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I love sculpture. I love the air it needs around it, the space it takes up, the inherent sensuality. I love the dreaming up of where and how it will breathe that air, the theatrics of installing. I love wood for its human warmth and the figure for its closeness to me. I also love wax for its sadness, paper and cardboard for what they are, clay for its malleability and fragility, sponge for its ridiculousness and paper-maché for its poverty. Colour, drawing, paint, textures, masks - animal and not, painted and otherwise, help me find an answer in the search for my own truth, anonymity and the universal.

A continuous unconscious search is at work to find the medium linking the concept to form. This is a discovery I exult in.

My studio is most precious to me. It is where I ‘live’. It is generally very messy and chaotic. Every new job requires a clean out, but most remains exactly as it has been for years, waiting to be nearly tripped over and remembered that it could be useful. I like this chaos, that I know to its depths.

I travel for periods of time, essential to me, and I generally travel to find a way to make art in some way. The first thing I do wherever I have chosen to stay is to make a space that will accommodate any constructive mess. Travelling has given me a curious insight into different ways of doing things; of mending the un-mendable, of intuitive thinking, cutting corners with acute intelligence, of getting by with admirable inventiveness, of superb craftsmanship and ancient tradition and celebration. And I enjoy a certain aspect of achievement reinventing the wheel with my own work. In travelling from very early on in life I also found beauty, mostly Sacred, as the art of the world is.

I always drew from childhood and I drew everything I saw.

All these ‘inputs’ in my life served me well when I started to sculpt in my mid-thirties. After many, many odd jobs, always retaining a strong conviction that there was no ‘job’ for me, and a solid few years as an apprentice to a wood restorer in Italy, an awareness at some level of the negation of the ‘I’ inherent in restoration started me sculpting for myself.

Living in a large family in the midst of a chaotic but definitely chosen beauty was an interesting start. But I am very conscious of what I owe to the many wonderful and inspiring people who have helped me live my life as an artist. And I am so lucky to live in a world that repletes me through the Arts.

Janet Mullarney - May 2019

“I adore sculpture, not for the why, but the how”.
Arturo Martini (1889–1947)
Editors’ foreword

This book was prompted by the process of researching and archiving the art work of Janet Mullarney. It sits somewhere between an informal festschrift and a catalogue and covers the period from childhood up to 2019. In this it is like the work of the artist herself, it defies categorisation.

When an entire career is spent working in two countries or more, at some point it is necessary to bring it together and to reflect on that geographic bifurcation and its outcomes. The catalogue shows the broad range of Janet’s work over this long period. It will introduce it to many and widen awareness of her outstanding achievements.

We have made every effort to ensure that the catalogue is as complete as possible. However, we are aware that there are a number of projects in which Janet was involved but, unable to source sufficient information to confidently include them, we have, regrettfully, omitted them.

We would like to thank Janet for talking us through so much of her career, answering our endless and sometimes uninformed questions, and entertaining us regularly throughout the period of this endeavour. It has been an adventure to work on this project with her and her Irish and Italian families, her friends, patrons and collectors.

We would also like to thank all the artists, curators, friends, collectors and supporters of Janet’s work who helped us to realise this project through generous donation or through their willingness to answer our phone calls, emails and general correspondence. John and Pat Taylor, and Sabina MacMahon at Taylor Galleries must be thanked for their support for this project. We are, of course, indebted to the writers, Dino Carini, Alice Maher, Nataly Maier, Declan McDonagh, Adolfo Natalini, Arabella Natalie and Stefano Velotti, Sheila O’Donnell, John Tuomey and Pier Luigi Tazzi. A special word of thanks to all of the photographers who worked with Janet over many years.

Anne Brady of Vermillion Design was patient with us and helpful throughout. We would like to thank Conor Graham and the team at Irish Academic Press for agreeing to add this book to the press’s prestigious list of publications. Special thanks must go to Sarah Maguire for firmly, but politely pointing out our many errors of syntax and for her great eye for consistency and detail. Any remaining errors are ours, not hers.

Thanks especially to our families and friends for enduring our obsessional behaviour for the past two years. We know that despite our best efforts, there may be artworks that have eluded us; that some titles may have changed over the years. The artist’s practice of making series of works, sometimes editioned, each uniquely added to by her so that no two are exactly alike even when sharing the same title, was an ongoing challenge. This at times confused us. We apologise if we have mistakenly referenced some work as a result. We have made every effort to record each work accurately. Nonetheless we know that some errors remain. They are ours and we take responsibility for them.

Mary Ryder and Catherine Marshall
All the Stances of Shyness

Catherine Marshall

I never really understood James Joyce’s compulsion to give himself up to “silence, exile and cunning” until I came to know Janet Mullany’s work.1 It’s not her silence (she actually likes to talk), nor that she displays cunning in any obvious way, but rather that she has committed herself to a kind of exile since her teenage years. She left Ireland for Italy, alone and in search of work, when she was nineteen. She had been there before; prizes in the prestigious Calles, Taroco and Glen Abbey art competitions, supplemented by holiday work, had funded her first eye-opening visit. But when she went again in 1970 it was for real.

Somewhere, she got herself into and out of the Accademia di Belle Arti in Florence where she learned about traditional processes and materials, but finding the experience less than satisfying, she went to work for an antique-furniture restorer, from whom she derived invaluable knowledge of working with wood and a deep appreciation of fine craftsmanship. With Tuscany as her base, in these early years she travelled Europe on a shoestring – working in restaurants, fishing boats, vineyards, discovering the galleries as well as the people and the street life, learning about art and life in equal measure, not discriminating between them but filling notebooks with records of the things that held meaning, and all the time weaving her sense of home into the fabric of her compulsion to devour life elsewhere.

Joyce embraced exile because he understood the artist’s need to be an outsider, and then spent the rest of his life writing about home with the accuracy of felt experience and the clarity of distance.

Since childhood, when she and her siblings were initially home-schooled by their strongly religious Irish parents, Mullany was a natural outsider. Perhaps, since the term ‘outsider’ has come to mean something quite specific in the art world, it is better to think of her more as a kind of lone ranger, swooping down from her perch in a hillock farm and studio in Tuscany to engage with the art world from the margins. She began with the Italian contemporary art scene, tentatively testing the ground in Ireland in group shows, before recognition from Paul O’Reilly at the Limerick City Gallery, Joist Grave at The Model in Sligo, and Declan McDonagle at Derry’s Orchard Gallery and later at IMMA, brought her to the attention of the cognoscenti at home. Exile might be lonely, but it brought her the freedom to see and represent things from the perspective of distance. Mullany understood clearly that past achievements in Italian art could still be creative growth there in the present, while also trying to come to terms with more personal legacies from Ireland. An early accolade was to have The Straight and Narrow (1991) acquired, along with work by James Coleman, Willie O’Harty, Kathy Prendergast, Stephan Balkenhol and Antony Gormley in the very first tranche of artworks to form the official Irish national collection of contemporary art at IMMA.

In his attention to marginal figures and details, Mullany’s work is like a search through time for human figures sometimes flying through the trees (Imprevisto Largo, 2015/6), float above the urban landscape (Farsi Largo, Grögnering, 1991) or skim over rocks and treetops (Wind Footed, 1990). Their exuberance is only halted by religion or social authority (The Straight and Narrow, 1991). When her human figures embrace animals, it is Mullany’s way of reminding us that animals and humans share a transhuman bond, and that we ignore our natural identity at great cost. Animal masks and personae offer a measure of universality, allowing the artist to deal with personal issues in an impersonal manner. And when wax tears trickle down the face of a rhinoceros (Imprevisto, 2002), the animal is weeping for those who are exiled or alienated from their nature or from their art form.

Writing about Harry Clarke and comparing him to James Joyce, Luke Gibbons argues for an alternative reading of Modernism, one heavily influenced by psychoanalysis which manifests itself in Clarke’s stained glass windows, in his attention to marginal figures and details, often subversive of the dominant image.1 Gibbons sees them as the rebellious messages of the unconscious, like Freud’s dreams, jokes and scalpsisms. Mullany’s work is similarly driven by a search for psychic freedom and balance. It is expressed in the way her almost demonic large-scale figures defy convention, as naturalized artefacts in the wild rather than demure occupants of plinths in town squares, and it continues through sculptural explorations of family life and religion in the 1990s, where both are revealed to be controlling, charming, and passionate at the same time. It is there in My mind / (2015/6), in the small sculptures that alternatively pirouette, kick their legs in the air, or struggle to shake off cardboard shackles. It is everywhere in her use of verbal and visual punning, playing on the “I” of the first-person pronoun and the eye of the mind, the mind of the artist. Like Clarke and Joyce, and the Surrealist Alberto Savinio (Brother of Giorgio de Chirico) whom she admires, her brand of Modernism is unique, informed by, but distinct from, the past, and utterly unmoored by Greenbergian Modernism.

Most of all, defiance of tradition and categorization has led her to abandon the highly polished, impersonal manner. And when wax tears trickle down the face of a rhinoceros (Imprevisto, 2002), the animal is weeping for those who are exiled or alienated from their nature or from their art form.

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both humour and edginess in those choices. When asked about her use of sponge she said, “I found it interesting that my cuts with the scissors [on sponge] were like my chisel cuts in wood. But sponge is light, pliable and even ridiculous.” She loves to flaunt notions of value and preciousness in the visual arts, her use of materials like sponge reveals this, as does covering a floor for visitors to walk on with gold leaf for her exhibition Almas y Escaleras in Mexico in 2001. She risks accusations of blasphemy, modelling the autobiographical Grotta d’Amore (1997) on a devotional shrine to the Virgin Mary and installing a dervish-like band, dancing with their shadows against the backdrop of the former church altar in the Highlanes Gallery, in Another Minds Eye (2016). All the time however, while the external targets of oppression are present and obvious, Mullarney is really focused on more self-made prisons.

In Sligo in November 2018 she talked publicly about the power of shame. This is not a subject many artists discuss but with her usual soul-baring honesty, Mullarney claimed it for all of them. She spoke of the emotion aroused by her constant fear that she will not be able to do justice to the work about to be undertaken. Shame is generally thought of as a negative emotion and it could be argued that what Mullarney refers to is really humility, at first sight a more acceptable feeling and one that carries with it associations of modesty and democracy. But Mullarney uses her words carefully. When she said shame that is what she meant. It is a feeling that goes with shyness. Shy people feel ashamed at being looked at, ashamed of their body shape, their poverty, their difference, ashamed of being judged. It is a burden that Irish people have carried since the great famine, when even survival was shaming, and Mullarney was particularly aware of the role of the Catholic Church and colonialism in furthering this destructive emotion. Her work reveals these hidden scars and does it for an audience.

On the back of a drawing from 2007, she wrote about the need to tackle those self-made prisons that we keep hidden from view, the need to overcome “all the stances of shyness”, yet fearful of the danger of letting go of our crutches. James Baldwin had something similar in mind when he wrote:

> Perhaps such secrets, the secrets of everyone, were only expressed when the person laboriously dragged them into the light of the world, imposed them on the world and made them part of the world’s experience. Without this effort, the secret place was merely a dungeon in which the person perishes; without this effort, indeed, the entire world would be an uninhabitable darkness. ...^3

While a number of Irish artists, especially women, have explored similar feelings, especially from a political and feminist perspective, Mullarney makes the political so personal that it cannot be avoided, exploring abjection and vulnerability through her sculpted animals, the futility of glass-mask camouflages, the corrugated paper or mattress straightjackets on her little figures from My minds i. Animal characters become alter egos because as she says “they are a good enough representation of the human without being specific.” They allow her to be serious about her demons. But she deals with them with a lightness of touch and a sense of humour that coaxes the viewer to look past the immediate sensation to what lies beneath it. Seamus Heaney’s comment that “The way we are living … will have been our life”, could be applied with similar veracity to the seamlessness between Mullarney’s art and the practice that produces it.\(^4\)


Declan McGonagle

Entre chien et loup (Between dog and wolf): Situating the Art of Janet Mullarney

This quotation set out the premise for the exhibition’s exploration of art and political ideas. It describes succinctly the tension between the tamed and untamed, the domestic and the wild, the pious and the profane, between ‘dog’ and ‘wolf’. This is the space ‘between’ that is inhabited by Janet Mullarney’s work in which she articulates ideas of dog and wolf, of piety and profanity and of human and animal. (See – ‘Self Portrait’, wood c. 2000. Cat. XX)

The form and purpose of Mullarney’s work relates to revised understandings based on new research into our ancestors ‘making things’ which can be defined as art, in wood, in bone and in stone, much earlier in human development than previously thought. And I want to explore the reverberations of those deep-seated relations in Mullarney’s work.

The new research pushes back in time the moment when early humans became fully conscious of their own humanity and recognized, and then expressed, the idea of ‘not animal’. This is the space ‘between’ that is inhabited by Janet Mullarney’s work in which she articulates ideas of dog and wolf, of piety and profanity and of human and animal. (See – ‘Self Portrait’, wood c. 2000. Cat. XX)

Meaning is then created using whatever form, material or technologies serve the larger purpose of activating a field of relational meanings and magic, in the present tense: (See – ‘My Minds I’ (table, in particular) 2015. Cat. XII)

Telling this longer story has implications for modern (of the present and recent past) assumptions, which position humanity as a phenomenon apart from rather than a part of a natural (material or immaterial) world. That separateness led not only to the exploitation of the natural world and the material wealth of parts of human society but also to our ongoing, unresolved existential anxiety. This anxiety can only be addressed by a cultural response to the intrinsically one-dimensionality of politics and economics which determine how and why power is organized in society today. Only by the nourishment of practice and process in culture, as multidimensional (which is so clearly embodied in the art of Janet Mullarney – we will be able to see self in other and, thereby, to create empathy. The conscious creation of empathy, in this period, is more necessary and urgent than ever. Mullarney achieves this in her work, not by a selfish focus on the human but by collaging elements of outward (social) beliefs and associations with interior, individual beliefs and associations – where nature (the god-given) and culture (the man-made) meet and interact in her tableaux, where mind and matter co-exist and converse. (See – Domestic Gods 1997. Cat. XII)

Janet Mullarney’s pieces act like reminders that we all swim in a sea of continuities, of memories and dreams which surmise our reality. Occasionally, nature itself reminds us of reals in charge and how we need to engage with other understandings and other kinds of knowledge.

Humankind has not woven the web of life. We are but one thread within it. Whatever we do to the web, we do to ourselves. This we know, the earth does not belong to man: man belongs to the earth. All things share the same breath – the beast, the tree, the man, the air shares its spirit with all the life it supports.

(From a public speech on 11 March 1854 – Chief Seattle [Ts’ial-la-kum 1786–1866] – known also as Chief Seattle of the Suquamish and Duwamish Native American tribes in what is now known as the State of Washington, USA.)

This principle is regularly marginalized as coming from the other and belonging to otherness, but many artists are now engaged, like Janet Mullarney, in decolonizing the gaze, assumed to be the default European position, by putting otherness at the centre of their work. Mullarney has consciously positioned herself in the centre of Euro, geographically – in Italy as well as Ireland – and conceptually, she has worked in relation to mainstream and marginal European art traditions. She has also factored into her work a negotiation with imagery and narratives, even emblematic colouring, from other non-European cultures. (See – Aftermath 1995. Cat. XX)
Mullarney’s art reminds us of humanity as a relational condition. From the earliest days this condition was embodied in art-making and in this context her defining use of wood and of carving is culturally loaded. There is a direct relationship with an artefact like the 32,000-year-old carved wooden sculpture named as the ‘Lion Man’, found in Germany in 1939, in particular, and the religious painted wooden carvings of the north European Renaissance, in general. These works also influenced the German artist Stephan Balkenhol, whose carved wooden figurative pieces deal with the idea of the individual in relation to the group, the tree and the forest. The historian Simon Schama also explored this idea in his 1995 book, Landscape and Memory, arguing that this tension is deeply rooted in central European culture: “Classical civilisation, from which the West has taken most of its ideas of civil society, always defined itself against the primeval woods”. This relational truth is present in our pagan (profane) and our religious (pious) belief systems and is carved into Mullarney’s pieces. They relate to the process of myth-making and art-making which are part of the toolkit which human beings use to sustain self-consciousness – from when that awareness first emerged, now estimated to be around 30,000 to 40,000 years ago. For purposes of simple survival, initially, it became necessary to see self in other, to capture that idea in material form in order to sustain it for a common good, over time. This is a parallel and equivalently important process to the idea that the social dimension of human consciousness emerged when, as anthropologists put it, we could find the food, remember where it was found and, then, communicate that to other members of the group.

Janet Mullarney’s art is rooted in and informed by those deep principles but it also has a lightness, a humour at times and an agility to range across media, without losing focus or legibility. The range includes drawing, sculpture, installation and lens-based media which she deploys, in situ, to turn space into place and situation. In these situations, ideas and meanings spanning 30,000 years into the present are connected by traditional and non-traditional processes, materials and technologies.

(See – ‘Cortocircuito’ installation. Page XX)

These dynamic threads are key to reading Mullarney’s work, which pulls these threads together to invite the viewer/reader to become a participant in the negotiation of meaning and value. The impulse, which makes craft and skill the servants, not the subject, of her practice as an artist, is the long-standing purpose of art as communication and the creation of empathy… finding the food and remembering where it is, in order to tell the others! Her whole practice is informed by a horizontal, relational understanding of cultural value, which is cyclical and is in negotiation with the linear model of cultural value we have inherited up to now. Her quotation of ideas, images and narrative elements from other cultures is dialogical and non-colonial. This is an inclusive dynamic and also draws on what is still diminished as ‘folk culture’ – the culture of place – and positions her work beyond the Modernist world view. It counters that world view which has defined the self in relation to other as better, defining other as less.

Janet Mullarney creates, in time and space, a rebuttal of that ‘pale’ and those boundaries which validate or invalidate human experience and expression. She does this by making works which embody an argument for other ways of looking, seeing, understanding and participating in the making of meaning. Her art-making confirms a common humanity and makes empathy visible. This – and not just the collage of ideas and traditions or her craft skills or the use of new technologies – is what makes her work new and old – of the dog and the wolf at the same time.
Untitled (Birdsong I and II)
Cat. 17 & 18
Untitled (Alive II).
Cat. 23

Untitled (Alive I).
Cat. 21
Above: Installation Radici (Carving Roots), 1989

Opposite: Untitled
Cat. 26

Untitled (Act of Faith I; After Miles Davis)
Cat. 28
Untitled (Thoughts of Africa)
Cat. 29

Untitled (Suspended strength)
Cat. 30
Wind-footed
Cat. 100
Late Developer
Cat. 45

The Straight and Narrow
Cat. 42

One of Many Tactics
Cat. 44

Late Developer
Cat. 45
My Sister’s Pain.
Cat. 54

Waiting for Illumination.
Cat. 53

My Sister’s Pain.
Cat. 54
Pier Luigi Tazzi

Paysages de Phantasie

1. The journey of this life of ours often seems like crossing a wasteland, as T.S. Eliot put it, dotted with way-stations, or oases if you wish, which might have been created expressly for those who will one day succeed not only in reaching them, but also in summoning up the courage to venture inside. It might also happen, in fact, that our travellers, wanderers, nomads – each of these names, along with many others that could be used to define this condition, has, beneath an apparent analogy, a very distinct meaning – remains waiting outside it for ever (Franz Kafka, en attendant...

2. Ever since the 13th century Tuscany has been the more or less temporary home of many foreigners, chiefly European, and most of all the English, who in the course of that century created the mythical image of it that still persists. This mythology was based on a sort of imaginary late Middle Ages, the fruit of a literature and visual art that, to be sure, had to do with what was indeed created there in the 13th to 15th centuries, but was associated even more with what remained of that epoch in the environment and the landscape. Years ago Janet Mullarney chose this territory as a possible place to live.

   I have always wondered whether it was her art that led to this choice, or the choice that influenced her art; but I have never managed to come up with a convincing answer.

   What is certain is that it leaves its mark on her work as an artist, on her style, on its meaning.

   As we all know, Tuscany is an arid region which does not maintain the promises it seems to make at first sight. A great number of writers, poets and artists have succumbed to its attractions, have borne witness to it in their work, and have ended by creating paysages de phantasie, as harsh and gaunt as the rocky landscapes we see in the (largely Sienese) Tuscan iconography and an ‘instinctive’ use of colour with no history but that of an allusion to an experience in progress which is revealed in the forms, in the materials used, in a parentless which everything is gathered together without ever becoming a monument. Demonstrations of

   First and foremost a sense of independent solitude: neither she nor her predecessors have ever joined the club. Furthermore, their work takes the form of a continual, dispersed germination – and this was not the only idiosyncrasy of the lords of Huntington Castle.

   One day, in a gentle evenfall, I was with Beau at the far end of the orchard, where the rosemary bushes were already in flower, interspersed at that point by small trees with low, still leafless branches. On some of these branches, in the uncertain light of dusk, I thought I saw small, whitish inflorescences. Surprised and curious, for we were still in the middle of winter, I stretched out a hand and touched them: they were soft and sticky. They were not flowers, but mushrooms.

   All the same, I sometimes took leave of the castle for short trips by car to visit ancient Celtic sites. My companions on these trips were two young Germans, one of them a pupil of my host, who was also German, and a woman friend of his who, emerging from a love affair which had ended unhappily for her, thought that a holiday in Ireland would alleviate the stress of the moment.

   It was a very mild February, which made it possible to take pleasant walks, both morning and evening, within the bounds of the estate. My sole companion was always a Labrador by the name of Beau, who was eternal. Because the owners of the castle always kept two dogs. Beau outside the house and a dachshund called Carpet indoors. Near the hall door was a wooden notice board reading DO NOT LET CARPET OUT. When one or other of the dogs grew old and was presumed to be near death, they searched around for another of the breed as similar as possible, which was kept hidden in the castle until the demise of the one of which it was the double. And this was not the only idiosyncrasy of the lords of Huntington Castle.

4. Janet is a woman.

   She shares certain qualities with those artists who introduced the feminine sensibility into the traditionally masculine arena of art: from Louise Bourgeois to Yayoi Kusama, from Marisa Merz to Diane Arbus, from Marina Abramovic to Marlene Dumas.

   First and foremost a sense of independent solitude: neither she nor her predecessors have ever joined the club. Furthermore, their work takes the form of a continual, dispersed germination – and here I am thinking above all of Bourgeois and Marisa Merz. Agglomerations of meaning, in which everything is gathered together without ever becoming a monument. Demonstrations of

I have only once been to Ireland. It was in the early Nineteen-Nineties, and most of the time I spent at Huntington Castle, near Clonegal in County Wicklow.

   From afar the trees there was no one else there that day, a dark day with clouds hanging low, and at a certain point we lost sight of each other for a very long time, only to suddenly discover each other again, lost in our thoughts, motionless in a motionless landscape, into which we fitted to perfection, as if all that had been set up especially for us and was there waiting for us (en attendant...
On the huge mango tree outside my window crowd more birds of different kinds and sizes than I have seen in other parts of this country: from tiny birds with brilliant plumage to large ones which fly as swiftly and silently as shadows the moment darkness falls. But none of them ever utters a sound.

The show-space is large enough to enable each work not so much to have space to spare, still less to enlarge its aura as much as possible without interfering with those of other works, but rather to enjoy a precise position of its own within a setting which remains, despite the presence of the works, empty.

Written in Bangkok, at the dawn of the year our Lord 2011.
Look Back in Anger
Cat. 60

Opposite: Squilibri contenuti
(Contents in equilibrium)
Cat. 62
Opposite All Ears (detail above).
Cat. 63
Opposite: Aftermath (detail above).
Cat. 64
As a boy I wanted to be a painter and between 1958 and 1966 I painted with a group of friends that the critic Cesare Vivaldi named La Scuola di Pistoia. Then, having become an architect, I founded Superstudio, the initiator of the so-called radical architecture movement, a group of avant-garde architects who, between 1966 and 1978, worked in the no man’s land between art, architecture and anthropology. Later, I built buildings and parts of cities in Italy, Germany and The Netherlands.

My pictorial experience has been reflected in my constant use of drawing and, in recent years, a return to painting. I have always practised art through a mediator, following the work of my old companions and frequently attending galleries and museums.

I met Janet Mullarney in a hospital, a place that had nothing to do with art. To my English wife, Frances, and to me, she seemed to be a force of nature. She invited us to lunch in her country house, a Gesamtkunstwerk of colours, painting and sculpture which amazed and excited us. We left her house with a large sculpture, Birdcatcher with Storm in Her Head (1989), which almost did not fit into the car. I have always had a passion for polychrome wooden sculpture: Sienese sculpture from 1200 to 1300 (Francesco di Valdambrino and Jacopo della Quercia), Pisan sculpture from the 1200s to the 1400s (Pino, Giovanni and Andrea Pisano) the ‘Sacred Passions’, the wooden sculptures of Germany and Russia. It seemed to me that this form of art had disappeared, but suddenly I found it, centuries later, vital and thrilling, in Janet’s work. I wrote a text for her 1991 exhibition in Perugia “Five descriptions of the sculptures of Janet Mullarney.”

I worked on design projects for several museums, from the Uffizi Gallery to the Opera del Duomo Museum in Florence. This last one is a very special museum because it collects works that come from the Cathedral, the Bell Tower and the Baptistery, and attempts to restore their context and original significance of faith, devotion and liturgy. We evoked the first facade of the Duomo, begun by Arnolfo di Cambio in 1296 and destroyed in 1588, by building a life-size model in which we relocated the sculptures to their original positions. So, unlike museums that collect works from diverse periods and origins, or galleries for the exploration of new directions, this is a museum that strives to recreate a lost unity.

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The union between art and architecture, like that between architecture and the city, has been destroyed in the last seventy years by a ferocious modernity, where the new must always be modern and dissonant. My work in architecture has been an attempt to resist this systematic destruction, focused on building places where human beings could feel secure and seek happiness. With Superstudio I became vaccinated with the virus of the destructive avant-gardes. In 1991, in Groningen, I won a competition for the reconstruction of the Waagstraat, a part of the old town comprising three blocks, a street and a square behind the Town Hall. This new city centre had to be populated with works of art that resembled human beings, so I thought of a wooden sculpture by Janet Mullarney and a bronze sculpture by Roberto Barni.
During the construction, as soon as the spaces took shape, I commissioned the wooden sculpture that was to live under the glass roof of an open loggia connecting a new building with a monument that had been spared from the destruction of war (the Gold Exchange or Goudkantoor). Janet proposed a sculpture that flew under a glass sky: it seemed extraordinarily appropriate for that space. The artwork, entitled *Farsi Largo – Making Space* (1995), consists of two figures: one that emerges from a brick wall and another that flies towards it. Between the two a tension is generated analogous to that which my project sought to establish between the new buildings and the monument: between memory of the past and hopes for the future. The present is not enough, neither for art nor for architecture. Architecture employs heavy and inert materials trying to make them talk and possibly, as Paul Valéry’s Eupalinos hoped, to make them sing. It seems to me that Janet Mullarney does the same with wood. What was also fascinating was the archaic, manual aspect made anew in her work.

According to a local legend, Saint Brigid of Ireland, or Brigid of Kildare, had lived in a cave in the village of Santa Brigida, in the municipality of Pontassieve, near my country house. When I first visited Janet’s house, I thought that a second Irish saint had arrived in my land – the fact that the legend was false, and that Janet was not a saint did not distract me from thinking that she too had made a long pilgrimage across the world to come among us and to work miracles. The first of these miracles was to have, perhaps unconsciously, resumed the ancient Italian tradition of the great polychrome wooden sculpture.

I am lucky enough to own several of her works dating between 1988 and 2011, some of which I commissioned. Among these, one that is particularly dear to me is *Late Developer* (1991) – a figure seated facing backwards on one of my chairs holding a tarnished brass bird. But Janet’s work has continued to explore different materials and directions alongside a constant search for growth and renewal. Her latest works move in space, as if in a theatre, staging mysterious and fantastic stories.

My predilection for polychrome wooden sculpture is not due to the value of the work itself, but rather to nostalgia for a time (mine) of great work and great hopes. For thirty years I have had the fortune to follow her artwork with wonder, admiration, esteem and affection. Janet’s work has the force of a wood-carver and the lightness of an elf who runs across the grass without bending one blade.

But Right Beside Me!
Cat. 69

Above:
Self-Portrait as a Dog with a Bone
Cat. 75

When the Bough Breaks
Cat. 78
Above: Mirroring (detail opposite).
Cat. 19
Domestic Gods I
Cat. 83
Dietro le quinte.
Cat. 85
Grotta d'Amore (front and back)
Cat. 87
Compound Equation (detail opposite).
Cat. 88
Above and opposite: Red Handful
Cat III
Raising Dragons.
Cat.91

Sheila O’Donnell

Through the wardrobe to Cherry Orchard

I have a strong memory of Janet’s work in her house when we first visited with our American students in 1998. The cast of characters who hung out of ceilings, crouched on landings and lurked in corners, occupied and charged the spaces in the rambling, heavy and rather empty house. A person hanging horizontally (by chains) in a vaulted room with windows high in the wall, a woman holding her ears while a stream of objects pours out of her head in a tangle of wires, a figure gently cradling a bird at the bend in the stairs. Carved out of solid wood, smeared with paint, bits of wire, torn plastic and sticks, or made of painted sponge, they had both gravitas and lightness. They evoked memories we never knew we had. They seemed to speak of religion, sex, fear, love, frailty and strength. Animals and humans intertwined: exchanging characteristics. They were rough, rude, primeval, vulnerable, kindly and fierce….

The wardrobe was in an upstairs bedroom. Jesus was just visible through the slightly open door: his red heart faintly glowing. Janet asked for our help. She thought it was obvious that Jesus needed a brown leather briefcase: old fashioned and a bit battered. We could see exactly what she meant. He was incomplete without the bag. We were able to help her find it. When we next saw this work, Raising Dragons (1998), in the Hugh Lane Gallery it was complete; our friend Kevin’s bag was in the wardrobe beside Jesus. And we understood the strength of the relationship between character, form and space in Janet’s work. The wardrobe was the space that the figure occupied, the bag made his occupation more complex and the wardrobe was an object itself in the space of the gallery. The open door extended the space of the gallery into the darkness of the wardrobe.

On that same visit Janet brought us to see the wonderful little Romanesque chapel at Gropina. A space made fully out of stone (even the light comes in through thin sheets of alabaster) with fantastical figures carved into the capitals and pulpit, fully integrated with the architecture, but also distractingly other.

Some years later we were looking for an artist to make an installation as part of a primary school we had designed in the Dublin suburb of Cherry Orchard. We invited Janet to submit a proposal. Despite its charming name this was a tough place: harsh and windswept. The buildings around the site had suffered repeated vandalism and were surrounded by high palisade fencing. Our challenge was to design a building that was vandal-proof at the same time as having a welcoming character in which the children and their teachers could feel safe and inspired. We designed the school as a series of cherry orchards defined by the two-storey vaulted wings of classrooms and enclosed by high brick garden walls on the street sides. The vaulted concrete roofscape and projecting rainwater gutters reinforce the distinctive form of the building while discouraging access to the roofs. Brick walls, concrete vaults and half-vaults, round columns establish the character of the interior; they focus the space inward and allow strong shafts of sunlight to enliven the corridors.

When Janet submitted her proposal, we could see that it had a wonderful resonance with the architecture of the building. Rather than making a single piece, she proposed a series of works in the
communal areas of the building. We also felt a connection back to the sculptures in the vaulted chapel. Her creatures, which inhabit vaults, walls, corners and columns, are surprising and arresting and yet feel at home in the spaces. They are uplifting, cheering and also full of serious intent. They seem to reinforce the character of the spaces which they occupy.

The experience of working with Janet on this project was very special because of the way in which her work gradually developed. As she got to know the building better, she added new pieces in response to the physical dimensions and shapes of spaces, but also in response to their character and light; a small flock of five sheep live high in a concrete half-vault – when the sun comes out you can see that they are walking up a shaft of sunlight. A figure swims through a thick concrete beam: its feet visible on one side and its hands (holding out a chair) on the other. The mind’s eye provides the rest of the body. A bronze cow walks up the wall. Swaddled sponge saints (or sinners) hang in the upper corridor, and a fleet of scrappy boats float in a void between downstairs and upstairs. These works allow the imagination to soar, they provide moments in which a child could be surprised or thrilled. By their character and their placing, they suggest the potential for a one-to-one relationship: a private moment outside and above the mundane and sometimes oppressive experience of school and teachers. They are beautiful, they are strange, they are irreverent, and they belong in this building. They live there. When the first person arrives in the morning, the building is already occupied. You are never alone in the corridor; you can always talk to a red sponge dog or a saint, or sail away in a magic ship in the air.

This work enhances and enriches the school: it is a gift to the people who will learn and work here.

Human animal tribe

Alice Maher

I began to follow Janet Mullarney just at a time of a profound change in her work. In the late 1990s she was moving away from technical virtuosity in jai de vivre figure sculpture towards a personal language of figuration that balanced intense intimacy with a kind of wild black humour. Her earlier pieces were carved in wood: twisting dynamic counterpoints in space. These new presences were not content to merely occupy space but began to take on an inner life of their own, expanding to create a psychic space that included everyone who encountered them. In her new works, animals and humans were mutually imbued with psychic or symbolic roles they had ceased to act as individual pieces and from now on related to each other like a multiplying family of players. The more the figures related to each other the more they seemed to disintegrate or lose their robust physicality, as though the thoughts and exigencies of life were stripping and flaying them even as they were coming into being. Found objects, detritus, along with carved and painted passages, now came together as Janet assembled a human/animal bestiary/tribe that is truly hers and hers alone.

The fragile appearance of these works is counterbalanced by a strength of purpose that is embedded in ever fibre, and I believe this comes from her continued devotion to figuration as a valid carrier of meaning. Her work indicates a yearning for completion which is never satisfied because her ‘family’ of players and materials is always on the move, continually changing and morphing through time. She is never satisfied with anything, and that struggle is always evident in her work. I had the privilege, along with Charlie Tyrrell, of nominating Janet Mullarney for membership of Aosdána in 1998. We became fast friends after that and often exchange emails about art, earthquakes, films, curiosities, glasses, books, weather, politics and ideas. I feel she is truly part of the tapestry of our visual language in Ireland, and her quirky, deadly, hilarious and heartbreaking vocabulary adds a welcome sting to the history of figurative sculpture. There might be huge gaps between our meeting each other but I feel her support from afar at all times, and always await her new works in anticipation of their stinging profundity, when I can laugh and cry and marvel in equal measure.
Untitled
Cat. 92

Ubiquitous Undesired Friend
Cat. 94

Halo
Cat. 93
Ubiquitous Undesired Friend
Cat. 116

Tutte le Mattine (Every Morning)
Cat. 117
Shelter from the Storm
Cat. 118
Comfort Blanket
Cat. 121

Sleep
Cat. 120
Floor inlaid with trees, peacocks and other figures
Cat. 129

Medicine Cabinet
Cat. 124
Inequivocable (Unequivocal).
Cat. 118
Piccola Ascia Blu
par l’Hare-Glaciosa
Cat. 137
Serious but not hopeless, we hope

John Tuomey

The first I saw of Janet Mullarney’s work was two aerial figures seen through a window in Temple Bar, strange presences sailing through space, mysterious creatures, when Temple Bar itself was still a relatively empty place (The Straight and Narrow, 1991). Wooden figures, life size, flying not floating, and with a strong sense of purpose. The next thing I remember was a standing figure (My Mind is Frazzled, 1992) at the Temple Bar Gallery. Satisfyingly well made, self-contained, disturbingly gesturing for some kind of spiritual liberation. Sometime later, seeing a slightly more serene face in the Taylor Galleries window, a serenely severed head with a ship sailing through it, as if in a dream, I was hooked, and decided I had to get to know the woman behind this work.

We met in Tuscany, where she was living in undeniably spartan conditions on a lovely hilltop, with long views over the landscape: spartan luxury, perhaps. Janet brought our group of American students to the nearby village of Groppina. We saw intricately carved figures and alabaster windows in a Romanesque church, but none of us wanted to leave behind the figures that lived on the stairs, hung out in the hallways, and hid in the wardrobes of her studio house. Our students designed a number of site-specific galleries, each one purpose-made to house a particular piece of Janet’s work. The conversation between architect and sculptor had begun, and so it has continued for twenty years. A conversation about architecture and sculpture, wayside shrines, cinema and novels, heads and shoulders, arms and legs, aluminium casting, blood circulation, and bronze dogs in the street.

One of the more recent highlights, among these days and nights of discussion, was an intensely silent and distant conversation, conducted in Janet’s absence, with a host of tiny characters in the Highlanes Gallery in Drogheda (My Minds i, 2015). Standing, swooping, elegantly active and individually preoccupied figures in their own space, each holding their ground, but all taking part in a collective promenade, parading their difference and sharing common ground across illuminated table tops. This exhibition felt like a culmination of a courageous journey, a self-defined artistic direction confirmed in a theatrical installation, strong in its sense of style, radical in personality, and done with delicate bravado.

We can’t know what these creatures are telling us, what they are performing for us, why they are turning towards us in the air, but they are eager to communicate with us, maybe even to cheer us up. “Life is hopeless, but not serious” they seem to say. I heard this old Viennese saying quoted in a lecture by Alfred Brendel, and I immediately thought of Janet. Of course, the converse is truly the case: life is serious, but not hopeless, we hope. When I am feeling low, or any way out of sorts with the world, I can hold the hands of her so-called Gardenman. Crouching down to grip his aluminium fingers, he urges me on, saying be yourself, never give up. One of her early works (Untitled, 1988) sympathetically installed in the window of our Glucksman gallery at UCC, seems to belong to the same dream-world origins as our first architectural idea for that gallery, the idea of a static figure having its own turning moment, its own rotation in space.

Is there an underlying optimism, a troubled and an edgy kind of optimism, embodied in the unsettling balance of Janet Mullarney’s sculptures? Be ready, they seem to say, in your own time, ready to move on out of here, ready to stay put and fight your corner, ready to stand your ground.
Janet’s Garden

Dino Carini

There are gardens where one can grow secular clusters of sylvan obscurity, the refuge of amorous weeds, unaware of the compulsive lawn mower or the landscape architect.

In Janet’s lush, natural garden, a small table exposed to the seasons, surrounded by patches of rosemary, holds piles of all sorts of specimens. You can find rough samples of statuettes like the corn of the Etruscans, here and there fragments of terracotta sculptures colonized by lichens, pieces of sun-dried clay with traces of molding, a strange red boxo ball, chipped castings of coloured glass, scattered layers of silt with showers of moss, and countless variegated pebbles. All the material thrown out or lost in the surrounding area over the decades has been rediscovered and collected in a carefully thought-out reorganization of her home-studio in the Valdarno. There, an unfenced garden is contiguous with the oak-wood forest where elder persists with its ancient scent among locust trees and dogwood while the old farmhouse faces one of the largest and most fertile Pliocene basins of central Italy.

From the immense junk-heap holding the dispersed objects of our lives, objects that had never become things that learned to speak and had therefore been readily abandoned as waste – according to Remo Bodei in Lo uto delle cose (2009) – an old forgotten wreck may chance to suddenly appear, now cleansed by time of the human expectations and passions encrusted on its skin. What remains still pulses in the thoughts of the living: the poetics of the refusal that refuses to end up in a dump. This is the ineradicable remnant of a providential entelechy of things. It joins us out of a desperately addictive desire, exhausted in the objects lying before us, to see them only in terms of their own history. The casual discovery of an object once lost or thrown away on purpose, seems to free it from the threat of any further condemnation to oblivion. We do not want to lose it again, nor can we free ourselves lightly from it as we welcome it into our home, as if to recompense it for our negligence or guilty abandonment. Promoted from undifferentiated refuse to the rank of differentiated legitimacy of birth than the outcasts encamped on the table in the garden. Untouched by the drama, they continue to dance due to an excess of life, as they say of certain animals when they have been decapitated. Deprived of the senses, except that of touch, they move with grace and balance in situations of dangerous instability (Stonewall, 2014). They feel the domain of the body in physical space, the cost of circumstantial life itself in so narrow a field of action. Here, it is worth mentioning L’ippo, Georges Bataille’s magazine. Through an image of the dancing Dionysus, its Nietzschean title already evokes the “true nature of terrestrial life, which demands the ecstatic intoxication and the updraft,” without God and without a God. These poets have said it; the sight that transports the body into the light beyond its physical limit is nothing but the deceptive extension of the original authenticity of touch. The eye – as Goethe states – is a tactile organ, because it recalls its origin: the skin evolved from the earthworm and its palpitation of space. And the idea of a haptic body extends to the entire production of the artist, well beyond its obviously intrinsic relationship to sculpture. One comes across it in the research of Degas Danza Fighter (2014) who cautiously probes the terrain before going further on the road, or in the imperishable curve of Giottos’s Circle (2014), an echo not too far from Degas’s Femme au tub (c. 1883).

“Degas is one of the rare painters who had recognized the importance of the ground,” writes Paul Valéry.1 In Pennò Urban Print, a video of 2009, a man revolves, magically unveiling a matrix that releases a flowery cloud of plaster dust onto the ground around himself, as if to mark the inviolable sacredness of an immanent body, inscribed in the Vitruvian circle by the confines of his anatomy. In the ever-restless passion of Degas, the great painter, not limited solely to his attention to dance, or in that evident for Picasso in the frequency of children dressed as harlequins, we can grasp the traces of a lyricism, classical in origin, which also underlies Janet Mullarney’s work. Janet is a radical ally of the expressive and conceptual determinations that have made the body the political and poetic fulcrum of the feminist revolution. Yet sometimes she tips over, preferring to immerse herself, without rhetoric, in the sublime marriage that joins the sacred with the profane in her chosen territory: medieval Tuscan civilization. She feels at ease among those Sienese, painters and masters of wood, who secretly guide her hand even while she is drawing. Along with artists ranging from Tino di Camaino to Francesco di Valdambrino, to Jacopo della Quercia (Domestic Gods II and Domestic Gods I, 1997/98), she possesses heuristic faith in the material, delicate chromatism, and the taste for pure, unpolluted pigment, compared to that of the Florentines, which Roberto Longhi called “turbid and piss-like.”

1 Marc Augé (b. 1935) is a French anthropologist and author.
2 Giovanni Francesco Barbieri (1591–1666), known as Guercino or G’Guerci, was an Italian painter of the Baroque period.
3 Camille Dumoulié, Lettere e documenti sul superuomo acéphalo, Rome 2011, p. 49.
4 Paul Valéry, Degas Danza Fighter, Milan 2013, p. 61.

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Other reminiscences of a more archaic Classicism, or mythological imprint, are traceable within the repertoire of zoomorphic heads. In this way the artist grafts the persuasive expressionlessness of the animal face to the rhetorical masks of the human face. I have seen a rough drawing called Nietzsche’s Horse (2006), a clear reference to the famous story of the philosopher, where the few signs of a compassionate embrace of the animal’s head are sufficient to make us understand that Janet loves horses much more than knights. But those who know this woman and this artist, know that she never stops arguing with evil; in this too lies her proud individuality and alterity, compared to the well-beaten paths of many artists of her generation. All her minute fantasy is narrated with dry simplicity and composure, without feigned nonchalance: perhaps more icastic and symbolic than narrative, from which derives, not surprisingly, her predilection for the assertive calm of medieval art. Like the Sieneese ‘primitives’, Janet’s fable still resides in the cave so dear to philosophers. The hypnotic game of lights and shadows projected from her light boxes to the disarticulated walls of the backdrop of My Minds i and Another Minds Eye (both 2015/16), is more than a memory of Fred Astaire dancing crazily with his own shadow, reverberating on the painted walls of the Chauvet Cave in the documentary film Cave of Forgotten Dreams (2010) by Werner Herzog.

The truth of the world has become a fable, says the philosopher, who having demolished the edifice constructed with his own hands, now ceases to philosophize. But the artist doesn’t stop creating because she continues to demolish her own house as she has always done, in order to build what remains of it into the new world fable.

Even the fragment recomposed in Janet’s garden is, after all, a fairytale with a happy ending.

Written in Castelfranco Pian do Scò, 15 May 2018
Janet's 'I' / Eye

Arabella Natalini & Stefano Velotti

Verbal language – its meanings and concepts – is particularly inadequate to grasp the world of Janet Mullarney. Woman and mature artist, Janet has, in fact, the gift of knowing how to draw on ‘immaturity’ to perform a catalepsy into the regions of games, dreams and childhood nightmares, to recover figures captured in those incoherent and mocking regions, where one thing is also its opposite, the inside is the outside, the hand that protects is also the one that strikes. In fact, each of her figures has a secret, and whispers its consolations and threats; it wears a mask or casts a shadow. The language comes later, to arrange things in the fabric of forms and reasons that each of us weaves around ourselves.

Dreams, fairytales, and myths can be enchanting and malicious but Janet’s chosen myths are not those elaborated by the tradition of Classical Greece. Celtic mythology and Bush Indian polytheism – with the colours, animals, and continuous transformations of each – are far more congenial. Janet transforms the multiple figures inhabiting her mind into demons and house spirts (that / Eye that enters the title of one of her most revealing exhibitions). Her maturity, as a woman and as an artist, is to see those beings in the mirror of art without taking them too seriously, to be both a participant and a spectator of that abysmal and playful pandemonium, moving behind the order of language as it classifies and explains.

Janet Mullarney, like a new Billy Pilgrim, travels back and forth in space and time. Not only does she manage to live simultaneously in two different countries (Italy and Ireland) and to welcome influences and suggestions from distant lands where, whether for short or long stays, she felt at home (India, Egypt, Mexico ...), but she feeds on multiple passions: from ancient to vernacular art, from cinema to theatre.

Animated by an indomitable energy, an essential attraction to the intrinsic qualities of a material and to the specificity of the context in which it operates, she always moves in a free – yet circumscribed – space. She knows how to make a found space, the peculiar place assigned to her from time to time, into her own. She unmistakably transforms heterogeneous worlds while managing to reveal their peculiarity. "Time, for her, leaps forward, pauses and returns, thanks to a sort of interior bricolage, an emotional patchwork, that sews together unconscious emergencies with forms she has found or constructed. Janet assimilates them, makes them her own, but without destroying their otherness. Recurring figures meet with new ones that take shape little by little."

In her exhibition, My Minds i, two strongly connoted, contiguous installations contrast a theatre of shadows with a space that is totally devoid of them, bringing to the forefront a ‘dancing world’ populated by an imaginary dream, where the familiar and strange transform continuously into one another. On large white canvas backgrounds, a group of small sculptures is transfigured into a scene of powerful and impalpable shadows in motion, while in the space before it a multitude of figures rests on a lightbox that deprives it of all shadow. Usually lightboxes transform a two-dimensional image into an object, giving it depth. Here, instead, ‘the objects’ dance on a dreamlike pedestal, as if suspended on the light of the unconscious, removed from space and time, making them unreal. They do not lose solidity; they lose shadow. This is how Janet makes a further dimension appear within the everyday world: on that luminous table, a tabula rasa of conscience, where old comrades evolve, summoned to the same place and left free to be ignored. The air that circulates among those figures reveals precision and indifference, grace and greed, delicacy and ferocity.

Its most appropriate dimension is perhaps that of the game. The site of the game is neither internal nor external, and its time is one in which the inside and the outside become indistinguishable: “to control what is outside one must do things, not simply think or desire to do.” This also explains the peculiar use that Janet makes of everything; things ‘found’ are never simply objets trouvés. The ‘madness’ of Janet lies in the paradox that “creates an object, but the object would not have been created as such if it were not already found there ...” This is perhaps her relationship with the world, the key to understanding her ability to move between different times and spaces, looking for herself in what is foreign and far away, recognizing the stranger as her old friend, as part of herself .

From all this, and much more, the new, extraordinary world of Janet Mullarney comes to life.

2 Winnicott, Playing and Reality, p. 55.
In the silence of the early afternoon

Nataly Maier

Castelfranco, 8/8/2017

Dear Janet,

We have for years had this ongoing, open discussion between us on the issue of figurative art and abstraction. When I came to see you in your beautiful home in Tuscany, it surprises me how the arrangement of sculptures and objects, and your accurate use of lighting, change the atmosphere of the house year after year.

In the last few years you have removed many objects that were playfully distributed here and there. Some wood carvings, like the red and blue-coloured Madonna, have been moved to make room for the most abstract phase of the dismembered body parts. So then I find the beautiful aluminum leg, the impressive scale of the shoulders (Rishabadeva), the smaller pieces in black stone: sober and smooth.

The ‘material worked on’ is always important to you and you impose your personality on it. You transform it into a companion to this house.

Right now, it seems that your objects and sculptures are so animated by their shadowy chorus that dances on the walls. You are still wavering towards the figurative side in your work with these crazy abstract shadows.

In my abstract painting, I really struggle with the difficulty of non-shadow (or lack of it). It is the shadow that places an object in space and underlines its three-dimensionality and its physical existence.

Perhaps the shadow is the axis that decides whether something is figurative or abstract. Your shadows on their own are rather abstract, your forms are recognizable and mostly figurative. You make the sculptures jump into the space of abstract shadows!

Congratulations, and I am curious as to how your beautiful house will look next year.

Thank you for those nights of white wine under the moonlight and for this new chapter in our art conversation.

Nataly
Redrawing an Outline
Cat. 364
Freud in the shadow of Matisse’s tree
waiting for Degas’ horse to come home.

Cat. 181a

Another World is Possible
Cat. 178
Se Fosse Così (If it had been like this)

Cat. 182
Se Fosse Così (dettaglio).
Cat. 182
Se Fosse Così (dettaglio).
Cat. 182
Glass Masks
Cat. 198
Earthly Creatures.
Cat. 110
Permanent installation showing Swimmers, Cat. 212, St Ultan’s National School, Cherry Orchard
Like many artists or writers she is an outsider, not too bothered by the latest trend – but always having a clear vision of what she wants to achieve artistically. At times, I needed to run to catch up with her. Janet sees opportunities, fun, interest and curious experiences all around her. She will seldom refuse an offer in case it might be just the one that would stimulate, enthuse and possibly redirect her way of working and thinking, or just help advance or complete a process already burgeoning materially, physically or intellectually. I travelled with her to both India and Mexico in the 1990s: trips which added a new dimension to her work. And of course, there are the everyday pleasures to be shared: books, music, films, gossip, political differences and agreements, and much more. It was great to be on the coat-tails…!

Her sense of outrage and sadness at the mendaciousness and intellectual poverty that is prevalent in politics today, is something we share utterly. This is manifested in her involvement in protests, her financial support to causes, and her day-to-day kindness to those in poverty, refugees and asylum seekers.

We have known one another for over fifty years, and I am still stimulated, encouraged, and infuriated by our discussions: a never-ending gallop over the whole gamut of life, especially in the areas of art, music, politics and literature, all subjects essential to the wellbeing of humankind. It has never seriously mattered whether we agree or not, as we have learned to trust and respect each other’s opinions on these matters, and as a result have both managed to expand our horizons.

But most of all, Janet is my dearest friend, a Renaissance woman and a great artist.

Mary Ryder

Janet arrived at Sandymount High School in 1967, not long after me. It was the shoes that caught my attention; here was someone who had a sense of style, independence and colour at a time of drab uniformity. It was the start of a journey, for both of us I like to think, that continues to this day.

I remember it was maths, especially geometry, rather than art at which she excelled. The ‘new girl’ was acknowledged by the maths teacher as the most able student he had taught in twenty years – a proficiency that is to be found in the form and proportions of all her work. This won her the respect of many a tradesman and professional alike when, despite their misgivings, she was able to prove ‘it will work’.

After school, new adventures beckoned, travelling separately, and sometimes together, across Europe; adventures which included a memorable cycling trip in the former Yugoslavia – with an attempt to reach Iran – and a summer working on fishing boats off Sicily. All were a feast for the senses. A rite of passage that is taken for granted today, but not back then. It was a world of imagination: nights lying out under the stars, with wine, food and conversations that both intrigued and nourished us. This was a journey to areas and experiences that were remote, mysterious, and not to be easily found on any tourist map. In such moments a lifelong friendship was forged.

Living outside Ireland and hitching around, we discovered an artistic and cultural environment that expanded our individual and different understandings of beauty, craftsmanship, and aesthetics – in places that had not yet been overwhelmed by modernity and consumerism and from which experiences were stored up and found expression in much of Janet’s later work. But, for her, this was allied to a real love of the beauty of the natural world, the emotional world, and the primordial objects and imaginative feelings that inhabit those spheres. She has translated the pain, excitement, pathos, and also the mundane, which daily afflicts all of us, into her work, and reminds us of that of which we tend to be neglectful.

Janet has, I believe, always had her finger on the pulse of both the joyous and painful elements of human reality. Look at the contained joy of the dancer in one of my favourite pieces, Untitled (Alive I), or the thoughtfulness of the Untitled (Me in 3000 BC) and then the unbelievable pain, terror and sadness in All Ears. It continues to intrigue me how her work can reflect the emotional, physical and artistic difficulties – alongside the joys – of her life at any given time.

Aesthetics drive all that Janet does. In whatever aspect of her life – from her personal style (shoes!) to music, food, or even day-to-day household goods – she has difficulty comprehending how people could surround themselves with the mundane. A shopping expedition with her could be both pleasurable and fretful as she sought out that unusual tool, the most unusual textiles, or the little shop that sold a unique local produce.

Second Self / Affinity

Mary Ryder

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Rishabadeva.
Cat. 216

Same same but different.
Cat. 219

Rishabadeva Again (details above).
Cat. 217

My Soul.
Cat. 215
My All in Installation, Highlanes, 2018
Top: St Anthony's Temptation. Cat. 238
Above left: Giotto's Circle. Cat. 242
Above right: St Anthony’s Temptation (notebook). Cat. 245

Stairwell. Cat. 246
Absolutely Untitled I.

Cat. 250

Research Cat. 250
Drawing for Cat. 258

Mother in Me. Cat. 258
Standing still standing
Cat. 289, F.E. McWilliam Gallery, 2017

Standing still standing
Cat. 289, installed RHA, 2017
Lenience (Paisaggio di Compassione)
Cat. 291
Untitled (Dancer).
Cat. 295

Untitled (Dancer I).
Cat. 296
Monte Analoghe I-V (details).
Cat. 300
Cigarette Abstinence (Astinenza di Sigaretta)
Cat. 340
It was Transparent Too

Cat. 341
Self-Portrait as Beckman I
Cat. 371

Self-Portrait as Beckman II
Cat. 371
Opposite: Amygdala I–VIII (detail)
Cat. 387

Staff for the Desert Crossing
Cat. 382
1. Capro Espiatorio (Scapegoat), 1995. Mural, plaster fallen away or scraped back. Dimensions not available. Artist's coll. Tuscany. Accidentally created when redecorating house: old plaster fell away and, with a few minor adjustments, became this work.


13. Untitled, 1984 (Boscano mother). Ink inlaid樱桃木。32 x 83 x 23。私人收藏。克莱尔•布兰查德，威克洛郡。

14. Untitled (looking in the sun)。木在镶嵌玫瑰木。20 x 12 x 14。私人收藏。弗朗西斯卡·切莱扎，佛罗伦萨。Opere dal 1983 al 1996，插图。

15. Untitled (Wino)，1984。瑞士云杉镶嵌黄铜，墨迹玫瑰木。50 x 60 x 40。私人收藏。阿尔贝塔·波波佩德里尼，佛罗伦萨。Opere dal 1983 al 1996，插图。

16. On Top of the Mountain，1985。墨迹着色木。137 x 50 x 26。私人收藏。恩斯特和贝阿特丽斯·布兰德特，法兰克福。Opere dal 1983 al 1996，插图。
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<tr>
<td>20a-20d</td>
<td>4 variations of Cat. 10, 1987.</td>
<td>1 in box wood, 3 in various materials: plexiglass, clay, stone etc. 85 x 20 x 8.</td>
<td>Priv. colls: Paul CAM and Fernando Trill, Pescia; G. Shular, Cologne; Dierk Haux, Berlin.</td>
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<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Hot Tranquility, 1988–92 (2 versions).</td>
<td>Wood. Larger version 177 x 60 x 30; smaller version 40 x 82 x 27.</td>
<td>Smaller version priv. coll. Milan.</td>
<td>Larger-version dismantled by the artist. Some parts were re-used for the public art project in the Royal Victorian Hospital, Belfast, see Cats 36, 49, 122, 125. See also head in Cat. 101.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Opere dal 1983 al 1986, Il.</td>
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<tr>
<td>34a, 34b.</td>
<td>One of Many Feats, 1989.</td>
<td>Terracotta. Larger version 245 x 53 x 20; smaller version 18 x 45 x 10.</td>
<td>Priv. coll. Dr Giovanna Franchi, Maurizio Ammonaci – both Florence.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 33.</td>
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<tr>
<td>43.</td>
<td>The Straight and Narrow</td>
<td>Inlaid wood, cloth: 100 x 40 x 60</td>
<td>Priv. coll. Adolfo Natalini, Florence</td>
<td>See also Cats 42, 43a-b; 304-306.</td>
<td>Esporre, 1991.</td>
<td>210 x 200 x 150.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43a</td>
<td>The Straight and Narrow</td>
<td>Inlaid wood, cloth: 37 x 44 x 62</td>
<td>Priv. coll. Claudio Piccini, Florence</td>
<td>See also Cats 42, 43, 43b, 304-306.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43b</td>
<td>The Straight and Narrow</td>
<td>Inlaid wood, cloth: 10 x 25 x 40</td>
<td>Priv. coll. Tullio Leggeri, Bergamo.</td>
<td>See also Cats 42, 43, 43b, 304-306.</td>
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<tr>
<td>44.</td>
<td>One of Many Tactics</td>
<td>Suspended figures: terracotta. 10 x 25 x 40</td>
<td>Office of Public Works, Ireland</td>
<td>See also Cats 68, 312, 408.</td>
<td>The Straight and Narrow; 1992, Port of An Exhibition, 1997.</td>
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<tr>
<td>45.</td>
<td>Late Developer</td>
<td>Figure seated on chair belonging to Adolfo Natalini; machined wood, ink, brass. 110 x 40.</td>
<td>Commissioned by Adolfo Natalini, Florence.</td>
<td>See also Cats 45a, 410.</td>
<td>The Straight and Narrow, 1992.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45a</td>
<td>Late Developer</td>
<td>Figure seated on machined wood, ink, brass. 45 x 34 x 30.</td>
<td>Commissioned by Wico Maes, The Netherlands.</td>
<td>See also Cats 45, 410.</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>


48. Suspensions / Feel Just Like This, 1992. 
Suspended figure; wood, paint: 105 x 68 x 68. Priv. coll. Peter Bloemergen, Leekien. | | |

49. Up Against the Wall, 1993. 
Wood, pigment, mixed media: 167 x 115 x 66. This work no longer exists. Dismantled by the artist. Some parts were re-used for the public art project, Royal Victorian Hospital, Belfast, see Cats 24, 25, 122, 125. |

Wall-mounted; wood, wire, projection; mixed media objects: 120 x 130 x 100. Kilmartigh Sculpture Park, Co. Mayo. |


52. Just a Fleeting Thought, 1993 (series of 2, each with individual variations). 
Wood, gesso, ink, acrylic: 20 x 10 x 15. Priv. coll. Helen Rosset, The Netherlands; Patricia Pepe, Prato. See also Cats 51, 52. | 10 Spazio, 1995. |

53. History by Illumination, 1994 (2 versions). 

Wood, pigment: 92 x 72 x 17. Prim. coll. Marco Magni, Figginjas. | See also Cat. 325. FireWings, 2011. |

55. Temple to Ecstasy, 1994 (series of 12 with temple structure, each with individual variations). 
Suspended figures: wood and metal. Various dimensions, largest version: 65 x 35 x 26. Made to fit into an Indian-Bodleian water-bottle box. See also Cats 55, 56, 57, 73, 318. | | |

56. Plocution, 1994 (1 of series of 12 with temple structure, each with individual variations). 
Suspended figures; gesso, mixed media: 29 x 18 x 10. Priv. coll. Francesco Brusoni and Adolfo Natalini, Florence. Made to fit into an Indian-Bodleian water-bottle box. See also Cats 55, 56, 57, 73, 318. | | |
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</table>
   Janet McMillan and Anne
   Donovan, A Celebration of

   50 x 65 x 20.  Priv. coll. Claire
   McMillan, Co.

   Butler Gallery, Kilkenny, Donated by the
   Contemporary Irish Art Society.

68.  Fins Largo, 1995 (pub'd art commission, 
    Groningen).  Installation: painted wood, copper piping, mixed media.  Shown as a
    work in progress as two separate pieces in the exhibition Squilli / contenuti.
    Wooginstraat, Groningen (architect: Adolfo Natalini).  Modello for this
    with Local Authority, Groningen.  See also Cats 44, 312, 498.

   Priv. coll. Barbara
   McMillan, London.  Squilli / contenuti, 1996/7; Di Que v
   di Li d'Arno, 1998.
   Operæ de 1993 to 1996; ill.; Di Que v
   di Li d'Arno, 18; The Perfect Family, 1998; ill.; EV+A Invited
   Artisti Carissimi - Witches & Wonderments, 2019; ill.; Artisti Carissimi - A Population of
   Ireland, 2018; ill.

    26 x 45 x 25.  The 4k, Dublin.  See also Cat. 329.

   Artist's coll.
   Figure of bird in poor condition. See also Cats 64-6, 72, 52, 281.
   Hayden O'Neill and Primavera,

   Wire cloth, rubber 10 x
   16 x 11.  The 4k; Priv. coll.
   Matthew Feldman.
   Florence; 71b: now
   part of Cat. 281.

72a. Untitled (The Big
   150 x 400.  The Model, Sligo.
   See also Cats 71, 72, 281.

72b. Untitled, 1996 (2 from a
   series of 12).  Bronze, wood, paint, mixed media.  35 x 28 x 16.
   Priv. coll. Paul
   O'Reilly, Tipperary.  Artist's coll.
   Made to fit into an
   Indian Bronze
   water bottle box. See also Cats 53, 55, 56, 57, 118.
   Squilli / contenuti, 1996/7.

73.  All'ora /, 1996.  Wood: 21 x 34 x 10.  AIB Art Collection, Dublin.
   AIB/ART2, 2002; Riine, 2002; ill.

74.  "Self-Portrait as a Dog
   with a Flowe", 1996.  Painted wood.  34 x 32 x 12.
   Priv. coll. Declan
   McGonagle, Ireland.  Original for bronze, Cat. 103; See also
   Cats 95, 136, 338.

75.  Portrait of Adolfo
    Natalini, 1996.  Acrylic on black paper.
    70 x 90.  Priv. coll. Adolfo
    Natalini, Florence.  A Population of
    Ireland, 2018; ill.

76.  When thoughts Breaks.
    1997.  Papier mâché, gauze, 58
    x 52 x 20.  Priv. coll. Janet Mullarney,
    Dublin.  See also Cat. 125.

77.  Mr. Wrong, 1997 (series of
    5 figures, with individual variations).
    Bronze, pigment, table.
    Each figure 67 x 22 x 12; table 100 x 200 x 25.
    Priv. coll. Adolfo
    Natalini, Jean-Michel
    Carasso - both
    Florence; Susan
    Reinholt and Sandro
    Bernardi, Tuscany; Estate
    of Louis le Brocquy, Dublin;
    Priv. coll. London (sold via
    Peter Neidus and
    Ans Duivesteijn); Artist's coll.
    Shown as a single
    work with 5 figures, The
    Perfect Family, 1998; See also Cats
    702a, 410.  The Perfect
    Family, 1998/9; EV+A Invited
    Artisti Carissimi, 2018; ill.; Robagyn & witches, ill.

78.  Screvetel, 1997 (single
    figure on pole).  Bronze figure, pigment, pole. Dimensions not
    available.  Taylor Galleries,
    Dublin.  See also Cats 79, 410.

79.  Another Past and Future.
    (The same dream), 1997 (series of approx. 20
    figures).
    Terracotta, plaster, ink, paint. Various dimensions.
    Priv. colls: Mary
    Ryder, Gawn
    Schaanicher - both
    Dublin; Claudia
    Pizzini, Florence; Myriam
    Martos, Paris.


90. *From the Cradle to the Grave*, 1998. Originally installation of 12 figures suspended from ceiling: polychromed sponge, wood. Various dimensions. Ospedale Serristori, Fighine, Valdarno; Prv. coll: Myram Mantou, Paris; Vittoria Pizzo, Asbelia Natalini, Dr Leo Romualdi – all Florence; Werner van der Belt, The Netherlands; Kathryn Kay, Pasadena; Mark McKenna, Ireland; Artist’s coll.

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<td>91.</td>
<td>raising_dragons, 1998</td>
<td>Wardrobe, mirror, plaster, mixed media. 240 x 124 x 63.</td>
<td>This work no longer exists.</td>
<td>The Perfect Family, 1998/9; Avo, 1999.</td>
<td>The Perfect Family, ill.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>92.</td>
<td>Untitled, 1998</td>
<td>Paper mâché, steel, sheets, mattox, door sawdust; 430 x 143 x 77; sawdust carpet 300 x 450</td>
<td>Dublin City Gallery, The Hugh Lane.</td>
<td>See also Cats 71, 72</td>
<td>The Perfect Family, 1998/9; Around the House, 2006.</td>
<td>The Perfect Family, ill.; Armstrong, 1999, ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>93.</td>
<td>Hults, 1998</td>
<td>Installation: wood, gold leaf, alabaster. Internal room 220 x 120 x 320; external room 220 x 100 x 440.</td>
<td>This work no longer exists.</td>
<td>The Perfect Family, 1998/9</td>
<td>The Perfect Family, ill.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>95.</td>
<td>self-portrait, 1998</td>
<td>Painted wood. 16 x 39 x 12.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats 75, 103, 106.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
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98.

99.

100.  Sheep, 1998 | Painted bronze. 2 pairs of sheep, each sheep 3 x 6 x 4. | Artist's coll. |


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<td>106.</td>
<td>Humiliation, c. 2000.</td>
<td>Wood, terracotta; 25 x 20 x 8.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats 88, 104–108, 112.</td>
<td>Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 78. Permanently displayed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>107.</td>
<td>Dead/Here, c. 2000.</td>
<td>Wood, paint, terracotta; 20 x 13 x 9.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats 88, 104–108, 112.</td>
<td>Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 78. Permanently displayed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>108.</td>
<td>Greeny and Me, 2000.</td>
<td>2 Raku-fired clay figures in wooden box; 25 x 15 x 7.</td>
<td>Priv. coll. Myriam Martou, Paris</td>
<td>See also Cats 88, 104–107, 111.</td>
<td>Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 78. Permanently displayed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>109.</td>
<td>Untitled (Fireswoods...), 2000.</td>
<td>Felt-tip pen on paper; 40 x 34.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>To Make it Home, 2009.</td>
<td>Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 78. Permanently displayed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>113.</td>
<td>Embodiment, 2001.</td>
<td>Installation, floating floor; wood, gold leaf.</td>
<td>Approx. 700 x 1,000.</td>
<td>This work no longer exists.</td>
<td>Almas y Escaleras, 2001; Almas y Escaleras, 116, 118.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 158. Permanently displayed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>115.</td>
<td>Museum Shop, 2001 (installation of 44 sarcophagi, each with seated figure).</td>
<td>Sugar, tequila-filled sugar, edible jelly, gold leaf, painted plaster, tin, street vendor's box.</td>
<td>Approx. 45 x 53 x 30.</td>
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<td>Number</td>
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<tr>
<td>129.</td>
<td><em>Floor inlaid with trees, peacocks and other figures</em>, 2001</td>
<td>Linoleum. Installation throughout the hospital.</td>
<td>Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast.</td>
<td>This floor continued through corridors and formed the visual support for Cat. 122.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>129a.</td>
<td><em>Untitled</em>, c 2001–3 (goat with mountain)</td>
<td>Bronze, ceramic. Dimensions not available.</td>
<td>Taylor Galleries, Dublin.</td>
<td>This work was initiated during the Royal Victoria Hospital, Belfast project, see Cats 119–129.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>135.</td>
<td><em>Bere ft (Homage to the artist’s father)</em>, 2002</td>
<td>Terracotta, cloth, paint. 80 x 54 x 12.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats 149, 152.</td>
<td>Group Show, Taylor Galleries, 2003.</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Number</td>
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<tr>
<td>150.</td>
<td><em>Alpha and Omega</em>, 2003.</td>
<td>Plexiglass shelf, LED lights, bronze. Shelf 4 x 98 x 15, each cow 12 x 19 x 8.</td>
<td>Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin; Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats 150a, 150b, 170, 177, 353.</td>
<td>Permanent display.</td>
<td><em>Tír na nÓg</em>, 2004, ill.</td>
</tr>
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**Notes:**
- Permanent display indicates the artwork is on permanent display in a specific location.
- Literature includes references to exhibitions and publications.
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<tr>
<td>150b.</td>
<td>Omega, 2003</td>
<td>Pheoglass shelf; bronze, shelf 4 x 50 x 15, each case 12 x 19 x 9.</td>
<td>Priv. coll: Stefania Fontani, Luciana Majoni – both Florence; Vera Ryan, Cork; F.H. Buckley (original hollow versions), David Coleman, Rosmary Flavin – all Dublin.</td>
<td>See also Cats 150, 150a, 170, 177, 353.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>156.</td>
<td>Untitled, 2003–05 (‘series of Bulls, each unique’)</td>
<td>Bronze. Various dimensions, each approx. 10 x 7 x 6.</td>
<td>Taylor Galleries, Dublin; Priv. colls including: Patrick and Antonette Murphy, Rosarió di Cusa – both Dublin; Ronald O’Kelly, Peter Glynn, Estate of Sean McSweeney, Sigh.</td>
<td>Roly Arts Postscript, 2014.</td>
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<tr>
<td>169.</td>
<td>In Flames, c 2006 (series of 4).</td>
<td>Bronze. 11.5 x 7 x 8.</td>
<td>2 in Taylor Galleries, Dublin; Priv. coll. Adolfo Natalini; Florence; Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats 173, 173a, 192, 194.</td>
<td></td>
<td>de Silva and Lambertini, 2008, ill.; Ó Cuív, 2009, ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>170.</td>
<td>Race, 2006 (shown in Italy as Orrizonte, edition of 7 bronze cows: only 5 of these were made).</td>
<td>Patinated bronze. 53 x 28 x 16.</td>
<td>Taylor Galleries, Saint Ultan’s National School, Cherry Orchard – both Dublin; Priv. coll. Helen Cooper, Co. Clare; Artist’s coll.; 1 stolen.</td>
<td>See also Cats 150, 150a, 150b, 177, 191.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Beug, Mullarney, Giff in, 2006.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>173.</td>
<td>Blue, c 2006 (series of 6).</td>
<td>Bronze with added colour. 11.5 x 7 x 8.</td>
<td>Taylor Galleries, Dublin; Priv. colls: Wijlem van der Veen, The Netherlands; Sandy Huskens, Dublin; Reem Al Kalaj and Margherita Verdú, Florence; Natalie Hawer, Méar; Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats 169, 173a, 192, 194.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Claremorris Gallery, 2015.</td>
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<tr>
<td>174a.</td>
<td>Bore, c 2006 (series of 5)</td>
<td>Coloured version of Cat. 173. 15.5 x 7.8.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats 160, 173, 192, 194.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>174.</td>
<td>Invisible, c 2006 (series of 2)</td>
<td>Bronze. 13.5 x 10.5.</td>
<td>Office of Public Works, Ireland; Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 287.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>176.</td>
<td>Close-up, 2007</td>
<td>Pencil, acrylic on paper. 28 x 27.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>177.</td>
<td>Milky Way, 2007</td>
<td>Patinated bronze, light box. 50 x 15 x 60.</td>
<td>Commissioned by LaVern-Comer. Solicitors for exterior of No. 1 Hatch Street, Dublin.</td>
<td>Large version of Cats 150, 150a, 150b. See also Cat. 170, 193, 416A.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>181.</td>
<td>Freud waiting for his horse to come home, 2007 (series of 2)</td>
<td>Bronze. 38 x 57 x 18.</td>
<td>Priv. coll. Dr Ugo Romualdi, Florence; Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats 180, 181, 215, 258.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>182.</td>
<td>Se Fosse Così (If it had been like this), 2007 (series of 3 triptychs, similar dimensions, with individual variations)</td>
<td>3 x paired animal figures (with animal and human characteristics): 2 sets bronze; 1 set wood, glass domes. Approx. 13 x 17 x 10; domes 16 x 20 x 10.5.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 183.</td>
<td>Around the Avenue, 2008; Things Made, 2010; Things Done, 2010.</td>
<td>Things Made, 2012; Things Done, 2012; Things Done, 2010.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>183.</td>
<td>If it had been like this, 2007</td>
<td>Paired animal figures (with animal and human characteristics): bronze. 12 x 17 x 11.</td>
<td>Priv. coll. Mary Ryder, Dublin.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 142.</td>
<td>Things Done, 2010.</td>
<td>Things Done, 2010.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
   - **Material and Dimensions**: Aluminium, bronze/ black pigment. 34 x 23 x 34.
   - **Collection**: Private coll. Sheila O’Donnell and John Tuomey, Dublin; Artist’s coll.
   - **Notes**: Winner of RUA Perpetual Silver Medal, and Uitler Art Club Prize, 2009. See also Cats 100, 173, 173a, 192.
   - **Exhibition History**: RUA 128th Annual Exhibition, exh. cat. and website.

   - **Material and Dimensions**: 10 heads: wood, paper, pigment. Overall 150 x 150 x 220; largest individual piece 30 x 15 x 6.
   - **Collection**: RHA, Taylor Galleries – both Dublin; Fendesley Gallery, Belfast; Private coll. Sara Falcon, R. Ireland; Artist’s coll.
   - **Exhibition History**: Installation at Saint Ultan’s National School, Cherry Orchard, Dublin, comprising Cats 245, 201–4, 211, 212, 214, 2006–9.

   - **Material and Dimensions**: Ink, watercolour. 44 x 30.
   - **Collection**: Private coll. Catherine Marshall, Dublin.
   - **Notes**: See also Cats 122, 132, 133, 142.
   - **Exhibition History**: A Population of Wonders, 2019.

197. **Unveiled**, c. 2008 (boat with window).
   - **Material and Dimensions**: Wood, paint, cotton. 33 x 40 x 13.5.
   - **Collection**: Taylor Galleries, Dublin.
   - **Notes**: See also Cats 122, 132, 133, 142.
   - **Exhibition History**: A Population of Wonders, 2019.

   - **Material and Dimensions**: Wood, pigment. 50 x 13 x 13.
   - **Collection**: Private colls: Clare Mullarney, Co. Wicklow; Karinette Boucher Meag, Cork; Patricia Pepe, S. Roth – both Prato.
   - **Notes**: See also Cats 185, 192.
   - **Exhibition History**: Installation at Saint Ultan’s National School, Cherry Orchard, Dublin, comprising Cats 245, 201–4, 211, 212, 214, 2006–9.

199. **Glass More**, 2006–9 (also shown as Consulflizzo in 2009, series of 6 larger and 6 smaller masks, each individually created).
   - **Material and Dimensions**: Blown crystal glass. Larger: each approx. 17 x 21 x 22; smaller: each approx. 17 x 14 x 16.
   - **Collection**: Taylor Galleries, Dublin; Private colls: Brenda Moore; McCarr, Robert and Miche Mahary, Jaeki McKenna, Eileen McDonagh, Charles Tyrrell – all Ireland; Manta Bire, Ronaldo Fiesoli, Vittoria Pozzi; Ulla Åkerlund and Moreno Buffa, Lisa Höfer – all Florence; Fernando Trilli; Pengoe, Elisa Ross, Montevarchi; Artist’s coll.
   - **Notes**: See also Cats 208, 219, 223, 361, 211, 212, 214, 2006–9.
   - **Exhibition History**: Taylor Galleries, Dublin; Fierole, Vittoria Pozzi; S. Roth, Patrizia Pepe, S. Roth – both Florence.

200. **Installation at Saint Ultan’s National School, Cherry Orchard, Dublin, comprising Cats 245, 201–4, 211, 212, 214, 2006–9.**
   - **Collection**: Series of installations throughout the school.

201. **A Fleet, 2006–9.**
   - **Material and Dimensions**: 4 small boats: wood, mixed media, found materials. Various dimensions.
   - **Exhibition History**: Saint Ultan’s National School, Cherry Orchard, Dublin. Permanent display.
   - **Notes**: O Cuív, 2005, ill.

202. **Take a seat, 2006–9.**
   - **Material and Dimensions**: Legs and arms (holding chair), projecting from wall: painted wood. 120 x 200 x 90.
   - **Exhibition History**: Saint Ultan’s National School, Cherry Orchard, Dublin. Permanent display.
   - **Notes**: O Cuív, 2005, ill.

203. **Saxons, 2006–9.**
   - **Material and Dimensions**: 7 figures of saxtons (with attributes), suspended from ceiling: sponge, paint, various dimensions.
   - **Exhibition History**: Saint Ultan’s National School, Cherry Orchard, Dublin. Permanent display.
   - **Notes**: O Cuív, 2005, ill.

204. **Flock, 2005–9.**
   - **Material and Dimensions**: Group of 6 sheep, mounted on a wall: painted wood. 120 x 60 x 10.
   - **Exhibition History**: Saint Ultan’s National School, Cherry Orchard, Dublin. Permanent display.
   - **Notes**: O Cuív, 2005, ill.

205. **Study for Reclining Nude, 2005 (series of 3, each unique).**
   - **Material and Dimensions**: Photomontage: paint, paper, wooden frame with metal corners. 21 x 40; 29.5 x 21.2; 21 x 5.5.
   - **Collection**: Private colls: Mareta Doyle, Kinlough; Ronaldo Fiesoli, Dr. Ugo Romualdi – both Florence. See also Cats 208, 215, 223, 361, 411a.

206. **The Butcher, 2009.**
   - **Material and Dimensions**: Pen on paper. 40 x 34.
   - **Collection**: Artist’s coll.
   - **Notes**: To Make it Home, 2009.
   - **Exhibition History**: To Make it Home, 2009.
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<tr>
<td>211.</td>
<td>Three, 2009.</td>
<td>3 intermittent suspended figures: rear, glass, copper wire. Overall 100 x 220 x 40; each figure 48 x 24 x 42.</td>
<td>Saint Ull’s National School, Cherry Orchard, Dublin.</td>
<td>See also Cats 107, 213, 415.</td>
<td>O’Cuív, 2009, ill.</td>
<td>IMMA Collection: Things Done, 2010; Things Done, 2014.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>213.</td>
<td>Friends, 2009.</td>
<td>2 small bronze dogs. 8 x 10 x 5.</td>
<td>Saint Ull’s National School, Cherry Orchard, Dublin.</td>
<td></td>
<td>O’Cuív, 2009, ill.</td>
<td>IMMA Collection: Things Done, 2010; Things Done, 2016; On a Pedestal, 61</td>
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<tr>
<td>227.</td>
<td>by Ioannou, J., 2011</td>
<td>2 arms: Indian granite. Each arm 35 x 26 x 10.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 225–226.</td>
<td>A Figure / a Figure, 2018.</td>
<td>My Minds i, 2015–16; IMMA Collections A: Decade, 2017.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>244.</td>
<td>Untitl1, 2014 (wooden figure)</td>
<td>Lime wood, paint. 15 x 11 x 7.</td>
<td>Priv. coll. Mary Ryber, Dublin.</td>
<td>See also Cats 238, 275.</td>
<td>My Minds i, ill.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>247.</td>
<td>Fury I-IV, 2014 (series of 6, with individual variations).</td>
<td>Glaesed ceramics: 16 x 20 x 15.</td>
<td>Highlanes Gallery, Drogheda; Trinity College Dublin; Priv. colls: Mary Kelly, Anna O’Sullivan – both Ireland; George Bolitar, USA; Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>My Minds i, 2015/6.</td>
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Wood, pigment, ink, pen, glue, wax, glazed ceramic, silicone, paint, plastic. Each approx. 27 x 22 x 18.
Highlanes Gallery, Drogheda; Prv. coll. Ciara Gibbons, Ireland.

See also Cats 251, 260, 301, 401. My Minds, c. 2015/6; IMMA Collection A Decade, 2017.

My Minds (ill.); Gallagher, IMR, 2015, ill.


Planter, wood, cloth. 28 x 10 x 11.5.

My Minds, c. 2015/6; IMMA Collection A Decade, 2017.

My Minds (ill.)


Installation and exhibition of same name. Varying dimensions.

The artist replaced certain items on the lightbox with other artworks during the course of the tour of this exhibition. See also Cat. 305.


Installation: Varying dimensions.

Highlanes Gallery, Drogheda.

See also Cats 71, 72a, 72b.
My Minds, c. 2015/6; IMMA Collection A Decade, 2015/6;
Dunne, 2015, ill.

My Minds (ill.); Dunne, 2015, ill.

204. Metamorphosis, 2016 (series of 3).

Wire, paper maché, white-glazed clay, ingobbio. 27 x 18 x 15.
Artist’s coll.

Ingobbio version shown in IMMA’s 197th Annual Exhibition, 2017; IMMA Collection: Then and Now, 2010.

205. Conopty, Crusade, Clothing and Cloth Horse, 2016.

Mixed media installation. Various dimensions.

Mayo County Council Art Collection, Castlebar.

See also Cat. 427.


Ceramic. Dimensions not available.


See also Cat. 288.

207. NUA Summer Exhibition, 2016.

Figure group, vertical lightbox. 30 x 25 x 16.


See also Cat. 288.


Wood, acrylic, oil paint. 50 x 20 x 4.

Artist’s coll.

208b. Reflection, 2016/7.

Clay, sponges. Dimensions not available.


See also Cat. 274.

209. researching, 2017.

Acrylic on photo paper. Framed. 31 x 21.

Prv. coll. Elisabetta Tor Boeg, Austria.


Painted wood. 23 x 23 x 12.


See also Cat. 285.


Unfired clay, pigment. 12 x 25 x 25.

F.F. McWilliam Gallery and Studio, Banbridge.

My Minds (ill.); Standing still standing, NIA Foyer, 2017.

211. I can’t remember, c. 2017.

Ceramic. 20 x 11 x 9.

Artist’s coll.

If title s Inventa, 2016.

212. Lenience (Pansuoppo di Compassione), 2017.

Table with sculptural objects in various states of decay. Varying dimensions.

Artist’s coll.


Paint, photograph. 32 x 32.

Prv. coll: including Marianna Brindelli, Frances Lansing – both Flower, Artist’s coll.

If title s Inventa, 2018.


Painted photograph. Dimensions not available.

Artist’s coll.


215. Untitled (Barren), 2018 (variation of Cat. 21).

Cast aluminium, blue-dyed sackcloth, paint. 156 x 153 x 103.

Green Fuse Gallery, Westport.

See also Cat. 21, 22, 260, 403, 404.

Irissary, 2018; IMMA’s 197th Annual Exhibition, 2019.
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<tr>
<td>301.</td>
<td>L'Vane, a long time ago, 2018.</td>
<td>Wine. 42 x 27 x 20.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>GOO, 2018.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
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<tr>
<td>302.</td>
<td>A Title is Invented, 2018.</td>
<td>Wooden block, 12 mixed media objects. Various dimensions.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>GOO, 2018; ANA Collection Then and Now, 2019.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
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<tr>
<td>303.</td>
<td>Barnack, 2001-18.</td>
<td>Wire, cloth, glass. 80 x 87 x 45.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
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<td>304.</td>
<td>The Straight and Narrow, 1990.</td>
<td>Ink on paper. 150 x 100.</td>
<td>Priv. coll. Tulloch Lugnere, Bergamo.</td>
<td>See also Cats 42, 43, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
<td>Opera del 1903 di 1995, II.</td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>305.</td>
<td>The Straight and Narrow, 1990.</td>
<td>Ink on paper. Approx. 170 x 150.</td>
<td>Priv. coll. Joletgrave, Dublin.</td>
<td></td>
<td>See also Cats 42, 43, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
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<tr>
<td>306.</td>
<td>Angela, The Straight and Narrow, 1991.</td>
<td>Dry ink on paper. 100 x 225.</td>
<td>Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin.</td>
<td></td>
<td>See also Cats 42, 43, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>307.</td>
<td>Angela, The Straight and Narrow, 1991.</td>
<td>Dry ink on paper. 100 x 254.</td>
<td>Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin.</td>
<td></td>
<td>See also Cats 42, 43, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>308.</td>
<td>The Straight and Narrow, 1991.</td>
<td>Dry ink on paper. 100 x 170.</td>
<td>Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin.</td>
<td></td>
<td>See also Cats 42, 43, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>309.</td>
<td>Recalcitrant Figure, c. 1991 (sketch for The Straight and Narrow).</td>
<td>Dry ink, pencil on brown paper. 150 x 100.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Paper torn at edges. See also Cats 42, 43, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>310.</td>
<td>Late Developer, 1991 (group of 3 drawings).</td>
<td>Dry ink, paint or pencil, chalk on paper. 150 x 121, 150 x 122, 147 x 110.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>GOO, 2018, ill.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>311.</td>
<td>Untitled (Muscles) (group of 4 drawings).</td>
<td>Dry ink, chalk, pencil on white or brown paper. Each 145 x 100.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>312.</td>
<td>One of Many Testos, 1991 (group of 4 drawings).</td>
<td>Dry ink, chalk, pencil on brown paper. 150 x 220, 150 x 230.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Signed bottom right. See also Cats 44, 46, 113.</td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>313.</td>
<td>My Brav is Frazzled, 1993.</td>
<td>Dry ink, pencil on brown paper. 150 x 110.</td>
<td>The Model, Sligo.</td>
<td></td>
<td>See also Cats 46, 47, 47a, 68, 312.</td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>317.</td>
<td>Lo Vent. 1993.</td>
<td>Ink on paper. 100 x 70.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>This work no longer exists.</td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>318.</td>
<td>Waiting for Illumination, 1994.</td>
<td>Pencil, acrylic on paper. 130 x 150.</td>
<td>Limerick City Gallery of Art.</td>
<td>See also Cats 53, 55, 56, 73.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
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<tr>
<td>319.</td>
<td>Look Back in Anger, 1994.</td>
<td>Pencil, acrylic on paper. 100 x 98.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Paper damaged. See also Cats 53, 68a-b.</td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
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<tr>
<td>321.</td>
<td>The West, 1994.</td>
<td>Acrylic paint, cosmetic mak-up on paper. 100 x 70.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
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<tr>
<td>322.</td>
<td>Hostilehurricane (Mother Tongue), 1994.</td>
<td>Ink on paper. 70 x 100.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Artist's coll. See also Cat. 46, 43a, 43b, 304–309.</td>
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<td>324</td>
<td>Sistini, 1994</td>
<td>Acrylic paint on paper. 100 x 70.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
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<td>325</td>
<td>My Sister's Pet, 1994</td>
<td>Acrylic paint on paper. 70 x 50.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 54</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>326</td>
<td>Drawing Abandonment, c. 1994</td>
<td>Acrylic paint, oil pastel on paper. 38 x 50.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>328</td>
<td>Aftermath, 1995</td>
<td>Acrylic paint on paper. 100 x 70.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats 64, 64a.</td>
<td>The Perfect Family, 1998/9; Artisti Carissimi, 2000; Around the house, 2000; Things Made, 2010; Things Done, 2010.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>329</td>
<td>Having Found A Spine, 1995</td>
<td>Acrylic paint on paper. 120 x 75.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 70</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>330</td>
<td>Un Verme Bianco con Scarpa A Piede (A White Worm in a Python's Shoe), 1995</td>
<td>Acrylic paint, pencil on paper. 105 x 70.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>331</td>
<td>Make-Up, 1995</td>
<td>Cosmetic make-up, pencil on paper. 135 x 70.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td>332</td>
<td>Doctor's Verdict, 1995</td>
<td>Acrylic paint on paper. 115 x 70.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
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<td>333</td>
<td>Self-Portrait, 1995</td>
<td>Acrylic paint, pencil on paper. 205 x 70.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>335</td>
<td>Fox, 1995</td>
<td>Ink and pencil on paper. Framed 35 x 23.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
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<td>336</td>
<td>Self and Dog with a Bone, 1995</td>
<td>Ink on paper. Framed 17 x 22.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 75</td>
<td></td>
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<td>337</td>
<td>Subverting Storm, 1995</td>
<td>Acrylic paint, pencil on paper. 102 x 80.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
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<td>354.</td>
<td>Figure with Mask I, c 2007</td>
<td>Ink on tracing paper. Framed 48 x 34.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td></td>
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<td>355.</td>
<td>Figure with Mask II, c 2007</td>
<td>Ink on tracing paper. Framed 43 x 41.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
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<tr>
<td>356.</td>
<td>Unleashing Force, 2007</td>
<td>Ink, acrylic on paper. 34 x 43.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 402.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>361.</td>
<td>Beckoning Nasty, 2009</td>
<td>Pencil on paper. 75 x 56.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats 205, 208.</td>
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<td>364.</td>
<td>At Sen/1, 1 and II, c 2013/5</td>
<td>Ink on paper. Each 21 x 15.</td>
<td>Artist's coll.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 245.</td>
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<tr>
<td>374.</td>
<td>Unmade Bed, c 2014</td>
<td>Acrylic, pencil on paper. Framed 37 x 27.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 236.</td>
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<td>374a.</td>
<td>Where to begin…, c 2014</td>
<td>Ink on photographic paper. 28.5 x 21.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
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<td>394.</td>
<td>Untitled, c 2000 (sheep lying down, edition of 36).</td>
<td>Etching: 5 hand-coloured by artist. 8 x 7.75.</td>
<td>Taylor Galleries, Dublin; Priv. colls: Sophia and Anna Mullarney, Rivkin Ryder, 1 priv. coll. - both Ireland, Dom Mullarney, USA, Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>No. 15/36 is inscribed ‘Per Me’. Mullarney and Ó Searcaigh, ill.</td>
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<td>396.</td>
<td>Untitled, 2004 (figure bending, with mask, edition of 19).</td>
<td>Etching. 15 x 9.5.</td>
<td>Taylor Galleries, Dublin; Priv. colls: Antonella Foscarini, Riccardo Beroni - both Florence; Killian Mullarney, Aidan Mullarney - both Ireland, Artist’s coll.</td>
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<td>398.</td>
<td>Untitled, 2004 (2 figures with masks).</td>
<td>Etching: hand coloured by artist. 34.5 x 25.</td>
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<td>402.</td>
<td>An Unrelenting Face, 2009 (also called A Non-relenting Face, edition of 33, each with individual additions in pencil).</td>
<td>Etching: pencil. 40 x 29.</td>
<td>Taylor Galleries, Dublin, Dublin Rape Crisis Centre; Priv coll. Cormac Boydell and Rachel Parry, Jasper Mullarney, Juliette Mullarney - all Ireland; Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 151. “Nasty Women”, 2017.</td>
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<tr>
<td>406.</td>
<td>Untitled, 2015/16 (2 experimental prints on artist’s used paper).</td>
<td>Intaglio print: photolith, collagraph, drypoint on Hahnemühle paper. 16.5 x 11; 10 x 8.5.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Drawings, sketches, notebooks</td>
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<tr>
<td>408.</td>
<td>16 notebooks and some loose pages, 1972–1999 (Greece, Italy, and drawings for miscellaneous sculptures)</td>
<td>Various media. Various dimensions.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats. 21–23, 44, 66, 205, 206, 409.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>409.</td>
<td>Folder of material, 1988–c 2002 (100 items, including drawings from India and Mexico, group projects (Feticci and Carovieri); miscellaneous other drawings)</td>
<td>Various media. Various dimensions.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats. 21–23, 44, 66, 205, 206, 221, 409.</td>
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<tr>
<td>411a–f</td>
<td>6 folders of material for Public Arts Projects, 2000–2016 (Carnival in Hitch Street, Dublin; Kinacal Queen’s University Belfast; Don Leopahore Public Library, Áras an Uachtaráin).</td>
<td>Drawings on paper, enhanced digitally generated drawings, collage. Various dimensions.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats. 177, 205, 208.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>415.</td>
<td>Untitled, c 2006 (swimmers).</td>
<td>Acrylic on paper. 62 x 51.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cats. 107, 212, 213.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>419.</td>
<td>Folder of material, 2012 (72 items relating to My Minds); some inspired by Venice Bienale.</td>
<td>Various media. Various dimensions.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
<td></td>
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<td>423.</td>
<td>Envy</td>
<td>Acrylic on paper. 27 x 18.5.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
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<td>424.</td>
<td>Her supan.</td>
<td>Acrylic on paper. 44.5 x 31.5.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
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<td>425.</td>
<td>Still There</td>
<td>Acrylic on paper. 37 x 30.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
<td></td>
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<td>426.</td>
<td>Theatre Set for Janet, 2015.</td>
<td>Watercolour on paper. 50 x 64.5.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
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<tr>
<td>427.</td>
<td>2 folders of material, undated (36 items, including preparation for the Kathleen Lynn Exhibition project, 2010).</td>
<td>Various media. Various dimensions.</td>
<td>Artist’s coll.</td>
<td>See also Cat. 283.</td>
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![Image](image-url)
Biography, exhibitions & select bibliography

**Biography**

Born: 1952, Dublin. 

**Awards:**
- 2010 Elected as Associate Member of the RHA
- 2009 ECA Perpetual Silver Medal
- 2008 RHA Sculpture Award
- Cultural Relations Committee Award, Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade (Ireland)
- 2005 Irish Arts Award, Irish American Cultural Institute
- 1993 Rolex Kramer Award
- 1991 Visions in Collecting Award, Moderna Museet

**Public Art Projects**
- 2018 Saint Ultan’s National School, Cherry Orchard, Dublin City

**Residencies:**
- 2018–19: Cultural Policy, UCD
- 2010 Cultural Relations Committee Award, Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade (Ireland)

**Residencies Selected by:**
- 1989: Foundation 15 Arts Festival, Tullamore
- 1988: Cartier Bresson Foundation, Paris
- 1985: Villa Romana, Florence

**Elected to:**
- 1999 Aosdána

**Exhibitions**

**2019**
- New Acquisitions, Limerick City Gallery of Art
- RHA Exhibition, The Royal Irish Academy
- Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin

**2018**
- New Acquisitions, Limerick City Gallery of Art
- RHA Exhibition, The Royal Irish Academy
- National Museum of Ireland, Dublin

**2017**
- New Acquisitions, RHA/Gallagher Gallery, Dublin

**2016**
- New Acquisitions, RHA/Gallagher Gallery, Dublin

**2015**
- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy

**2014**
- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy

**2013**
- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy

**2012**
- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy

**2011**
- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy

**2010**
- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy

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- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy

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- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy

**1987**
- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy

**1986**
- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy

**1985**
- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy

**1984**
- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy

**1983**
- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy

**1982**
- Annual Exhibition, Royal Hibernian Academy
2013
Thiny Mohe, RPA/Gallagher Gallery, Dublin.
Thiny Cheese, Taylor Gallery, Galway.
Sacred, The Deck, Carrick-on-Shannon.
Egur, Carlow Arts Festival.

2009
To Make It Home, Vulanke Arts Week. Curator: Julian Murphy.
Look Away, Purdy Hicks Gallery, London.
Group Show, Fenton Gallery, Cork. Royal Ulster Academy 120th Annual Exhibition, Belfast.
Royal Abbey Academy 21st Annual Exhibition, RHA/Gallagher Gallery, Dublin.
Group Show, Taylor Gallery, Dublin.

2008
21 Artisti a 21 SITI, Firenze, Florence.
A+A+B, A+B, Three artistes, Biennale d’Arte, Venice.

2007
Contrasto, Source Arts Centre, Thurlby. Curator: Ruaidí Ó Cúin.
The Garden of Eden has vanished they say. Cavan County Museum, Ballinamodul.
Christmas at the Fenton, Fenton Gallery, Cork.
Contrasto, City of Strangers, TULCA Festival of Visual Arts, Galway.
Group Show, Taylor Gallery, Dublin.

2006
Katherine Boshier, Roy, Julien Mulready, Eoin Griffin, Fenton Gallery, Cork.
Giovanni Immigrato: Arte e progetti per il giardino di Palazzo Conti Cemanes. Florence.
Pygmalion, Original Print Gallery, Dublin.
General Community Arts Centre, Casa Masaccio. Centro per Arte Contemporanea, San Giovanni Valdarno.
ColletArt; The Gallery, Galway.
Laugh at the Altar, Magazzini del Sale, Siena.

2005
Concerbrazion Best Sises, Contemporary Irish Art from the IMMA Collection, the Room, St. John’s, Newfoundland.
101-80, Limerick. Curator: Dan Cameron.
Sixty Years of Irish Art from the Collections of the Contemporary Irish Art Society. Irish Museum of Modern Art, Dublin.

2004
Rocchi Love, Patricia Poy, Florence.
Corpus: Work from Public Collections in Ireland. Limerick City Gallery of Art.
All 21 Artists in Times of Vesuvio sorriso, Palazzo Medici, Siena.
The Rise and the Fall, Fenton Gallery, Cork.
Group Show, Taylor Gallery, Dublin.

2003
The Bermudian Triangle, Sirena Fire, Tralee.
Rondom Loke, Taylor Gallery, Dublin.
I'Palazzi dei Liberti, Palazzo delle Papiere, Siena.
Body and Soul, Mayo General Hospital, Castlebar. Curator: Johanne Mull.

2002
Irish Art from the IMMA Collection, Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam.
Selected Irish and International Artists, Courthouse Gallery and Skulud, Estonia.
LiveTopolog, Limerick. Curator: Maria Simmonds-Gooding.
Group Show, Taylor Gallery, Dublin.

2001
Almory Escollera, Museo d’Arte Contemporanea di Massa. 21. Tintoretto, New Delhi.
Miti e Micromite, dipinti-sculture-installazioni, Galleria Peroni, Florence.
Commissioner: Adolfo Natalini.

2000
Incedendo, Festival of Arts, Mountshannon. Curator: Nicola Henley.

1999

1998
Joyce. Oxfam, Dún Laoghaire. Curators: Johanne Mullan; Mark Henley.

1996

1995

1994
Commission: Adolfo Natalini.

1993
Group Show, Taylor Gallery, Dublin.
Figuration, works from the IMMA Collection. Curator: Pal D’Orielli.

1992

1991

1990

1989

1988

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1986

1985

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1983

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1981

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———, ‘2015: The highs and lows’ (18 Jun 2015)
———, ‘Seawright’s living nightmare’ , Irish Times (18 Jun 2015)
———, ‘From Janet Mullarney’s fairy tale realm to Paul Secawright’s living nightmare’, Irish Times (18 Jun 2015)
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Leach Hughes, Cimena, ‘Widen the circle’, Sunday Times (7 Jun 2015)
———, ‘As fit as a butcher’s dog’, Sunday Times (15 Dec 2010)
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Artist's thanks

Catherine Marshall is entirely responsible for initiating this enormous undertaking and carrying it through to completion. I do not have enough words to thank her for her patience, kindness and commitment and belief in my life's work.

My long-standing friendship with Mary Ryder and her indispensable hard work, personal knowledge and indefatigable conviction were a wonderful support to me in this process.

This publication has confirmed the sense of my life and I am proud of it.

Janet Mullarney