

ernia, hēr'ni-a, n. A protrusion or some other
of the abdomen through a rent or interstice; a rupture.
Hero, hē'rō, n.; pl. **Heroes**, hē'rōz. A man
of distinguished valour; the person who has
the principal share in some exploit, or in a
play, novel, &c.
Heroic, he-rō'ik, a. Pertaining to a hero or
heroes; intrepid and noble; reciting achieve-
ments of heroes; epic.
Heroine, he'rō-in, n. A female hero.
Hero-worship, hē'rō-wēr-ship, n. Extrava-
gant admiration of great men.
Herpes, her'pēz, n. A skin disease char-
acterized by eruption of inflamed vesicles.
Herpetology, hēr-pe-toi'ol-ō-jī, n. The study
of reptiles.

Heroes

An Arts Council Touring Exhibition



Heroes

Credits

Exhibition Stands: Bryan O'Donoghue

Catalogue Design: Charlie O'Neill

Photography of Art Works: Jacobus

Typesetting: Simon Lunt

Printing: Image Creation Technologies

Publisher: The Arts Council/An Chomhairle Ealaíon

First Edition: 1987

Reprint: 1993

ISBN: 0-906627-51-6

© The Arts Council/An Chomhairle Ealaíon
70 Merrion Square
Dublin 2
Ireland

Introduction

HEROES is the second in a series of exhibitions commissioned specially by the Arts Council for touring to second-level schools. Sixteen artists were invited by the Arts Council to make a piece of work in response to the title of the exhibition.

The letter of invitation to the artists explained that "the exhibition will explore notions of heroism, will comment on personal or collective heroism or will 'represent' favourably or critically particular heroes.... We have chosen this theme deliberately because we understand it to embrace a wide range of personal and public experiences which arise from a reservoir of ideas and images filled by historical, religious, mythic, cultural, political and mass-media influences."

As with the first exhibition on the theme of school, the artists chosen for *HEROES* were selected because collectively they represented - by virtue of their different idioms, styles, backgrounds, genders, ages and outlooks - a cross-section of the energy and excitement that is so palpable in the visual arts in Ireland.

Arts education should be a curricular priority - not alone in reports, studies and draft documents - but most importantly in our classrooms. A vibrant arts-in-schools programme whereby students can meet and exchange ideas with writers, actors, musicians and artists is a deeply-cherished aspiration of the Arts Council, *HEROES* is a further stepping stone in that direction and the Council is most grateful to the sixteen artists for their obvious commitment to the exhibition and its ideals.

If you are a student, teacher, parent or an interested member of the public with views on *HEROES*, please write to the Arts Council. If your response relates to any particular piece in the show, we will forward it to the relevant artist.

Martin Drury
Education Officer
The Arts Council
(September 1987)

Note: **HEROES** consists of sixteen works and the exhibition normally stays in one school for a fortnight. Certain venues which are too small to host the entire show share it with another school over a three week period. For this reason **HEROES** has been designed to 'split' into two sections (pieces 1-8 and 9-16).



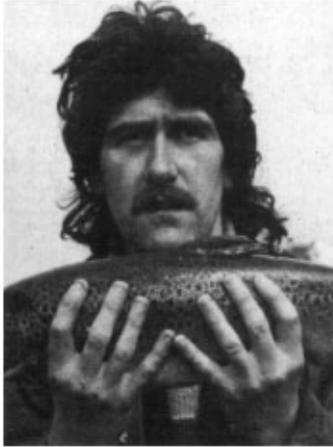
1 Dermot Seymour

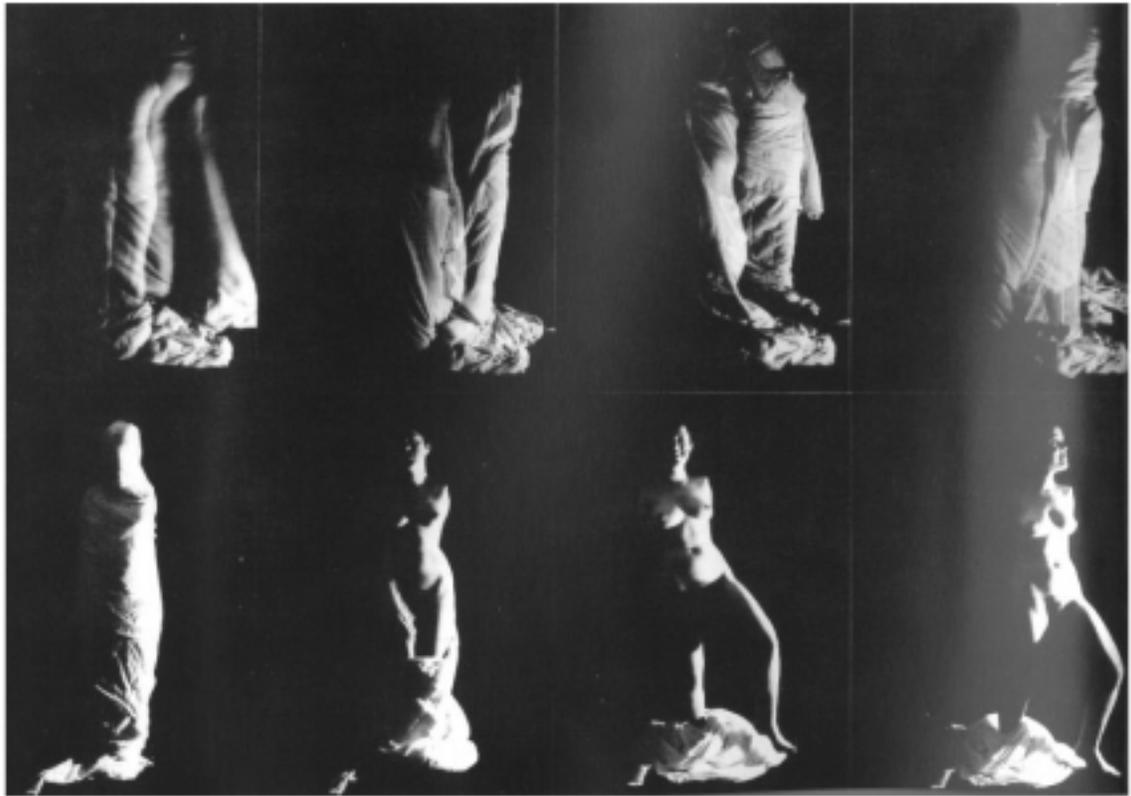
Once An Orange, On Looking At A Large Rooster, Wished He Was Sammy Pavis

The painting is a juxtapositioning of the immediate present with my nostalgic past.

I used to feed pullets, at Mawhinney's Farm near Portavogie - a PROTESTANT Farm. Sammy pavis used to play for Linfield, the team that won the seven trophies - a PROTESTANT team. He was brilliant. Lenny Murphy, John Bingham, Frenchie Marchant were brutal sectarian murderers. They were murdered. The biggest trout I ever caught was 4.5 lbs.

Dermot Seymour





2 Mary Duffy

Cutting The Ties That Bind

I created these images because I wanted to celebrate being my own hero. I wanted to acknowledge that I have created my own life. That I have taken many brave steps towards my own liberation, as a woman and as a woman with a disability.

It has not always been easy. Being a teenager, articulate, interested, alive, creative and curious, I found it difficult to survive in an educational system that expected little of me except the ability to learn by rote. So, I shut down, knocked myself out into a state of anaesthesia.

My life seemed mapped out, destined and boring. I would live with my parents, be washed and dressed by them, paint pictures on Sundays, be a terrible office worker on Mondays and would holiday abroad.

Then when I was seventeen, my whole life changed. I learned how to dress myself. I learned that it was possible, simply by changing my thought. Great clouds lifted, all things seemed possible I could leave home and go to College.

I had created barriers towards my own liberation, to protect me from the uncomfortable knowledge that I create my own destiny. It is comfortable and easy to live with the belief that there is always someone or something to blame.

When I chose to take 100% responsibility for my own life, I took a giant leap forward and I continue to make that choice every day.

I would like to acknowledge Kathy, Rose, Jole, Jan Carlos and Denis whose support, love, encouragement and humour made this piece and all things possible.

Mary Duffy





3 Julie Kelleher

An Sionnach

"The 'nest' that is over-protected is most vulnerable to attack, becoming static, it crumbles from within, a victim of complacency and atrophy." (Richard DeMarco - from Celtic Vision in Contemporary Thought).

My husband kept 300 birds on a free range duck farm in Cork, six months ago. The carefree attitude he held towards the fox drove me demented. Our birds were free to roam as far as the Pale if they wanted to, without safeguard or protection. We had no fencing, no electric wire, no netting and only a temporary arrangement with our landlord farmer to keep the birds while his grain fields lay fallow over the winter. Once Spring came he would be planting again and would want no ducks, geese or turkeys about the place eating his barley. However, in all fairness, it wasn't the fox at all but the neighbours and their dogs who caused most of the trouble.

The ducks and turkeys would pay visits to various gardens and peck at shrubs and shit on doorsteps. Complaints would flow in and I'd wonder would I be like them folk if ever I became a privileged private property owner.

The fox killed an odd bird but the dogs got even more. Dogs are like humans, half schizo. They are three quarters domesticated, one quarter wild. These brutes had their Winalot and killed only for pleasure, leaving feathered bodies strewn about the fields. But our hero, An Sionnach Rua, killed to keep from starvation. As a result, my husband didn't begrudge him the meat, but charged the dog owners whom he hounded to pay the penalties for their pets' expensive pleasure-chase. Anyway my respect grew for the fox (and for my husband) and continues to grow.



The fox is one of the only modern day heroes. It refuses to be put in a reservation and still fights humanity and its settlers and their ideals of ownership and possession. The fox has had men chasing it for thousands of years for its valuable fur and because it eats the odd chicken and lamb. The gentry chase it on horseback and their hounds savagely tear it to shreds. Lads up our way go badger and fox baiting with terriers which they shove down these animals' dens.

Foxes roam like nomads, even venturing into cities to scavenge our refuse and a vixen is a great mother, like Mother Earth herself. The land about us is being poisoned, the fox and her cubs eat berries and grass, it's a wonder they survive. I'd say this hero species are due a privileged place on this earth, considering their territory has been plundered and their lives put at constant risk.

Our human nest is already over-protected. Defence budgets need to be obliterated. We run the risk of turning nature's children into robots, propagandised into adopting a materialistic philosophy. Let us learn from the fox who has never surrendered her spirit and who still fights in a unique and heroic way for the freedom to roam and ultimately for the Wild Mother Earth.

Kelleher.



4 Mary P. O'Connor

"Lady Mary And Her Faithfull Horse Salamender"

Mary P's Painting by Mary P.

I was born in Croom Co Limerick.

Quite a dreamy place

as for some strange reason my mother ran across half
The country carrying a bump so that a certain doctor
could deliver her first born. Although I've only
ever passed through on the way to somewhere.

I was brought up in Cork city and went to school
there until I was 21.

At St Aloysious school my most vivid memory is of

Tall sweeping figures in long black robes

That patrolled the corridors in the black afternoon nights

To me they seemed like soldiers who watched and waited

For the scarcely seen heroes to commit a heroic act

We were a brave band

Who sometimes showed ourselves

between class

with trembling hearts

we rode horses charging

down all the never finished corridors

acting out Fantasies

as we manoeuvred to the next French lesson

when caught by the border police

in the forbidden territory

My boldness showed

on my face



Like
A
True
Hero
Never
Give
In

At the next opportunity we again took the
uncharted pass through the mountains
climbing the teacher's stairs
to be all the quicker rescuing
the trapped prince
aware
at every corner
a black robed patrol
to be convinced of the bone
fide nature of one's mission
never to see the hero inside me

Later I traded in faithfull horse for an aeroplane and zoomed ducking and weaving between the clogged passways of central London. Watching for someone who would recognise the Hero trapped within me. In my constant search for the straight up and down hero I am drawn again to the simple logic of my first hero atop her horse, who charged down the schoolways I decided I should let you see her. I present to you the "Lady Mary and Her Faithfull Horse Salamender".

This painting is dedicated to a young boy I know called Danny.

Mary P.



5 Michael Hennessy

Heroes' Moon

When my mother was in school, a nun used to tell her to - "reach for the moon even though you may only land on the roof".

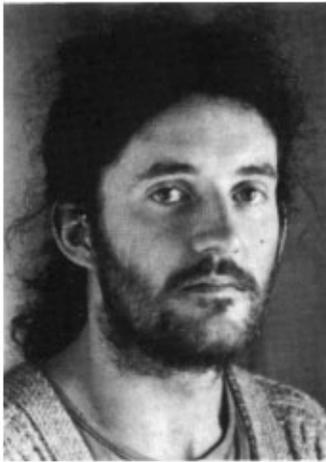
For the last couple of years, I have used the moon in some of my pictures as a kind of symbol of something to strive for. When I originally heard about the *HEROES show* however, I hadn't intended to do a moon drawing. Instead I was going to do something about how people grow out of school-day heroes. I **was** Kevin Keegan when I was 13.

I was going to do a picture of a hero having breakfast, the same as you or me - how our heroes are the same as us in many ways, or as a friend of mine says: "We all have bums" (even our heroes). But I changed my mind.

I suppose because I realised that our heroes, or people that do heroic things, be it saving thousands of lives in Africa, struggling for civil rights, or scoring two goals in the cup final, give us inspiration to reach a little bit higher, to get a bit beyond the roof. And while we may grow out of our heroes, they have their value.

Still, I wouldn't mind having breakfast with Meryl Streep!

MHennessy





1945

Gen. Grant, 87.

6 Tom Grace

HEROES

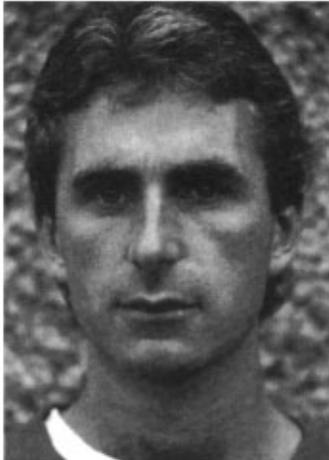
I have always felt that heroes are people or things imbued with God-like persona and worshipped. My response to the brief was to observe and record people paying homage to their Hero Gods.

If heroes are people elevated to the level of Gods then Margaret has got to be the ultimate in Hero-worship. For hers is a crusade and she can be seen everyday on the streets of Dublin carrying her crucifix attempting single-handedly to protect our collective moral integrity.

For centuries people have worshipped the Sun God, the Giver of life. The people on Sandymount Strand are carrying on this tradition through the onset of our technological, capitalistic, consumer society has ensured that they have become an endangered species. They could also be described as crusaders.

For me the real Heroes are the people in the photographs: surely they all deserve credit for their efforts. Margaret must endure scorn and ridicule and at best indifference in pursuit of her beliefs. As for the people on the beach, anybody who can endure the ravages of the weather and pollution of an Irish summer (another endangered species) has got to be admired.

Tom GRACE





7 Charlie O'Neill

Some Heroes Are Sold, Some Are Sold Out...

From the time I got this commission I immediately began thinking about the kinds of heroes we seldom think about - ordinary people getting on with the struggle of everyday living, oppressed people getting on with living an everyday struggle. John Pilger in his excellent book *Heroes* describes:

"There are people frequently lost in the broad sweep that is the nature of much television and print journalism; they are dismissed as the minutiae of a news story when they really are the story. Or they are portrayed merely as victims when in truth their courage and resilience are often heroic. It is they who are the heroes of this book, which I hope will be a tribute to them."

This work is about the contrast between media-manufactured heroes and people whom I see as heroes. I concentrated on travellers. As is the case with a lot of peoples they are a culture unto themselves in a constant battle against prejudice, lack of legal rights, inadequate health care, poor education, illiteracy and pathetic living facilities (houses and halting sites).

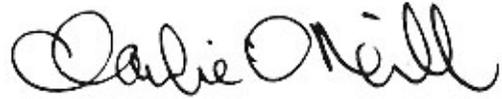
Travellers sometimes hit the headlines - always negative, often biased. Against this backdrop and despite it the travelling people carry on the struggle in their lives with courage and humour and a dignity seldom seen in some of the settled communities who worry about the value of their property.

The background images all come from the "Plastic Hero Press" - music, pop, sports, comics and magazines. The photograph in the middle is of travellers in Belcamp in Dublin. The photographer is Derek Speirs, a journalist of great integrity and commitment who consistently covers events and issues which most of the established media would not consider 'newsworthy'.



Travellers have been consistently sold out by successive Government administrations who don't care. The heroes among the travelling community, their support organisations and individuals are reminiscent of heroes from many backgrounds and situations, from my own parents who sacrificed, worked and suffered to educate their children, to the heroes in South Africa who fight an ominous oppression which bans us from hearing about them (media censorship).

I believe Art and Artists have a duty and a potentially powerful tool to address the oppression of humans and their rights.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Carlie O'Neill". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Carlie" and the last name "O'Neill" written in a single line.



8 Tom Mathews

Monkey Business

How can I explain this piece? The Marx brothers defy any sort of explanation. I have fifteen books about them and probably know more of Groucho's lines than he did and I still find it impossible to say what it is they had and have. Ionesco says he would have never written anything if it wasn't for them which is fine with me. Woody Allen uses a scene from their film Duck Soup to explain why life is worth living.

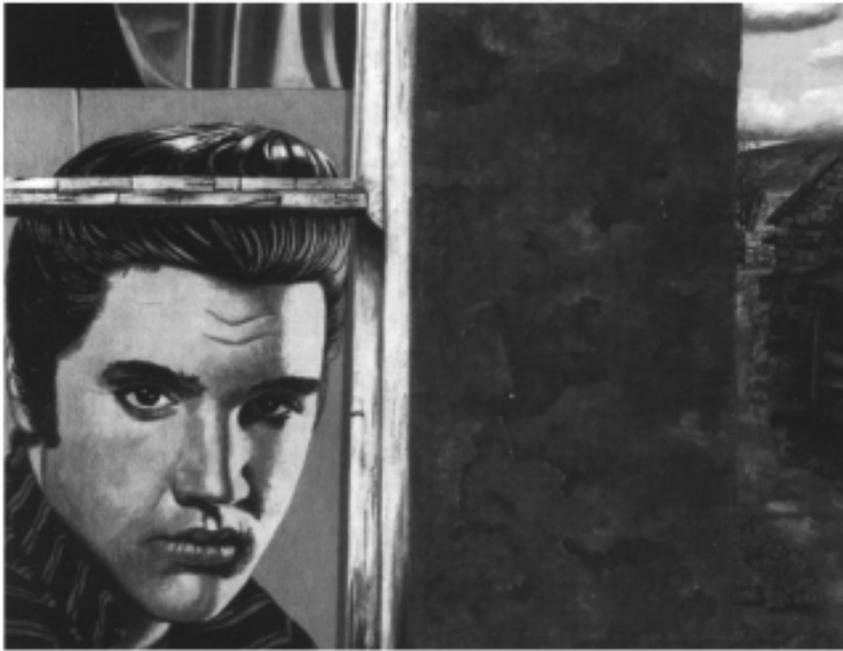
Here's what the poet Martin Bell has to say about Groucho:

*"Black eyebrows, black cigar,
Black painted moustache -
A dark code of elegance
In an age of nagging moustaches
To discomfit the coarse mayor'
Un-poise the suave headmaster,
Reduce all the old boys to muttering fury."*

That's what I say too. Un-poise headmasters and to hell with the old boys. And in the same poem Bell calls Groucho something else. He calls him 'A hero for the young.'

Tom Mathews





9 Martin Gale

The King's Birthday

As I see it, a hero embodies all the virtues we aspire to: courage, ability, talent. In previous centuries this usually meant soldiers, sports men, politicians and leaders. However, in the 20th century a new kind of hero appeared - the media hero. The most important difference between him/her and heroes from earlier times was that he did not have to do anything heroic to become a hero. Invented by himself or someone close to him and marketed through the mass media.

The media hero needs different qualities than the heroes of old. He needs things like good looks, musical or acting talent, image consciousness, endurance, perseverance and a good agent or manager, plus a lot of luck.

All this reminded me of a day some years ago when I was driving through the mountains near where I live. I drove up a muddy lane which came out into a small dilapidated and very isolated farm yard. The farm house was a cottage with two front windows and a door in the middle. One whole window was taken up with a huge picture of Elvis Presley. It was a startling sight and it stayed in my mind. When I got home I checked and found that the date was January 8th - Elvis's birthday. I returned to take some photographs the next day, but the picture had gone. However the image stayed in my head, and I have used it as the basis for this painting.

Elvis is a good example of the media hero. He achieved and consolidated his hero status between 1954 and 1960. The girls liked his looks and sex appeal, the boys liked him because he rocked, looked great, and took a rebel stance. He represented the first generation of post-war teenagers who had money and freedom.



They didn't want to be like their parents. Elvis was different and they wanted to be different as well. The older people hated him, the younger ones loved him. The 'generation gap' had arrived and Elvis was the hero of the younger generation. They copied his hair style, clothes and even his movements on stage just as others would with later rock heroes like the Beatles, Mick Jagger or Bob Dylan.

In 1958, Elvis was drafted into the U.S. army but he didn't take the easy option and join the Entertainment Corps. He became an ordinary soldier and was posted to Germany. He left the stage for two years while doing his 'patriotic duty'. This made him palatable to the older, conservative establishment. Elvis was no wimp, his hero status was secure.

After the army, he stopped performing and disappeared behind the gates of his mansion, appearing only in a spate of appalling movies. He had become a legend and like all good heroes he was untouchable.

Like many other media heroes such as James Dean, Marilyn Monroe, John Lennon, Jimmy Hendrix, Elvis died young (42), before the mystery ceased to be interesting.

Elvis is an American phenomenon who became an institution like baseball, Mickey Mouse and Coca Cola. His hero status remains undiminished. Even to someone living on a small farm up the back end of a mountain in West Wicklow.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Martin Gale". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a prominent initial 'M'.



10 Eilish McCarrick

Heroes

I do not have any personal heroes.

I chose a night time scene - a sort of Limbo.

The frozen moment of the photograph precluding, in my imagination, a possible heroic ending What is going on is not altogether clear.

Are there Victims and Victors here?

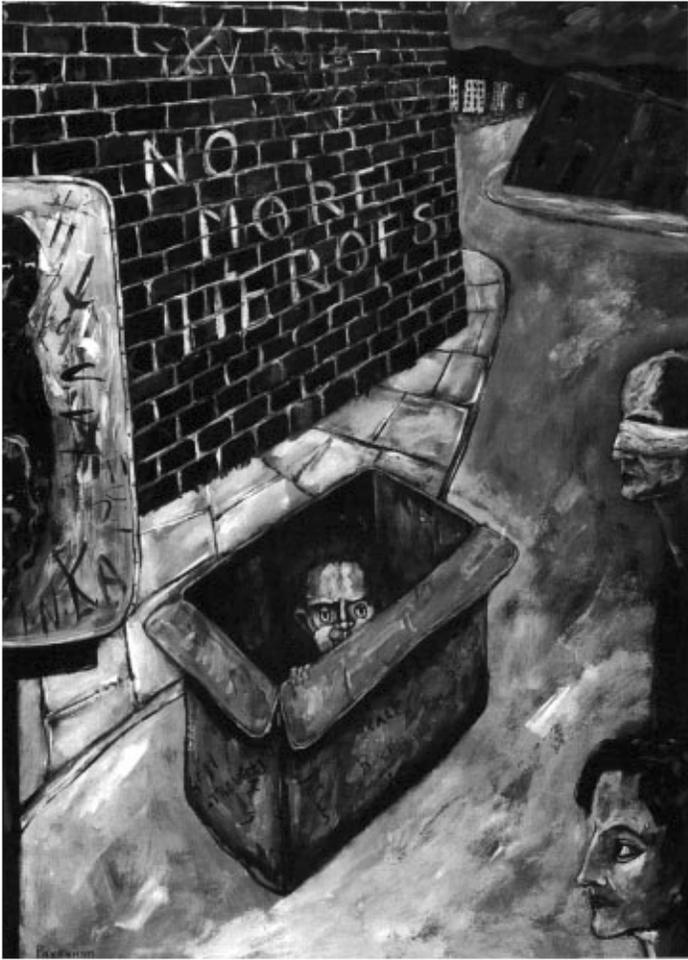
Is there a power struggle?

Will there be Heroes?

Much is left to the individual imagination viewing the piece

Eilish McCarrick





11 Jack Pakenham

No More Heroes

The notion of the 'Hero' or 'Heroine' is a very tricky one and in Ireland particularly, a very dangerous one.

My childhood heroes were usually people who displayed great physical courage, daring or self sacrifice as portrayed first in the books I read, then the films I saw. Things were very simple and the heroes were easy to recognise.

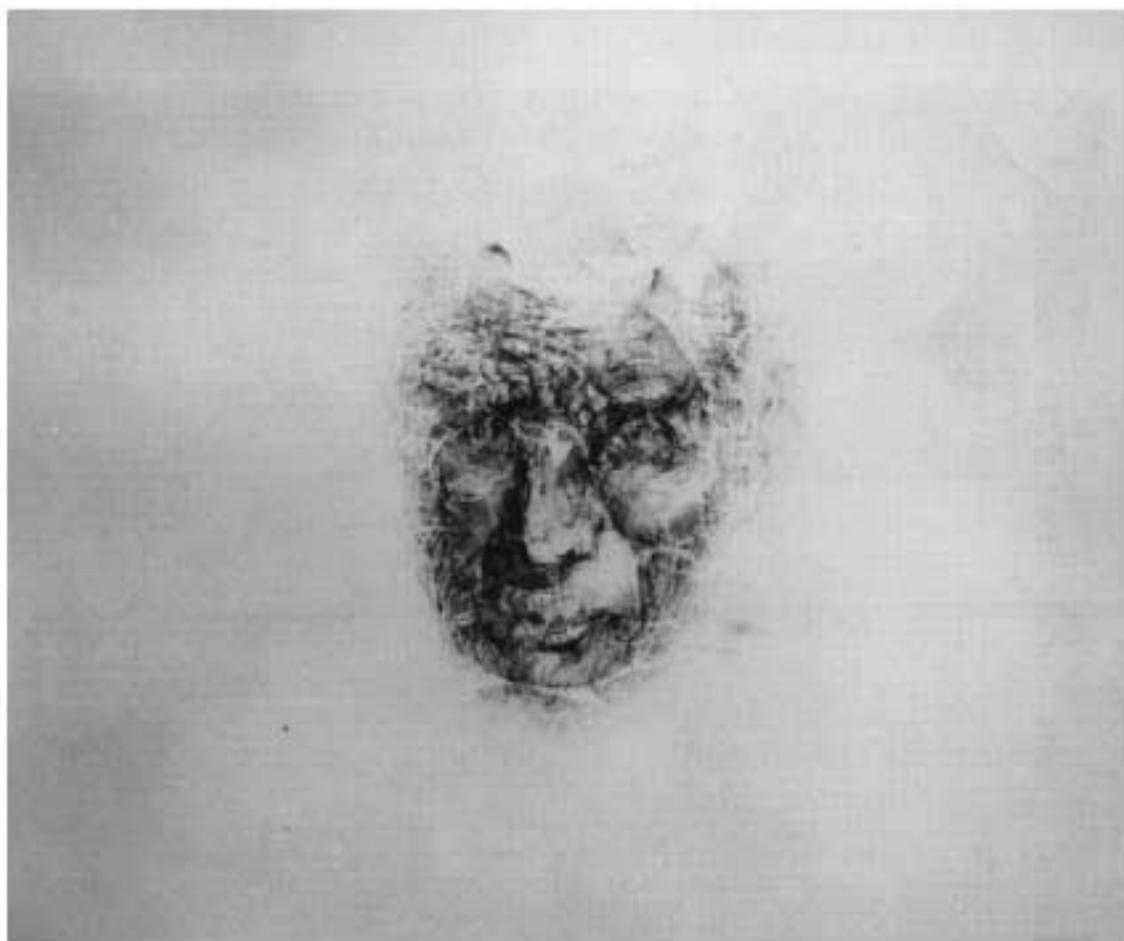
The last sixteen years in Ulster have dispelled any romantic notions I might have had about what constitutes heroism. Over those years I have witnessed the concept of Hero being turned on its head to accommodate the deeds of petty gangsters, psychopathic killers, cowardly intimidators, elevated overnight to the rank of folk hero for some unbelievable atrocity against humanity. I realised that one man's 'Hero' is another man's 'terrorist'.

When I was first offered the commission I almost immediately thought of the Strangler's record of a few years back 'No More Heroes' and I thought it a very appropriate message for Ulster. I saw it as a slogan, like all the others painted on walls throughout Ulster.

To me the real heroes are the widows, the mutilated and scarred innocent survivors, the victims of intense bigotry and hatred who have managed to survive, still retaining their self-respect, their dignity, their sense of humour in a society where human life is considered of little value and where everything from Government to Terrorist conspires to dehumanise or warp what is left of the human spirit.

Jack Pakenham





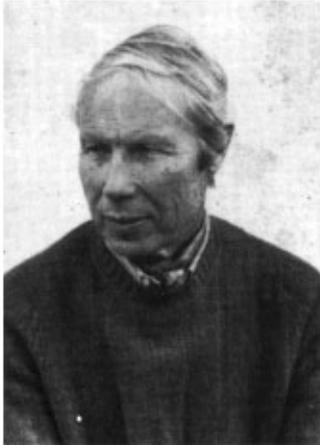
12 Louis le Brocqy

Image Of Samuel Beckett

In a well-known discussion on painting almost forty years ago, Samuel Beckett was *"the first to admit that to be an artist is to fail, as no other dare fail, that failure is his world and the shrink from it desertion..."*

The subject of the discussion was the painter Bram van Velde but clearly Beckett was speaking of his own experience, of his own spare, unflinching, compassionate, comic, heroic art.

LOUIS LE BROCQY





13 Patrick Pye

Saint George and the Dragon

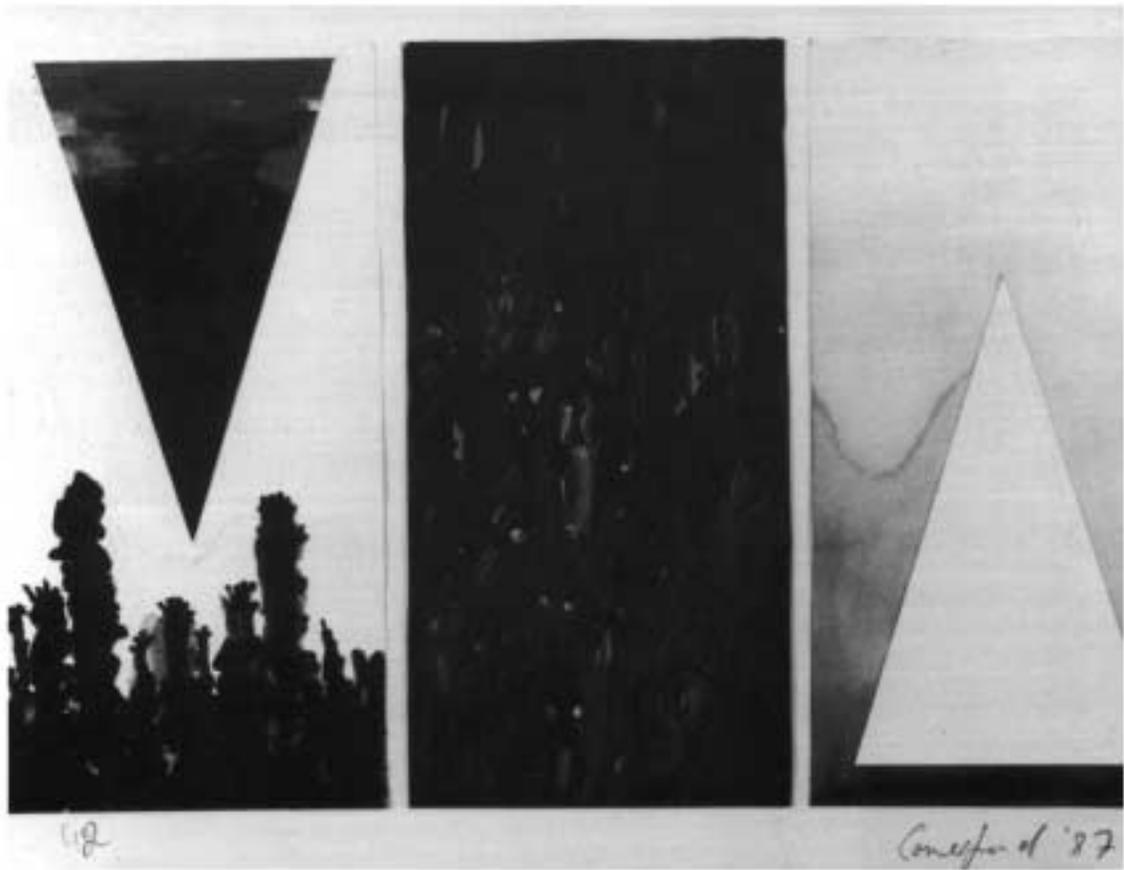
Saint George and the Dragon is somewhere between an Icon and a Romance. I see St George as the archetype of the hero who accomplishes the pure act impersonally and efficiently, thus fulfilling the ordinance of Heaven and rescuing the Maiden. There is no proper landscape in the painting so that the clarity of his act stands out against the relativity of human knowing about good and evil. The Hero looks ahead to indicate the purity of his motives: He is neither motivated by love for the maiden or hatred of dragons. The maiden is bound to a tree stump: in legend she was chained to a rock. I have shown this tree stump blossoming, because her sufferings, if borne with a pure heart, will be the source of great good for many, and the glory of God will be revealed.

The painting is done with oil pastels on a grey/brown board.

There is nothing in this world that is totally bad: even the apostasy of the nations is allowed by God.

Patrick Pye





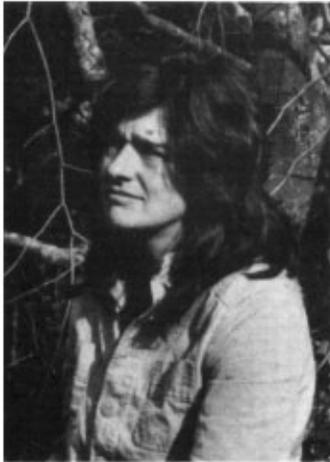
14 Helen Comerford

The Journey

Having spent my formative years in the sixties - the era of the anti-hero, CND, Vietnam, the word hero seemed a dirty word, only to be used cynically. The connotation was of military mindless sacrifice, violence and male chauvinism of the worst kind. While knowing intellectually that the word has a much broader meaning, I realised that to a large extent I found it difficult to use this work except cynically.

When I was commissioned by the Arts Council, I thought I would approach the work with all the foregoing in mind, but then I realised that **do** have heroes: Sean McBride - Nobel Peace Prize Winner, founder of Amnesty International and in his eighties still devoting his life to peace. Other heroes are people in the Green Peace Organisation, people who devote their lives to peace and the environment, absolutely flowing against the tide of profiteering, short-term gain, self-interest whether personal, national, or international.

I then began to look at all the heroism in the lives of so-called "ordinary" people, and being a feminist, particularly in the lives of women. Having a particular interest in mythology I began to look at the hero-myths that all ancient cultures have in common from Irish, Nordic, German, Greek and Eastern cultures and began to realise that the basis or essence of most of them was the hero who for the sake of his loved one, his country, his cause or out of sheer necessity travels with courage into dark dangerous places, the unknown, the other world, endures unbelievable hardships and dangers and comes out the other side victorious, not always totally unscathed, but having acquired a new strength and wisdom. This journey could be a mental or a physical one.

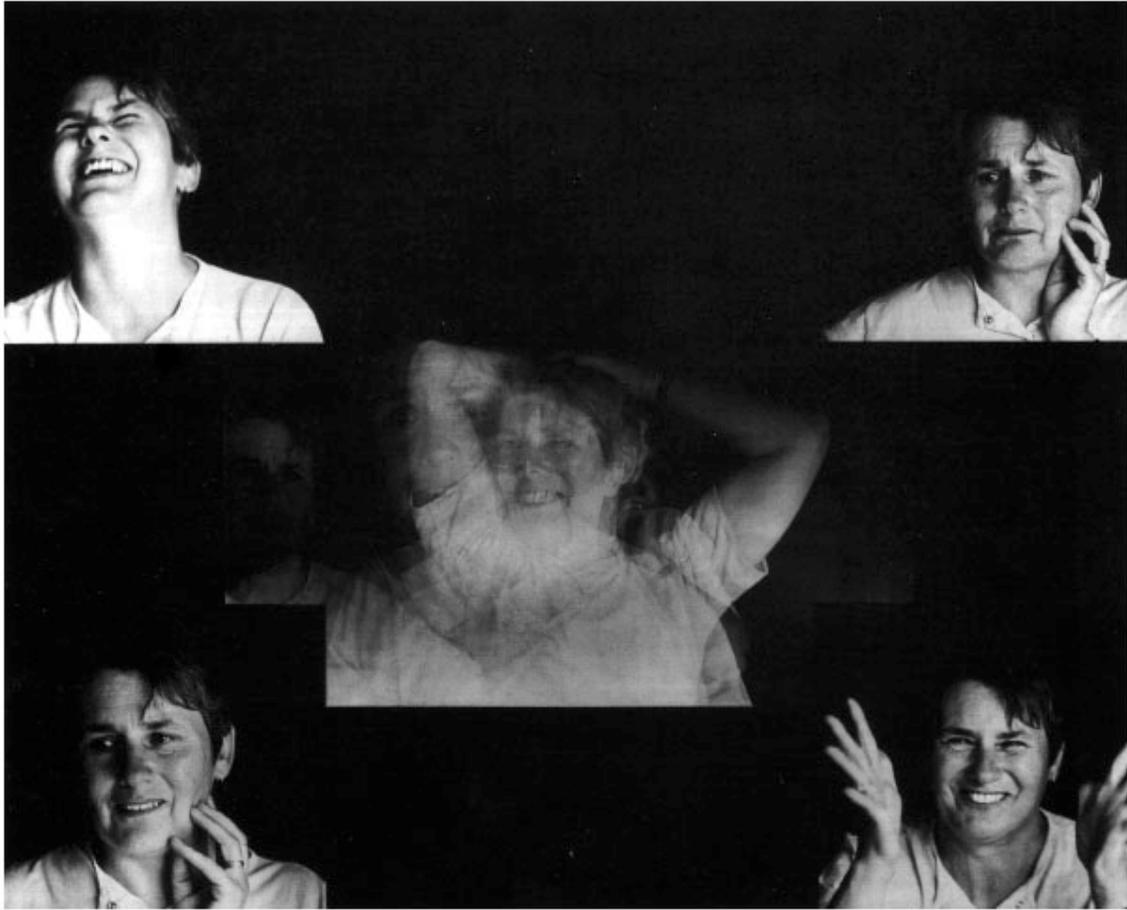


This realisation was precipitated by a concert I went to during this period. In the course of this concert I heard a piece of music, by a Hungarian composer written during the Second World War, a duet for piano and violin in three parts. The violinist described this piece, ostensibly about war, but also about this journey I have referred to. At the end of this description, as he put his violin to his chin, he chillingly, said "and may God help us all" and began.

When it was over, I looked around the audience and saw that everybody else was in the state that I was in - exhausted, pained and exhilarated - we had come out of the journey alive.

I have attempted to use this journey theme in this piece, dividing it into three parts - the necessity, the dark underworld and the coming out of the other side into peace and serenity.

Helen Comerford



15 Alanna O'Kelly

Our Innate Heroism

When invited to make a piece for *HEROES*, I was reminded of a story my mother used to tell. After she qualified from Galway University, during the forties, she had to look elsewhere for work and secured a teaching job in Leeds. One of her first eye-openers was an assignment given to a class - "Your Favourite Hero in History." Reading over these, she was incredulous: most of the class chose a man that she as an Irish woman from West of the Shannon had always despised and loathed.

"To Hell or to Connacht." - He had raped and ravaged all before him - **For King and Country - All For the Cause - A True Hero.**

1982 "Gotcha" - a more recent display of heroes and medals.

This concept of hero, greater or lesser, begs questioning.

For whose cause?

Who makes a hero?

What qualities would you need for this work?

Does the world need heroes?

How does society perpetuate these things?

The more access we get to reliable information, the more accurately aware we are about history. Who has written history and who has been written out of history? Who has been made invisible, unheard, misrepresented and tokenized?

In this society we are taught to look outside of ourselves in our search for clues as to what's OK. We learn to doubt our own intuition. In the face of constant put-downs we are left groping for heroic figures: until they lose their credibility and become human



Feminist thinking and approaches to leadership is a different kettle of fish - along the lines of spreading knowledge, work, success, hope, joy. Feminist consciousness opened up the crucial area - the process by which the personal becomes public becomes political.

Feminist leadership does not produce heroes.

Each of us is our own hero.

Reclaiming our power, our voice, re-presenting ourselves, breaking through the boundaries that separate and divide us. We share encouragement and support, take chances, fail, success and stretch our lives, taking responsibility and empowering ourselves and others as we go for it.

These photos are a shared response to the on-going cycles that make us all our own Heroes.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Maria O'Kelly". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke at the beginning and a distinct loop at the end.



16. Michael Beirne

A Toy Horse, A Game

When first approaching the idea of making a painting using the theme of *HEROES*, I tried to recall if in my past I had ever hero-worshipped any real person. I think not. Fictional people - yes always. The idea of an external pompous glory, a physical adornment, a facade.

So I worked a piece from these fragments. I knew that this was not the total or accurate interpretation, but to work an idea I had to make it simple. I used the element of regal colours, aggressive shapes and symbols to create an environment that I desired - a toy horse, a game.

Michael Beirne



Michael Beirne

Born in Carlow in 1958 and after school in Tullow he attended Crawford School of Art, Cork. He works also in performance art and has exhibited and performed widely, particularly in the Munster region. Has won awards at various exhibitions (Cork Art Now '85 and the Pan Celtic Art Exhibition '86). He lives in Cork and teaches painting part-time in Waterford RTC.

Louis le Brocquy

Born Dublin 1916, Louis le Brocquy committed himself to being a painter in 1938. Self-taught, he studied in the museums of London, Paris, Venice and Geneva. He began to exhibit internationally in 1947 and nine years later won a major prize at the prestigious Venice Biennale. For the past thirty years he has lived and worked in France and Ireland.

A major exhibition of this work, organised by the Arts Council begins in 1987 and there have been nine other such shows all over the world.

His work is in major collections in Europe and the United States including those of the Carnegie Museum, the Guggenheim Museum, the Musee d'Art Moderne, Paris, the Tate Gallery, London and the Uffizi, Florence.

Louis le Brocquy is a member of Aosdana.

Helen Comerford

Born Thomastown, Co Kilkenny, 1945. She studied at NCAD, Dublin, Belfast College of Art and in Utrecht, Holland. She has exhibited in all of the major national exhibitions and she organised the first women's show in Ireland in 1976 at the Project Arts Centre. She has exhibited in many countries and her work is currently touring the US. She was for a while part-time lecturer in Sculpture in Dun Laoghaire School of Art but now lives and works full-time as an artist in Kells, Co Kilkenny.

Mary Duffy

Born Tullamore 1961 and is a graduate of NCAD. Has exhibited and performed in Ireland, Britain and the United States. She is particularly interested in the area of disability awareness and of the politics of identity generally. Her work was selected for the 1984 GPA Emerging Artists exhibition.

Martin Gale

Born 1949 in England Martin Gale's mother was from Galway and he went to school in Newbridge College, Kildare and then studied at NCAD. Since 1971 he has exhibited widely in Ireland and abroad and has won several bursaries and awards. In 1981 he became a member of Aosdana and the following year «as the subject of the third of the "Artist's Response" exhibitions organised by the Arts Council. His work is in many private and public collections including those of CIE, The Board of Works, Kildare County Library, and the Arts Council.

Martin Gale lives and works on the Kildare/Wicklow border.

Tom Grace

Born Dublin 1954 he is a graduate of NCAD where his interest in photography was first developed. He is a full-time lecturer in photography at the College of Marketing and Design, Dublin. Since 1977 he has exhibited regularly in Ireland, Britain and the US. In 1985 he founded Contemporary Irish Photography with the aim of creating a major annual open exhibition. The inaugural show - CIP '87 - was seen in Dublin and on tour nationally.

Micheal Hennessy

Born Waterford 1960 he is a graduate of NCAD. He has had one-man shows in the Municipal gallery, Waterford, Garter Lane Arts Centre, Waterford, and on national tour. He has exhibited in many group shows in Ireland and in San Francisco having won a scholarship to that city's Art College for 1985/86. He lives in Waterford, where he has been deeply involved in the Arts For All project and in the work of Red Kettle Theatre Company.

Julie Kelleher

Born Co Kerry 1957 she studied in both the Crawford School of Art, Cork and NCAD. She has exhibited regularly since 1979 and had her first one-person show in 1983 at Triskel Arts Centre. She was selected for the 1984 GPA Emerging Artists exhibition and her most recent shows have been Living Art and S.A.D.E both in 1987.

Tom Mathews

Born Dublin 1952, he shares a birthday - if little else - with John Lennon. Two and a half years wasting his and its time led to his leaving NCAD. He has eked out a precarious living drawing cartoons and reviewing books and theatre fairly mordantly ever since. His most significant achievement to date is the creation of a cartoon about leeches and tapeworms. He has published two books, one a novel and the other a collection of his cartoons. He is an incurable optimist.

Eilish McCarrick

Born Dublin 1958, she is a fine art graduate of NCAD. She has taught and worked as a freelance photographer and has exhibited widely since 1978. She was one of the artists selected for the contemporary section of the Women Artists in Ireland Exhibition. (1987)

Mary P O'Connor

Born Croom, Co Limerick in 1959 she graduated from Crawford School of Art before completing an MA at the Royal College of Art, London She now lives and works in Amsterdam Since 1980 she has exhibited in most of the major group shows and was represented in both the 1982 and 1983 GPA Emerging Artists exhibitions To date she has had four one person exhibitions.

Alanna O'Kelly

Born Co Wexford 1955 she is a graduate of NCAD and has done further studies and research in Helsinki and London She has worked regularly as a teacher and lecturer in addition to a large body of work in exhibitions, installations and performances She was twice awarded bursaries in the GPA Emerging Artist exhibition and has also received awards from both Arts Councils in Ireland.

Charlie O'Neill

Born in 1956 into a fairground family He received a diploma in Graphic design from Limerick School of Art and Design where he also taught before joining the Butler House Project in Kilkenny Design Workshops He is well known as a street entertainer in Dublin and in festivals at home and abroad and he works as a free lance graphic designer for the arts/cultural/community sector Previous exhibitions have included Grapevine Arts Centre (1984) and NIHE Limerick (1985) His work has been accepted for a major exhibition in Paris called "The World's Most Memorable Posters"

Jack Pakenham

Born Dublin 1938 Graduated from Queen's University, Belfast and is now head of the English Department in Ashfield Boys High School, Belfast He has exhibited widely since 1960 in Ireland and abroad and has received a number of important awards and bursaries.

Patrick Pye

Born Dublin where he lives and works he is perhaps best known for his stained glass work which is to be seen in churches all over Ireland He is a contributor to the group show "Figurative Image" and he is a member of Aosdana Recent commissions include

- 1977 Mural Cycle for Fossa Chapel, Killarney
 - 1980 Stained Glass, Church of the Resurrection, Cave Hill Road, Belfast
 - 1981 "Woman and Serpent" tempera for Bank of Ireland Collection
 - 1984 Icon of St Declan for St Declan's School, Dublin
 - 1985 Icon of St Michael for St Michael's College, Dublin
 - 1987 Stained Glass "Gethsemani", Creagh Chapel, Ballinasloe
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Dermot Seymour

Born Belfast 1956 he is a graduate in Art and Design of the University of Ulster He has had four one-man shows since 1981 as well as contributing to innumerable group shows among which were Independent Artists, GPA Emerging Artists (1986) and "Directions Out" (Douglas Hyde Gallery, 1987) He has received bursaries from both Arts Councils in Ireland and was recently selected to work for six months at the PS1 studios in New York.
