

# Sean Lynch

## Retrieval Unit



Limerick City Gallery of Art  
February 3 – March 18 2007

Cover image:  
Dear JJ, I read with interest... (detail)



Beuys (still a discussion)  
Installation view

# Let's have attitude rather than identity!

Sean Lynch in conversation with Mike Fitzpatrick

*Fitzpatrick: Since your early years in art school, you've had an interest in issues of place, architecture and social history. Tell me about your formative years, and how your process of working came about?*

Lynch: Initially, the idea of the physical environment was important to me. My father owned a garage situated in the centre of a village, and it was a very busy space, a lot of people arriving with problems with their cars, trucks and tractors, and leaving later with appropriate solutions. It seemed like a place that functioned very well, a real theatre of the social. When I moved to the city, I wanted to activate specific places in a similar way, to generate energy there. This resulted in temporary installations, either in streets or in galleries. Such artworks often used architectural form or ideas of social interaction as a catalyst to further understand or critique their site. I then began to think a lot about the stories I would hear when researching or installing projects. I started to see my uncovering of information about a place as a way of relating my practice to site instead. The subplot, the hidden history, became relevant, as a way of seeing the world.

*How do you consider your practice in terms of this idea of the subplot?*

Some scenarios can be told and described so many times; a story begins to narrow down to a particular narrative and content. I am interested in loose ends of stories, the footnotes that tend to get lost, and how to mediate their presence through shining a spotlight on them. What I find is often a peripheral story to a main event.

This approach developed when I studied architectural history for two years. During this time Mies Van Der Rohe became someone of great interest for me. I travelled to New York, to see the Seagram Building he designed, located on Park Avenue. I spent several days at the plaza of the building, understanding how the space was utilised and how people passed through it. This resulted in a series of photographs,



Smokers at the Seagram  
Colour photographs



showing office workers of the Seagram smoking cigarettes outside. Of course, in the modernist tradition that the Seagram is part of, one could smoke anywhere in the building, but now, through a social and cultural shift, the building could no longer facilitate this activity. I thought this situation, however incidental, had a resonance when compared to those famous images of Van Der Rohe smoking cigars at the Arts Club in Chicago. Such links between the architect and the everydayness of their manifestations effectively set up a structure for my work at the time. Gradually, I began to think that this approach of connecting the tangential concerns of site together could be applied to many different situations.

*How do you respond to Ireland's current status as an economic success story?*

It gives me a larger playground of possibilities. I like to focus on a marginalia, the incidental events of progress, and there seems to be more leftovers around with this accelerated economic growth. My work acts as a kind of framing device for such castaways. A good example is the video 'Latoon'. It tells the story of a whitethorn bush, renowned for its supernatural qualities, that was saved from destruction by folklorist and storyteller Eddie Lenihan. The bush was in the path of a large road scheme that would steamroll over it in 1999. Eddie is driven by poetic intent, and the bush's site reminded me of a place that might inspire the deadpan poetics of entropy that Robert Smithson might enthuse about. An aim in life must be to dwell poetically, so I believe that these scenarios still have a great importance to the public arena today.

*Where you place your work seems almost in the realm of the immaterial, floating between ideas of the contemporary and historical.*

Many of my projects revolve around this duality. The notion of collapsing time is important to me, to see how a meaningful reinvention might occur through such an action. This is very evident in the Irish House project, where a building built in 1870, demolished in 1968, becomes an artwork in a gallery in 2007.

Such ideas are part of an extended narrative structure that concerns me. This was fine-tuned somewhat when in college in Frankfurt. There I felt that I should try to take a subject and charge it so full of content, it almost collapses upon a previous understanding of it. This is dependent on ideas of time and process, of narrative and enactment, of experience, memory and allusion. A lot of circumstance, you might

say! While I don't give any definitive explanations, I also don't want to be a reductionist. I like to stress the complexity of situations, and trust an audience with a lot of content. *Can you further describe the Irish House project, how it came through in your work?*

I found the facade of this building, in pieces, in a warehouse in suburban Dublin. As a noted piece of Celtic Revival architecture, it stood on the quays in Dublin until 1968, when Dublin Corporation tore it down to make way for their Civic Offices on Wood Quay. Afterwards, the remnants of Viking Dublin were found beneath this site, and promptly concreted over. Since then, the salvaged facade has had an itinerant existence, being moved from storage warehouse to storage warehouse in the city, as a piece of 'auld' Dublin made obsolete by the modernisation of urbanity. As a sign of the cyclical nature of such progress, the depot it currently resides in will itself be demolished in the near future, leaving the facade without a home.

Its' presence in the gallery, with some sections of the facade, archival images and documents, exists as a kind of sounding or essay of the situation in question, a partial history. Essentially it deals with matters that belong to the bureaucratic operations of the heritage sector, considered through the gaze of contemporary art. For me, the dissonance between these areas is an important part of the presentation.

I am interested in shaping an activism towards historical situations. This aim has another kind of duality that is engaging to me: to critically examine what has occurred, while also trying to influence what will happen to this facade when it leaves the gallery at the end of the show. As much as there is a gallery presentation for the Irish House, there is also an extended form where it must exist in some way in the 'real' world, outside the gallery space.

*For me this is very exciting, I am always concerned about the notion of the artist consumed with a sense of agency, and the difficulty of artistic practice to be at the forefront of social change. Maybe this can't happen, but art can affect the way that we see things.*

Yes, it is important to revitalize involvement. We need to begin to make decisions about how and why we might make a difference.

*The act of choosing your subject matter is somewhat arbitrary, almost dislocated in their origins. You reach out and grab these events, notions, and happenings and revitalize them.*



*Erin Weeping Upon her Stringless Harp*  
From the Irish House

If you commit to having a research-based practice, you will inevitably end up roaming, googling and hyperlinking to a multitude of sources. Sometimes I pick things up, and it is only years later they seem to come around as a viable subject matter. If my selections seem arbitrary, it's because I don't want to construct some kind of artistic identity for myself, that of 'this artist deals with x, y and z.' Such thinking merely stunts a realisation of an eclectic libertarianism that, as cultural producers, we can all enjoy. Let's have attitude rather than identity!

However, there are criteria: I deviate to objects or moments that the process of culture has neglected or doesn't know how to use, as part of its communally defined glue-job. I expose situations that initially seem localized, but are often quite generic, as they occur in many places, in different guises: be it a day in the life of an artist, a vandalised statue, or a triumphant homecoming. Of course, it is the intricacies of each case that makes a narrative more nuanced.

I enjoy the amount of freedom in this thinking; it seems easy to stay clear of being formulaic in terms of practice. Also, I like having the opportunity to choose certain 'unfashionable' sources to work with!

*In a recent lecture in Dublin, you spoke of Eurovision song contest winner Dana, a figure of innocence and harmony, returning to the chaos of the wartorn Bogside of Derry in 1970.*

I was not born at the time, but I enjoy how people describe their memories of her Eurovision win to me. It seemed like a significant piece of cultural history. While the Eurovision is considered a kitsch occurrence, its' origins as a post-war attempt to have Europe sing in harmony seems to have a kind of genuine sincerity when collapsed onto the Troubles in Derry. The distillation of image and text in the gallery functions as a way to anchor all this together. There is a certain irony with Dana. Everyone loves a singer, but she then went on in the 1990s to become a politician, a right-wing Christian fundamentalist, the kind of figure that liberals like us might love to hate.

*But with such artworks you push the memory aspect out front?*

Yes, but it is not about some kind of hazy recollection. I would rather think of someone like Richard Kearney or Walter Benjamin, in particular Benjamin's subtle notion of 'revolutionary nostalgia', an active remembering that critically reinterprets

idiosyncratic or forgotten pockets of history. I think the analogy of yesterday's newspaper is a good one. It is just past, still close at hand, easy to find again and reassess from the vantage point of today.

I also enjoy the idea that when a person remembers something, they are only remembering the last time that they remembered it, that they are, in effect, remembering a memory. This calls the validity of original experience into question, and suggests that memory functions less as an instrument with which to explore the past and more like a theatre in which we might restage past events here and now.

*How does this 'new' nostalgia operate in the theory of aesthetics?*

For many years, this has occurred in music, where an old song is remixed, and it becomes a hit again. I like to think that this is how my own practice sometimes works. I have to trust and rely on the space of the gallery, that my research and mediation of topics can come to fruition as a display there. It becomes the essential context for these echoes and feedback of history to occur.

I am far from purist about understanding how these activities might be construed. By reinventing these histories, they become part of a culture that operates on a basis of consumption. The public gallery, as with the shopfront, is now a place where a product is accessed and then consumed; this is the only option in advanced capitalism. Marx wrote; 'a dress becomes really a dress by being worn, a house which is uninhabited is indeed not really a house.' Hence, a history only becomes a history by being articulated. It is in this process, the engagement with an audience, where I hope the layers of content in each artwork might be integral. They might function as something more than a mere surface value, avoiding a fall into the black hole of consumption.

*You are plugged into the grammar of your environment, and most of your work centres in some way on Ireland. You now live in Frankfurt, so how do you translate your art practice. What are the strata of this engagement, with the environment, the local, the vernacular, whatever way you find it?*

It's a basic operation: just keep moving, spread a practice out laterally and see what comes back to you. And the more that comes back to you, the more you can move on in certain directions, or go down different avenues. It is not just a case of a

research project, but of finding different experiences and one-off encounters that can inform you. Kenneth White's writings on geopoetics are important to me. He writes at length about traversing a terrain, both physical and cultural, and by self-consciously doing this, you will very directly evoke what is there. I think a lot about the representative values of this stance, especially in relation to the dialogue between the centre and the periphery, the grand narrative and its everyday reality. In this regard, I think there are chances to continuously pursue, bargain and improvise with the many meanings of the public sphere.

*I believe you have been keeping your eye on the ball in relation to the Bill Clinton golfing-playing statue located in the seaside town of Ballybunion, not far from here. For a world leader it's a strangely humble artistic effort, more local than global in terms of place and politics, surely an example of the iconography of the particular Irish relationship with a series of US presidents?*

Yes, my project was to recover part of the statue that was stolen in recent years. It is really an artwork that exists as an excuse to tell a good story! A trip to Ireland in September 1998 was Clinton's first visit abroad since the Monica Lewinsky scandal. In Ballybunion, the secret service made a local hair salon take down their shopfront sign, which said 'Monica's', before Clinton arrived, hence denying a quite large contingent of travelling international press a possible photo opportunity. He then played some golf at the local course, a scene depicted by a larger-than-lifesize sculpture of him in the town. I understand that it is the only statue of Clinton in the world, since the American senate have not yet figured out how to depict him. Clinton has subsequently revisited the statue several times, taking further golfing holidays in Ireland after his presidency lapsed. There is some kind of logic to have a statue of an American president there, for rumour has it that if you stand on the cliffs at Ballybunion and stare across the Atlantic for long enough, you will see the United States, as it's the next parish to the west! This legacy of US presidents visiting Ireland is well documented, with the likes of JFK and Reagan tracing their Irish roots. In Ballyporeen, where Reagan traced his family to, an entrepreneurial act after his visit there in 1984 saw sections of soil of the parish exported to America, where they were sold to avid Reaganites.

*You have recalled Joseph Beuys, and a trip he made to Ireland in 1974.*

It was one of several visits he made here. He gave a presentation in the Carnegie



Bill Clinton in Ballybunion, September 1998

Museum, now Limerick City Gallery. In Beuysian literature it is claimed that only two nuns and a passer-by attended the talk. However, a healthy crowd actually attended. It has also been suggested that no nuns were present, for they would not have been let out so late in the evening. A blackboard for Beuys to draw on could not be located in Limerick, so he had to draw on a tabletop. The following morning cleaners came in, tipped the table back on its legs, and polished off his drawings. Of course, all these stories feed directly back into the mythmaking of Beuys' practice, and his presence in Limerick seems vaguely exotic, even now. On another level, it was important to speak to Oliver Dowling who organized the event, and his memories of spending three days driving Beuys around Ireland. He recalled Beuys as a very gracious man, and described his day-to-day sincerity at being here.

*Beuys thought of Ireland as a rugged terrain on the edge of Europe. Whereas in one way his work deals with this periphery, he paradoxically observes to Caroline Tisdall about Limerick that 'Fame in the art world only extends so far!' I recall seeing a film of his, where he visits the Giants Causeway in Antrim, then the scene cuts to the streets of Belfast, where he was trying to bring his social sculpture, his working process to a group of women there, who more or less told him to go get lost. His logic meant little to their lives at that moment and place. It was a wonderful vignette of two forms of life colliding.*

Yes, of course ideas of art and its social integration are always very interesting. Cultural production has its own internal ways of working, often a lot different than social realities. This is why Beuys is such a fascinating character. Here in Limerick he discussed art schools of the mind. I understand that his ideas were not wholeheartedly accepted by those who attended the event from the local art school, a conservative entity at the time.

*You relish these findings and when you exhibit them you don't tend to process them beyond a kind of presenting or display, your aesthetic seems to be the longer engagement, that of the unearthing of these potent, open topics.*

It is often about taking something out of one scenario and placing it into another, and I want to be light handed with such an approach. However, the artistic gesture on my part is not merely that of a found object, but I am concerned with the relevance of labour, how to work in relation to these topics to make them more real than just the surface value of an artist's gaze in relation to what he or she might find. While I like

the idea of 'getting inside' topics, I don't have a real ideological desire to stamp any personal assumption onto what I find. I just like to work hard, move from one thing to another, leave some kind of trail that might be of value to an audience.

*In my role as director of the gallery here, one of the most liberating images I have seen is a photographic print from the Lawrence Collection that is incorporated into this exhibition. It features the site of the gallery building and the park that surrounds it, but with no gallery present. The image was taken before the building's construction in 1906. This created a place in my mind where I realised that the gallery is but imposed onto the world.*

Yes, these kinds of gaps are important, as a way of locating oneself in some way. To imagine a gradual reshuffling of such cultural artefacts as the Lawrence Collection print is at the centre of my thoughts. Surely every story about the past can be a story about the present. But I wonder if the gallery will be here in one hundred years time!

Mike Fitzpatrick, both curator and artist, is currently the Director / Curator of Limerick City Gallery of Art and is the Commissioner of the Irish Pavilion for the Venice Biennale 2007.



*Lawrence Photographic Collection, catalogue number 2697WL  
Detailing the site of Limerick City Gallery of Art, c.1900*

# LETTERS to the EDITOR

## UNITED EDUCATION

mandant Donal (April 16th) on tion in Ballycastle e for the future of rent involved with School Project I since the school I only echo the fessed in the last Comdt. Black's ablishment of the in Belfast, which I ars ago to give a ents on the Rising other encouraging integrated educa- big step — which e only the first of boots. long education in een divided on lines — and yet inal school system in the early 19th s not denomina- be true to say that religion in Ireland, be no artificial off the six north- s from the rest of , we seem to have

made little progress since October 1791 — nearly 200 years ago — when the Society of United Irishmen was founded in Belfast by Wolfe Tone and his Ulster Presbyterian fellow democrats. What has happened to the radical Ulster Presbyterian tradition — a major contribution to the political ideas of the United Irishmen? It seems that few people in the south of Ireland are aware of their great contribution to the advancement of democratic ideals in this country, inspired by the American and French revolutions. Those opposed to multi-denominational education are in my belief opposed to education itself: denominational education in Ireland has often been an attempt to channel pupils in one direction, and also to give them as a result, only one view of Irish history, neatly, but inaccurately, divided along Catholic / Protestant lines. — Yours, etc.,

PAUL M. KERRIGAN  
Wyvern,  
Killiney Hill Road,  
Kilincy,  
Co. Dublin.

## SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS

scientific instru- ed for teaching or ascinating because works of consum- ship and because , with great scien- it. Recently it has cognised that scar- arious Irish institu- ves a remarkable uch instruments microscopes and surveying instru- ments designed to he principles of rtant instruments but thanks to the w individuals much experts from over- eland during the have been sur- nge and quality of s still to be seen hat historic scien- ts are preserved, n understanding of nce, the Royal and the Royal have together set imittee on Historic uments. The com- pmentatives not e RDS and the

Academy, but also from the National Museum, the Ulster Museum, and the Irish Museums' Trust. In addition, it has, as corresponding members, experts from museums in Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh. The committee was launched at a reception held on February 13th and it has been agreed that one of the most important objectives of the committee must be to make an inventory of all the significant historic instruments remaining within Ireland. As a contribution towards this exercise may we, through the courtesy of your columns, request any reader who has information as to the whereabouts of old scientific instruments to get in touch with the undersigned. The compilation of our inventory will be a significant step towards the growth of a deeper public awareness of this aspect of our cultural and scientific history. — Yours, etc.,

GORDON HERRIES DAVIES,  
Chairman,  
CHARLES MOLLAN,  
Secretary,  
RDS/RIA Joint Committee on  
Historic Scientific Instruments,  
19 Dawson Street, Dublin 2.

## FLANN O'BRIEN

Sir, — Your coverage of the symposium on Flann O'Brien recalled a tribute of another kind which I came across in June 1983. On a fine sunny day with my friend David Hughes I climbed to the summit of Carrauntoohill. There, in addition to the cross we had seen on our previous visit in 1981, we were confronted with a lady's bicycle banded to the top of a three metre high post set into the rocky top of the mountain.



David, and bike on Carrauntoohill.

Attached to the post also was a small brass plaque inscribed with the words: "In commemoration of Flann O'Brien's *The Third Policeman*." The back tyre of the bicycle was still hard. David shinned up the post and sat on the saddle of the bicycle while I took a photograph of him. He was certainly the highest man in Ireland that day! Another friend who visited the peak last year told me that both post and bicycle had disappeared. The thought of the whys and the hows of this short-lived "monument" has often intrigued me. Perhaps some of your readers could tell me more! — Yours, etc.,

J. J. TOOMEY,  
Corrymore,  
13 Allendale Avenue,  
Melbourn,  
Bishopstown, Cork.

# An Irish

SOME TIME this evening, an RUC Land Rover cruising in North Belfast will very likely come to a halt. The crew will almost certainly gape for a while before the sergeant, in low, awed tones, mutters: "For the love of God, Sammy, you're from around here, what the hell is going on around here? Nobody told us anything about this in the briefing. Mick, get on the radio there and find out what's going on. Merciful heaven, will you look at them. It's like the Twalf without the sashes".

Indeed, the RUC men have every right to be awed, for what they are witnessing is something that resembles one of the great population movements that occasionally occur in history, when an entire people simply seem to get up and go, arriving at an entirely unexpected address. Take the Gaels, for example, who seemed determined to keep on the move west until they got to Belmullet. Or the Saxons, whose ambition was to form a brave new civilisation in a place called Milton Keynes. To a lesser degree one can also cite the Mormons crossing the USA, or the voortrekkers voortrekking around Southern Africa. All of them would have caused even the most hardened of RUC men to gape.

So the good gentlemen of that constabulary could be forgiven at being taken aback at a population movement which will very probably leave much of Northern Ireland and even the Republic empty — deserted pubs, baffled landlords plaintively wiping glasses, and forlorn dogs sniffing peopleless streets. For the world and her husband will be making it to the Cave Hill Gallery, the first of its kind in north Belfast. And about time too.

Now those who do not know north Belfast think of it solely in terms of unpleasantness, mean streets and unhappy, troubled, and sometimes troublesome, people. That part of the city does bear its fair share of woes, undeniably; but it also contains some lovely areas — tree-lined avenues with stately Victorian and Edwardian houses, home to populations mixed in both religion and class. Civilised areas.

And if you're going to com-

Dear JJ, I read with interest...

1986 - 2006  
A page from the Irish Times, 26 April 1986  
3 colour photographs  
Letter

Published posthumously in 1967, Flann O'Brien's *The Third Policeman* presents several surreal plots. Featured is an eccentric scientist who can prove the world is sausage-shaped, a version of hell that seems remarkably like the Irish midlands, and a visit to an underground control station that turns out to be the location of eternity. Flann also describes the atomic theory, where prolonged physical contact between man and his physical surroundings result in a kind of atom exchange. This results in a bond between man and bicycle, and the development of a close metaphysical and sometimes erotic relationship. The local police force attempts to keep this phenomenon under control.

A monument to the book, located on the summit of Carrauntoohill, Ireland's highest mountain, was reported in 1986.





Dear J.J.,

I read with interest your correspondence to the Irish Times of April 24, 1986, describing a disappeared monument to Flann O'Brien's The Third Policeman, upon the summit of Carrauntoohill.

Some friends and I recently ascended there, intending to find the bicycle, post and memorial plaque your letter detailed. Despite spending an entire day searching vigorously through mist and fog around the peak, we failed to recover any of these objects.

My understanding from local folklore is the monument's remains are still present on the mountain, having fallen into one of several steep ravines close to the Heaven's Gate approach to the summit.

Who conceived this eccentric tribute, or the nature of its removal, is still a mystery.

Yours sincerely,

Sean Lynch

# Dublin Airport. Monday, March 23, 1970. Approximately 5pm.



The *Irish Times* reporter wrote that the crowd acted as a shoving, pushing, charging melee, despite all the best efforts of Aer Lingus public relations officer Captain Jack Miller. As press cards were being checked by the nine police officers present, a female journalist angrily complained that a security guard had manhandled her. When the plane arrived from Amsterdam, Miller unsuccessfully attempted to forbade the press contingent present from running out of the terminal building onto the tarmac.

18-year-old Rosemary Brown (also known as Dana) was last out of the plane, behind her mother Susan Brown and her grandmother Ellen Sheerin. At this stage, the much-publicized Operation Dana broke down into chaos. The Press, along with friends and family of the arriving party, made their way forward to hear Dana, wearing a fur-trimmed green leather coat, sing her winning Eurovision song accompanied by an accordion player. The banner 'Thanks Dana, We Love You' was the handiwork of employees of Irish Factors, who distributed Rex Records, the label Dana recorded for.



She was met by PJ Burke, chairman of Dublin County Council, who escorted her into the terminal. Dana gracefully acknowledged the plaudits of people, most of them little girls who had lined the viewing balcony above, from where these photographs were taken. The *Irish Times* estimated the crowd on the balcony to be hundreds; the *Evening Herald* suggested it was more like several thousand.

She was then hustled through the hall and disappeared into the VIP lounge with dignitaries that included singer Sean Dunphy, who was second in the 1967 Eurovision Song Contest in Vienna, and Michael Garvey, head of programming at RTE television. Garvey carried in a bouquet of flowers, presumably intended for Dana.

Outside, Derry Lindsey, of Ballymun, complained bitterly that he and fellow songwriter Jackie Smith had been ignored throughout the song contest, and that all the publicity had gone to Dana. He said 'I know she did a really good job on it, but as far as I can see, every attempt has been made by everybody, especially her manager, to keep us out of the picture.'

Captain Miller announced there would be a press conference. He shouted to the milling throng of reporters 'Why the devil can't you be quiet, we will have to get tough, put security men on and put everyone out.' An RTE spokesman said he would be entertaining 300 people next year when the Eurovision would be held in Dublin. When asked how much this would cost the Irish people, he did not reply. Suddenly Dana reappeared amid warning that she must take off in 60 seconds. She signed some autographs. If she made a statement, it was not audible. She then left for Derry.

This was Dana's 50-minute stay in Dublin, before flying to the RAF base at Ballykelly near Derry. The brevity of her stay was due to Aer Lingus' fixed timeframe. Their Boeing 737 needed to get to and leave the base before dark, since international regulations of the time stipulated that passenger airlines using a military airfield must land and take off in daylight hours.



2006

4 found images, digitally restored

Accompanying text compiled from newspaper articles of the time



In Ballykelly, the evening continued. In response to the demands of about 200 people on the tarmac Dana agreed to once again sing *All Kinds Of Everything*. It was almost theatrically fitting that she forgot the words halfway through before weeping briefly to tremendous clapping. Overhead two birds, as if attracted by the sweet sounds soaring towards them, wheeled and dipped as if in admiration. She had to then sign an autograph for the daughter of the base squadron leader before being allowed through customs. Robert Brown, Dana's jubilant father, met her at the airport. He had successfully bet £10, at odds of 10 to 1, that his daughter would win. Her motorcade of about 20 vehicles then left the RAF base. Along the 15-mile stretch of road to Derry, people greeted her hysterically. On several occasions crowds mobbed around the car and brought it to a halt.

In Derry, a crowd of over 5,000 people welcomed her as she approached the Guildhall. It took more than a dozen members of the British army to clear a path for her to walk into the building, where she was met by local dignitaries. A most notable speech came from The Most Reverent Doctor Farren, Bishop of Derry, who said, 'I hope that this great success will do one thing – unite all our people. I hope that the trouble that we all dislike will cease and harmony will not only prevail in singing but in the ordinary day's work in Derry City.' Outside, hundreds on the street attempted to gatecrash the event, but were held back by army soldiers guarding the steel-gated entrance to the building.

After the civic reception, Dana went to her home in a seven-storey block of flats in the Bogside, where a crowd estimated at 6,000 had gathered. Troops removed the wire barrier at Butcher Gate at 9.45pm and five minutes later Dana's car drove through. A spontaneously organized 'welcome home' committee greeted Dana, and Miss Kate Norris, one of the oldest residents in the flats, presented her with a bouquet of flowers. Each home was decorated with a photograph of Dana and gaily-coloured bunting hung from the railings of each balcony of the multi-story flats. Dana then appeared at her fifth floor window and said, 'I wish I could come down and give every single one of you a big hug.' She then sang unaccompanied once more. When her song was finished there was prolonged applause and the crowd went home humming and singing strains of a familiar tune. A group of around 100 teenagers then moved from the Bogside towards the city centre, where some bottle and stone-throwing resulted in several arrests and clashes with troops until about 2am.

# Bill Clinton

2007

Colour photograph

Wall text

Section of bronze statue, in a secure glass case

Bill Clinton, as part of a presidential tour of Ireland, visited Ballybunion in September 1998. He enjoyed an afternoon playing at the village's golf course beside the Atlantic Ocean.

Surrounded by tight security, Clinton also walked through the streets to meet well-wishers and to admire a statue depicting him playing golf. Sculptor Sean MacCarthy based his study of Clinton's physique on newspaper photographs. Placed in front of the local police station, the statue has become a popular tourist attraction in the region.

'One of the president's balls is missing!' blared a newspaper headline in August 2005. A bronze golf ball was removed from the statue. A police spokesman stated: 'Whoever stole the ball would have used a tool of some sort to remove it, and may have taken it under cover of darkness.'

The ball was recently recovered.







# The Irish House

1870 - 2007

Sections of the facade  
Archival documents

The Irish House was built in 1870 at the corner of Winetavern Street and Wood Quay in Dublin, and became a popular public house and well-known piece of Celtic Revival architecture.

Embellished by local stuccodores Burnet and Comerford, the building's facade represented iconographical scenes from Irish history and myth. A figure of Erin wept forlorn upon her stringless harp, beside her Daniel O'Connell stood proudly clutching the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829. Wolfhounds, 'methers', the ancient drinking cup of the Irish, the Stone of Destiny, Henry Grattan and a seventeen figure frieze depicting the Act of Union of 1800 all featured. Round towers surmounted the building and projected into the city's skyline. This exaggerated ornament was typical of much Celtic Revival architecture, where popular Irish symbolism of the time was used in a most exuberant fashion to promote nationalist impulses amongst the populace.

Criticism of the building was harsh. *The Irish Builder*, June 1 1870 commented "...the genius who designed the unsightly structure now in process of erection at the corner of Winetavern Street on the quays (which we understand is intended as a gin palace), having no scope in the sub-structure, directed his entire attention to the super. We were for a considerable time puzzled to discover what its skyline was intended to represent, but plasterers have been busily engaged up it for the past few weeks, and they have brought into view, by plentiful application of Portland cement, six ludicrous imitations of round towers perched upon its parapet."



The building was used as a backdrop for Joe Strick's film adaptation of *Ulysses* in 1965. While Joyce's Leopold Bloom had his snack at Davy Byrne's on Duke St, Strick moved the scene to the Irish House, where Milo O'Shea played Bloom. Racist taunts aimed at Bloom from midday drinkers resulted in a scene outside the facade.

A site acquisition order was announced, with Dublin Corporation making room for their Civic Offices at Wood Quay. Lord Moyne, then vice-chairman of the Guinness Brewery, negotiated and financed a project to salvage the exterior of the Irish House. In July 1968 scaffolding went up and plaster casts of the stucco panels were made in situ. All embellishments were then removed and transported to a warehouse at the Guinness Hopstore. The initial plan at the Guinness Brewery Museum was to see the remnants of the building presented in an Elgin Marbles-like display, a plan that was never realised. The facade continued to sit in storage awaiting a platform to return to the public arena. Meanwhile, back at Wood Quay, the remains of Viking Dublin were being unearthed, examined and promptly concreted over.

THE CHIEF ENGINEER

17th May 68

M.363  
E42545A/DAH/VRC

O'NEARA'S IRISH HOUSE

I have just been informed that this public house has now been taken over by the Corporation and in a matter of weeks as opposed to months, they propose to demolish it, they have asked if we are still interested in the figures, etc. on this house.

I should be glad if you will obtain instructions as to what action we should take, bearing in mind that it could cost several thousand pounds to successfully remove all the panels and do we know what we are going to do with them when they are removed.

Sgt. D. A. Hogben

-----  
D. A. Hogben

*D.O.W. informed  
per LM 17.5.68*



With the transformation of the Guinness Hopstore into the Guinness Digital Hub Centre, much of their collection was dispersed. It was feared that the facade would be purchased privately. Protracted negotiations throughout 2002 and 2003 saw the facade being donated to the Dublin Civic Trust. The hope on this occasion was that the Irish House might be re-erected as the centrepiece of a newly designated City of Dublin Museum. However this scheme, and the government's promise of such a museum, remains unfulfilled. A warehouse in suburban Dublin where the facade is now stored will be demolished and the site sold off in the near future, once more leaving the Irish House without a home.

As the Irish economy continues to boom, mainly due to the construction industry, an incredibly apparent friction between notions of heritage and capitalist growth pervades Irish cities today. As the re-building of urban centres continues, there is little infrastructure in place to care for and distinguish what is worth preserving. Dublin Civic Trust, owners of the Irish House, aim at the renewal, cultural enhancement and maintenance of the historic fabric of the city, yet they receive no state funding to carry out any of their aims.







Erin Weeping on her Stringless Harp



Daniel O'Connell

# Latoon

2006

DVD

8 minutes 30 seconds

In 1999, folklorist and storyteller Eddie Lenihan campaigned to save a whitethorn bush from being destroyed, by the construction of a €90 million road scheme in Latoon, County Clare.

Lenihan claimed that the bush is an important meeting place for supernatural forces of the region, and warned that its destruction would result in death and great misfortune for motorists travelling on the proposed new road. Clare County Council, acting on his advice, eventually changed the direction of the road away from the bush.

In 2006, Lenihan agreed to further explain the significance of the bush. As we arrived at Latoon, we encountered the construction of another road nearby, and the bush once more seems to be in danger...







# Finding Richard Long

2006



STONES ON INISHMORE ARAN ISLANDS  
WEST COAST OF IRELAND  
1975



On the remote eastern tip of Inishmore Island, Long's sculpture was located.  
The majority of the stones have now fallen.

3 pages torn out of a Richard Long catalogue  
2 colour photographs



A CIRCLE IN IRELAND  
COUNTY CLARE 1975

88



A Circle in Ireland was found close to Doolin Pier. Visitors to the site have seemingly repaired any deterioration to Long's sculpture by continually adding further stones.



THROWING A STONE AROUND MACGILLYCUDDY'S REEKS

A 2 1/2 DAY WALK     SAIB'S THROWS

STARTING FROM WHERE I FOUND IT, I THREW A STONE, WALKED TO ITS LANDING PLACE AND FROM THERE THREW IT FORWARD AGAIN.  
I CONTINUED THROUGH THE STONE AND WALKING IN THE WAY ON A CIRCULAR ROUTE, ENDING AT THE PLACE WHERE I FIRST PICKED UP THE STONE.

COUNTY KERRY, IRELAND - 1977

J. Hodkinson and Sons,  
Ecclesiastical Decorators,  
54 Henry Street, Limerick.

The family-run firm have decorated church interiors  
throughout Ireland since 1852.

2007

Installation in the Permanent Collection

Colour photograph

Wall drawing devised and executed by Randel Hodkinson

Selection of drawings and documents from the business' archive in display cases

For the memory of Aubrey Hodkinson

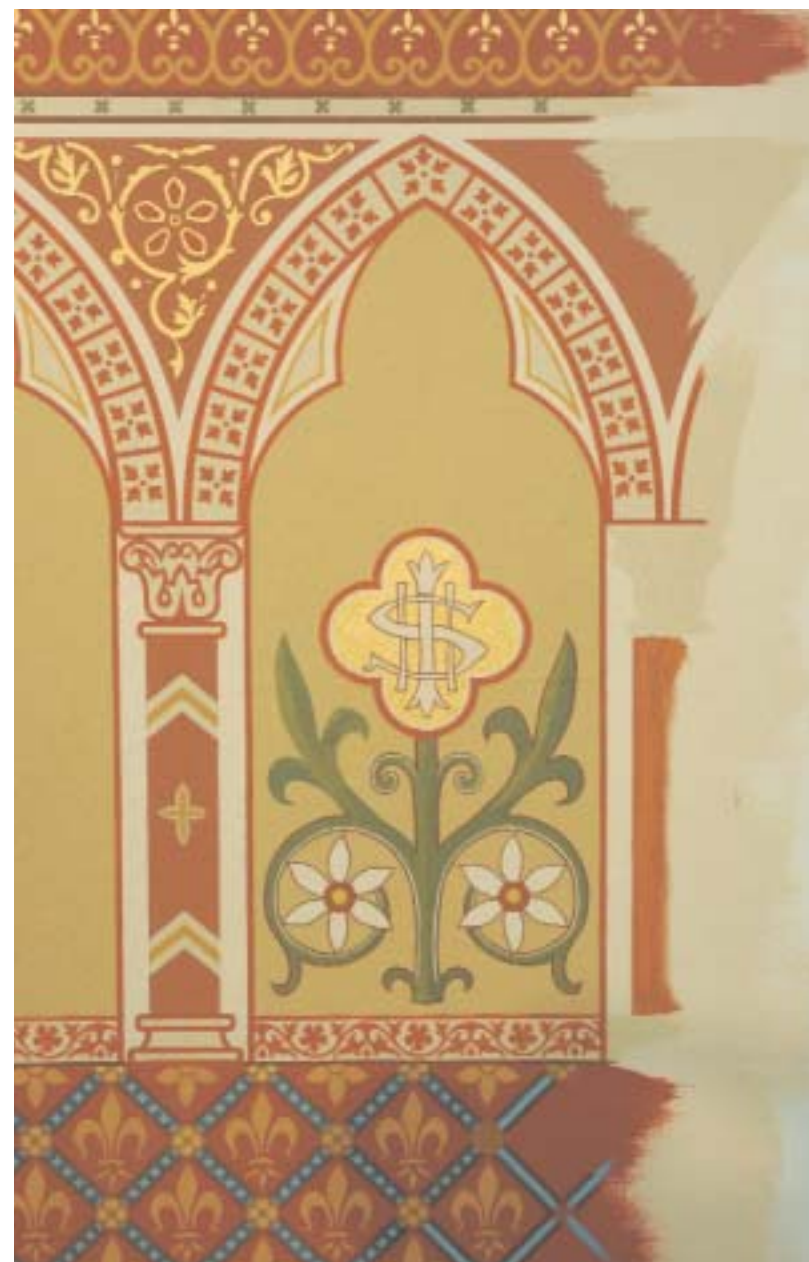




Carlow Cathedral, 1952  
Harry Clarke murals present were removed in the 1970s



Workshop interior, 2006





## Beuys (still a discussion)

2007

Photograph

A4 wall panel, emails

Reconstruction of Beuys' Irish Energies

Original signage of Carnegie Free Library and Museum rearranged to spell 'Beuys'.

'Lecture at Carnegie Free Library and Museum, Limerick

Audience: two nuns and a passer-by. Blackboard erased by porter on completion.

Beuys said to me: 'Why have you dragged me off to the ends of the earth?' Fame in the art world only extends so far!

Caroline Tisdall, *Joseph Beuys: We Go This Way*, London 1988, p.88.

Pictured: Joseph Beuys outside the Carnegie Free Library and Museum, now Limerick City Gallery of Art, in September 1974. Tisdall, art critic for the *Guardian* newspaper, took the photograph.

hi Sean and thanks for your e-mail.

I was Exhibitions Officer at the Arts Council from late 60s to mid 70s. It was a curatorial position and I organised exhibitions in Dublin and tours around the country. It was a very different time and little money at a local level for exhibitions.

I became aware that the exhibition 'A Secret Block for a Secret Person' by Joseph Beuys was about to be exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art, Oxford; Nicholas Serota was director there. I asked if there was a possibility of it coming to Dublin - Nick Serota passed my request directly to Joseph Beuys and Caroline Tisdall who were in California at the time. I got a phone call from Caroline saying Joseph Beuys would be delighted for the exhibition to come to Dublin as he had always wanted to visit Ireland believing it to be a last outpost of civilization - as you know he also had a great interest in James Joyce - she also said he had now decided to call the exhibition 'A Secret Block for a Secret Person in Ireland'. To cut a long story short I approached the Arts Council of Northern Ireland and asked if they would be partners and share costs and house the exhibition in Belfast and that happened.

An Arts Council funded and organised exhibition was shown at the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art on Parnell Square, Dublin, now the Hugh Lane. Unfortunately it was not possible to bring the exhibition elsewhere because of its size. Since Joseph Beuys himself was to be here I asked him if he would give talks in Dublin, Cork and Limerick. He said he never gave talks but would be happy to have discussions, so that

was what was arranged. He asked for at least two freestanding blackboards for each discussion. We managed with great difficulty to find 3 for Dublin as it was just at the time when wall blackboards were being introduced. As you know the Municipal Gallery in Limerick was the host venue and Miss Lanigan the Librarian/Curator agreed - a Mr Andrews was assistant in the gallery. However, when we arrived we discovered they could not find any blackboards. It was eventually agreed that a large black table present could be turned on its side and Beuys used it to illustrate his 'discussion'. It worked well. Beuys usually left his blackboards with the gallery, but this table had to be cleaned as it was needed for practical purposes in the gallery next day! It was never intended that the table used would be kept as an artwork.

Anyway, I remember a successful and lively evening. My recollection is that it was respectably attended and I could never understand Caroline Tisdall and her claim. Limerick at that time had a very lively group of artists trying very hard to enliven the scene - and they attended everything I ever organised there and in fact eventually set up EV+A.

It might be worth your while looking up the Joseph Beuys file at the Arts Council - I can't remember how good I was at filing information like attendances etc.!

With all good wishes

Oliver Dowling



Reconstruction of *Irish Energies*

Peat briquettes, butter

Original made in 1974 and subsequently exhibited at Rosc '77, Dublin

hi Sean,

That's all very interesting - Joseph Beuys was an extraordinary gracious man and at all times he expressed delight to be in Ireland. Having driven him from Dublin to Limerick, then to Cork and back to Dublin it was a pretty intense 3 days but enjoyable and I never heard him complain - what he said to Caroline in private of course is another thing but it does surprise me. As I said the first approach and phone call from California changing the name of the exhibition because it was coming to Ireland was also expressed in the fact he referred to me as 'Mr Ireland' - I've never told anyone that but I say it now as an indication of his feelings, generosity and lightness at being here.

On leaving Dublin he asked me to stop and he went into a shop and came out with 2 bales of briquettes and some packets of butter which were carried into his hotel in Limerick and then back to my car next morning and into his hotel in Cork and then back to the car the next morning. The first peat and butter sculptures were made in my car on the journey from Cork back to Dublin and he was delighted with himself - he had obviously been experimenting in his hotel rooms. He inscribed 2 of them to me.

There were no blackboards in Limerick and the fact that a table was turned on its side was a matter of amusement - you have to be amused and I suppose it does indicate a parochialism - although I was not at all pleased at the time as the organiser of the whole thing - it was in Cork at the Crawford Art Gallery where blackboards were used and where they were erased afterwards.

The 'discussions' were lively events and especially in Dublin where there was a huge attendance and many people including some artists were very angry with him, but that's another story.

With all good wishes

Oliver



Jim Nolan of Caherdavin, Limerick, re-making *Irish Energies* during his lunch break.



beuys



## Dear JJ, I read with interest....

(assorted footnotes)

1971 - 2006



*Dear JJ, I read with interest...* was first exhibited at Ritter and Staiff, Frankfurt in 2006. On the opening day of the exhibition, a letter was posted to JJ Toomey of Bishopstown, Cork, detailing the attempted recovery of the Flann O'Brien monument on Carauntoohill. Three weeks later, on the last day of the exhibition, he replied.

He detailed several other responses sent to him. Two different parties claimed to have lifted bicycles up Carauntoohill in 1983. Photographs taken by Sabine Schmidt of Hattenheim, Germany, detail her friend Jonathon carrying the bicycle up the Devil's Ladder ravine and installing the monument at the summit. This occurred sometime in 1983. Accounts also exist from Michael Kellett of Raheny of an unnamed couple from the English Midlands purchasing a bicycle at the base of the mountain in Killorglin for £15, and installing it on Friday May 23, 1983, but no photodocumentation of this has yet been located. Despite both parties claiming authorship of the monument, there is still no clear explanation as to why or how it was destroyed.

Similarly, in May 2006, conservationists cleaning up the top of Ben Nevis found a piano on the top of the mountain. Kenny Campbell, a woodcutter from the Scottish Highlands, came forward to explain how he carried a 226-pound instrument alone up the summit of Britain's highest mountain, in 1971. It took him four days. He strapped the piano to his back with seat belts. When he got to the summit, he played Scotland the Brave on the piano while a group of Norwegian climbers danced along. He also claims to have brought a plough and a beer barrel on separate occasions to the summit, although both claims are currently unsubstantiated.

Incidentally, Joseph Beuys received a copy of the Flann O'Brien's *Third Policeman* from Irish art critic Dorothy Walker while making one of several trips to Ireland in the 1970s. The book subsequently influenced performances he made at Documenta in 1982, and in his final performance work, in Naples in 1985, entitled, *'Is it about a bicycle?'* a direct quote from the book.

# Towards A Little (Historical) Alchemy

Gemma Tipton

A bronze golf ball is stolen from a statue of Bill Clinton (playing golf, naturally), which has been sited in Ballybunion; it is the only statue of the former American President in the world. A letter to the *Irish Times* describes how someone has climbed Carrauntoohill, the highest peak in Ireland, and erected a bicycle on top of a pole to commemorate Flann O'Brien's *Third Policeman*; more than one person claims to have put it there. In County Clare, a folklorist successfully campaigns to have a motorway rerouted so as not to disturb a bush, under which fairies are said to gather before they go into battle. In Dublin a statue of Érin, weeping over her stringless harp, taken from a now demolished pub, is soon to be homeless again; the warehouse in which she languishes is also to be destroyed in the name of progress. Dana returns to Ireland after her Eurovision win and celebrations in her native Derry turn to rioting in the Bogside. Joseph Beuys comes to Limerick, but investigations show the 'official' description of his talk that night to be highly inaccurate.

These disparate stories make up Sean Lynch's territory, where history and myth meet, and fresh meaning comes from a different way of looking. But what are Lynch's artistic investigations doing with these objects and images? What is he doing to history, to the gallery in which we see his work, and what is he doing, ultimately, to those who have come to view his eclectic selections?

Within the art gallery or museum, history is usually confined to a dull study of artistic periods; that rather joyless categorisation of one movement relentlessly and inevitably following the other until after Modernism, when all those tidy sequences would at last fall apart; leaving us to realise that perhaps those earlier sequences hadn't really been as neat as they'd told us.<sup>1</sup> Either that or, reaching back, it requires us to read stories from didactic panels, informing us of the official facts behind the images, the scenes and people we are gazing upon. From this perspective it is difficult to disagree with Aristotle's observation that poetry is "a higher thing than history", because "poetry tends to express the universal, history the particular."<sup>2</sup> The

particularities of history seem bent on telling us one story, a single sequential narrative that puts everything in its place, and in that sense, history might seem a rather flat thing to do. That, however, depends on how you look at it...

For Lynch, history is not some past thing, not simply a repository of stories to support the accepted view of 'how things are'. For Lynch, history is something more potentially revolutionary as he opens it up to different tellings, other angles; retrieving fresh stories from the margins, bits and pieces left behind by the forceful sweep of the central narrative. His historical investigations create a sort of chain reaction, whereby we realise that the way things are is not necessarily the way they have to be.

Take the story of Joseph Beuys' trip to Limerick in 1974. Beuys made several visits to Ireland in the 1970s, and the country became an influence in his work. He talked, at one point, of establishing his Free University at the then-abandoned former Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, now the Irish Museum of Modern Art. Caroline Tisdall who was art critic for *The Guardian* at the time, accompanied Beuys on his lecture tour and later published a book on the artist's travels. She described the Limerick visit thus:

*Lecture at Carnegie Free Library and Museum, Limerick*  
*Audience: two nuns and a passer-by. Blackboard erased by porter on completion. Beuys said to me: 'Why have you dragged me off to the ends of the earth?' Fame in the art world only extends so far!*<sup>3</sup>

A little research on Lynch's part (he is, after all, a trained architectural historian) reveals a different story. There was, as Lynch puts it, "a healthy attendance" for the presentation. There might have been no nuns in the museum that night as the lecture was held long after they would all have been safely back in their convents. On the subject of the erased blackboards, again research shows that Beuys did not use blackboards that night, but instead wrote in chalk on a table, which had been turned on its side for the purpose. Does this matter? Perhaps. Stories of Beuys and erased blackboards abound in Ireland. The same thing happened at a lecture he gave in Cork, after venturing into Limerick. And at the Hugh Lane Gallery in Dublin, visitors on a guided tour are treated to a knuckle-biting tale of how a curator saved their set of Beuys' blackboards, seconds before their being wiped off by a cleaner. Ireland at the time may have been a dangerous place for art.

Even though it is an event that still exists within living memory, Beuys' visit to Limerick

has slid over into myth in a way that seems highly appropriate to Beuys' own myth-making practice. Lynch's investigations reveal how events may be re-cast to serve an idea, but also how these ideas may have more of an element of poetic 'truth' than a reiterating of bald facts can account for. Here, as the travelling shamanic artist collides with the city, a friction between Beuys' idea of a Celtic Twilight on the periphery of the artworld and the everyday practicalities of life in Limerick at the time becomes apparent. Suspected truths circle around Beuys' visit; some are present through the lure of certain photographs, objects and memories; while others remain hovering on the horizon until circumstances call them in close enough to join the story.

In what way, then, do such historical re-evaluations fit in with an artistic practice, and how do they relate to the museum? Lynch himself has remarked on the vital role the gallery plays in framing his concerns: "For my practice, the gallery becomes an essential context for the cultural reception of this idea; it becomes an open space for this idea of the feedback of history."<sup>4</sup> But this is not to suggest that Lynch's work is institutional critique; his installations and images are neither gathered nor created to investigate the 'meaning' of the gallery space, neither is he concerned with conducting a self-referential dialogue with art history or with the art world. Instead, the gallery is a potent force within his work, in that it is the gallery, for all its own loaded histories and meanings, that provides the caesura for Lynch's objects and moments to step out of time and open them to reconsideration.

It is important to observe here that Lynch is also not engaged with a fetishisation of the objects and images he has brought to the gallery. We are not asked to view the plaster figure of *Érin, weeping over her stringless harp* (rescued in 1968 from The Irish House pub, which once stood where the Dublin Civic Offices now preside over Wood Quay) as an object of nationalist power or to ascribe to her a value beyond the particularities of the stories she opens up. In this way, *Érin* becomes the means by which we come to consider our attitudes to the past, the present, and our valorisation of 'progress' above all else. The artist notes; "*Érin weeping on her stringless harp*, while lying in suburban Dublin on the floor of a warehouse due to be demolished is an appropriate image for the situation; the friction between history and capitalist growth that pervades Irish cities today is vividly apparent in this case."<sup>5</sup>

And if Lynch is not engaged with cultural (or capitalist) fetishisation, neither is he engaged in a plea for the preservation of our heritage. Rather he makes a call for an

engagement with some sort of alchemy, the kind that is created by noticing ignored parts of the past, and that can bring elements together to react and so alter perceptions of the present. This idea of the role of the artist in actively renegotiating how we view the world is, of course, not a new one. Lynch's conceptual colleagues and antecedents include, for example, John Baldessari, who writes: "I am less interested in the form art takes than the meaning an image evokes ... I want to think of history so that it is not a record of events but a method of release"; and Marcel Duchamp when he defined an artist as someone who is able to rethink the world and remake meaning through language, rather than merely making objects for "retinal pleasure".<sup>6</sup>

Through gathering objects and stories, not for "retinal pleasure", but to release history's other truths, Lynch demonstrates one of the reasons why the marginal is often so ruthlessly excluded from mainstream history, for it is the marginal that threatens the certainties of our central narratives. Its influence can be dangerous, for it is in the peripheral that fragments of history can gain the significance Aristotle ascribed to poetry; they can "express the universal", if only we can follow Lynch's lead in looking afresh. "Art and memory," says Lynch, "function less as an instrument with which to explore the past and more like a theatre in which we can restage past events here and now."<sup>7</sup> It is as if we are in a time tunnel, and can recall past times at will, to see whether we still feel the same about them when we look at them from a different angle, or in the light of previously ignored stories.

Lynch's investigations are pursued with a dry wit, and the thoroughgoing resourcefulness of the professional historian engaged on a quest of discovery. He also has a strong sense of connection, both explicit and implicit. Lynch notes that the Irish art critic, Dorothy Walker, met Joseph Beuys and gave him a copy of *The Third Policeman*, and that Beuys' final performance work (in Naples in 1985) was entitled *Is It About A Bicycle?*, a direct quote from that book. The discovery of a letter, written to the *Irish Times* some twenty years ago, describing an ad-hoc monument (a bicycle on a pole on a mountain top) to O'Brien and *The Third Policeman*, sets Lynch, as if to close some sort of abstract circle, off to seek out the bicycle, now lost from its perch. Climbing Carrauntoohill, he loses his quarry on the edge of the mist-enshrouded Heaven's Gate ravine. Back at sea-level, however, he tracks down accounts of the purchase of a bicycle in Killorglin (for £15), and the names of two parties both claiming to have installed the homage to O'Brien that year.

Up to the top of a mountain, down to Killorglin, across time and space to the letters page of a national newspaper in 1986, and a response from the original correspondent, received by the artist in 2006; a scenario emerges that is parallel to that of *The Third Policeman* – where time and place seem confused, where molecular exchange and atomic theory might have a lot to answer for. We are not being asked simply to consider the fate of a lost bicycle here, but instead to explore both the resonances created by the book's publication, and to investigate the same highly-charged ideas of myth and metaphysics that O'Brien delves into in his book. Life, to steal a cliché, imitates art; and history and myth meet with results that alter the complexion of each.

"What happens", asks Lynch, "when art manages to crack the spectacle of history? What is it you can glimpse through the cut? Perhaps the process where we can precisely see the making of history itself."<sup>8</sup> History isn't something to do with the past, it is present, in the present, in the way we see, do, value, and interact with things. We can ignore its marginalia if we like, but, like the figures from the Irish House pub, it has a habit of lying in wait. Waiting for an artist like Sean Lynch to retrieve it and to see what it can become.

**Gemma Tipton** is an independent writer and critic of contemporary art and architecture. Based in Dublin, she contributes regularly to art and architectural publications, panel discussions, lectures, radio and television programmes. Gemma is the editor of *Space: Architecture for Art*, an investigation of the architecture of contemporary art galleries; and author of *Home*, a study of contemporary memorials.

<sup>1</sup> The relationship of Modernism with the falling apart of our idea of sequential certainties in art history comes from Alfred Barr's (in)famous chart, which he drew for MoMA in 1936, packaging and presenting all art movements as leading to this particular point in time. Looking at it now, we can see that in a way it was Barr's demonstration of certainty that exposed the fallacy of such certainties.

<sup>2</sup> Aristotle, *Poetics*, ix

<sup>3</sup> Caroline Tisdall, *Joseph Beuys: We Go This Way*, London, 1988

<sup>4</sup> Sean Lynch, artists lecture at the Irish Architectural Archive, 26 September 2006

<sup>5</sup> Sean Lynch, *Dublin News* in *Apollo Magazine*, September 2006

<sup>6</sup> John Baldessari and Marcel Duchamp, quoted by Kirstine Stiles in *Theories and Documents of Contemporary Art*, Los Angeles, 1996

<sup>7</sup> Sean Lynch, 26/9/2006, op cit

<sup>8</sup> ibid

## List of artworks in the exhibition

### Beuys (still a discussion) 2007

Photographic print on fabric  
200 x 300cm  
Image reproduced from *Joseph Beuys We Go This Way* by Caroline Tisdall  
Published by Violette Editions, 1998

A4 wall panel

Two emails by Oliver Dowling  
A4 printouts, framed

Reconstruction of *Irish Energies*  
Peat briquettes, Kerrygold butter  
19 x 7 x 12cm  
Displayed in a glass case

Original signage of the Carnegie Free Library and Museum, now Limerick City Gallery of Art, rearranged to spell 'Beuys'

### Bill Clinton 2007

Vinyl wall text

Lambda photographic print  
101 x 76cm, mounted on aluminium

Bronze golf ball, displayed on a pedestal in a secure glass case

### Dear JJ, I read with interest... 1986 – 2006

Reproduction of a page from the *Irish Times*,  
26 April 1986

Inkjet print, 60 x 50cm, framed

3 lambda photographic prints  
Each 80 x 52cm  
100 x 74cm, framed

Letter  
A4 size  
60 x 50cm, framed

### Dublin Airport 23 March 1970 Approximately 5pm 2006

4 found images, digitally restored  
Presented as lambda photographic prints.  
Each 60 x 40cm  
80 x 62cm, framed

A4 printouts

### Finding Richard Long 2006

3 pages torn out of a Richard Long catalogue  
Each 24.5 x 25.5cm  
40 x 40cm, framed

2 lambda photographic prints  
Each 60 x 45cm  
80 x 67cm, framed

### Irish House 1870-2007

Two stucco figures on wooden palettes  
Made by Burnet and Comerford, 1870  
Courtesy of Dublin Civic Trust

Reproduction of a letter written on  
17 May 1968  
20 x 17.5cm,  
30 x 30cm, framed  
Courtesy of the Guinness Archive

Lambda photographic print  
60 x 75cm, mounted on aluminium  
Courtesy of the Guinness Archive

Lambda photographic print  
60 x 54cm, framed  
Courtesy of the Irish Architectural Archive

Lambda photographic print  
60 x 50cm, framed  
Courtesy of the Irish Architectural Archive

### J. Hodkinson and Sons Ecclesiastical Decorators, 54 Henry Street, Limerick The family-run firm have decorated church interiors throughout Ireland since 1852 2007

Installation in the Permanent Collection

Lambda photographic print  
101 x 76cm, mounted on aluminium

Wall drawing devised and executed by Randel  
Hodkinson

Selection of drawings and documents from the  
business' archive in display cases

### Latoon 2006

DVD projection with audio  
8 minutes 30 seconds

### Lawrence Photographic Collection, catalogue number 2697WL c.1900

Lambda photographic print  
60 x 40cm, framed  
Courtesy of the National Library of Ireland

### The Bandits Live Comfortably in the Ruins 2007

Dual DVD presentation  
50 seconds / 15 minutes 30 seconds  
Courtesy RTE

# Sean Lynch

Born in Kerry, 1978

## Education

Study of Fine Art, HfBK Stadelsschule, Frankfurt, 2005-2007

MA History of Art and Design, University of Limerick, 2002-2004

BA Sculpture, Limerick School of Art and Design, 1997-2001

## Solo Exhibitions (selected)

Limerick City Gallery of Art, 2007

Galway Arts Centre, 2007

Ritter & Staiff, Frankfurt, 2006

RIAI Architecture Centre, Dublin, 2006

Kilkenny Arts Festival, 2005

LKV, Trondheim, 2004

## Group Exhibitions (selected)

CAP, Kobe, 2007

Oeen Group, Copenhagen, 2007

ev+a, Limerick, 2007, 2006

Festival Junge Talente, Messe Offenbach, 2006

Premio, Fondazione Arnaldo Pomodoro, Milan, 2006

Welcome to the Neighbourhood, Askeaton Contemporary Arts, 2006

Damaged Collateral, Context Galleries, Derry, 2005

The Happiest Country in the World, Oireachtas Show, Dublin, 2005

Festival Interceltique de Lorient, Brittany, 2005

Open Studios, Triangle Workshops, New York, 2004

You Should Really Go There, Limerick City Gallery of Art, 2004

The Suicide of Objects, Catalyst Arts, Belfast, 2004

Ouch!electro, Viafarini Gallery, Milan, 2002

City Fabric, Firestation Artists Studios, Dublin, 2001

Quadrant Young Contemporaries, Belltable Arts Centre, Limerick, 2001

## Published Projects (selected)

'Dear JJ, I read with interest...' Circa 116, 2006

'Stuccowork of Pat McAuliffe,' Irish Architectural and Decorative Studies, no.8, 2005

Terrain Vague, 2005

Published on the occasion of *Retrieval Unit*, a solo exhibition by Sean Lynch at Limerick City Gallery of Art from February 2 to March 18, 2007

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The Hunt Museum  
Irish Architectural Archive  
Matt Kelly  
Eddie Lenihan  
National Library of Ireland  
Jim Nolan  
Pat Normoyle  
Gearoid O'Donoghue  
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Ritter & Staiff  
Gerd Schäfer  
Vera Sebold  
Simon Starling  
Gemma Tipton  
Robert Violette  
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