poetry, in a sudden burst of vision: the dolphin-torn and gong-tormented sea of *Byzantium*, the faces of the Magi ‘like rain-beaten stones’, the brimming fountain full of rained-down life in *Ancestral Houses*, the snowy mountain caverns of *Meru*, the stone lying ‘dark under froth’ in *The Fisherman*, the rabbit struck by a hawk in *The Man and the Echo*. In his work, as in the visionary late paintings of his brother Jack, the magical country of dreamland merges with the borders of a transfigured Ireland. The resonances of Yeats’ phrases echo down the years, but so do the pictures of the mind which he conjures up. He knew, as his wife always found to her surprise, ‘how things would look to people afterwards’. He had the gift of invoking ‘emblems’ which represent eternal feelings and unchanging verities; but he also knew – and declared – that the inspiration behind the complete, masterful images which irradiate a poem like *The Circus Animals’ Desertion* are mined out of ‘the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart’. It is that combination of the transcendent and the concrete that lies behind the works in this exhibition, doing justice to the great Yeatsian treasury of ‘images that yet/Fresh images beget’. And will continue to do so for as long as people read poetry.

Roy Foster  
2015
Peter Fallon

Though Leaves are Many

The citation for the award, in 1923, of the Nobel Prize in Literature to W.B. Yeats reads as follows: ‘For his always inspired poetry, which in a highly artistic form gives expression to the spirit of a whole nation.’ Twice in its mere eighteen words the Swedish Academy resorted to parts of speech with a common root. They are, of course, ‘inspired’ and ‘spirit’, the one in turn taking its root from the other: the noun ‘spirit’ (from spiritus, Latin for breath) from the past participle ‘inspired’ (from the verb inspire, to breathe or blow into), and it is this very breath that appears (twice) and is questioned in the poem ‘An Irish Airman Foresees His Death’ which gives this marvellous project its impetus and which provides its title.

A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death.

Here the verb ‘seemed’ is one worth dwelling on. In the progression of his mind’s attention Yeats registers a qualification, a comparison, or what we might call an image.

‘A lonely impulse of delight’ is an undertaking which would have interested the poet deeply. Yeats’ protégé, John Millington Synge, wrote in a Preface to The Playboy of the Western World (1911) that ‘All art is a collaboration’ and while he might have had in mind the relationship between a writer and a reader, or a painter and a viewer, or a playwright and an audience, the invitation from SO Fine Art Editions extended to artists and writers to engage with a body of work as monumental and magisterial as Yeats’ in this, the sesquicentenary of his birth, is truly an inspired one. They have responded in rich and myriad ways. They have opened something of what Yeats described in his twelve-part In Memory of Major Robert Gregory as a painter’s stern colour and delicate line ‘that are our secret discipline’.

Yeats’ interest in such a project may be inferred from his own collaborations with artists, in particular his attention to the typesetting and design of his own publications (‘no green’) and his involvement with the careful craftwork of his sisters, first at Dun Emer and then at the Cuala Press.

The Cuala Press emerged from Dun Emer Industries, an enterprise established in 1902 in Dundrum, in County Dublin, by one Evelyn Gleeson with the help of those sisters, Elizabeth Corbet, ‘or Lollie’, and Susan, ‘or Lillie’. Befitting the climate of its time Dun Emer enshrined a national, political undercurrent. Its purpose was ‘to find work
for Irish hands in the making of beautiful things’. The women dedicated themselves to embroidery, on Irish-made linen, and weaving and tapestry. They printed and bound books by hand using special paper which was manufactured in a nearby mill. The first publication could hardly have been more auspicious: *In The Seven Woods*, with *On Baile’s Strand*, new poems and a play by W.B. Yeats, who was also editorial advisor.

In 1908 the Yeats sisters left Dun Emer to continue embroidery and handwriting under the name Cuala Industries. Until its suspension in 1946 the Cuala Press issued various series of *A Broadside* displaying new and traditional ballads, many of them illustrated by another brother, Jack B. Yeats. (Not since Catherine and William Blake, just over a century earlier, printed the English poet’s rhapsodic writings and engravings had family members combined to such wondrous artistic effect. In their cramped quarters in Lambeth, south of the Thames, the Blakes developed a method for etching both poem and design in relief on copperplate and printing them on their own handpress.)

The Cuala Press published dozens of books, in its Caslon font, by living Irish writers, as well as hand-coloured prints. Almost one third of its titles were by Yeats. Others included Synge, George Russell (‘AE’), Lady Gregory, Frank O’Connor and F. R. Higgins. *The Great Hunger*, Patrick Kavanagh's prolonged howl, appeared in 1942 and immediately courted controversy.

‘The making of beautiful things’, his sisters’ avowed aim, was central to Yeats’ being his whole life long. Consider, indeed, how often the word ‘beautiful’ appears in his work. ‘Beautiful lofty things’ became the title of a poem in which his vision retreats across ‘All the Olympians; a thing never known again’ and recur in their singular form, in *A Crazed Girl* that ‘I declare/A beautiful lofty thing, or a thing/Heroically lost, heroically found’. He found ‘precedents out of beautiful old books’. Recording a cherished moment in *Adam’s Curse* he notes

We sat together at one summer’s end,
That beautiful mild woman, your close friend’

before insisting the word four more times in the unfolding of the poem (‘We must labour to be beautiful’). And, of course, those girls in silk kimonos in the ‘light of evening, Lissadell’ were ‘both / Beautiful’, while this elegy goes on to proclaim

*The innocent and the beautiful*
*Have no enemy but time.*

For Yeats, beauty would fade but it could endure and it could be renewed.

Any history of Irish publishing in the twentieth century should trace a line from Cuala’s pioneering course to the Dolmen Press. Dolmen began publishing in 1951, the brainchild of Liam Miller, maker of beautiful books for more than three decades and one of the founders, in 1960, of the Graphic Studio in Dublin. The other co-founders were Patrick Hickey, Leslie MacWeeney, Elizabeth Rivers and, with appropriate symmetry, the artist Anne Yeats, daughter of W.B.

I was introduced to the Graphic Studio in 1973 by Ruth Brandt and Michael Kane whose art and design had begun to adorn books I was publishing at The Gallery Press. These covers featured woodcuts, linocuts and etchings including, on occasion, handset lettering for the books’ titles. In 1984 I commissioned Michael to make a woodcut alphabet. For more than thirty years its distinctive letters have been a signature, a fingerprint, on hundreds of books and special editions Gallery has published. Indeed it was Michael and Ruth who, a few years later, arranged another introduction when they invited me to join them, Patricia and Ib Jorgensen, and Mary Farl Powers for dinner in their house on Waterloo Road. Privately I sensed an element of matchmaking. Well, no match was made — but our friendship grew and I, like many others, learned much from Mary about art and printing techniques. In the course of one of her visits to Loughcrew with another friend, Paul Muldoon, Paul introduced the three of us to a woman who was struggling to remember our names. ‘It’s easy,’ he said, ‘we’re Peter, Paul and Mary.’ Because of my friendship with and admiration for her, Andrew Carpenter and I donated a printing press, bought with a rush of blood, to the Graphic Studio. But that, as we say, is another story.

The mark of this studio — now fifty-five, and going strong — is clearly visible in this publication and exhibition. Several of the participating artists are members of it, almost all are associated with it or have been part of its Visiting Artists’ Programme.

The invited artists and writers provide a cornucopia of what the Nobel citation might have called ‘highly artistic forms’. The writers, each of them remarkable, respond in prose and poetry. In fact Paul Muldoon and Eavan Boland both offer sonnets, the former with characteristic obliquity adding another shuffling creature to his bestiary, the latter
Gardens’, a period piece, evokes his beguiling paintings in a slightly awkward figure of refinement amid his own softer shades and colour. Those near pastel hints are central to Diana Copperwhite’s lithograph, ‘Spilt Milk’, thinning etching, ‘1893’, preserves the vertical compositional quality of his oils but here his rose is fleshed out in luminous, and blood’. As is inevitable, others painters convey elements of their work in these mediums. Michael Canning’s Cuchulain’s ‘six mortal wounds’ in his defeated, deflated leaning against a tree ‘As though to meditate on wounds
Michael Cullen’s carborundrum replicates hallmarks of this great colourist’s paintings highlighting the boldness of Cuchulain’s ‘six mortal wounds’ in his defeated, deflated leaning against a tree ‘As though to meditate on wounds and blood’. As is inevitable, others painters convey elements of their work in these mediums. Michael Canning’s etching, ‘1893’, preserves the vertical compositional quality of his oils but here his rose is flushed out in luminous, softer shades and colour. Those near pastel hints are central to Diana Copperwhite’s lithographs, ‘Spilt Milk’, thinning our like the poem’s thoughts and deeds in the aforesaid milk split upon a stone’. Martin Gale’s Down by the Salley Gardens’, a period piece, evokes his beguiling paintings in a slightly awkward figure of refinement amid his own inimitable green hues. Donald Teskey’s ‘Between His Two Eternities’ radiates the search for a middle ground, or dream space, with what Derek Mahon identifies as no fixed horizon:

Many times man lives and dies
Between his two eternities,
That of race and that of soul,
And ancient Ireland knew it all.

Kelvin Mann’s screen print ‘with flock fibres’ builds a masterful rippling life into the three dimensions of The Fish. The photographer Amelia Stein, in contrast, eschews the ‘inerriment’ of the dancers in her response to The Fiddler of Dooney. Her sculptural arrangement attends instead to stillness, and to the brother and cousin of the poem, both priests, who ‘read in their book of prayer’. Another stillness pervades Louise Leonard’s ‘A Green Quiet’ whose rippling riverrun in the dramatic poem which is its reference point has ‘uplifted the heart’. Aosife Scott’s ‘When you are old’ registers not the presence of one ‘old and grey and full of sleep,/ And barbed, or thorn, wire. Evoking Easter 1916 (‘Too long a sacrifice/Can make a stone of the heart’), the poem which is followed in the Collected by ‘16 Dead Men’ conjures Golgotha vividly. It would lend itself to a potent monument. I hope I am suggesting something of the nature of these acts of attention to, and engagement with, expressions of a previous time. They don’t attempt or pretend to be illustrations. Rather, by re-iterating and elaborating ideas and feelings, they are extensions and enhancements of a tradition. By carrying over something of another spirit, by being perhaps inspired, they might be said to be translations. In a 2004 lecture called Title Deeds: Translating a Classic, Seamus Heaney, contemplating the use of classics at that present time, asserted that ‘consciousness needs co-ordinates, we need ways of locating ourselves in cultural as well as geographical space’.

‘Though leaves are many,’ reads one of Yeats’ most resonant ideas, ‘the root is one’. This line, first of only four, launches The Coming of Wisdom with Time, a poem included in The Green Helmet and Other Poems published in 1910, when Yeats was only forty-five.

Though leaves are many, the root is one;
Through all the lying days of my youth
I swayed my leaves and flowers in the sun;
Now I may wether into the truth.

With support from Yeats 2015, the ‘oolie begetters’ of A lonely impulse of delight are all ‘heaters and hearteners of the work’: Jessica Imhoff and Stephen Lawlor supporting two gallerists imbued with an uncommon international perspective, Catherine O’Riordan and Oliver Sears. Intent on finding a place for Irish art in the wide world, they are acutely aware of those ‘co-ordinates’ and alert to cultural and geographical spaces. Along the way, by this collaboration, by nurturing these many leaves and honouring their single root, SO Fine Art Editions have concocted for our cultural trove another ‘beautiful thing’.

Peter Fallon
Loughtrow
Autumn 2015
From ‘Under Ben Bulben’

VI
Under bare Ben Bulben’s head
In Drumcliff churchyard Yeats is laid.
An ancestor was rector there
Long years ago, a church stands near,
By the road an ancient cross.
No marble, no conventional phrase;
On limestone quarried near the spot
By his command these words are cut:

Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horseman pass by!

(‘Last Poems and Two Plays’, 1939)

The spectacular flat topped Ben Bulben mountain dominates Donegal Bay over four counties. It must have been high in Yeats’ consciousness. It seems inevitable that he should be laid to rest under Ben Bulben, near the water’s edge, on an ancient site, that many centuries ago must have been the focus, and cultural hub of the area.

Norman Ackroyd
From ‘The Stolen Child’

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim grey sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosses,
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances,
Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles
And is anxious in its sleep.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world’s more full of weeping
Than you can understand.

(Crivelli, 1889)

I chose the poem, The Stolen Child, because of its beautiful descriptions of the natural world and the magical fairy world within it. I am a mother and I wish my children could be protected from the troubles of the world, which is more full of weeping than they can yet understand. Of course we all must make our way in this world eventually but the poem, and I hope my print which it has inspired, captures that moment when children are in the doorway between the magic world of play and imagination and the mundane world of daily adult troubles. I think as adults some of us can also still glimpse the entrance to fairyland throughout our lives and I hope this will be true for my children as they grow.

Yoko Akino

Yoko Akino

Etching and Aquatint
23 x 34 cm
'Leda and the Swan'

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

How can those terrified vague fingers push
The feathered glory from her loosening thighs,
And how can body, laid in that white rush,
But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?

A shudder in the loins engenders there
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower
And Agamemnon dead.

Being so caught up,
So mastered by the brute blood of the air,
Did she put on his knowledge with his power
Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?

W.B. Yeats

LEDA AND THE SWAN

And what rough beast...? She thought, at first, it was
an angel. Imagine. The mist of whiteness all around her,
the click of beating feathers but then the stylised black
mask and the mad dark eyes behind it, these wet, webbed
feet pushing against her flesh. Held me, she thought,
enfold me, She had been warned, her mother had warned
her, every one, about the heaven-sent one. Beware
their trick, their subterfuge, their disguise. Their? His.
How he shivers, how his heart hammer, how his bill—
his bill—dips itself into my mouth. A bird’s beak and a
man’s hot breath, and something else, some waft of—
what? — from another world.

I can not what they say. Beware me!
Besides, what do I know of Troy?

John Banville

(Is response to Leda and the Swan, W.B. Yeats, 1923)
A short poem, previously unknown to me, *Imitated from the Japanese* is thought to be based on a prose translation of a Japanese haiku written in praise of Spring.

The European enthusiasm for all things Japanese, later to become known as Japonism, was at its height during the late 1880’s. Yeats, in common with many of his peers, was fascinated by the somewhat idealised romantic view of Japanese culture prevailing at the time. I feel a strong affinity with that view myself having for years admired from afar many aspects of Japanese art, in particular the wood block prints with their elegant flowing lines, and attention to decorative detail, gilded folding screens and blue and white Chinese and Japanese porcelain.

The emphasis within Japanese culture on the symbolic importance of the seasons of the year, with their reminder of the fleeting nature of existence and the continual renewal of life, led me to connect Yeats’ poem with Cherry Blossom, the classic flower of Spring.

Jean Bardon
From ‘Easter 1916’

Being certain that they and I
But lived where motley is worn:
All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

(Michael Robartes and the Dancer, 1921)

My sculpture, ‘Easter 1916’, is a simple direct response in visual terms to Yeats’ poem. The sixteen crosses of which the sculpture is composed, represent the number of people who sacrificed their lives in the cause of freedom. They also commemorate the year 1916. The sculpture is a symbol of the fact of Irish history, whatever one’s view may be and is intended to reflect Yeats’ ambivalence to the initial event and his response to the ultimate sacrifice.

John Behan
‘The Stare’s Nest by my Window’

The bees build in the crevices
Of loosening masonry, and there
The mother birds bring grubs and flies.
My wall is loosening; honey-bees,
Come build in the empty house of the stare.

We are closed in, and the key is turned
On our uncertainty; somewhere
A man is killed, or a house burned.
Yet no clear fact to be discerned:
Come build in the empty house of the stare.

A barricade of stone or of wood;
Some fourteen days of civil war:
Last night they trundled down the road
That dead young soldier in his blood:
Come build in the empty house of the stare.

We had fed the heart on fantasies,
The heart’s grown brutal from the fare,
More substance in our enmities
Than in our love; O honey-bees,
Come build in the empty house of the stare.

W.B. Yeats

YEATS IN CIVIL WAR

Recently a strange thing happened;
I began to smell honey in places where honey could not be.

In middle age you exchanged the sandals
Of a pilgrim for a Norman keep
In Galway. Civil war started, vandals
Sacked your country, made off with your sleep.

Somehow you arranged your escape
Aboard a spirit-ship which every day
Halted still out of fear and rage—
On that ship your mind a flame away.

The sun mounted on a wasted place,
But the wind at every door and turn
Blew the smell of honey in your face
Where there was none. Whatever we may learn

You are in arms, struggling to survive—
A fantasy of honey your sepulcre.

Eavan Boland

(in response to the stare’s nest
by my window, W.B. Yeats, 1928)
Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died.

We and the labouring world are passing by:
Amid men's souls, that waver and give place
Like the pale waters in their wintry race,
Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,
Lives on this lonely face.

Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:
Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one lingered by His seat;
He made the world to be a grassy road
Before her wandering feet.

(The Rose, 1893)
I picked the piece ‘Spilt Milk’ by Yeats as for me its shortness and directness embodied the myriad of thoughts and emotions that filter through my head when I try to paint and draw. It evokes images that merge and move and that finally find their resolution in a coherent action and outcome.

Diana Copperwhite
From ‘Cuchulain Comforted’

A man that had six mortal wounds, a man
Violent and famous, strode among the dead;
Eyes stared out of the branches and were gone.

Then certain Shrouds that muttered head to head
Came and were gone. He leant upon a tree
As though to meditate on wounds and blood.

A Shroud that seemed to have authority
Among those bird-like things came and let fall
A bundle of linen. Shrouds by two and three

(‘Last Poems and Two Plays’, 1939)

Yeats wrote this poem, originally called Cuchulain Dead, in the last two weeks of his life. He based it on a vivid dream he’d had at this time and calls up the image of a shade entering into the underworld. In my reading of it I came to visualise Cuchulain as a figure in a setting more on a par with Greek mythology, and began to confute Cuchulain with Achilles - the stories of the two heroes have much in common. The poem, throughout, exudes a pungent sense of pervading pathos which on reading reminds us that life must, invariably, come to an end. An echo of humanity’s plight!

Michael Cullen
The piece I made was in response to The Lake Isle of Innisfree. I enjoyed revisiting the poem and it is one that ties in with the current project I am working on about islands. My work explores escape and isolation; the search for utopias and the restless desire to be somewhere else. I use visual elements of the world around me to describe this search for something that is perhaps unattainable. My lake isle is cast in shadows, trapped in the dark glass of a snow globe. Some dreams never come to pass. The impossibility of retreating fully from the reality of our worlds is reflected in the trap of the snow globe, capturing a moment in time, an impossible future perhaps, away from the pavement’s grey of our everyday worlds.

Niamh Flanagan

‘The Lake Isle of Innisfree’

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight’s all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet’s wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart’s core.

(The Rose, 1893)
From ‘Adam’s Curse’

We sat grown quiet at the name of love;  
We saw the last embers of daylight die,  
And in the trembling blue-green of the sky  
A moon, worn as if it had been a shell  
Washed by time’s waters as they rose and fell  
About the stars and broke in days and years.

I had a thought for no one’s but your ears:  
That you were beautiful, and that I strove  
To love you in the old high way of love;  
That it had all seemed happy, and yet we’d grown  
As weary-hearted as that hollow moon.

(In the Seven Woods, 1904)
'Down by the Salley Gardens'

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

(Crossways, 1889)

Down by the Salley Gardens is Yeats' re-working of a traditional folk song, and comes from his earliest collection Crossways, published in 1889.

Involved with Irish nationalism, Yeats was among those seeking to establish a characteristically Irish culture.

Throughout his career his poems are suffused with ballads, evoking or playing on the folk forms he liked so much.

I chose this poem because the song itself is beautiful and Yeats brings a lovely soft melancholia to his re-imagining of the piece.

My image depicts a girl in Edwardian dress in a garden-like landscape. It is an attempt to evoke the period of the poet’s youth, positioned somewhere between the Pre-Raphaelite period and the arrival of the twentieth century and Modernism.

Martin Gale
An Irish Airman Foresees His Death

I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above;
Those that I fight I do not hate,
Those that I guard I do not love;
My country is Kiltartan Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan’s poor,
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds,
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death.

(The Wild Swans at Coole, 1919)

Ultramarine:

Noun
A brilliant deep blue pigment originally obtained from lapis lazuli, now made from powdered fired clay, sodium carbonate, sulphur, and resin.

Origin
Late 16th century: from medieval Latin ultramarinus ‘beyond the sea’, the name of the pigment is from obsolete Italian (azzurro) ultramarino, literally ‘(azure) from overseas’.

Richard Gorman

Spin Blue
Lithograph
55h x 45 cm
‘The Lake Isle of Innisfree’

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight’s all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet’s wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart’s core.

(The Rose, 1893)
From
‘In Memory of Eva Gore-Booth and Con Markiewicz’

The light of evening, Lissadell,
Great windows open to the south,
Two girls in silk kimonos, both
Beautiful, one a gazelle.
But a raving autumn shears
Blossom from the summer’s wreath;
The older is condemned to death,
Pardoned, drags out lonely years
Conspiring among the ignorant.
I know not what the younger dreams --
Some vague Utopia -- and she seems,
When withered old and skeleton-gaunt,
An image of such politics.
Many a time I think to seek
One or the other out and speak
Of that old Georgian mansion, mix
Pictures of the mind, recall
That table and the talk of youth,
Two girls in silk kimonos, both
Beautiful, one a gazelle.

(From The Winding Stair and Other Poems, 1933)

In Memory of Eva Gore-Booth and Con Markiewicz
This vivid memory from Yeats’ youth is countered by what he perceives as a decline into decrepitude for both women. Would he prefer they sat out their lives in elegant drawing rooms? The memory perhaps over-rides the judgement and either way time dissolves all into the shadows.

Stephen Lawlor
From ‘The Shadowy Waters’
Dedication to Lady Gregory

How shall I name you, immortal, mild, proud shadows?
I only know that all we know comes from you,
And that you come from Eden on flying feet.
Is Eden far away, or do you hide
From human thought, as hares and mice and coneys
That run before the reaping-hook and lie
In the last ridge of the barley? Do our woods
And winds and ponds cover more quiet woods,
More shining winds, more star-glimmering ponds?
Is Eden out of time and out of space?
And do you gather about us when pale light
Shining on water and fallen among leaves,
And winds blowing from flowers, and whirr of feathers
And the green quiet, have uplifted the heart?

(‘The Shadowy Waters’, 1906)
"The Mask"

'Put off that mask of burning gold
With emerald eyes.'
'O no, my dear, you make so bold
To find if hearts be wild and wise,
And yet not cold.'

'I would but find what's there to find,
Love or deceit.'
'It was the mask engaged your mind,
And after set your heart to beat,
Not what's behind.'

'But lest you are my enemy,
I must enquire.'
'O no, my dear, let all that be;
What matter, so there is but fire
In you, in me?'

(The Green Helmet and Other Poems, 1910)
‘The Fish’

Although you hide in the ebb and flow
Of the pale tide when the moon has set,
The people of coming days will know
About the casting out of my net,
And how you have leaped times out of mind
Over the little silver cords,
And think that you were hard and unkind,
And blame you with many bitter words.

(The Wind Among the Reeds, 1899)

I was immediately attracted to this poem because it was short. Short enough to be represented by a single image. Visually it seems strong. A partially obscured fish breaking the surface of the water and causing silver ripples. I particularly like the frustration and contempt levelled at the fish for being so elusive. It seems that fishing was then, as it is now, more about the thrill of the chase or perhaps the one that got away.

Kelvin Mann
From ‘Byzantium’

Miracle, bird or golden handiwork,
More miracle than bird or handiwork,
Planted on the star-lit golden bough,
Can like the cocks of Hades crow,
Or, by the moon embittered, scorn aloud
In glory of changeless metal
Common bird or petal
And all complexities of mire or blood.

(The Winding Stair and Other Poems, 1933)
I have heard the pigeons of the Seven Woods
Make their faint thunder, and the gardan bees
Hum in the lime-tree flowers, and put away
The unavailing outcries and the old bitterness
That empty the heart. I have forgot awhile
Tara uprooted, and new commonness
Upon the throne and crying about the streets
And hanging its paper flowers from post to post,
Because it is alone of all things happy.
I am contented, for I know that Quiet
Wanders laughing and eating her wild heart
Among pigeons and bees, while that Great Archer,
Who but awaits His hour to shoot, still hangs
A cloudy quiver over Pairc-na-lee.

(In the Seven Woods, 1904)
The Second Coming

T urning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

W.B. Yeats

MEMPHIS

My face was the face on the royal sarcophagus
I’d guarded for many an age, my lair, the lion-lair
of the sun, the grand, the Sfinx.
All I had to go on was the brawn

that if I could but focus
on the task I might eventually will the being
of my knee to move, I’d already consulted the schematic
of the necropolis so was able to feel

past the pyramids,
then make my way through the ornate halls,
the vivid patches, gauzy plains...

Now I’ve followed those trademark red triangles on brown:
to a sandpit ring where rightly I’m forced

to sit all four paws on an upturned tub and hold my balance.

Paul Muldoon

(in response to THE SECOND COMING, W.B. Yeats, 1920)
A man young and old
I
First Love

Though nurtured like the sailing moon
In beauty’s murderous brood,
She walked awhile and blushed awhile
And on my pathway stood
Until I thought her body bore
A heart of flesh and blood.

But since I laid a hand thereon
And found a heart of stone
I have attempted many things
And not a thing is done,
For every hand is lunatic
That travels on the moon.

She smiled and that transfigured me
And left me but a lout,
Maundering here, and maundering there,
Emptier of thought
Than the heavenly circuit of its stars
When the moon sails out.

(The Tower, 1928)

Down by the Salley Gardens was the first poem I had been making drawings about, mainly because the sung version was stuck in my head every time I opened my Yeats anthology. The poem was put to music by Herbert Hughes in 1909 to the traditional air ‘The Maids of Mourne Shore’.

I had dog-eared many poems because of the strength or imagery of a single line and the moon featured often. I kept coming back to First Love because of the strong image of the sailing moon.

Samuel Palmer’s etchings came to mind especially ‘The Lonely Tower’. His moon-lit etchings seemed to be from the same strange visionary world Yeats often inhabits. The moonlit world has a different complexion and I would think Yeats would have used it to intensify the sentiment of many poems. I adopted Palmer’s moon as the central motif.

The final work references both poems. The moon sails out above the Salley Gardens seen from behind a screen to heighten the loneliness and secrecy of young unrequited love, the central theme to both poems.

Niall Naessens

Niall Naessens

When the Moon Sails out

Etching, Aquatint and Gouache
28 x 36 cm
One line in this poem is like etched into my mind. After reading many poems by Yeats, these words kept coming back to me:

‘I cast my heart into my rhymes’

It reflects one aspect of his writing that is very dominant, at least it very much reflects my own impression of his poetry. His romantic approach to his subjects has a tendency to be quite overwhelming. At the same time his very strong loyalty to the Irish people gives his poetry a political dimension; he is convinced of the necessity and importance of protecting and strengthening the Irish identity. This is not contradictory, but causes a very strong polarity; on the one hand a very emotional subjective voice, on the other hand a disciplined political agenda. And moreover, expressed in a meter, driven to perfection. Both an expression of “expansiveness” and “containment”, as Seamus Heaney put it, when describing the work of W.B. Yeats.

This is the reason why I have chosen to print this specific line of Yeats in a strict geometry, but also in a shape expressing a strong movement. It is letterpress printed and the font is Cochin, 16 p. I decided to print it in red, because of the repeated line ‘After the red-rose-bordered hem’ in his poem. On grey Arches Paper, the impression is still quite serious, rather than gay. Disciplined, rather than impulsive. That is what I hope anyway.

Lina Nordenström
The old brown thorn-trees break in two
high over Cummen Strand,
Under a bitter black wind that blows from the left hand;
Our courage breaks like an old tree in a black wind and dies,
But we have hidden in our hearts the flame out of the eyes
Of Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

The wind has bundled up the clouds high over Knocknarea,
And thrown the thunder on the stones for all that Maeve can say.
Angers that are like noisy clouds have set our hearts abeat;
But we have all bent low and low and kissed the quiet feet
Of Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

The yellow pool has overflowed high up on Clooth-na-Bare,
For the wet winds are blowing out of the clinging air;
Like heavy flooded waters our bodies and our blood;
But purer than a tall candle before the Holy Rood
Is Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

(In the Seven Woods, 1904)
‘The Mother Of God’

The threefold terror of love; a fallen flare
Through the hollow of an ear;
The terror of all terrors that I bore
The Heavens in my womb.

Had I not found content among the shows
Every common woman knows,
Chimney corner, garden walk,
Or rocky cistern where we tread the clothes
And gather all the talk?

What is this flesh I purchased with my pains,
This fallen star my milk sustains,
This love that makes my heart’s blood stop
Or strikes a sudden chill into my bones
And bids my hair stand up?

W.B. Yeats
From 'Long-Legged Fly'

That civilisation may not sink,
Its great battle lost,
Quiet the dog, tether the pony
To a distant post.
Our master Caesar is in the tent
Where the maps are spread,
His eyes fixed upon nothing,
A hand under his head.

Like a long-legged fly upon the stream
His mind moves upon silence.

(Last Poems and Two Plays, 1939)
I chose the Yeats poem *Into The Twilight*. I have been privileged to be resident in County Mayo during the months of January and February for the last 13 years.

The sun is low early in the year revealing the marks left from the construction of ancient settlements and the enduring acts of man’s cultivation of the land.

Today, people leave their traces on the land, sea and shore by leaving debris that will not decay for millennia. In the strong light of day, this discarded debris seems like an obscene imposition on the pristine, enduring landscape of Ireland, but twilight is the magical time when reality seems to be suspended. The shapes of the ordinary, everyday refuse of marine industries are transformed and take on a mystical quality between the moments of the setting sun and the rising of the moon.

Barbara Rae
When you are old

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep:

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

(The Rose, 1893)
I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

(The Rose, 1893)
‘The Fiddler of Dooney’

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With ‘Here is the fiddler of Dooney!’
And dance like a wave of the sea.

(The Wind Among the Reeds, 1899)

I used to recite The Fiddler of Dooney as a small girl. Recite is probably too grand of a word. It more or less tripped off my tongue in a jaunty way. Not knowing where Kilvarnet or Moharabuiee were located, they sounded exotic. But the books of prayer were heavy tomes that in my child’s eye were carried about. I have a pile of such prayer books in my house now. They have been added to over the years, from my parents’ home, those belonging to an uncle or aunt, and those from my grandparents. They have faded inscriptions and dedications in their flyleaves, folded inside the worn aged covers. They sit undisturbed on a shelf beside rows of music CD’s, which have lifted my spirits. There has always been something restorative about my relationship with music. In my mind’s eye I can see the dancing fiddle player’s bright energy.

Amelia Stein
From ‘Under Ben Bulben’

II
Many times man lives and dies
Between his two eternities,
That of race and that of soul,
And ancient Ireland knew it all.
Whether man die in his bed
Or the rifle knocks him dead,
A brief parting from those dear
Is the worst man has to fear.
Though grave-diggers’ toil is long,
Sharp their spades, their muscles strong,
They but thrust their buried men
Back in the human mind again.

(Last Poems and Two Plays, 1939)
Through winter-time we call on spring,
And through the spring on summer call,
And when abounding hedges ring
Declare that winter's best of all;
And after that there's nothing good
Because the spring-time has not come -
Nor know that what disturbs our blood
Is but its longing for the tomb.

W.B. Yeats
Biographies

Norman Ackroyd

Norman Ackroyd CBE RA is one of Britain’s finest landscape artists. Born in 1938 in Leeds, Ackroyd attended the Royal College of Art, London from 1961 to 1964. He was elected to the Royal Academy of Art in 1989 and Senior Fellow of the Royal College of Art in 2000. In 2007 he was made CBE for services to engraving and printmaking. His work can be found in the collections of the Art Institute of Chicago, the Tate, London, The Royal Collection, Windsor Castle, the British Museum, and the National Gallery of Art, Washington D.C., USA.

Yoko Akino

Yoko Akino was born in Kyoto, Japan. She studied drawing with her grandmother, Fuku Akino, a well-known artist working with traditional Japanese woodblock printing. In 1996, she came to Ireland and joined Graphic Studio Dublin. Akino was honoured with the O’Doherty Graphic Supplies prize for ‘Best Print’ at the Royal Hibernian Academy Annual Exhibition (2007). The following year her print, ‘Love’, was used to represent the Graphic Studio group show ‘Revelation’ at the National Gallery of Ireland. Akino has had numerous solo exhibitions in Ireland, Sweden and Japan.

John Banville

John Banville is a novelist, playwright and screenwriter from Wexford, Ireland. Banville began a career in journalism, starting as a sub-editor at The Irish Press, and was Literary Editor at The Irish Times from 1988 to 1999. He published his first book, “Long Lankin”, a collection of short stories and a novella, in 1970. Beginning in 2006, Banville has written crime fiction under the pen name Benjamin Black. Among his numerous recognitions, Banville has received the Man Booker Prize (2005), the Franz Kafka Prize (2011), the Irish PEN Award (2012), the Austrian State Prize in European Literature (2013) and the Prince of Asturias Award (2014).

Jean Bardon

Jean Bardon studied at Dun Laoghaire Institute of Art, Design and Technology, and subsequently became a member of Graphic Studio Dublin in 1990, specialising in the medium of etching. Her work is represented in many collections including those of The Office of Public Works, Ireland, the Arts Councils of Ireland and Sweden, the National Gallery of Ireland, and the Chester Beatty Library. In 2009 she was commissioned by Behaviour & Attitudes to produce three etchings for their collection. Her work has been regularly selected at the Irish Watercolour Society’s annual exhibition.

John Behan

John Behan RHA is an Irish sculptor from Dublin. After an apprenticeship in metal work and welding, the foundations for Behan’s successes were laid in the sixties, when he trained in London and Oslo and began to exhibit widely. He was a founding member of the New Artists’ group in 1962 and Dublin’s Innovative Project Art Centre in Dublin in 1967. He has won numerous awards and honours and became a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy in 1990. Behan is also a member of Aosdána. In June 2000 he was awarded an Honorary Doctorate from the National University of Ireland, Galway on the same day his large commissioned sculpture, ‘Twins Spire’, was unveiled at the college. His major public commissions include ‘Flight of Birds’, ‘Famine Ship’, ‘Tree of Liberty’, ‘Daedalus’, ‘Millennium Child’, and ‘Aerial and Equality Emerging’, unveiled in Galway city in November 2001.

Eavan Boland

Eavan Boland is an Irish poet, born in Dublin in 1944. She has taught at Trinity College Dublin, University College Dublin, and Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, USA, and is currently a tenured Professor of English and Director of the Creative Writing Program at Stanford University. Boland’s work has been shortlisted for the Forward Prize, and the T. S. Eliot Prize (1994) and she has won a Lannan Award in Poetry (1994), and a PEN award for creative nonfiction (2012), among others.

Michael Canning

Michael Canning was born in Limerick in 1971, where he studied at the Limerick School of Art & Design (LSAD), and then in Greece at the School of Fine Arts in Athens. In 1999, he received his MFA from the National College of Art and Design in Dublin. He currently lectures at the Department of Fine Art at LSAD. Canning’s work has been shown widely across the UK, Ireland and Europe. Michael Canning has won several awards, including the Arts Council of Ireland Award (1996), the Royal Academy’s Hennessy Craig Prize (2003), and the Oriel Gallery Award from the Royal Hibernian Academy (2007).

Diana Copperwhite

Diana Copperwhite lives and works in Dublin. In 2012 she was a resident artist at the Josef Albers Foundation, Connecticut, USA. Copperwhite was awarded the AIB Art Prize in 2007 and she was a finalist in the Quaisre Coranty Fundació Printing Prize, Centre Cultural Metropolitana, Barcelona (2008). Copperwhite has exhibited extensively in Ireland, Europe and New York, most recently at 532 Gallery Thomas Jaeckel, New York and Kevin Kavanagh Gallery, Dublin. Her work is in many public and private collections including the Irish Museum of Modern Art, the Arts Council of Ireland, The Office of Public Works, and Mariehamn Stadtbibliotekke, International Red Cross, Netherlands.

Michael Cullen

Michael Cullen RHA was born in 1946 in County Wicklow. He studied painting at the National College of Art and Design in Dublin, and life drawing at the Central School of Art and Design, London. Since the seventies he has had numerous solo exhibitions and his paintings have been included in some of the most prestigious thematic group shows representing contemporary Irish art, at home and internationally. He has won awards that include Irish Arts Council Bursaries (1977, 1982 and 1984), Independent Artists Major Painting Award (1984), Anotta National Portrait Award (1989), the Alice Hammerschlag Award (1995) and the Royal Hibernian Academy De Veres Award (2005). His work is represented in many public and private collections including Dublin City Gallery The Hugh Lane; the Irish Museum of Modern Art; the Museum of Modern Art, Karnevi, Slovenia; the National Gallery of Ireland; the Ulster Museum; Trinity College, Dublin; and the Berlin Senate. Cullen is a member of Aosdána.

Niamh Flanagan

Niamh Flanagan graduated from the National College of Art and Design in 2002 with a First Class Honours degree in Fine Art Print. Following on from her success of her flat solo exhibition, she was invited to take part in various exhibitions including ‘In der Hiver | Winter Island’ at Centre Culturel Irlandais, Paris (2009) and ‘Artists Proof’ at the Chester Beatty Library Dublin (2009). In 2013 she set up Mobile Print Project with artist Clare Henderson, an initiative that aims to promote printmaking through education in Ireland. She has taken part in residencies and exhibitions in Oslo, Poland, Slovenia, Cork, Donegal and Dublin. Awards include Arts Council Mentorship Scheme, Travel and Training Award and a grant from Culture Ireland. Residencies include City Printmaking Project, Baltimoeska, County Kerry, Lintz international Artists’ Colony, Lindava, Slovenia, ‘Na Gránán | Where Borders Meet’, Gorlice, Poland and Edinburgh Printmakers, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Paul Gaffney

Paul Gaffney is currently undertaking a practice-based PhD in photography at the University of Ulster in Belfast. He’s self-published book, ‘We Make the Path by Walking’, was nominated for the Photobook Award 2013 at the 6th International Photobook Festival in Kassel, Germany and shortlisted for the European Publishers Award for Photography (2013). The book was selected for several exhibitions including the 7th Triennale of Photography, 53rd Venice Biennale, Hallesche Kunsthalle, Kassel, Germany (2014) and shortlisted for the National Art Library Photobook Award 2014. His self-published book, ‘We Make the Path by Walking’, was nominated for the Photobook Award 2013 at the 6th International Photobook Festival in Kassel, Germany and shortlisted for the European Publishers Award for Photography (2013). The book was selected for several exhibitions including the 7th Triennale of Photography, 53rd Venice Biennale, Hallesche Kunsthalle, Kassel, Germany (2014) and shortlisted for the National Art Library Photobook Award 2014. His self-published book, ‘We Make the Path by Walking’, was nominated for the Photobook Award 2013 at the 6th International Photobook Festival in Kassel, Germany and shortlisted for the European Publishers Award for Photography (2013). The book was selected for several exhibitions including the 7th Triennale of Photography, 53rd Venice Biennale, Hallesche Kunsthalle, Kassel, Germany (2014) and shortlisted for the National Art Library Photobook Award 2014.
Kate Mac Donagh

Kate Mac Donagh is a Sligo born artist currently living and working in Dublin. She studied at the Limerick School of Art & Design, Bellas Artes de San Fernando, Madrid and at the Bob Blackburn Printmaking Workshop in New York. Mac Donagh has exhibited in Ireland and internationally, including Waseda University, Tokyo, the Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin, MiLAB ORSCH Gallery, Tokyo and the Hamilton Gallery, Sligo. Her work is held in public and private collections in Ireland, Spain, Slovenia, USA and Japan. She is a recipient of numerous commissions and artist residencies including CII Rialigs Artists’ Retreat, Co. Kerry, the Colony of Printers, Islae, Slovenia, and the Mi-LAB Lake Kawaguchi Artists Residency Program, Japan.

Kelvin Mann

Kelvin Mann was born in New Zealand in 1972 and educated at the Otago School of Fine Art. From 1994 to 1996 Mann was employed at Vidmark Television as an animation artist. In 1997 he moved to Dublin to become a member of the Graphic Studio Dublin. Mann won first prize in the Dublin Port exhibition (2007). He has exhibited widely in New Zealand as well as in Ireland, UK and Australia. Mann was also invited to participate in several touring shows including ‘Cracked Looking Glass’ which travelled to Sweden and New York in 2004. Kelvin Mann has been Studio Manager at Stoney Road Press, Dublin, since 2003.

James McCreary

James McCreary was born in Dublin in 1944. McCreary worked at a stained glass studio and as a steel erector before joining the Graphic Studio Dublin in 1973, where he studied etching and lithography. He became Studio Manager in 1980. He set up the Visiting Artists programme, which introduced many of Ireland’s leading artists to printmaking over the past thirty-five years. Along with many Fáil Powers and James O’Nolan, he was responsible for setting up the Graphic Studio Gallery on Cope Street in 1988. James McCreary was a Director of Graphic Studio Dublin from 1986 to 2000, and a committee member from 1975 to 2004. In 2005 McCreary was invited to become a member of Aosdána. His work can be found in the public collections of the Modern Art Museum in Cairo, the Chester Beatty Library, the National Gallery of Ireland and the Crawford Municipal Gallery in Cork.

Ed Miliano

Ed Miliano was born in New York in 1954. He received a BFA in 1976 from Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York. Miliano worked for over twenty-five years as a designer and illustrator in the USA and Ireland prior to becoming a full-time artist in 2007. In 2011, Miliano embarked on an ambitious project to paint the garden from his studio window every day for a year. He called this epic work ‘Daily’. It was made up of 366 separate paintings and it was exhibited as part of the ‘Futures 12’ exhibition at the Royal Hibernian Academy in 2012. Miliano’s work can be found in private and public collections including The Office of Public Works, Ireland, National Botanical Gardens, Dublin, XL Group Plc, Dublin, Bord na Gaeilge, Dublin, Opera Ireland and Joseph Walsh Studios in Cork. Miliano now lives and works in Tokyo, Japan.

Paul Muldoon

Paul Muldoon is an Irish poet and professor of poetry. He has published over thirty collections and has won a Pulitzer Prize for Poetry (2003) and the T. S. Eliot Prize (1994). Muldoon served as Professor of Poetry at Oxford University from 1999 to 2004. He has taught at Princeton University since 1987, and currently is both the Howard G. B. Clark ’23 Professor in the Humanities and chair of the Lewis Centre for the Arts. Muldoon is also the recipient of the European Prize for Poetry (2006), the Shakespeare Prize (2004) and the American Ireland Fund Literary Award (2004), among others, and is Poetry Editor at The New Yorker.

Niall Naessens

Niall Naessens is an Irish painter and printmaker, born in Dublin in 1961. He holds an MFA from the National College of Art and Design and has a long association with the Graphic Studio Dublin and is a Director between 2001 and 2006. He is a figurative landscape artist with a particular interest in seascapes. Naessens’ work is in many collections including the Bank of Ireland, the Contemporary Art Society of Ireland, Chester Beatty Library, National Gallery of Ireland, Northern Bank, The Office of Public Works, Ireland, Hilton Hotel and Dublin City University. He has been commissioned by University College Dublin, Dublin Port and the Department of Foreign Affairs.
Lina Nordenström

Lina Nordenström was born in Stockholm in 1963. She primarily works with prints, drawings and artists’ books. She studied at Gothenburg University from 1982 to 1985, The College of Printmaking in Stockholm from 1991 to 1995 and the Royal University College of Fine Arts in Stockholm from 2000 to 2001. Since 1995 she has exhibited regularly in Sweden and internationally. Her work is held in the British Museum, the National Gallery of Ireland, the Museum of Modern Art, Stockholm and the Scottish Parliament, among others. Nordenström has received public commissions from Falu Hospital, The Students House at the University of Borås, Moa Martinsons Square in Stockholm, and Uppsala County Public Transport Centre. Since 2009 Nordenström, along with artist Lars Nyberg, has run a print studio, Grafikverkstan Godsmagasinet. She is represented at Ballingen Arts Foundation in County Mayo.

Lars Nyberg

Lars Nyberg was born in Sweden in 1956 and studied at the Royal University College of Fine Arts in Stockholm from 1978 to 1983. Since 2009 Nyberg, along with artist Lina Nordenström, has run a print studio, Grafikverkstan Godsmagasinet, in Utterbro, Sweden. He is a member of the Royal Society of Painter-Printmakers, London. His work is featured in private and public collections including Ballingen Archive, Balclayce, Ireland, the Chester Beatty Library, The Office of Public Works, Ireland, the British Museum and The Victoria and Albert Museum, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, The Nobel Committee for Physiology or Medicine, Sweden, and the collection of H.M. King Carl XVI Gustaf and of H.R.H. Crown Princess Victoria, Stockholm.

Édna O’Brien

Édna O’Brien is an Irish novelist, memoirist, playwright, poet and short story writer. President of Ireland, Michael D. Higgins, has said O’Brien is a ‘fearless teller of truth’ who has continued to write ‘undaunted, sometimes by culpable incomprehension, authoritarian hostility and sometimes downright malice’. She wrote her first novel, “The Country Girls”, in 1960, and has since published several novels and short story collections, plays and most recently “The Little Red Chairs” (2015), her first novel in a decade. O’Brien has received the Los Angeles Times Book Prize (1990), the European Prize for Literature (1995), the Irish PEN Award (2001), and the Frank O’Connor International Short Story Award (2011).

Hughie O’Donoghue

Hughie O’Donoghue RA was born in Manchester in 1953. His recent solo museum exhibitions include ‘Vivid Field’, Abbot Hall Gallery, Kendal, ‘Painting/Memory: Artist’s Laboratory’, Royal Academy, London (2012), ‘The Road’, Gayley Arts Festival and DOK Centre for Contemporary Art, Prague, Czech Republic (2011). “The Journey”, Leeds City Art Gallery, (2009), “Lost Histories: Imagined Realities”, Gemeentemuseum, The Hague, Netherlands, and “Paradise”, Centre Culturel Irlandais, Paris, France (2008). His work is in public collections throughout the world including the Art Gallery of South Australia, the British Museum, the Dallas Museum of Art, Dublin City Gallery The Hugh Lane, the Irish Museum of Modern Art, the Michigan Museum of Art, the Ulster Museum, and the Yale Center for British Art. He is a member of the Royal Society of Painter-Printmakers, London. His work is featured in many public and private collections including The Arts Council of Ireland, the Irish Museum of Modern Art, the Royal Hibernian Academy, the Graphic Studio Gallery, SO Fine Art Editions and The Cross Gallery.

Amelia Stein

Amelia Stein RHA is a photographer living and working in Dublin, where she was born in 1958. Stein has established her name in the medium of black and white photography over the past thirty years. Her themes of absence and the passage of time are evident in her solo exhibitions; ‘Loss and Memory’ (2002), ‘The Palm House’ (2002), ‘RHA Portraits’ (2009), ‘The Big Sky’ (2012) and ‘Erris’ (2015). Stein became a full member of the Royal Hibernian Academy in 2004, the first photographer ever to be elected to that body. She was elected to Aosdana in 2006. Her work is in numerous private and public collections including the Irish Museum of Modern Art, The Office of Public Works, Ireland, National Botanic Gardens, Dublin, the Gulbenkian Foundation, UK, and The David Kronn Collection, USA.

Donald Teskey

Donald Teskey RHA graduated from Limerick College of Art and Design with a Diploma in Fine Art in 1978. Since 1992 he has crafted a substantial body of work as a painter of the urban landscape and more recently the rugged landscape of the western seaboard. Teskey’s work has been exhibited in the UK, USA, Canada, China, Germany, France, Finland and South Africa. He is represented in many public and private collections including The Arts Council of Ireland, the Irish Museum of Modern Art, the Limerick City Art Gallery, The Contemporary Irish Arts Society, The Office of Public Works, Allied Irish Banks, Baring Asset Management, London, KPMG, Dublin, Ulster Bank, Dublin, National Drawing Collection, Limerick, Butler Gallery Collection, Kilkenney, Boyle Civic Collection, and Limerick City University. In 2006 he was elected a member of Aosdana.

Aoife Scott

Aoife Scott is a Dublin-based visual artist. She graduated from The National College of Art and Design in 2013 with a Honours degree in Fine Art Printmaking. Upon graduating, she received The Graphic Studio Graduate Award (2013) and The Printmaker’s Gallery Purchase Award (2013). Scott is currently a full-time member of the Graphic Studio Dublin. Her work has been exhibited in galleries such as the Royal Hibernian Academy, The Graphic Studio Gallery, SO Fine Art Editions and The Cross Gallery.

Colm Tóibín

Colm Tóibín is an Irish novelist, short story writer, essayist, playwright, journalist, critic and poet. Born in Enniscorthy, County Wexford, Tóibín studied at University College Dublin. After graduating in 1975, he moved to Barcelona, an experience that inspired two books, “The South” and “Homage to Barcelona”. Tóibín has taught at Stanford and Princeton Universities, and is currently Mellon Professor in the Department of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University. His novels “The Blackwater Lightship” (1999), “The Master” (2004) and “The Testament of Mary” (2013) have all been shortlisted for the Man Booker Prize. Tóibín has been awarded the Irish PEN Award (2012), the LA Times Novel of the Year (2004), the Prix du Meilleur Livre (2004) and the Costa Novel Award (2009).
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All the artworks (in an edition of 40) have been printed by hand by the individual artists except for the following:

‘1893’ by Micheal Canning was proofed and printed by Stephen Lawlor at Graphic Studio Dublin
‘Spilt Milk’ by Diana Copperwhite was proofed and printed by Michael Timmins at Independent Editions, Dublin
‘Ochulain Comforted’ by Michael Cullen was proofed and printed by James McCreary at his studio in Dublin.
‘Down by the Salley Gardens’ by Martin Gale was proofed and printed by Stephen Lawlor at Graphic Studio Dublin
‘Untied’ by Paul Gaffney was printed by RightBrain, Cork
‘Spin Blue’ by Richard Gorman was proofed and printed by Michael Timmins at Independent Editions, Dublin.
‘Long Legged Fly’ by Hughie O’Donoghue was proofed and printed by Stephen Lawlor at James McCreary’s studio, Dublin.
‘Into the Twilight’ by Barbara Rae was proofed and printed by Michael Waight at Peacock Visual Arts, Aberdeen, Scotland.
‘The Fiddler of Dooney’ by Amelia Stein was printed by Dominic Turner at Exhibit A, Dublin.

Writers’ texts; John Banville, Eavan Boland, Paul Muldoon, Edna O’Brien and Colm Tóibín were hand typeset and printed by Jamie Murphy.

Solander Boxes produced at Duffy Bookbinders, Dublin.
From my mountain top I view:
Twilight’s purple flower is gone,
And I send my song to you
On the level light of dawn.

A.E.