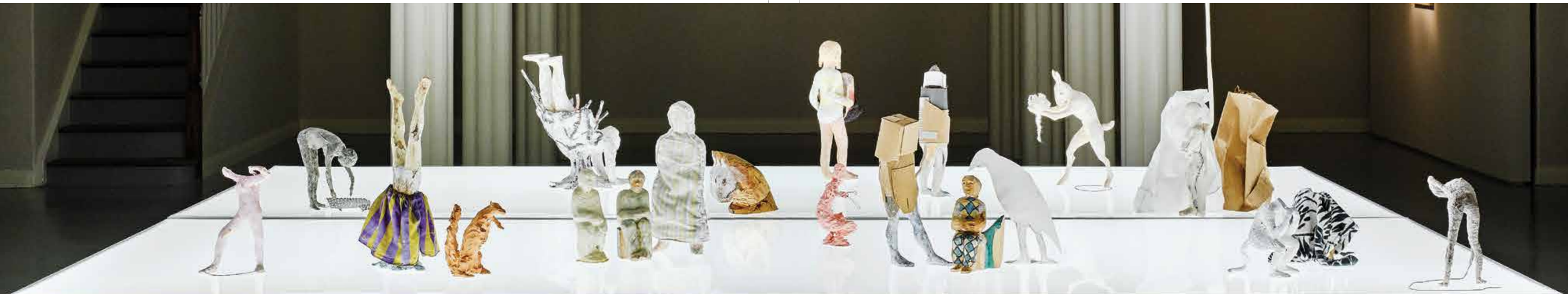


HIGHLANES GALLERY 2015

MY MINDS i



JANET MULLARNEY

MY MINDS i

HIGHLANES MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY

Highlanes Gallery

Janet Mullarney: My Minds i

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Clarke’s Bar, Fair Street, Drogheda, once home to 20th-century artist Nano Reid has generously sponsored the exhibition, catalogue and tour. As well as ongoing financial support from the Arts Council and Louth County Council, the project was also awarded a special Arts Council Touring Grant.

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Foreword

My Minds i is an exhibition of sculpture/installation and works on paper by artist Janet Mullarney, and her first solo (museum) show in five years.

It continues a strand of solo exhibitions for Highlanes Gallery by artists including Thomas Brezing, Sarah Browne, Kate Byrne, Diana Copperwhite, Richard Gorman, Tracy Hanna, Anthony Haughey, Gereon Krebber, Jackie Nickerson, Sinead Ni Mhaonaigh, Abigail O'Brien, Paul Seawright and Samuel Walsh.

The title of the exhibition is not only a reference to the expression, "the mind's eye," or indeed a simple play on the words "Eye" and "I"; it is also, and far more significantly, an exemplification of the human ability to experience visual imagery, and the power of the imagination to both receive and decode complex metaphorical ideas.

While Mullarney's usual practice is to work on a larger scale, here, in response to the specific demands of, and approaches suggested by, Highlanes Gallery, she has chosen to look at space differently, working with smaller models and playing with light and shadow in a more circumscribed and judicial, though no less intuitive or meaningful, way.

My Minds i is a collection of strange and outlandish figures posed in specific, though varying, positions within varying spaces, the centrepiece being a raised platform or stage illuminated from beneath by a soft white light. Their design, though highly imaginative, is deliberately rudimentary, utilising such found materials as paper, plastic, sponge, aluminium ... and suggests an embryonic or primitive quality reminiscent perhaps of pagan sculpture or even cave painting. The combination of the abstract and the recognisable existing in each of these shapes, like an alternate evolution, beguiles and, at the same time, disorients, urging a closer examination. Indeed, one can often observe audience members prowling, angling, ducking down, searching for the perfect sightline to capture a particular detail or pose or expression. An inevitable consequence of such close interaction is that often a new relationship is formed,

and our presence in the space these creatures inhabit changes (almost reverses, in fact) our way of engaging with them, and the line between whose world is being inhabited by whom becomes deliciously blurred. Then there is the figures' relationship with their sublit platform upon which they pose or contort or gesture, creating a collision (or perhaps an assimilation) of myth and technology, and suggestive of a futuristic or extraterrestrial, or perhaps even celestial, environment. *My Minds i*, and Janet's work in general, is full of such mysterious incongruities and contradictions, and any efforts to reconcile them are ultimately, and necessarily, futile, since it is in these cryptic, ungraspable spaces that most of its power resides - spaces where logic or meaning is perpetually thwarted and everything in between is pregnant and humming with potentiality.

I first saw Janet's work as a student, at Limerick City Gallery of Art in the early '90s when she made what was possibly her breakout exhibition of large-scale sculptures, androgynous figures in painted wood and fabric. I found them utterly affecting; exotic and sensual, with an arcane potency that is always present in her work.

Janet was born in Dublin and one of the first things I found out about her when we began discussing this exhibition was that her first trip to Italy (a country in which she has come to spend much time, and which influences her work profoundly) was made possible when, at the age of fifteen, she won both the Texaco Children's Art Competition and the Glen Abbey Art Competition and was able to use the combined winnings to fund her journey. This was in 1967, and she has been travelling ever since, inspired as she is by the art and artists, both contemporary and historical, of such diverse countries as India, Africa and South America.

All these years later, It is a great honour for both myself and the team at Highlanes Gallery to finally work with this incredible artist; to imagine, research, explore and help realise this hugely ambitious exhibition at both an artistic and production level.

My Minds i was conceived, not only for Highlanes Gallery, but for two additional partner venues - the Butler Gallery in Kilkenny Castle and the Wexford Arts Centre, each of which it will tour to over an eighteen-month period. We are extremely grateful to curators Anna O'Sullivan and Catherine Bowe from both institutions for their immediate and passionate interest in Janet's exhibition and for their genuine and staunch partnership. We anticipate many interesting new configurations within the show as well as much discussion and engagement through their vibrant public programmes.

As well as ongoing funding from Louth County Council and the Arts Council, this project was granted an Arts Council Touring Award in 2014, and this has enabled the large scale exhibition concept and format for both Highlanes Gallery and the tour. This includes the engagement of lighting designer Marcus Costello, who has brought his invaluable experience, skill and inspiration to help realise Janet's vision.

Since the exhibition opened, our cross border partner and sister gallery the F.E. McWilliam Gallery & Studio, Banbridge, Co. Down, under curator Riann Coulter, has also come on board as a touring venue - further testament to the power and excellence of the exhibition and to the standard of Janet's work in general.

We are grateful to Brian Browning, owner of one of the oldest public houses in Drogheda, Clarke's Bar (which dates back to the 1880's and was once home to the artist Nano Reid), who, in his passionate desire to support both the exhibition and Janet's practice, has come on board as sponsor of the exhibition.

A catalogue is not something that we are able to make for every project or exhibition, and the generous award we have received from the Arts Council has made this publication possible, for which we are truly thankful. Exquisitely designed and executed over a considerable period by Fiona O'Reilly, the catalogue also contains two vibrant and vital texts by art historian and writer, William Gallagher, and travel writer and documentary maker, Manchán Magan.

Because of the special nature of this exhibition, we decided to wait until it was complete before writing about and documenting it. This documentation benefitted greatly from the reverently considered photography of Ros Kavanagh and Jenny Matthews, as well as the additional stills provided by Torquato Perissi.

The team at Highlanes Gallery are central to the development, installation and communication of each and every exhibition we present. Ian Hart has worked tirelessly with Janet, Marcus and myself over many months, testing, teasing and imagining the exhibition's many potential shapes and possible evolutions. Patrick Casey, as always, has effortlessly morphed into ever new and varied roles to achieve so much in so many areas. I also want to express my gratitude for the unvarying hard work of Siobhan Burke, Siobhan Murphy and Hilary Kelly, as well as Bertie Hetherington, Joe Flanagan, Domingos Daldeira, Maria McCabe, Marguerite Newell, Jennifer Twum, and all invigilators and installation crew for their enthusiasm and their ongoing commitment to high standards.

Final thanks go to the Highlanes Gallery Board, in particular Chairman Kevin McAllister and board members Alison Lyons, Sarah O'Hagan and Sean Cotter for their fervent and steadfast passion for Janet's work and this project, and for the Boards' unwavering and cardinal support for the ongoing work of the gallery. We hope that many people take the opportunity to engage with and be moved by *My Minds i*, through the exhibition itself and in the pages of this stunning catalogue.

Aoife Ruane, Director, Highlanes Gallery

Janet Mullarney: My Minds i

Throwing shapes or quietly sitting, twirling in the limelight or dancing with the imagination, Janet Mullarney's troupe of beguiling inventions act out a radiant new drama on what it is to be alive, to think, feel and to make art. Though standing still, the show goes on for ever, or as far as we can go with it, into her great themes of strength, vulnerability, strangeness, surprise and memory - open to all, ours and hers. It's exuberantly visual – that is, rich in meaning: Allusive, bountiful, teasing, without dropping into easy reach, layered, without false complexity. Ideas and creative connections tumble through the work, enticing but elusive as a rainbow, rewarding to the newcomer as much as to the long-time admirer. To freeze moments from the flow may be to hobble their grace, but her work has always been forgiving of the imperfect, a champion of the flawed.

Centre-stage of the show is a wide lightbox platform, illuminating a large group of diverse figures or objects (one or two are both). It is at once an offbeat plinth, a disco floor, a theatre set underlighting a cast of fantastical players, a catwalk or an imaginary arena. Its glow softly lights the room, a converted church, made smaller in the dimness. Standing before it, we grow aware of disparities of scale; ours, the little figures; their stage, ours. We are players too. Momentarily arranged, they are performers, but so are we. They seem delicate under our giant's gaze. Their scale is that of playthings. Were we playthings of the God who once lived here? Who might that God be now?

Power, control, freedom: In her work Janet Mullarney has not been intimidated by the essential human dilemmas, but driven by their charge, and distinct in engaging with them so directly, and expressively. If she has in part warred with the forces ranged to tame the imagination - church, family, convention, fashions in art - it has armed her to find her own authority as a maker, inventor and a voice, one that now seems even more empowered. From sculptures to setting this exhibition magically unmoors our given sense of boundaries and of scale, of objects in space, of hierarchies, of ourselves. Big becomes small, the fragile grows powerful, the controlled is liberated - and it works equally in reverse. Our perspective veers from adult to child, knowing to not knowing. Stability

was never a concern for an artist who sought what she called 'contained disequilibrium' a viewpoint focussed but not fixed.

My Minds i; though sensitive to ambiguity and the un-nameable, Janet's titles are as telling and generous as her work is visceral, concrete, emotional. In progressing she does not discard the past. Alongside her last big exhibition, at the RHA in 2010, was a short filmed interview ending with her expressed faith that 'what you have in your mind's eye will come out – and it's wonderful'. That idea introduces this new work, her adjustment to the phrase opening up at least some of the boundless threads running through it; relationships of seeing and expressing, ego and self, of playful inversion and double meaning.

To engage with the work is to traverse wide territory, mapped out on a small plane.

Its themes are multivalent, interlinked, coherent, inseparable, like people and the lives they make. We get to meet a whole family of creations, forms, ideas, a rich genealogy of memories and inventions. In *The Perfect Family* (1998) the artist looked with misgiving at the challenge of surviving and being oneself within the 'ideal' unit of society. Here, the aberrant or the elegant, the winner or misfit can share the stage, different sometimes even within themselves, contrary as beings and as art. In their heightened individuality they compete for attention and prosper, they may both gain and lose something when separated.

Play may be the most natural art, but galleries (and churches) are not conceived for laughter. Both are adult spaces. Another boundary dissolves here as play becomes work, toys become adult tools of meaning, the discarded becomes beloved. Creativity in her work is both transformative and healing. The artist has a tremendous command of metamorphosis, projection, disguise. Anything can hide, or change, before our eyes. Sponge can be stone or flesh, toys great monuments. She will revive old works or fragments in new forms (as a restorer she once brought the damaged back to health). She will recast titles, adapt what she wonderfully calls 'fond objects'.

Mullarney described in the RHA interview how 'it is space that defines sculpture'. That exhibition incorporated a grand essay in

classical form in a two-metre aluminium cast of an upper torso, abstract, impassive, somewhere between India and antiquity. She has expressed respect for such masters of the monumental as Serra, but also her preference now to move in the other direction. In the RHA the viewer walked among the sculptures; here in the Highlanes her space is as much psychological as physical. Only the mind can walk among these pieces. Their smallness is their strength. As galleries internationally grow larger and giganticist works fill them, Mullarney's intimate, penetrating figures suggest there is no space more vast than than the imagination.

We sense the air around and above these beings, and the show resonates powerfully with this space, from the taped sounds of nature that waft in gently, to the shadows playing across the altar – another stage, theatre, installation, refuge. Creativity as an alternative salvation, Creationism another art. For Pliny the very beginnings of painting were the outlines of a lover's shadow traced on a wall. Ghosts of the straightjackets imposed on art and humanity come into focus with the 'found' Neoclassical angels (fixtures of the altar), their demure joy, unstained flesh and decorous academic propriety outshone and outlived by the raw, naked, headless dancers cavorting below.

A dialogue of light and shadow runs through the work, and the installation. The light of revelation, insight, truth and pleasure against shades of mortality, pain, power - only occasionally given a name (one is *Absolutely Untitled*). Picasso is one of these powers, a godlike father-figure whose steps shook the ground of art and whose ambition overshadowed rivals, family and nature. In *Picasso's Daughter* Janet adopts and confronts his driving will to manipulate, command and transform. Assuming the role, and Harlequin's garb, of this titan's 'daughter', the artist herself sits quietly, a child waiting poignantly for attention, acceptance. She has noted how behind the commanding forms of Picasso's painting of his son there is a child doing his best to be what the parent wants. She returns to the child something of the voice 'appropriated' by Picasso in his devouring of children's art, as he created what Breton called his 'tragic toys for adults'. Again, the shadows are long: Janet's own father had a framed print of Picasso's son as Pierrot on the wall in the sitting room. As an artist Janet Mullarney's authority grows stronger,

obviously in her expanding prowess, but also in her quality of leadership, her capacity as author to celebrate the creations of others, or of nature, and not to outshade them. She can elegantly adopt the work of an overlooked peer in *Lorenzo Bonechi's Mountain*, reaching back to their shared sources in medieval art, while illuminating nature's effort to survive the maw of religion in *Rocks from S. Apollinare in Classe*, Ravenna. A fragment can say everything, in sponge or paper. Her desire to take the big 'S' out of Sculpture seems effortlessly realised. All these objects have the spontaneity and expressive depth of drawings, like *Giotto's Circle*, itself an echo of her lovely video *Pongal/Urban Print* (2010) in which an Indian street artist, surviving on ingenuity alone, inscribes a circular pattern on the ground with a simple chalk-filled perforated tube.

As free as the work is from sculptural convention and predictability, it is just as independent of theoretical dogma, academic or psychological, though its depths may coincide with the insights of others. Clíodhna Shaffery observed how her appreciation of the unaccountable mysteries of the self parallel Julia Kristeva's perception that 'we are strangers to ourselves' 1. Mullarney's extensive travels in Italy, India and Mexico, and knowledge of their artistic traditions, may sometimes figure as sources for her art. But her work is just as likely to enrich our reading of other art, like the outsiders in the images of Jack Yeats, the God's-eye viewpoint in Bruegel's *Children's Games*, or the glassy stage of an ice scene by Avercamp.

Compassionate, generous and humane, Janet Mullarney's art is also unabashed in its virtuosity, its exciting capacity to conjure magic at will. In *Ada*, Vladimir Nabokov's late novel, the young hero Van Veen takes to running around on his hands (reducing some to tears). It is done not just for the performance, but to also to be able to see waterfalls flow upwards. Janet has quoted the insight that power is the antithesis of freedom, but in her infinitely fertile art she seems to have made freedom her power.

William Gallagher, February 2015

William Gallagher is an art historian and lecturer

1. Clíodhna Shaffrey, 'Through a Glass Darkly', Irish Arts Review, Autumn 2010, p.80.

Janet Mullarney: Some Form of Key

This great and terrible world of ours is all too full of academic irrelevancies and pointless intellectualising... Forget it all, along with your airs and graces, your shields and braces; when entering the world of Janet Mullarney all that is inconsequential gets left behind. Her work offers us the opportunity to see beyond the blinkered batting back and forth of our lives, to regard this grand and gorgeous mess from a wider, more heroic or tragi-comedic perspective.

There is a touch of indulgent goddess to Mullarney, adopting, as she does, a curious, non-judgemental interest in humanity: Our secret stains, our soul yearnings and shameful charades.

This is all by way of saying that *My Minds i* is not your typical self-absorbed, introspective exhibition. Mullarney is a myth-maker, a metamorphosizer, an impresario of our hidden dreams, our glorious frailties and fragile emotions. Although she would shun any attempt to class her as divine, there is definitely something otherworldly to her work: An extra-terrestrial fascination with existence and the vagaries of our planet's self-absorbed dominant mammalian species.

Consider a farting Buddha. Though the venerable master could easily discourse on the intellectual minutia of spiritual dogma, he realises it is equally valid to engage with the wonder of other more vital, corporeal matters. So too does Mullarney's work both invite lofty academic theorising while also connecting on the heart level... as well as on other more primitive levels.

It makes her exhibitions strangely nourishing and universal. I brought a group from Drogheda Homeless Aid to see *My Minds i* at Highlanes Gallery and the speed with which the work engaged them was intriguing. It has the same alluring quality of a beaming toddler or nuzzling dog, coaxing you and challenging you to let down your defences.

Once one is engaged, the work reveals its Velcro aspect (velcrocidity?) - a visceral, viscous quality that begins to stir up allusions, references and reminders from the recesses of the mind. The sensation feels nonlinear, like dream thought, or as if one's reptilian brain was being stimulated, rather than the predictably patterned prefrontal cortex.

Is it too much of a stretch to suggest her art is tuned to a frequency similar to that used by non-corporeal entities - angels, devils, saints, etc. - when attempting to reach us? Either way, the fact that she so courageously displays primal sensations such as loss, lust, love, aspiration, passion, grace, shame and fear encourages us to begin to engage with our own core fears, loves, urges and interests. Its heady stuff, but done with a light touch... like a mother's kiss or, for that matter, the Buddha's fart - that same integrity and clear intent.

Describing the work is always a challenge: Sterile black letters on paper will invariably fail to capture its multidimensionality. Were I Mullarney I'd grab whatever was to hand - old rags, cardboard, a stapler, crayons, wire - and mould them instinctively into some form of key that could offer access through one's neural pathways, (or perhaps even manipulate this actual page, by extending the text out beyond its two-dimensional plane and round into the back of your mind like a bent paper clip) but as it is, I have just words, so here goes...

Mullarney's sculpture comes in all sizes and materials - bronze, wood, plastic, sponge, glass, aluminium, paper - and while she is a trained woodcarver and an accomplished artist her finishes are occasionally crude and primitive, and therefore seemingly timeless. Humans or anthropomorphic animals are common, but so too are more abstract forms. There's a playful quality to them, or at least initially playful. The style can appear influenced by anything from South India temple sculptures to fauvism, Renaissance experimentalism, Christian iconography, Neolithic cave scrapings - anything, at all.

In *My Minds i*, in particular, careful note should be taken of the shadows cast or lack of them, but in all Mullarney's work the surrounding space is almost as important as the work itself. Look out for how the viewer is manipulated into a particular choreography to gain the best view of the work. Often the works are positioned on unusual platforms: tables, steps, perches, trestles, trolleys, mattresses, pillows - foundations for her flights of jarring fantasy. Take note too of a counter-intuitive quality in terms of a piece's weight or weightlessness.

Although the focus of *My Minds i* is on the sculptural figures, there are a selection of genuinely alluring paintings and drawings which draw one further into the I of this quintessentially idiosyncratic Mind. My words here may have only further muddled the waters. All I can advise is to engage with the work as much with the heart as the mind. This is what Mullarney is all about, communicating at every level, peeling back artifice, revealing essence. Engage with her at your peril - you are unlikely to emerge unaffected.

Manchán Magan, February 2015

Manchán Magan is a travel writer and documentary maker





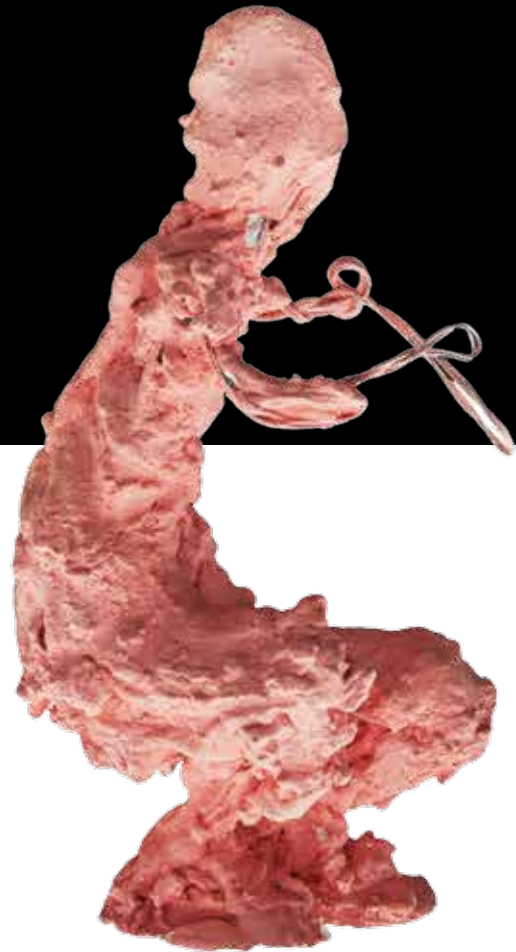






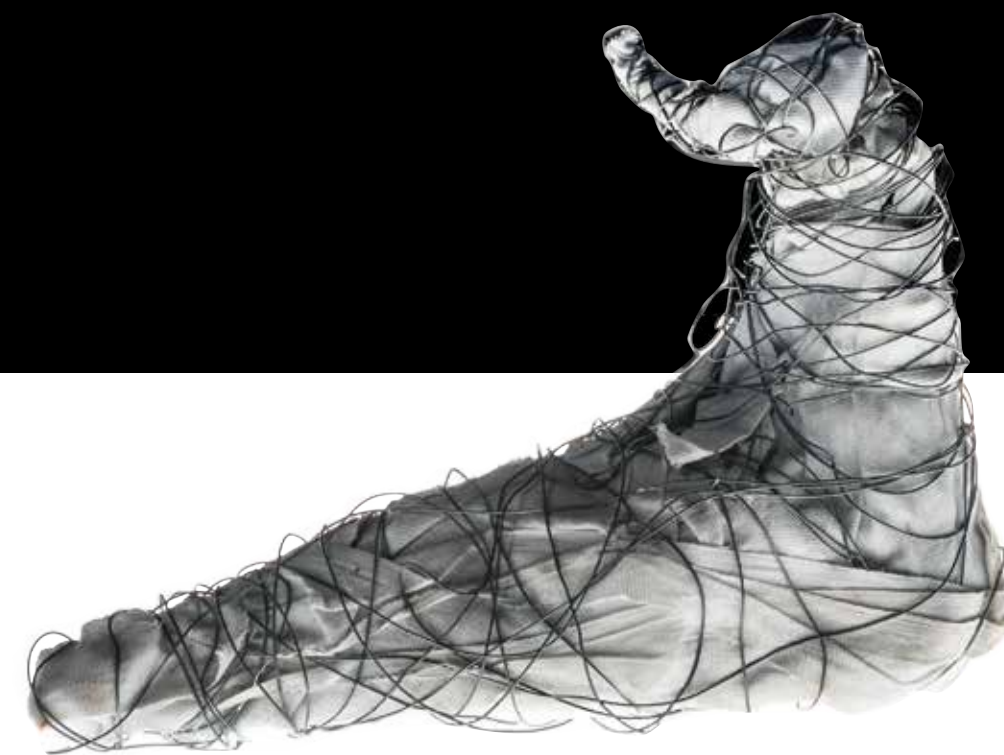
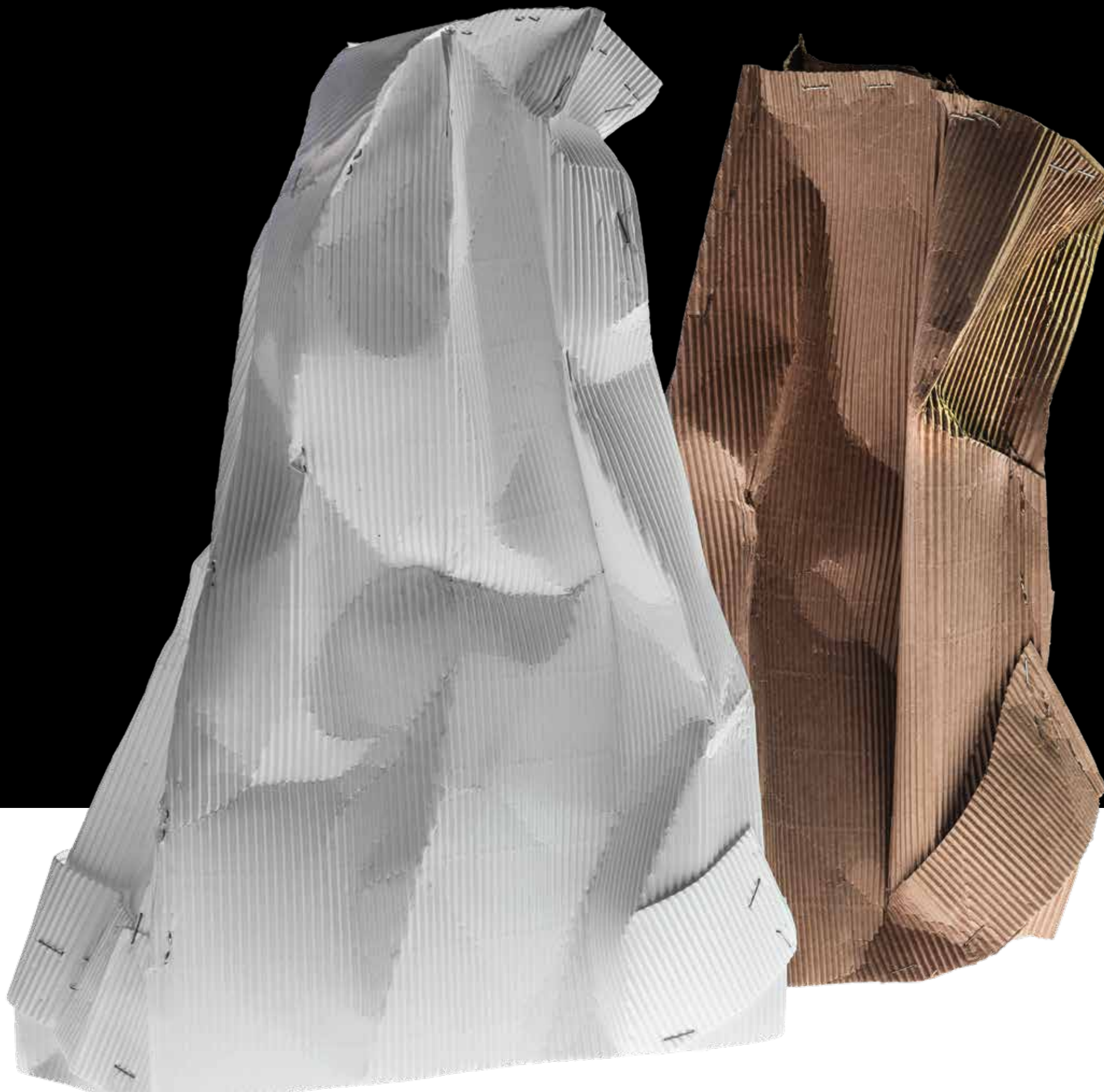


















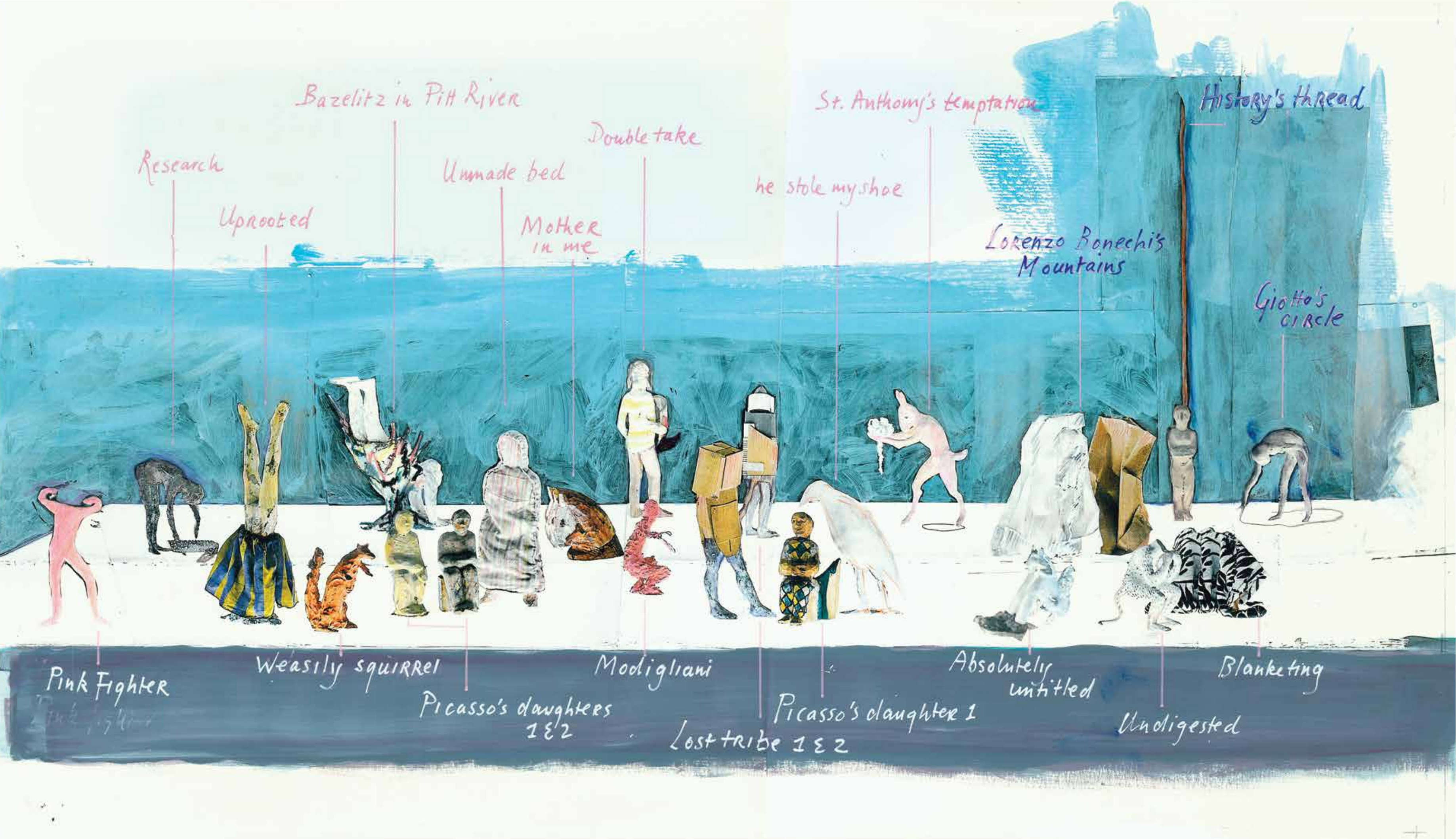












Bazelitzi in Pitt River

St. Anthony's temptation

History's thread

Research

Double take

Uprooted

Unmade bed

he stole my shoe

Mother
in me

Lorenzo Bonechi's
Mountains

Giotto's
circle

Pink Fighter

Weasily squirrel

Picasso's daughters
182

Modigliani

Lost tribe 182

Picasso's daughter 1

Absolutely
untitled

Undigested

Blanketing

Janet Mullarney: Meandering

Drawing is the celebration of intensity in a small, anti-monumental and anti-hierarchical dimension; the silent revelation of the hidden terrains of our soul.
Lorand Hegyi, Almanach-Cabinet du Dessin

An accumulated practical knowledge of craftsmanship and skill and the beauty of the vernacular language of materials, together with the creativity involved in lateral thinking, are things I appreciate and inspire my work. The materials used in sculpture have always been very important to me because the visible tactile quality of the material informs as much as the form and the concept.

Long stretches of time spent in Italy, rubbing up against the humus of Western Art History, there at hand to be lived with, has been an important influence on my work. Other travels to India, Mexico, and Egypt have also played a role.

Here, and possibly a constant in my work, is a personal journey of exploration of myself in the world. Working it through not academically, but physically thinking and trying to experience from *within* how we feel inside our skin. I also have a sense that disequilibrium and instability are extremely important aspects of this, difficult to live with, yet they enrich experience.

Titles are a way into the work as they vaguely identify these figments of my imagination that inhabit this illuminated field of the subconscious. I myself don't want to delve too deeply into their meaning, rather letting them float as freely and bizzarely as they appeared. Made from "anything", though each time very specifically, with everything from cardboard, wood, plaster, papier-maché, wire, sponge to ceramic or cloth in various combinations, they are closer to the secret and private world of drawing than the formal and formidable world of sculpture.

The fact that no shadows are created by the horizontal lightbox (one of the most important aspects of sculpture that gives it form) adds a new dimension to my work that has surprised and pleased me. It reinforces an anarchic and unworldly sensation.

Pink fighter - Heedlessly enjoying her own strength, the dry pink plaster a good surface for a fearless nudity.

Research - Leaning down to retrieve, or abandon this light spangled jumper, or is it a cheese grater? Is it something to do with ageing, grating off the unnecessary?

Uprooted - Innocent enough to need no explanation, solid and sound, in wood.

Weasily squirrel - Who hasn't been like that? I feel we could all recognise this smart fibbing of ourselves, and fresh clay is a wonderfully quick way to grab an idea, as long as you get it to stand up, and walk away while it dries.

Bazelitz in Pitt Rivers - Bazelitz's upturned tree is an appropriate prop for a clumsy gem - unable to hold itself up - spotted among the 22,000 works in the extraordinary museum, Pitt Rivers, Oxford.

Picasso's daughter - is referred to in William Gallagher's text (p 4). It is inspired by a shame-filling envy of the subject of a painting, a small son, being looked at *intensely* by his father, Picasso. In version 2 and 3, the "well made/good girl" traditional wood gets various untraditional smotherings in glue and wax.

Unmade bed - Something I grew up with, and a very Irish phenomenon.

Mother in me - The ever watchful disapproving turn of the head of the perceived mother in me.

Modigliani - The painter himself would be a friend of hers, in that glowing peach pink pigment taking gloriously to the plaster.

Double take - This unsettling Mexican mask - is it worn as a shield, a talisman, an appropriated attribute? Only the child's uncertainty knows.

Lost tribe 1 and 2 - Submerged in useless cardboard armour there are many members of that tribe waiting in the wings to play their pathetic part.

he stole my shoe - Is too long a story to tell, and paper is the right support for that story.

The source of **St Anthony's temptation** is a large painted surface of many shades of browns and bieve just about registered in El Prado, a dark St. Anthony in an even darker cave. What did register, however, was a tiny hare off in a bucolic lanscape, top left hand corner, offering a bun to the poor sacrificing starving Anthony. And the slant of that body up on unnatural hind legs, the grovelling, the whinging good will of that hare lodged itself firmly in my retina.

Absolutely untitled - Is the most fitting title for something that I find too subterranean to go into, and whatever that squirrel is up to, he is up to no good; the clean white glaze a safe camouflage for devious thoughts.

Undigested - Another shiny white *incubo*. Is that a tail or the whole digestive system spewing out of the hinterland of another headless state of unfathomable worry?

Lorenzo Bonechi's Mountains - As I struggled to get the flat ribbed cardboard to obey me, and my stapler attempting to imbue those mountains with the both the memory of Lorenzo's paintings and reflecting on Giotto's apparent medieval naivety - his search to get well rounded bodies fitting into three dimensional landscapes of just such mountains - it crossed my mind how sometimes the very struggle to make work is actually what makes it work. Lorenzo Bonechi was a Tuscan contemporary of mine who spent his short life mining profoundly, and beautifully, early Renaissance imagery.

Blanketing - Hard to know what is going on under that bit of textured towelling.

Giotto's Circle - The fable goes that Giotto won out against Brunelleschi, or was it Giambologna (?), for a commission by simply executing a perfect circle.

Another Minds Eye - This *palcoscenico* of huge upright canvases, layered and overlapping with each other holds constantly moving planes of shadow theatre, the players in front almost imperceptibly producing the shadows, fading in and out of the scenes.

What I most enjoy about this work is how inconsequential the shadow makers are. They are completely irrelevant, burnt out by the strong lights, unable to hold a form in such a context. The vast plane of vertical canvases abstract their role, colour, dimensions and props. The plasticity of the figure is annihilated in this illusory/flickering/shifting field of light and shadow. This too has surprised me.

Page 45 **St Anthony's Temptation**,
ink on paper, framed Moleskin notebook 40x34 cms., 2014
Page 46/47 **Stairwell**,
acrylic and photo collage on Fabriano paper, 38x44 cms., 2014

Artist’s Acknowledgements

A line at the very end of the film **Babette’s Feast*** which brings me to tears sums up this wonderful experience I have had putting *My Minds i* together:

“Through all the world there goes one long cry from the heart of the artist - Give me leave to do my utmost”

This is exactly what Aoife Ruane, Director and Curator of the Highlanes Gallery gave me, by not only allowing me, but really supporting, encouraging and helping me to achieve this exhibition. I was propelled to do my utmost and that is to be in a most privileged space. Her constant fine tuning, attention to detail, co-ordination and managing and her tremendous energy have made the making and touring of this show a wonderfully positive experience. I imagine all artists dream of being “taken care of” like this.

I would also like to thank all the staff at Highlanes Gallery, for efficiency, cordiality, warmth and interest in achieving this outcome and the ongoing care and their interaction while the exhibition was up and running, and into its tour.

Special thanks go to Marcus Costello for his achievement with the lighting, understanding what I had in my mind’s eye.

Making this book has been a gift and one that I anticipated and relished. Huge thanks to Fiona O'Reilly from OntheDot Design for her tenacity and sensitivity. Sincere thanks to Don Hawthorn for a world of paper samples and an eye for simple beauty.

The pleasure of interacting with specific places and galleries is also a very important part of my work. All three spaces on this touring exhibition afford a challenge and game in which to do my utmost. Sincere thanks to Anna O'Sullivan at the Butler Gallery, Kilkenny and Catherine Bowe, Wexford Arts Centre.

Other people I would particularly like to thank, people behind the scenes who have helped me see: Ugo Romualdi; Ronaldo Fiesoli; Nataly Maier; Dino, Valerio and Tommaso of Tipografia Carini; and for giving me special support, Mary Ryder.

I thank Taylor Galleries for their faithful support and belief over many years .

**Babette's Feast*, 1987 Danish drama film directed by Gabriel Axel, based on the story by Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen)

Biography

Janet Mullarney has exhibited extensively in Ireland and abroad and has had solo exhibitions at museums and galleries including: Dublin City Gallery, The Hugh Lane; the Royal Hibernian Academy (RHA); Crawford Municipal Gallery; Limerick City Gallery of Art; The Model, Sligo; The Orchard Gallery, Derry; MACO, Museo de Arte Contemporanea, Oaxaca, Mexico; Casa Masaccio Arte Contemporanea, San Giovanni Valdarno, Italy. Group exhibitions include the National Gallery of Ireland (NGI); the Irish Museum of Modern Art (IMMA); EV + A, Limerick; The Art Gallery of Newfoundland and Labrador, Canada; Millennium Art Museum, Beijing and Shanghai Art Museum, China; Palazzo delle Papesse, Siena and Palazzo Mediceo di Seravezza, Italy.

Mullarney's work is included in many public collections including The Arts Council; the Irish Museum of Modern Art (IMMA); Dublin City Gallery, The Hugh Lane; Limerick City Gallery of Art; The Office of Public Works; The Butler Gallery; The Model; Allied Irish Bank (AIB). Works commissioned for public spaces include Gröningen, Markt Platzt, Holland; Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast; and St. Ultan's Primary School, Ballyfermot, Dublin.

She has been awarded the Royal Ulster Academy (RUA) Perpetual Silver Medal, 2009; The RHA Sculpture Award, 2008; American Irish Cultural Institute O'Malley Award, 2005; The Pollock Krasner Award, 1998; Department of Foreign Affairs Award: 2008/2003/2001/2000/1991/1989 and she is shortlisted for the Hennessy Portrait Prize, 2015.

Janet Mullarney is an Associate member of the RHA and a member of Aosdána. The Arts Council established Aosdána in 1981 to honour artists whose work has made an outstanding contribution to the creative arts in Ireland, and to encourage and assist members in devoting their energies fully to their art.

She is represented by the Taylor Galleries, Dublin, Ireland.
www.taylorgalleries.ie www.janetmullarney.com

Selected Bibliography

Roisín Kennedy, *Art & Architecture of Ireland, Vol. 3, Sculpture 1600-2000*, Royal Irish Academy and Yale University Press, Dublin, Ireland. 2014. p.250-252, ISBN: 978-0-300179-21-7
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Barbara Dawson, Paul M. O'Reilly, Christina Kennedy, *The Perfect Family* Hugh Lane Municipal Gallery of Modern Art 1999,Dublin, Ireland. ISBN 1 901702 07 3

Catherine Marshall, *Figuration: works from the collection of The Irish Museum of Modern Art* 1997, Dublin, Ireland. ISBN 1 873654 54 4

Highlanes Gallery, Drogheda Municipal Art Collection

The Drogheda Municipal Art Gallery was founded by the late Bea Orpen, HRHA and her husband CEF (Terry) Trench together with the Municipal Art Gallery and Museum Committee in the mid-1940s. The Collection dates from the middle of the eighteenth century and is housed at the gallery in the former Franciscan Friary Church on Laurence Street, Drogheda.

Artists represented in the Collection

Robert Armstrong, Joan Mary Bloxam, Muriel Brandt, Rene Brault, Thomas Brezing, Elaine Byrne, Kate Byrne, Eric Il Cane, John Cassidy, Simon Coleman, Helen Colvill, J. Conan, Jerome Connor, Sylvia Cooke-Collis, Diana Copperwhite, James Humbert Craig, John Crampton Walker, Gerard Dillon, Paul Egestorff, Kitty Elliott, Beatrice Elvery/ Glenavy, Laurence Fagan, Jessica Foley, Patricia Griffith, May Guinness, , Letitia Hamilton, Jack P. Hanlon, Anthony Haughey, Michael Healy, Brian Hegarty, Grace Henry, Nathaniel Hill, Charles Holroyd, Evie Hone, Mainie Jellett, John F. Kelly, Gereon Krebber, Dany Lartigue, Marianne Lucy Le Poer Trench, William J. Leech, JB MacIlwaine, Thomas Markey, Clare Marsh, Ferenc Martyn, Pamela Matthews, Norah McGuinness, Sean McSweeney, Brigid McLeer, Richard Moore, James McNeill Whistler, William Mulready, Sinead Ni Mhaonaigh, Jackie Nickerson, Bea Orpen, Richard Caulfield Orpen, Andrew O'Connor, Anderson Paisley, Mervyn Peake, Sarah Purser, Patrick Pye, Nano Reid, Gabriele Ricciardelli, Hilda Roberts, Henry Roper-Curzon, Isaiah Rowland, George W. Russell, Fergus Ryan, Armelle Skatulski, Tasmin Snow, Mary Swanzy, Charles Tyrrell, Herbert Webb.

Highlanes Gallery Patrons

The Family of Bea Orpen and CEF (Terry) Trench, Founders of the Drogheda Municipal Art Collection
Brendan and Bernadine McDonald
Bernard Gogarty, Smyth & Son Solicitors
Paul Smyth, Smyth & Son Solicitors
Orlaith & Gavin Duffy

Highlanes Gallery Benefactors

Patrick Branigan, Phelan Branigan Solicitors
Dónall Curtin
Drogheda Grammar School
Drogheda & District Chamber of Commerce
Eamonn A. Kelly
Niall & Valerie Lund
Lorcan Lyons & Associates, Architects
Peter Lyons
Alison Lyons
Kevin McAllister
Caroline M. McBride
Dr B. O'Connell
Scoin Bhríde N.S., Bothar Brugha, Drogheda
Patrick Walsh

Highlanes Gallery

Curator/Director: Aoife Ruane
Operations and Security Manager: Patrick Casey
Exhibitions and Installation Officer: Ian Hart
Accounts and Administration: Siobhan Burke
Duty Officer/Reception: Siobhan Murphy
Duty Officer/Public Programmes: Hilary Kelly
Housekeeping: Myroslava Bodgan, Raimonda Kasperaviciene

***Administration & PR:** Aidan Marsh; ***Building Maintenance:** Bertie Hetherington;
***Gallery Invigilators:** Irene Bagnall, Domingos Caldeira, Dermot Finnerty, Joseph Flanagan, Ben Kelly Moloney, Marguerite Newell, Jennifer Twum, Deirdre Whelan.

Opened in 2006, Highlanes Gallery received funding from Drogheda Borough Council (now Louth County Council), Louth County Council, and the project was part-funded by the European Union through the Interreg IIIA Programme managed for the Special EU Programmes Body by East Border Region Interreg IIA Partnership, the International Fund for Ireland, and Louth County Council – LED Task Force under EU Peace II Programme and part-financed by The Irish Government under The National Development Plan.

Highlanes Gallery and F.E. McWilliam Gallery & Studio, Banbridge, Co. Down were developed through the Interreg IIIA Programme, and continue to share exhibitions and resources.

Highlanes Gallery is supported by *INTREO Community Employment Project through Millmount Cultural Development Services.

Board of Management

Chairman: Kevin McAllister **Board:** Sean Cotter, Mary T. Daly, Kieran Lawless, Alison Lyons, Roisin McAuley, Sarah O'Hagan, Fr. Ailbe O' Murchu, Paul Smyth, Brona O'Reilly.

Board of Directors

Chairman: Joan Martin **Board:** Brian Harten, Kieran Lawless, Roisin McAuley, Joseph McGuinness, Brona O'Reilly.



Exhibition & My Minds i Tour

Highlanes Gallery

Friday 29 January – Saturday 11 April 2015
Laurence Street, Drogheda, Co. Louth, A92 F7PH, Ireland
W: www.highlanes.ie
T: +353(0)41-9803311 F: +353(0)41-9803313

Curator/Director: Aoife Ruane

Opening Hours:

Monday – Saturday 10.30am – 5.00pm Closed: Sunday
Tour 2014-2015

Butler Gallery

Saturday 24 October – Sunday 20 December 2015
The Castle, Kilkenny, R95 YRK1, Ireland.
W: www.butlergallery.com
T: +353(0)56-7761106 F: +353(0)56-7770031

Curator/Director: Anna O'Sullivan

Opening Hours:

Monday-Sunday 10.00am-1.00pm, 2.00pm-4.30pm

Wexford Arts Centre

Saturday 15 October – Saturday 26 November 2016
Wexford Arts Centre, Cornmarket, Wexford, Y35 X5HF, Ireland.

W: www.wexfordartscentre.ie
T: +353(0)53-9123764 F: +353(0)53 9121765

Visual Arts Manager: Catherine Bowe

Opening hours:

Monday-Saturday 10.00am-5.00pm Closed: Sunday
Open: Sundays during the Wexford Opera Festival
11.00-5.00pm

The Exhibition will then tour to Northern Ireland to:

F.E. McWilliam Gallery & Studio

Saturday 3 December 2016 – February 2017
F.E. McWilliam Gallery & Studio, 200 Newry Road, Banbridge,
Co. Down, BT32 3NB, Northern Ireland.
W: www.femcwilliam.com T: +44 28 4062 3322

Curator: Riann Coulter

Opening hours:

Monday-Saturday 10.00am-5.00pm Closed: Sunday



Highlanes Gallery

BUTLER ■ GALLERY



Clarkes Bar

