

Mirror Lamp Press

October 2021
No.3 MYTH



About

EDITORS

Gwen Burlington
Eoghan McIntyre

PROOFREADER

Jen Wade

PUBLICATION DESIGN

Paul Mulgrew

WEB DESIGN

Clio Meldon

WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO

Rebecca O'Dwyer



@mirrorlampress

12

Editorial

GWEN BURLINGTON
EOGHAN MCINTYRE

16

Votive objects, hanging, Terryglass

NATHAN O'DONNELL

27

Flight from the Rookery

AISLING-ÓR NÍ AODHA



38

For the Sake of Reality: The Museum of Ancient History, Exhibition Review

MEADHBH MCNUTT

48

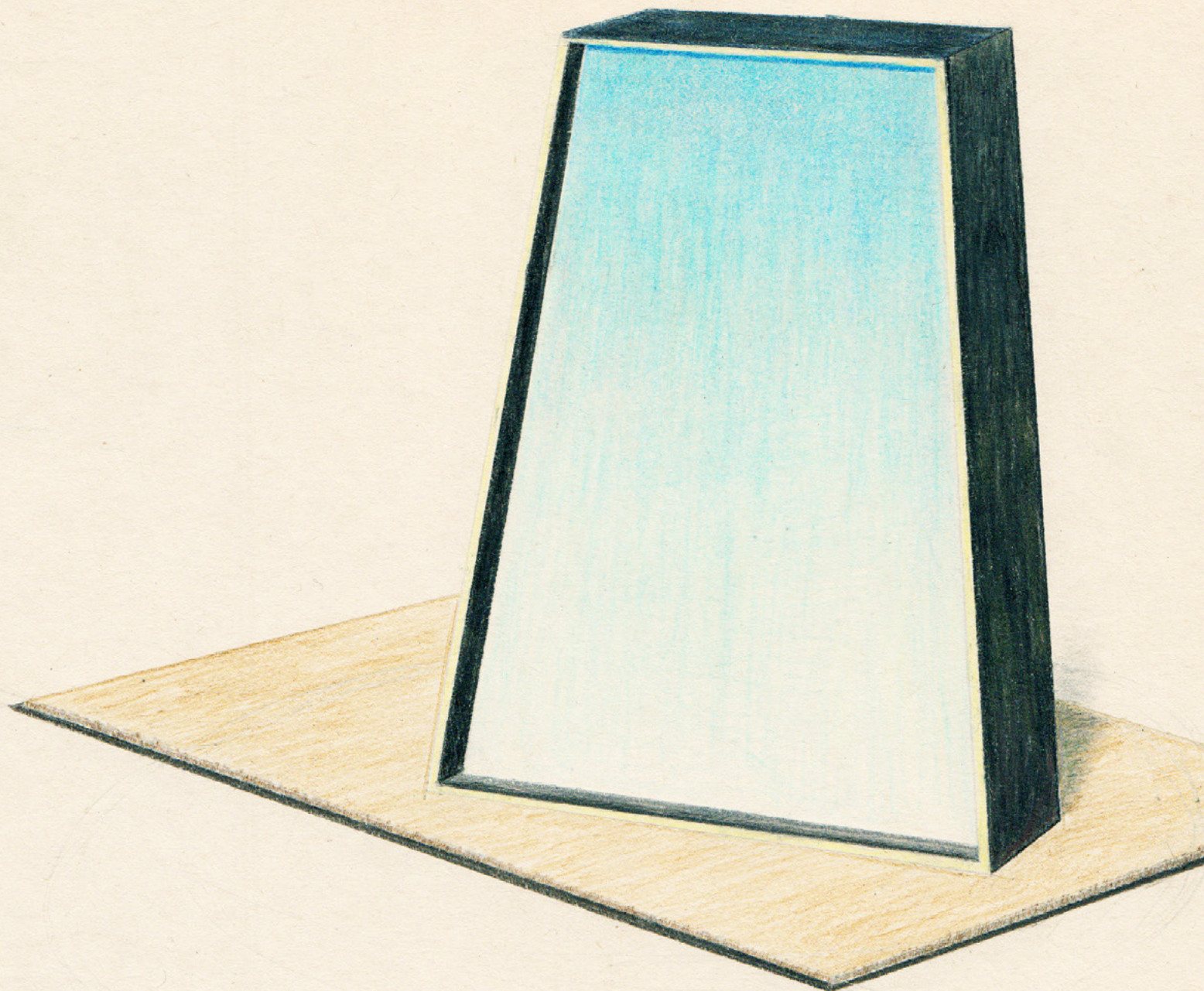
The Martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew

ELLENA SAVAGE

64

The Piracy of Myth and the Seas of Discourse

WILLIAM PUCKETT



Ellena Savage

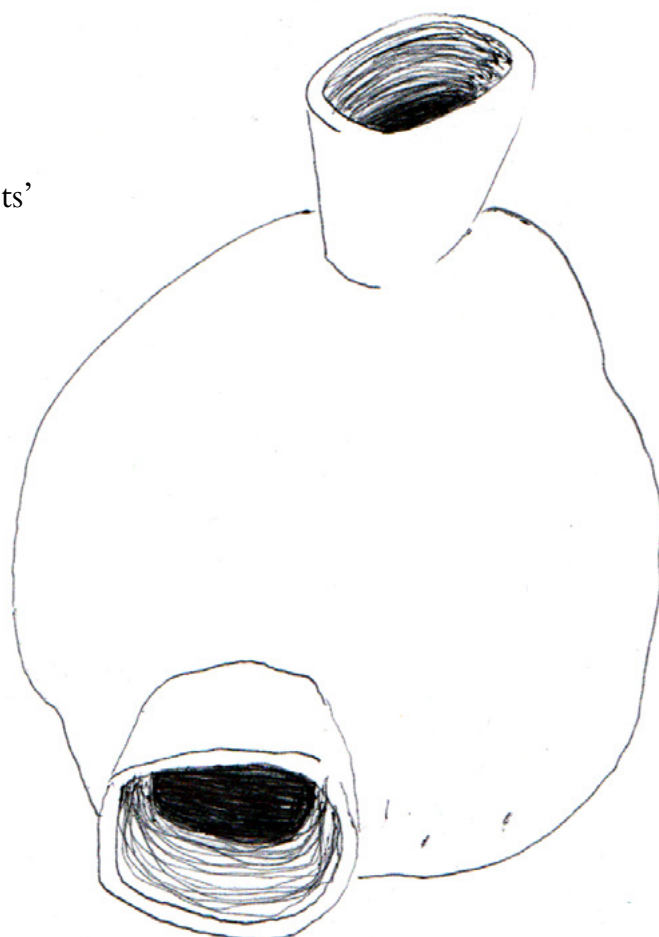
Ellena Savage is an Australian author living in Athens. Her essay collection *Blueberries* (Text Publishing and Scribe UK) was longlisted for the Stella Prize and shortlisted for the VPLA in 2020. She holds a PhD in literary studies and is a Marten Bequest scholar.

Meadhbh McNutt

Meadhbh McNutt is an Irish artist and writer. Meadhbh's practice looks at questions of documentation, particularly where intimacy meets information. A recipient of the VAI/DCC Art Writing Award 2020, her work can be found in publications including Tank Magazine, Circa Art Magazine and the Visual Artists' News Sheet.

William Puckett

William Puckett is a doctoral candidate in Comparative Literature within the School of Literatures, Languages and Cultures at the University of Edinburgh. His research interests include the relationship between image and text, cultural overlap, diasporic and minor literatures, and creative critical writing. Prior to his studies he worked as a muralist, specializing in regional specific histories and storytelling. He holds a BA in Art History from the University of North Carolina at Charlotte, USA; an MA in Contemporary Art Theory, and an MSc in Comparative Literature from the University of Edinburgh, UK.

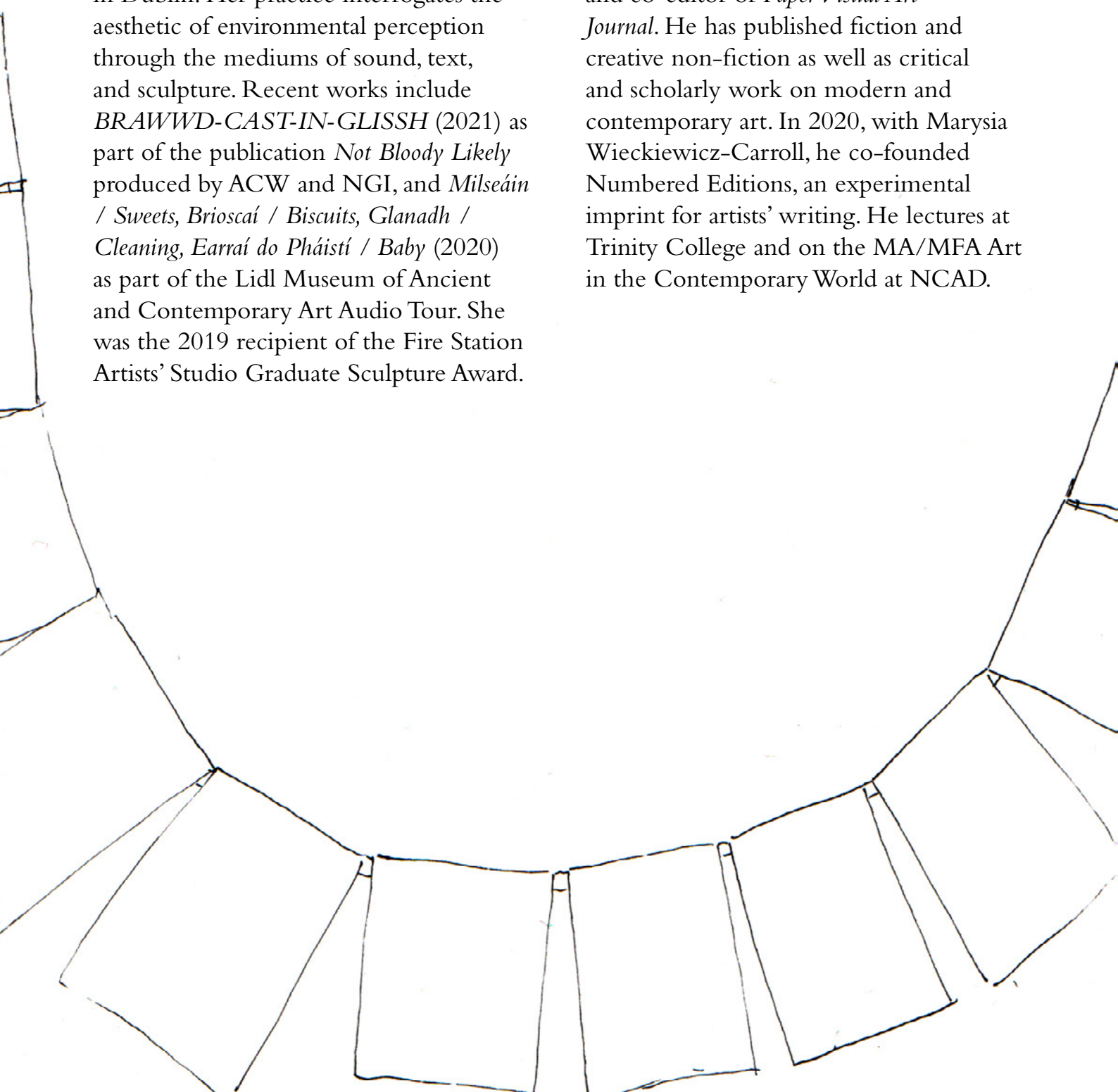


Aisling-Ór Ní Aodha

Aisling-Ór Ní Aodha is an artist based in Dublin. Her practice interrogates the aesthetic of environmental perception through the mediums of sound, text, and sculpture. Recent works include *BRAWWD-CAST-IN-GLISSH* (2021) as part of the publication *Not Bloody Likely* produced by ACW and NGI, and *Milseáin / Sweets, Brioscaí / Biscuits, Glanadh / Cleaning, Earraí do Pháistí / Baby* (2020) as part of the Lidl Museum of Ancient and Contemporary Art Audio Tour. She was the 2019 recipient of the Fire Station Artists' Studio Graduate Sculpture Award.

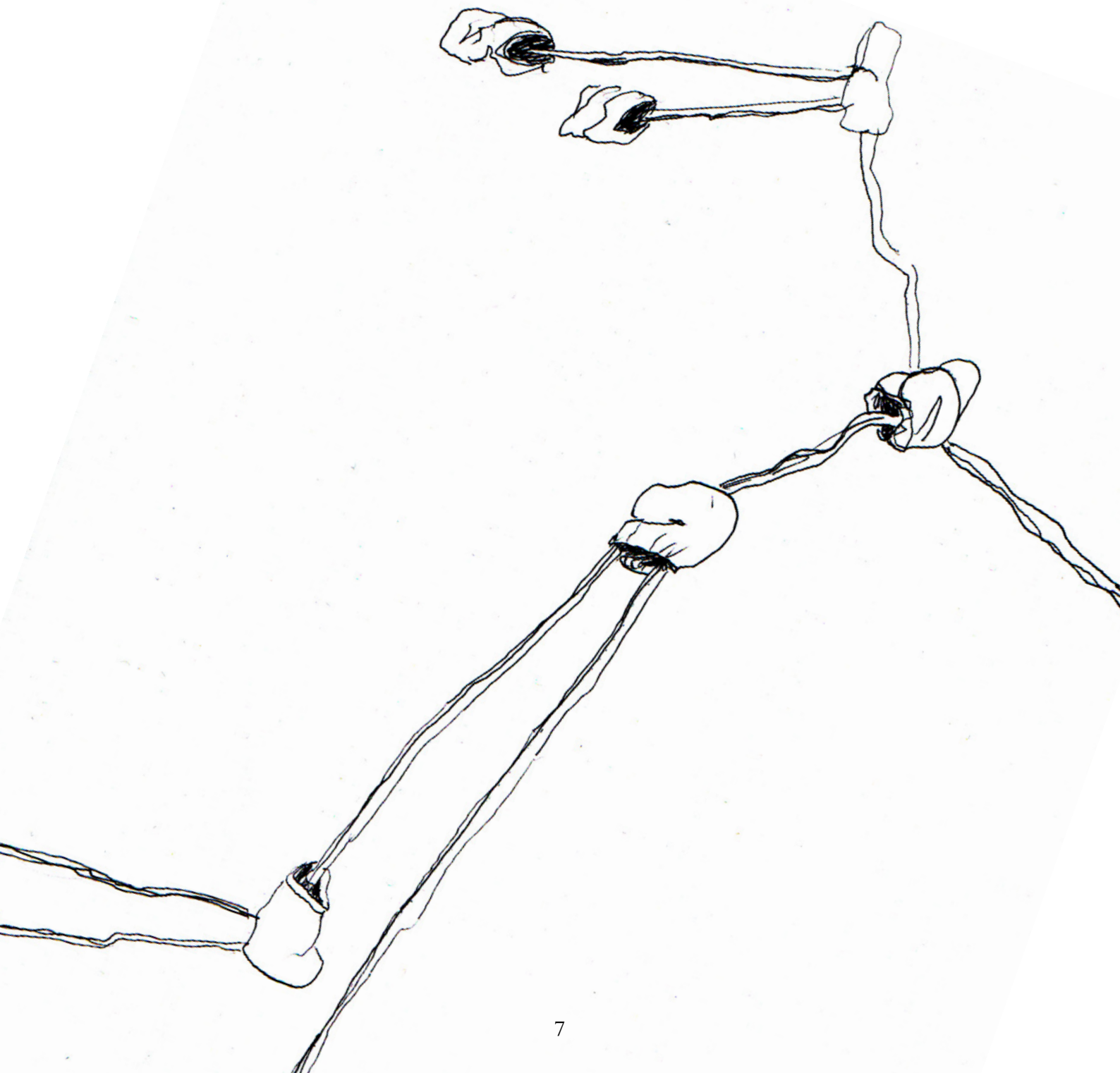
Nathan O'Donnell

Nathan O'Donnell is a writer, researcher, and co-editor of *Paper Visual Art Journal*. He has published fiction and creative non-fiction as well as critical and scholarly work on modern and contemporary art. In 2020, with Marysia Wieckiewicz-Carroll, he co-founded Numbered Editions, an experimental imprint for artists' writing. He lectures at Trinity College and on the MA/MFA Art in the Contemporary World at NCAD.



Joe Scullion

Joe Scullion is a graduate of NCAD's Painting department. He lives and works in Dublin. Solo exhibitions include: *As It Goes*, The Kevin Kavanagh Gallery (2018); *Settle*, Rua Red (2014); *Waiting To Materialise*, The Talbot Gallery (2013).





We have rifled through the nooks and crannies of mythology in all its various guises, examining stories and how they're told. To a culture already fecund with myth—from Tír na Nóg to debunking mistruths—is centred the ultimate folk tale: the origin story. In this issue of MLP, there are no Gods or tales of superhuman strength, defined by romance and idealism. There is, more ardently so, a striving for identity; of rooting out where we came from, what came before, and what and where we are now. In doing so, we hope it provides a reading into the multifarious ways that mythology is an extension of a larger dialogue, with our commissioned writers imagining disruptive methods of interacting with arts discourse and its histories while simultaneously using it as a site of inquiry. The following texts tread the line between fantasy and reality, slipping between myth, history, legend and art in both an archaic and contemporary way. As we have come to find, this has led us through unexpected terrain, and sometimes takes more of an associative direction than dogmatic, which we will continue to embrace.

For *Subject*, Ellena Savage has written about skin in the Stefan Lochner painting the *Martyrdom of the Apostles*, a depiction of a flaying. Her lyric essay traverses ideas around the surface of our edges, along with the mythical figure of St. Bartholomew in Medieval art. For *Verb*, William Puckett, an academic, has taken issue with academic writing and performed ‘an act of piracy.’ He takes the art critic Dave Hickey’s collection of essays ‘Pirates and Farmers’ as a primary source but also challenges the viability of such a source in this foray into his own myth-making. As part of a larger research project, this experimental snippet looks at two opposing approaches to writing; the old gate-keepers of academia (the farmer) and the anti-authoritarian subversives on the outside of it (the pirates).

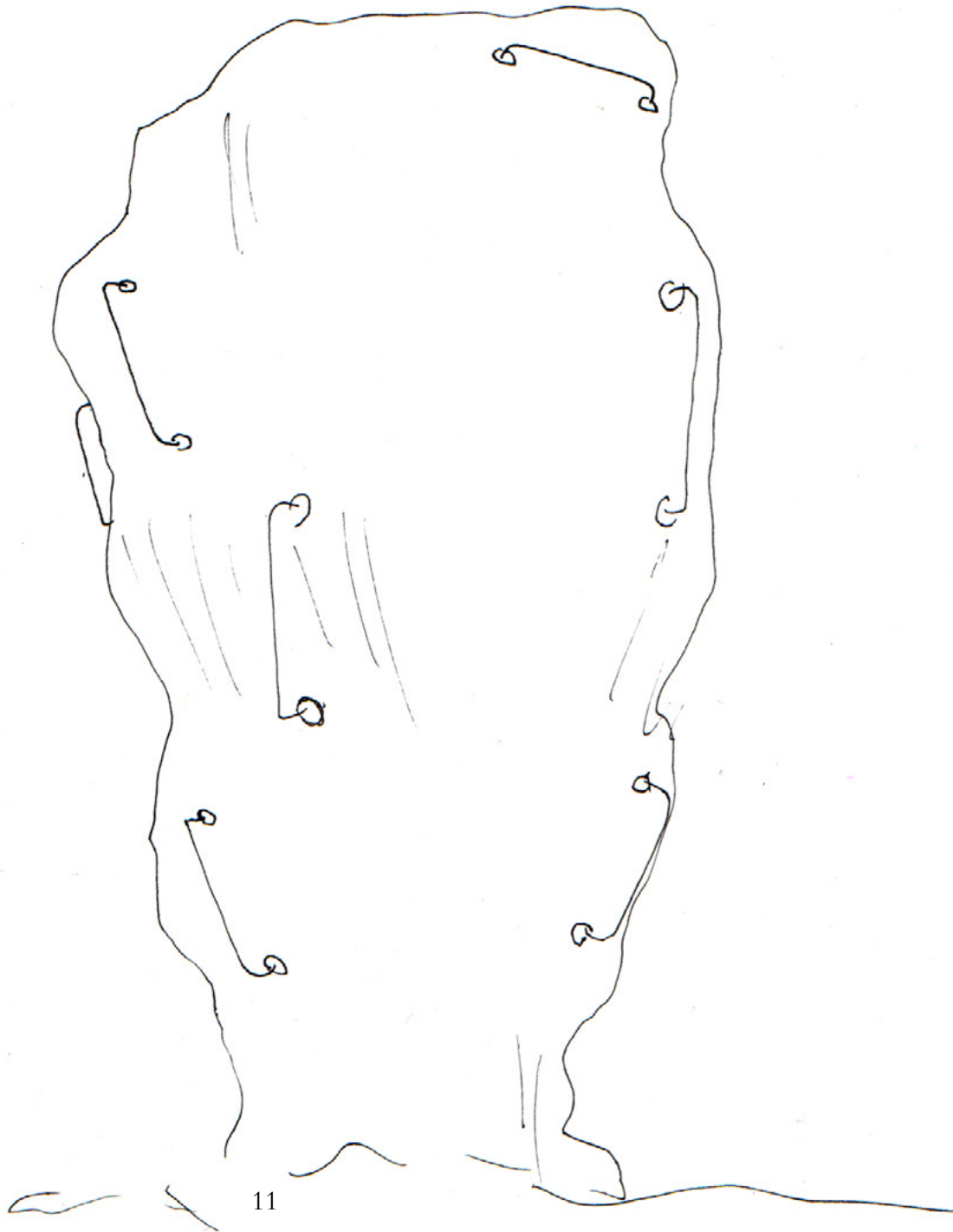
Aisling-Ór Ní Aodha looks at the folklore of changelings alongside the evolution of the word ‘queer’ in the story of Bridget Cleary’s death in the late nineteenth Century. While Meadhbh McNutt has responded to the works in *the Museum of Ancient History* at the Classical Museum in UCD. Nathan O’Donnell has written about the reliquary nature of local offerings found around Terryglass village in Tipperary while on

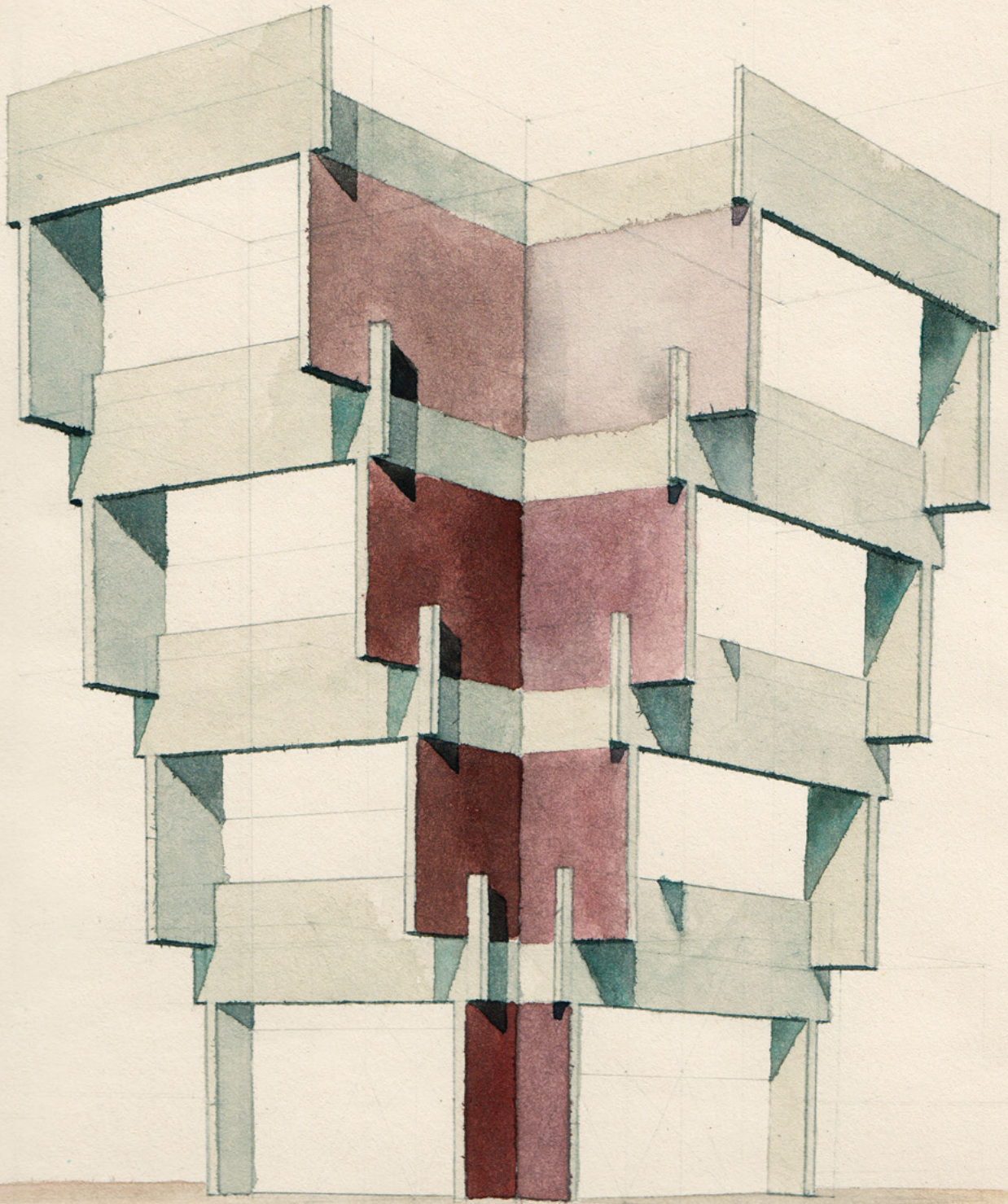
residency there; a place steeped in local lore and beliefs.

Joe Scullion is our featured artist, whose drawings and paintings inhabit a world that seem neither fictional nor real.

Enjoy the issue.

Gwen & Eoghan





Votive objects, hanging, Terryglass

Nathan O'Donnell

There is a field in Terryglass – not far from where I grew up – called the Grianán. I know this because it says so on the information board, beside the little well in the village. This well is called the headache well though its proper name seems to be the well of St Columba. On a small tree next to it, people have hung little bracelets and notes and pieces of fabric. I'm not sure what these offerings are for. One of them seems to be a wish for someone's recovery. There is no tradition of religious offerings associated with this well; people have just begun using it, in recent years, as a votive shrine. There is something touching about how such shrines develop, spontaneously, self-generating, the expression of a need. A small stream flows by.

The information board says that the Grianán was used by the monks of the monastery in Terryglass as a place to sit in the sun and reflect and contemplate. According to the board, the Grianán – translated as 'sunny spot' or 'solarium' – is on a

hill ‘just north’ of the well. I am not sure which direction I’m facing or which hill it’s referring to. There is a field I passed on my way here, along the other side of this stream, a hay field dipping down into an incline that was just glowing in the sun. I gather that this is the Grianán, though later a local historian will tell me it’s not. In fact, the Grianán is on the other side of the stream. It is grown-over and inaccessible and seems dark and unlike what the Grianán is described as having been. I prefer to think of the hay field. I would like to be a twelfth-century monk, lying out on this field, in the sun, on a break from scribing, tipsy, reflective, full of the most fantastical ideas.

*

Terryglass is the most northerly village on the Tipperary shore of Lough Derg. It was a monastery first and then, for a long time, it was a sleepy village until, in the 1970s, the marina was developed and it became a place where people arrived on their private yachts or their rented Emerald Line cruisers.

I am here for a residency. I am developing a publication about the lake, about swimming on

the lake. I am meeting with people, swimmers, people with boats, members of the local historical society. I've been commissioned by an arts organisation, Ormston House. There was an open call. I applied with a proposal for this publication about the lake, about swimming on the lake. I am thinking of myself as the editor of this as-yet-hypothetical publication even though I intend to write a lot of it and this is not usually what editors do.

By the wall of the cemetery at the top of the town, someone I've just met says to me: *You're a Finnerty*. She is looking at me dead on. I laugh, startled. Finnerty: my mother's family name.

'I'd know you by them eyes.'

*

At one stage, many monasteries were clustered around Lough Derg. This is where some of the most important of the illuminated Celtic manuscripts originated. The Book of Leinster was started at the monastery at Terryglass. The monks sought to map out the pre-Christian histories of Ireland, splicing biblical stories onto Celtic mythology and folklore: exercises in historical

propaganda. In the Metrical Dindsenchas (the inventory of place-names and their origins), they turned this lake into the source of the great flood, Noah's flood, the flood from which the world emerged cleansed, empty. Fintan MacBochra, alerted to the coming calamity by Noah's granddaughter, fled wherever it was that Noah and Fintan and his granddaughter all lived, crossing the sea to Ireland, and then surviving the flood, alone, by taking refuge on the top of Tountilla, the not-very-large mountain on the lake's edge. While there, he turned into a hawk, then into a salmon, then, when the flood receded, after five thousand years, back into a person, but also somehow he continued to be a salmon, and later he was (possibly?) also the salmon of knowledge, having made his way – walked? swum? – to the Boyne Valley, where he was caught and cooked.

There is this fanciful license to the Dindsenchas. It seems like the monks may have just been inventing stories and sources for the place-names of the lands around them, stories about kings and ambushes and floods, lake-bursts, river-bursts, descents into the water, deaths, reanimations.

*

I am here for two weeks for the residency, cycling around the shore of the lake on an electric rental bike, a ridiculous, bright orange thing with an ordinary-size frame but these colossal tyres, like motorcycle tyres. It makes a low humming noise when you rev the battery. I feel unbelievably conspicuous on this bike. Cycling the roads around the lake I wave at the drivers of oncoming cars, as is customary, and the other drivers wave back but I suspect they are looking at me like I'm some kind of lunatic, like I'm a parody of a person. I have to lean into my own conspicuousness; embrace this visible eccentricity. And when I do so, I find it liberating. I grew up near this place but I don't have to blend into it anymore. I am here on my own terms, in my own right, not as someone's son or grandson or nephew (with someone else's eyes). I am cycling this stupid bike around the lake, making myself ridiculous, resisting this need – I can feel in the atmosphere – of being *placed*.

*

I make books occasionally. I think of myself as an

editor, I refer to myself in the colophon and on the title page of most of these books as an editor, even when editing has nothing to do with what I'm doing. I know some people hate the word editor and what it stands for – they say it stands for power – but I can't think of another word apart from author and that is even worse, even more entangled in power structures, ownership, authority.

*

It is not just the people in passing cars who watch. Everywhere I go I find eyes, looking. In the monasteries at Lorrha, strings of stone heads peer down from the tops of doorways; a woman in an elaborate Elizabethan head-dress watches from the keystone of an arch; strange ghoulish faces, taken from the Dominican friary and planted in the pebble-dash wall of the more recent Catholic church, stare in disbelief. In the ruins of the eleventh-century monastery on Holy Island a strange monstrous elongated head faces me, its eyes partially erased, like a sort of Grinch-Tiresias. At Castletownarra, where for nearly a century a tradition of fine stone carving flourished, the graveyard is alive with eyes: birds, beasts, floating

winged human heads with doleful eyes, flitting from stone to stone, or more simple circular faces, like little emojis, smiling, the eyes just gaping circles. Several of the gravestones feature an elaborate encircled figure of the crucified Christ. Beneath one of them, a skeletal monster dances. Elaborate stone flowers spread around; great suns with beams like long shards. This curious folk-art practice seems to have been localised to just a few spots, where the stone was quarried, here and up the lake at Kilbarron. All these eyes, these rings, these circular forms.

*

Having grown up near this lake, I know many of its place-names, those on the Tipperary side at least, intimately. This is where my maternal family comes from, generations of them, Birdhill, Killaloe, Dromineer, Kilmastulla. These are now also places where idle well-off people come to use or when they are not using house their yachts – marinas and boat clubs with those same place-names, in those same places, but refashioned to service another kind of fantasy: affluence, leisure, mastery of the river, the land.

There's this moment, in *Species of Spaces*, when Georges Perec talks about the parallels between mapping and writing:

This is how space begins, with words only, signs traced on the blank page. To describe space: to name it, to trace it, like those portolano-makers who saturated the coastlines with the names of harbours, the names of capes, the names of inlets, until in the end the land was only separated from the sea by a continuous ribbon of text.

I would like to rewrite this whole lake, a new ribbon of text, a new Dindsenchas. I know I'm fantasising though, indulging a proprietorial instinct, the same that drives those people in their yachts.

*

On my way back from Portumna, on my stupid bike, I cross a five-span steel road bridge, dotted with these green-white tapered cast-iron domes, topped with little decorative finials, like a string of pointless chalices, one for each of the bridge's concrete-filled pillars. This is a bridge along which I remember my grandfather driving, my mother driving, opening out on the left-hand

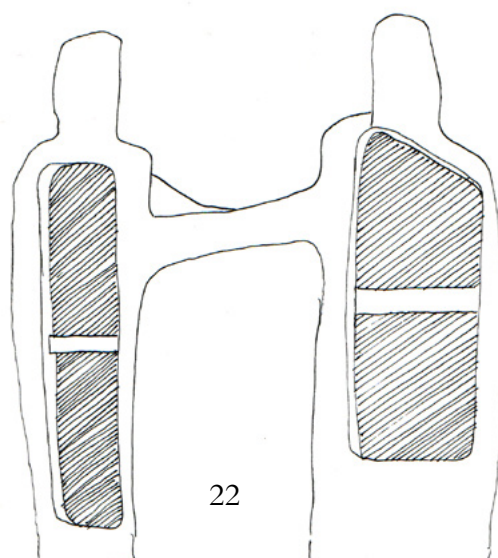
side to the lake around which all my sense of my family geography pivots, but which I never took the pains of visualising – only knowing that this road led to Dromineer, this to Garrykennedy, this to Terryglass, not how these places connected or added up to an entity, a lake, a coast, except that whatever it was, this entity, it started here, at this five-span modern road bridge and ended at the far-too-narrow thirteen-span eighteenth-century bridge at Killaloe.

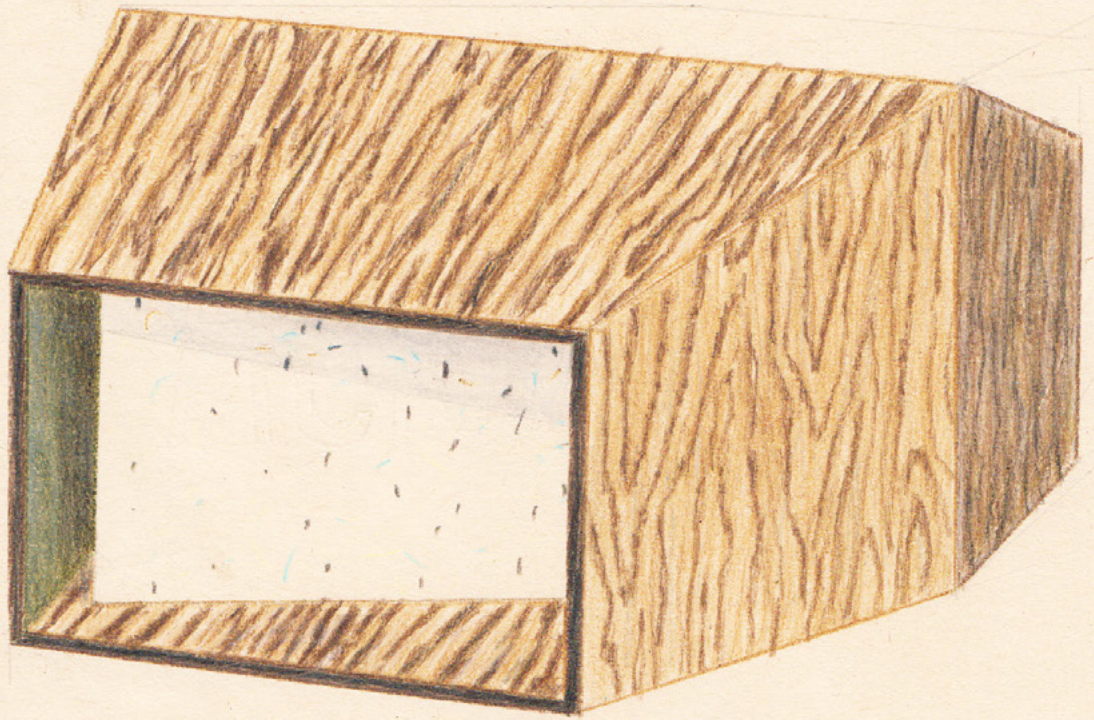
*

There is a second well in Terryglass, the eye well, the well of St Aug, closer to the lake itself. The story of this well is also the story of how the lake itself was named; a story about a king or saint, who has lost one eye already and who is beseeched by a devious interloper to part with the eye that remains. I encounter at least three variations of this story while staying in Terryglass, from people I'm speaking to and things I'm reading. In the Book of Leinster, the saint-king is Eochaid, the wise ruler of Tuath-mumu, known for his great hospitality: it is said that he will never refuse a request from his guests. This generosity is exploited by a dour poet from Ulster, who

demands the king's one eye, which Eochaid provides, 'putting his finger under his grey ball-like eye' – 'a deed of dread and of horror' – and laying it in the poet's palm. Afterwards, blinded, he made his way in search of some respite; stopping at a reed bed, rubbing his raw eye sockets with rushes, the earth began to bubble, and suddenly this well took form, allowing him to wash his eyes, the water running red with the blood of his eyes, and the lake beyond it, bubbling forth, bloody, the lake a froth of red (the red lake, Lough Dergderc, the lake of the red eye), and Eochaid, looking up, miraculous, found his eyes had been restored.

The eye well was square, originally, but they made it circular at some point in the 1980s. There is a tree beside this well too, hung with little offerings, face-masks, hairbands, strips of fabric, a plastic medal hanging on a piece of ribbon, small ritual objects, prayers for sight.





Flight from the Rookery

Aisling-Ór Ní Aodha

Struggling with fever, exhaustion and the creeping terror that had infiltrated her household, she was held down by her husband on the earthen floor. Maybe he spat at her as he hurled at her accusations of the supernatural; that she was an otherworldly being to him. As he shouts, he pushes a piece of bread into her mouth in an attempt to reveal the changeling he believed her to be. Continuing to bombard her with the question, “are you Bridget Cleary?” he grabs a lighted stump from the fire and holds it close to her face.¹ As he threatened to put the flaming stump down her throat, her father, aunt and four cousins watched on. Although some called out not to choke her, not to burn her, they were held rooted to the spot in the belief that they were in the presence of something beyond their intervention. And so, they watched Bridget’s husband set her chemise on fire, then douse her with the oil from a paraffin lamp, and watched still as she burned to death in front of them.² The belief that she was a fairy changeling, spirited

away by *na daoine maithe*³, was so strongly held that when her husband Michael and her cousin buried her charred remains, Michael travelled to Kylenagranna fort and waited there for the real Bridget to return, astride a white horse, from the fairies.⁴

At the time of her murder, Bridget Cleary was twenty-six years old and had been married to Michael Cleary for eight years. The couple lived a seemingly comfortable life with Michael working as a cooper (the craft of making barrels; a lucrative business at the time) and Bridget as a seamstress. The only known photograph of her was taken around the time of her marriage; her face appears from the lightened background; seven shadowed strokes reveal a rounded jaw; hooded eyes and the straight line of a mouth. Silent and still for the long exposure period, the line of her mouth is a dash; a strike through a record. She stands behind and above him; a hand on his shoulder that blurs into the jacket's fibres. He sports a handlebar moustache. His features seem more defined, but perhaps this is because it is informed by his later mug shot, taken after her murder.

The beginning of her ordeal cannot be found

in any direct root, but peripherally through a fungus of words that sprang from one person's superstitious beliefs into another person's fear. The infiltration of rumour—the window watching and speculation of suspicion—began a few days before she died, when she fell ill after delivering eggs to an old relative.⁵ She walked beneath a rumbling sky and the snow-peaked mountains that surrounded the townland of Ballyvadlea in Co Tipperary, trailing her dress over briars and catching the threads. The relative she paid visit to wasn't home and she walked back feeling increasingly worn. She might have looked up at the grey ceiling the sky had become, close and dark.

Bridget would become unwell from exposure to the cold. Her sickness was not considered fatal, but a visit from Jack Dunne, her father's cousin, escalated the tone of her situation. Dunne, a *seanchaí* and deeply superstitious man, would exclaim that the woman he saw in front of him was “not Bridgie Boland!”⁶ (her maiden name). This remark, perhaps reacting to the change in Bridget's then ill appearance, initiated the series of rituals and remedies that would result in her death. Believing that Bridget was a fairy

changeling would also result in a time pressure on the situation, as Thomas McGrath wrote: “The changeling was, as might be expected, visually similar to the person taken by the fairies but after a while a gradual fading or pining away would take place leaving the real person in the hands of the fairies forever.”⁷ But suspicions around Bridget Cleary might have long preceded Jack Dunne’s exclamation.

Aggravated by the financial independence she attained from her job as a seamstress, those around her didn’t understand her and didn’t like her for it. Her eight years of marriage confused them further as she had not yet borne a child.

“People speak of her as ‘a bit queer’ in her ways, and this they attribute to a certain superiority over the people she came into contact with...”⁸ Queer, for this community in 1895, was both a vehicle for suspicion and admiration, or superiority; wherein someone displaying accomplishments or success was taken note of but with a degree of scepticism. Occupying perhaps that particularly Irish phenomenon of being wary and distant of those in your community who mark themselves as distinct from their

peers, whether it is in appearance, skill, or how they communicate. This word may have fallen onto their tongues from the Irish language as an anglicisation of the word *cuair* or *cuair* meaning “crooked, curved or circular”.⁹ *Cuair* also hints at the spelling of the Hiberno-English pronunciation ‘quare’ that can be seen in use in the title of Brendan Behan’s play *The Quare Fellow*. The use of the word ‘quare’ is also used in reference to otherworldly activity, such as “the quare place” meaning hell. But the word is still used as an informal accentuation; such as saying someone is “quare good at singing”.

It was these suspicions that crept around her as she lay in bed rattled with the cold and a sharp headache. The examining eyes of her husband and father would appear in front of her, inspecting her closely before retreating to the darkened doorway. She only saw them as two silhouettes, but she could tell her husband still watched her as he muttered to her father. She was speaking to them but anything she said was met with a pause that can be likened to an animal pricking its ears in anticipation to an oncoming predator. Her aunt had visited a few days before, but she had not confided in anyone since. Jack Dunne and

her neighbours would loom in the doorway or she would hear them discuss her through closed doors. She was feeling increasingly exhausted, her head had reached a cloudiness that was exasperated by the isolation around her. She felt people retreat, any contact with her body was handled with a brutish care. When her husband and cousins marched through the door, all her limbs were quickly held down with her head held tightly by her ears. Her husband, brandishing a pot filled with milk and a potent mix of herbs, began ladling the liquid into her mouth. The milk that was used was *nús* or beestings, the first milk of a cow or goat after giving birth.¹⁰ *Nús* (possibly a derivative of the Irish word for new: *nua*) is rich in nutrients and was believed to be particularly enjoyed by the fairies due to its distinct taste. For this reason it was believed that by spilling *nús* while milking or pouring it at a fairy fort you could remain within the fairies favour, and avoid any vindictive behaviour.

So much of their quiet rage was built on superstition around women's bodies. *Piseog*, a word meaning superstition was also more specifically a form of "malevolent sympathetic magic"¹¹ A curse could be cast by hiding an organic material

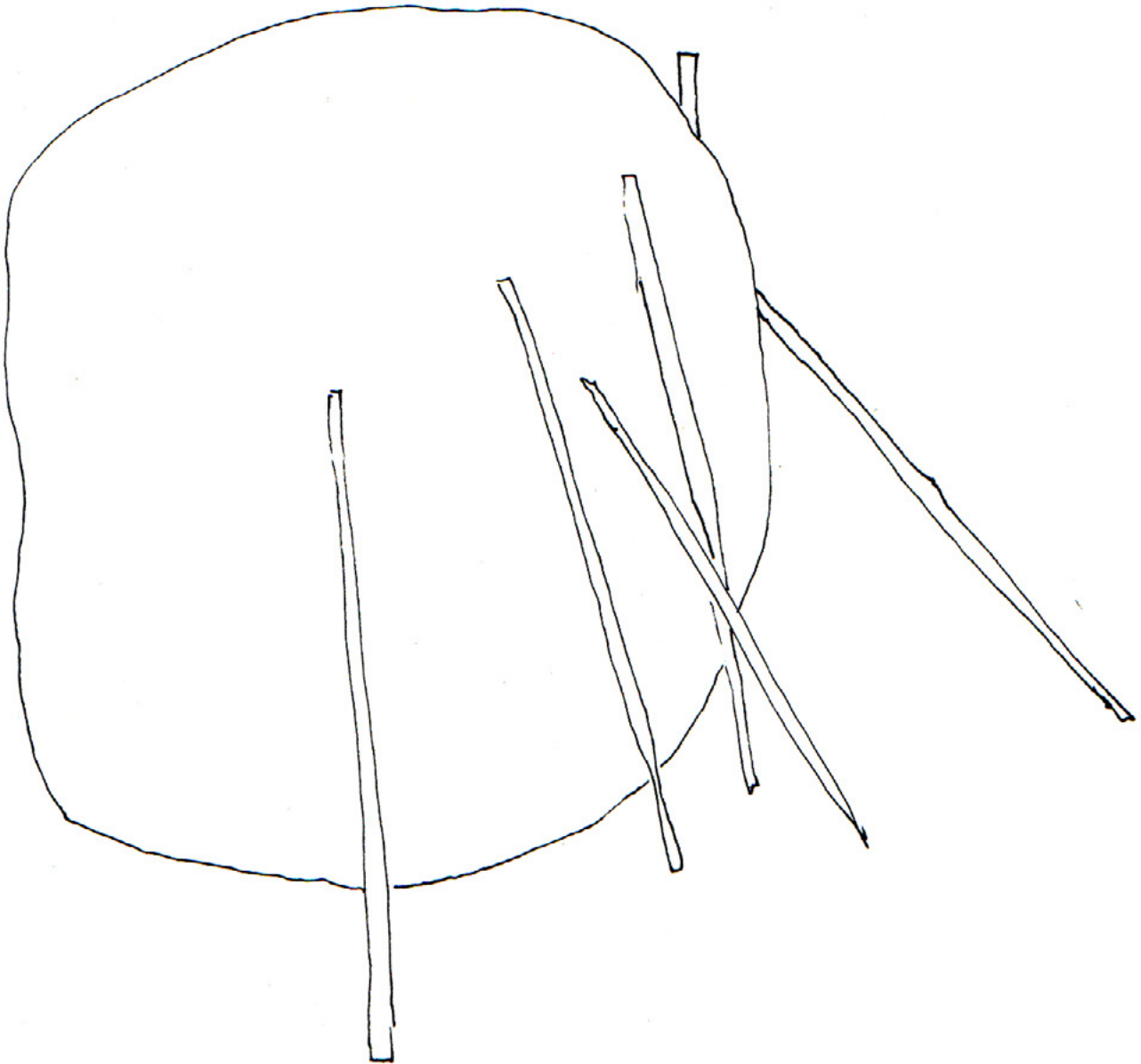
on someone's land who you wanted to bring harm to, it was believed as it decayed so did the person's well-being. This has deeper connotations in wariness around women's bodies with the root of the word *piseog*, *pit* or *pis* being the Irish for vulva.¹² Although never said directly, the mounting 'evidence' of Bridget Cleary being a changeling was allied to their belief that she had neglected her role as a housewife in favour of her own professional success. The discourse around fairies and their effect on everyday life was preoccupied with how a woman can be led astray; such as "away with the fairies" being a euphemism for having an affair. More specifically, not having children was seen as a disruption to not only your own family but also to the wider community, as if keeping the community stunted, which was another characteristic of fairies. The expectation to bear child after child came with a new added weight in late 19th century Ireland. As Cara Delay writes "Rural, Catholic, Gaelic Ireland — increasingly defined as the "real" Ireland — relied on a depiction of women as private and domestic."¹³ And so, the belief that Bridget Cleary was a changeling to these men was true in the sense that Bridget Cleary did not fit into the role

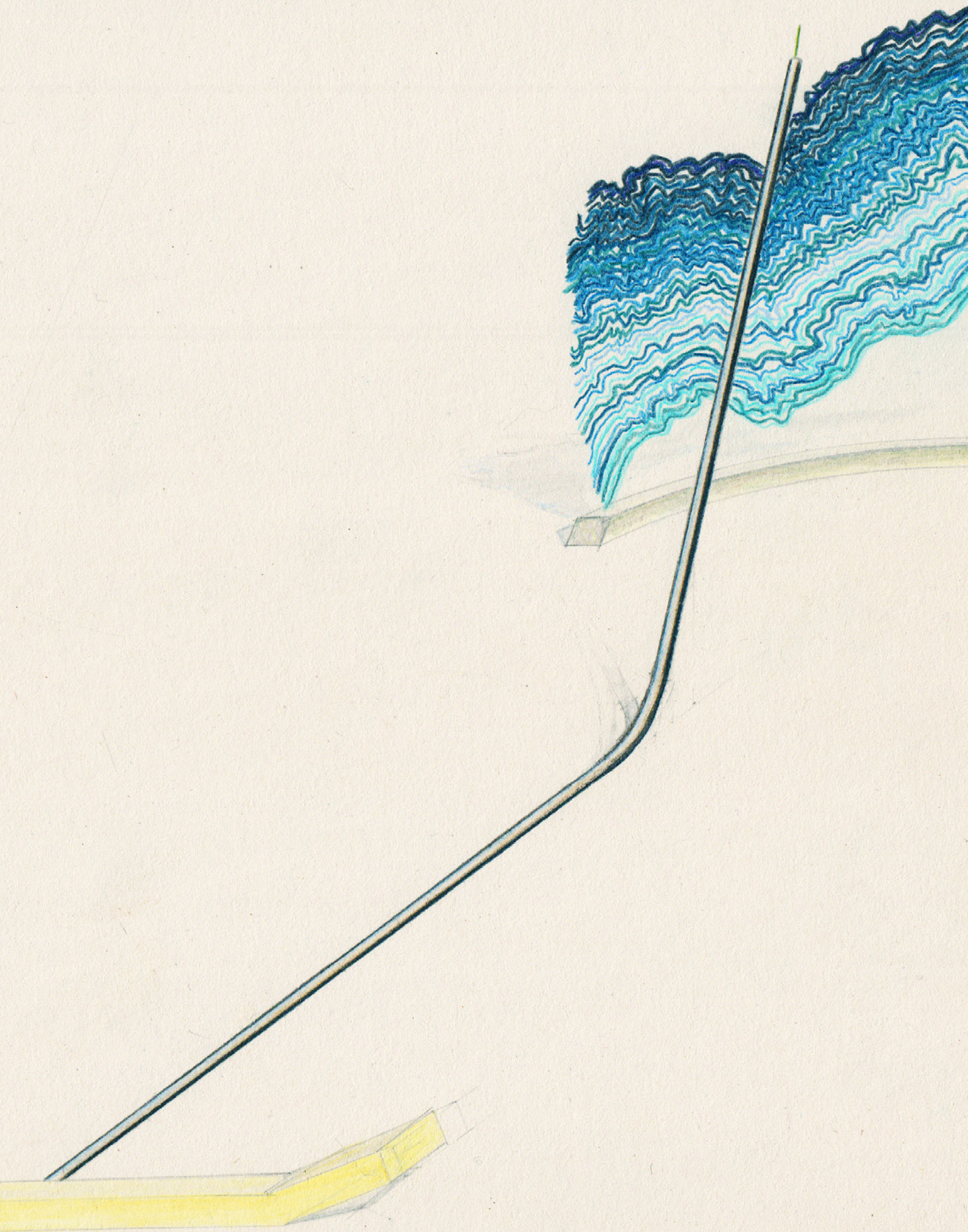
of wife, sister, or daughter, but existed apart from them, for herself. And so domesticity, as Angela Bourke writes, was restored through torture. “If the object of the exercise had been to break the will of a woman who was not conforming to social expectations, then it certainly seemed to have worked.”¹⁴

“Take it, you witch!”¹⁵ was allegedly shouted at Bridget while she suffered the ritualistic force-feeding and abuse. Often interchangeably used with the word ‘bitch’, these words are for naming unwanted women, who do not belong and must find intimacy and community elsewhere. In folklore, this intimacy is prescribed to the witch or other supernatural beings in the form of ‘familiars’, creatures that are gifted by the devil and who act as attendants to them. It was said by the locals that as Michael Cleary buried what he believed were the remains of the fairy who had replaced his wife, that the birds at the rookery near where Bridget Cleary was born took off into the grey sky, the black silhouettes of their nests shaking on the trees leafless branches.¹⁶

1. “Michael then stripped his wife’s clothes off, except her chemise, and got a lighting stick out of the fire. She was lying on the floor, and he held it near her mouth.” Testimony of Johanna Burke, Bridget Cleary’s cousin. Bourke, A. (2006) *The Burning of Bridget Cleary*. Random House: London p. 105
2. Bourke, A. (2006) *The Burning of Bridget Cleary*. Random House: London p. 108
3. Irish for fairies, directly translates to ‘the good people’, alternatives include *aos sí* and *na síoga*
4. Fitzgerald, S. (1995) ‘The Burning of Bridget Cleary: Community on Guard’ in Kockel, U.(ed.) *Landscape, Heritage and Identity: Case Studies in Irish Ethnography*, Liverpool University Press, p. 117-134.
5. Bourke, A. (2006) *The Burning of Bridget Cleary*. Random House: London p. 58
6. Bourke, A. (2006) *The Burning of Bridget Cleary*. Random House: London p. 62
7. McGrath, T. (1982) *Fairy Faith and Changelings: The Burning of Bridget Cleary in 1895*. *An Irish Quarterly Review*, Vol. 71, No. 282 (Summer, 1982), pp. 178-184
8. Cork Examiner, 29 March 1895
9. William Sayers (2005) The Etymology of Queer , *ANQ: A Quarterly Journal of Short Articles, Notes and Reviews*, 18:2, 17-19, DOI: 10.3200/ ANQQ.18.2.17-19
10. Bourke, A. (2006) *The Burning of Bridget Cleary*. Random House: London p. 79
11. Bourke, A. (2006) *The Burning of Bridget Cleary*. Random House: London p. 92
12. Bourke, A. (2006) *The Burning of Bridget Cleary*. Random House: London, p. 92
13. Delay, Cara. “”Uncharitable Tongues”: Women and Abusive Language in Early Twentieth-Century Ireland.” *Feminist Studies* 39, no. 3 (2013): 628-53. Accessed August 22, 2021. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/23719429>.p.629)
14. Bourke, A. (2006) *The Burning of Bridget Cleary*. Random House: London p. 82
15. Bourke, A. (2006) *The Burning of Bridget Cleary*. Random House: London p. 79

16. Fitzgerald, S. (1995) 'The Burning of Bridget Cleary: Community on Guard' in Kockel, U.(ed.) *Landscape, Heritage and Identity: Case Studies in Irish Ethnography*, Liverpool University Press, p. 117-134.





For the Sake of Reality: The Museum of Ancient History, Exhibition Review

Meadhbh McNutt

The only museum in Ireland dedicated to the classical world occupies an unexpectedly practical room in University College Dublin. The Classical Museum was founded in 1911 by Henry Browne, a Jesuit priest and Professor of Greek. In 2017, Pádraic E Moore pitched the idea of a site-responsive exhibition to Dr Jo Day, the museum's curator and assistant professor in Greek Archeology. As *The Museum of Ancient History* came to fruition, pandemic restrictions kept the doors of room K126 sealed shut. Now set to reopen, the exhibition features the work of Dorothy Cross, Michelle Doyle, Aleana Egan, Patrick Hough, Richard Proffitt and Charlotte Weise.

There is no noticeable indication that an exhibition is taking place in K126. Artworks mingle discreetly with antiquities. The first

objects I notice are a computer desk and a bulky sarcophagus. Concrete-block walls and '70s wood panelling give the impression of a classroom. Above the sarcophagus, Charlotte Weise's watercolours are a burst of carnal energy into the void of sexual imagery in the museum's collection. However forward-thinking, Browne was a citizen of late 19th century Catholic Ireland. The notable absence of suggestive nudes speaks to this. Weise's paintings depict the mythical minotaur of Ancient Greece, part-man and part-bull. The creature accosts women in a range of scenes. One scene sees him proudly bearing a pair of large breasts. Unframed and adhered with magnets, the informal presentation of these images adds to my perception of K126 as a space in use.

On the far end of the room, a large table sits alongside a display of colourful school projects. A construction by Aleana Egan titled *Sifting Screens (faded paper)* hangs suspended above the table. Clumps of what appears to be dust have gathered directly underneath the steel mesh. The exhibition text reveals the substance to be cellulose, a fibre used widely in fillers and paper. In other words, manufactured dust. On the

adjacent wall, Egan has framed an article from the peer-reviewed journal, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*. The article documents an excavation of two cists in Wicklow containing human remains, some of which date back to 2340–2120 BC. A shale object was found in one of the cists; in another, disarticulated bones. Egan breaks down the process of historical legitimacy; from the initial archaeological extraction of the artefact to its translation into archival information, and publication in an esteemed journal.

On the floor, between the vitrines, Richard Proffitt has installed a shrine to personal detritus that is both casual and ceremonial. There is a jean-pocket laid out on the floor. Tucked within it, a black and white photograph in half-hidden testimony to something. A note taped to the underside of the vitrine reads, “You’re not dreaming anymore”. Frayed shreds of what could be burnt fabric or seaweed fan outwards from a beer bottle. The decimated clothes suggest either an act of violence, homage or occult experimentation. I read 1960s counterculture into the anti-aesthetic quality of the work, and in the materials: denim, beer bottles, a crescent moon, a feather and a single silver mushroom.

I think of the reinterpretation of ancient civilisation in the 1960s and '70s, an era which in many ways mirrors today's revived and revamped new age spirituality. I think of the deck of tarot cards sitting in my room. The internet is littered with debates on the origin of the cards. Some claim esoteric links to ancient Egypt, the Kabbalah or Indian Tantra, though the most thorough research seems to point to 15th century Italy. I never found this question of origin to be a stumbling block. Maybe my background in art has primed me to seek out aura in a simulacrum, or perhaps it's the haptic encounter that I appreciate.

Patrick Hough's *Object Interviews* plays on loop in the corner. In this three-part series, a range of specialists from different fields – a psychoanalyst, cultural theorist and keeper of Egyptian Artefacts from the British Museum – reflect on the significance of replicas and film props. In Part III, two prop makers that I take to be twins discuss props at length: their cult value and their double existence as both object and representation of another object. The twins' excited chatter sends me laughing audibly into the hushed space of the museum. At one point in the series, a replica is described as a “vessel or medium for our belief”.

There is an interesting parallel here between the replicas and the coins that decorate a pyramid structure in a nearby glass case. These objects carry a belief of a different kind.

As my eye moves toward the top of the pyramid, the coins grow more uniform in design while the bottom displays irregular chunks of silver. Small indications of place, such as the Greek Pegasus, appear throughout. The earliest coins were essentially lumps of scarce material, measured in value by weight. As mercenaries came into existence, so came the need for a legitimate coin that could be recognised in different towns. A fundamental belief remains in the value of scarce materials but the belief is here conceptual, mediated beyond its material basis. Three finches rest like a sacrifice atop the small pyramid.

Dorothy Cross has cast them in bronze in a sculpture titled *Three Finches*. There is something sobering about them, as if marking a transition to a new concept of value in the Anthropocene, based on the scarcity of natural resources.

A photograph by Cross lies in another display case, placed inconspicuously among artefacts. The photograph shows a lineup of Ancient Egyptian

funerary figurines called shabtis. According to the National Trust, the meaning of shabti is still debated but one possible translation is ‘answerer’, “as they were believed to answer their master’s call to work in the afterlife.”¹ Apparently class structure survived death in antiquity, as is also evident in the museum’s large Roman sarcophagus. Jo tells me that the portrait rendered in relief on the front of the sarcophagus is a marker of family status (not like the cheaper, small tombstones that line the walls). Encased along with Cross’s image is an actual shabti, donated to The Classical Museum by a woman who believed the figurine to be the source of paranormal activity. A potentially haunted shabti meets a photographic reproduction of multiple shabtis. You could easily mistake Cross’s image for an educational tool. However unassuming, the aura of the artwork itself is not sublimated. Both the shabti and the artwork offer distinctive cult values which bounce off each other in interesting ways.

Michelle Doyle’s *Fragments of the Obedient City* is another work which deals with the changing tides of value. Plaster casts of fragments relating to Dublin’s tourism and infrastructure invite us to step out of the rush of rapid development for a

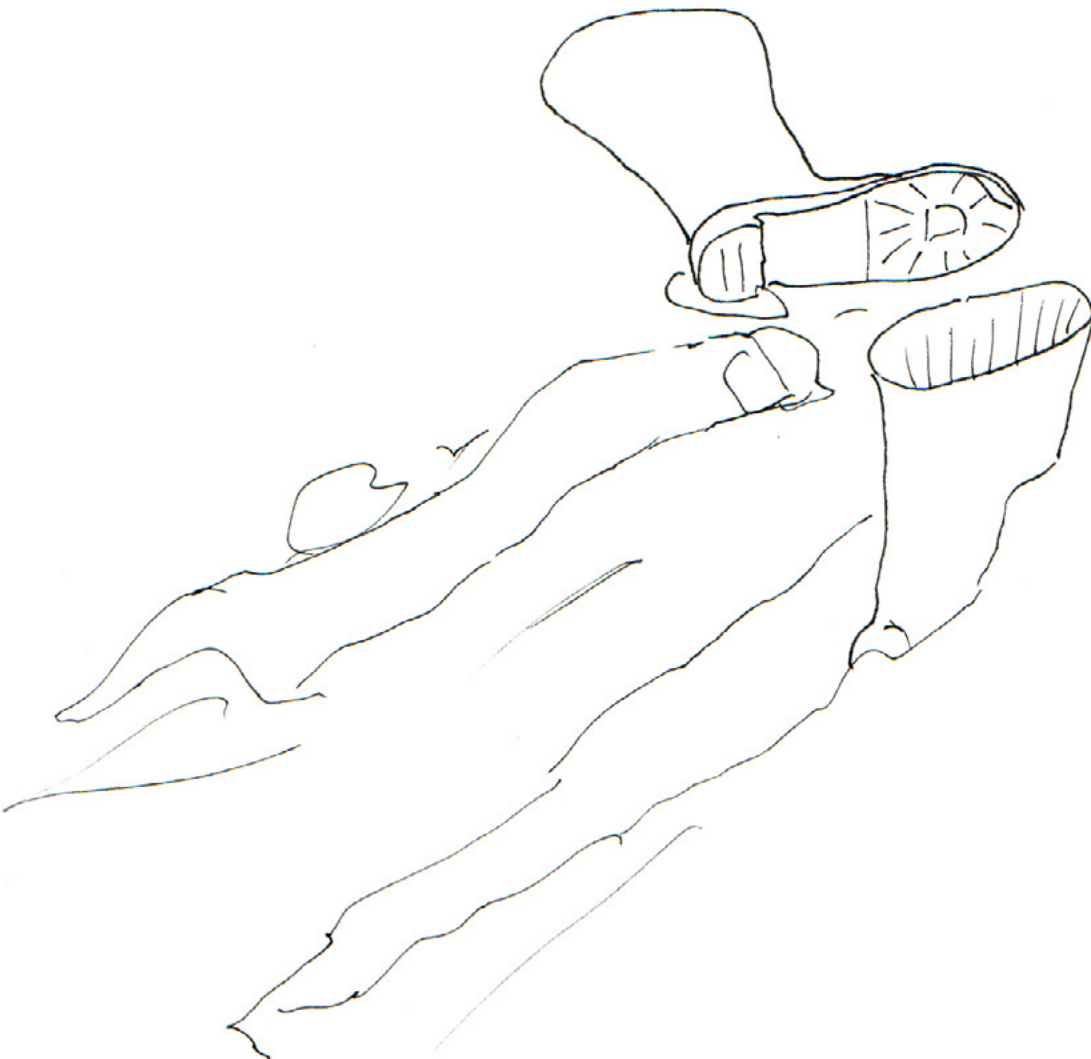
moment, and consider innovation retrospectively. Who does it serve and what does it say about the society in question? The ancient pottery vessels displayed in the opposite vitrine show scenes of an ancient drinking game. Painted figures flick the dregs of their wine at a target in the middle of the room. Kattabos was a popular game among the aristoi of the Greek symposium. Doyle had also planned to serve gorse wine at the opening in a work titled *The Symposium* – a wink at the resilience of certain social customs.

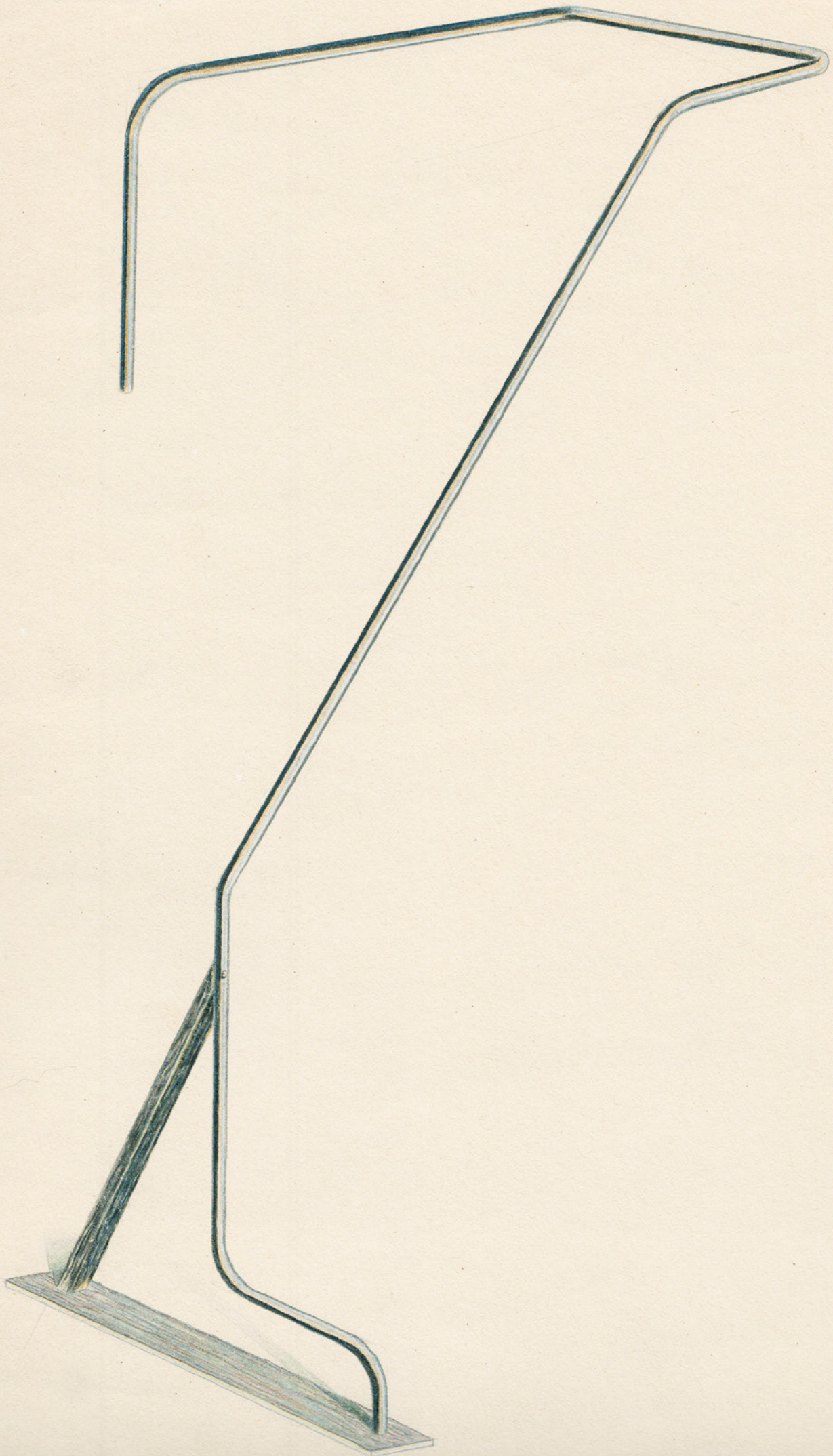
The works featured in *The Museum of Ancient History* probe the criterion for historical value. Through which processes does the stuff of life become a legitimate record? What constitutes failure in these processes? Egan's work plays on a duality of construction and preservation, while Weise's paintings note the influence of social norms on our interpretation of the past. Works from Proffitt, Hough and Cross look at objects as vessels of belief; Doyle brings these considerations into the here and now of a rapidly developing Dublin.

There is a part of me which struggles to fully give into the space. I miss the dramatic sparseness of the gallery. K126 is a place in which I would spend a day, not an hour. I want to pour over every piece of pottery. I don't quite know how to accept the unresolved nature of art in a setting that lends itself to systematic knowledge. Still, this might be the point. There is a reciprocal relationship between disciplines here. The artworks are neither greedy nor overlooked. The accompanying publication too opens a meaty dialogue on the history and fate² of the museum (with an important look at Browne's routes of acquisition) and the ideas explored in the exhibition. I appreciate this approach where, to borrow the words of Lewis Gordon, "disciplines communicate for the sake of reality."³ Gordon reminds us that established knowledge must remain attentive to life as it unfolds. The Museum of Ancient History creates substantial space for this attention, in its effort to account for the unsayable and inadmissible.

The Museum of Ancient History runs from October 4th to December 10th at UCD, Belfield. Please check their website for opening times.

1. Manon Schutz. 'What is a Shabti?'. National Trust in partnership with University of Oxford. Accessed 12 September, 2021. <https://www.nationaltrust.org.uk/features/what-is-a-shabti>
2. As Jo noted in her accompanying text, a recent UNESCO report showed that 10% of global museums are likely to close permanently due to the economic fallout of COVID-19. Museums Around the World in the Face of COVID-19. (May 2020).
3. Icesi University, California, 2010. Accessed 12 September, 2021. https://www.icesi.edu.co/revistas/index.php/trans-pasando_fronteras/article/download/1289/1755?inline=1





The Martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew

Ellena Savage

At the Gemäldegalerie in Berlin, there is a late-medieval altarpiece titled *The Martyrdom of the Apostles* by Stefan Lochner, dated 1435. The artwork is comprised of twelve individual panels depicting in gruesome detail the deaths of each of Jesus' disciples. The panels originally buffeted a larger doom painting titled *The Last Judgement*, which is, according to Wikipedia, unique among doom paintings for introducing to the genre the death angel's "black and flowing clothes". In *The Martyrdom*, James, Judas, Simon, Matthew and Paul are frozen in various states of decapitation. James and Philip are being stoned. Thomas is being skewered with lances; John fried in hot oil; Peter strung upside down; and Andrew strung right-way up. The images are ultraviolent yet I hasten to add they are beautifully rendered in the Late International style. The soft, curved faces depicted are all full of character. The textiles are resplendent. As I studied the work, I was curious

as to what informed the figures' costumes. Were these outfits fashionable in 1430s Cologne? Or was Lochner referencing images conjured up from soldier's stories of the Holy Lands during the Crusades a couple of centuries earlier?

Thank you for allowing me to flatter myself by suggesting I care more about the historical facts of the artwork rather than its macabre contents. In fact, I was engrossed by the blood and gore of this artwork, how the cartoonish violence both offers a bridge between epochs (my favourite show is *True Blood*), while alienating me from history (it is impossible for me to ever fully know what this artwork meant to the audience it was painted for in its time). I was most engrossed by the panel depicting Saint Bartholomew, who is tied to a bench while soldiers cut and peel the skin off his shoulder and thigh. Later, I found out that Saint Bartholomew is the patron saint of tanners, a fact that endears me to the Christians. One of them, at least, was funny. Or so serious as to have crossed over into a form of camp usually occupied by twentieth century gays. ("Homosexuals," wrote Susan Sontag, "have pinned their integration into society on promoting the aesthetic sense. Camp is a solvent of morality. It neutralizes moral

indignation, sponsors playfulness.”)

Camp. That is perhaps the sensibility that Medieval religious artwork conveys to the contemporary viewer. The sense being, *Yes, I'm serious; Am I?* This sense, when applied to history, causes the imaginary bridge between epochs to crumble.

“In naïve, or pure, Camp,” wrote Sontag, “the essential element is seriousness, a seriousness that fails. Of course, not all seriousness that fails can be redeemed as Camp. Only that which has the proper mixture of the exaggerated, the fantastic, the passionate, and the naïve.”

I am aware that quoting Sontag in a digressive essay, such as I am—and not even obscure Sontag!—is this the height of one form of camp. The form of camp that is seriously citing an over-cited essay from 1964. Yet here we are, here I am, looking at an exquisite and brutal Medieval panel, quoting Susan Sontag, who was the campest of them all.

“I almost came a cropper when I confessed I had never listened to Janáček’s *The Excursions of Mr Broucek*. [Sontag] gave me a surprised look,

then explained, somewhat loftily, that I owed it to myself, as a ‘cultivated person’, to become acquainted with it. (‘I adore Janáček’s sound world.’)”

—Terry Castle

I say Sontag is the campest of them all because it’s unclear whether she knew it: that all her moral seriousness, all that excoriating devotion to cultivation—it all betrayed a garish innocence, the innocence of the lonely child standing outside her mother’s closed door. “Everything that came later,” said a lover after Sontag’s death, “is sort of a killing of that child that she was.”

Another reason I am thinking of camp re: medieval religious art is that it looks all a bit *wrong*, spatially, logically, but it’s content with itself nonetheless. It doesn’t see the humour in its wrongness. I mean, how could it?

The point-of-view in this Late Medieval Period is alien to the modern eye. It gestures towards the principles of perspective but doesn’t quite *do* it, so the figures appear layered on top of one another, and there’s no real vanishing point. Another thing is that the men have baby faces and the babies

have tiny men's bodies. The internet loves this fact in the way the internet knows how—with a collective snicker. This posture, the self-satisfied posture of the internet, is a defence against camp: it thwarts seriousness before it can make a fool of itself. (Itself another form of garish vulnerability, another kind of child, the class clown on the bus ride home, staring out the window.)

Until about the twelfth century, art “did not know childhood or attempt to portray it,” says Philippe Ariès. Hence the little men's bodies. Children were not ideologically differentiated from adults and needed no separate field of representation. The Ariès study, *Centuries of Childhood*, makes the convincing point that while the dominant reading of the Enlightenment remains, the idea that it liberated individuals from the violent yoke of collectivism, sorcery, and axiomatic thinking, in fact, what it produced—the bourgeois nuclear family—is just another superstitious, collectivist, and violent social form. Whose family does not operate according to its own insane logic; its own language, part magic, part tradition; its own rigid demand for conformity within its walls?

I had wanted to stay in the room with *The*

Martyrdom of the Apostles longer, but we'd been promised a Caravaggio, hiding somewhere deeper in the bowels of the gallery. The Caravaggio, when we found it, turned out not to be one of the high-drama Caravaggios, and I was disappointed. Instead of a severed head, or a Jesus Christ being manhandled by a brute, it was a beautiful naked boy with angel wings and arrows, smiling intimately. Its title was *Love Wins Over Everything* and looking at it felt inappropriate. The boy, thirteen or fourteen, looked too young to understand sex, so why was he looking at the artist, at me, like that? How could I forget that when I was that age, all I thought about was sex, touch, love—experiences I had no way of knowing, but knew perfectly well all the same. Still, while knowing that a Caravaggio is no small thing—how many more will I see before I die?—I wanted to go back and look at the ghastly execution panel, *The Martyrdom*.

“How many more times will you remember a certain afternoon of your childhood, some afternoon that's so deeply a part of your being that you can't even conceive of your life without it? Perhaps four or five times more. Perhaps not even that. How many more times will you watch

the full moon rise? Perhaps twenty. And yet it all seems limitless.”

My companions, Tim and Dominic, did not want to go back to the medieval artwork, and I understood why. My own patience for late-medieval religious artwork usually wears thin quickly. Like the interminable rows of vases in any archaeological museum, a person can only look at so many stylistically uniform Enunciations, Passions, and Ascensions in one afternoon. Who would want to examine all the torturous methods of murder the late medievals were most frightened by and drawn to?

This artwork, though, *The Martyrdom*, is different somehow. It’s speculative, as the fates of the apostles are mostly not mentioned in the Bible, and today not much is known about them in general. Little is known about Saint Bartholomew, says my Penguin *Dictionary of Saints*. He may be the person of Nathanael in the Gospels, ‘an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile,’ the one who meets a resurrected Jesus on the beach and fails to recognise him, again.

I mean, *what?* Something my vague and brief

religious education never fully explained, is, does religious history hold that someone like Saint Bartholomew was a person of historical record, or is he a myth? And if he was a person to whom there is a flesh and blood referent, does it follow that he really ate barbequed fish with the resurrected but unrecognisable Son of God? Religion is the place where myth and materiality meet. *Real but not true* is what Andrea Dworkin once said about gender, in that it was felt, gender was lived, the male-female binary had profound consequences; but it also had no true basis, biological or other. *Real but not true* is a good definition of ideology, which is a collectively-held fantasy. Like myth. Myth—ideology—remains in the cultural imagination so long as it serves the social organism. *You don't solve your problems, you outgrow them*, said Carl Jung. The study of religion is where modernity trips and fails. The typologies and cauterisations of the modern humanities quickly lose their rigour.

One of the stories (myths?) goes that, after the Ascension, the disciple Bartholomew went on a mission and converted the King of Armenia. In retaliation, the Armenians skinned him alive. This is the scene that the Lochner painting depicts.

Nobody wants to see a flaying depicted. Skin! Protector of nerves, container of blood, sheath of the foulness inside! Yet, the violence depicted in Lochner's altarpiece seems somehow impersonal, and fascinating. It seems personal to me, too. Sontag said once she found it "difficult to look at Titian's great painting of the flaying of Marsyas, or, indeed, at any picture of this subject." Oddly, though I don't like to look at blood, or depictions of sexual violence, I can look at flaying, no problem. Perhaps the scars on my wrist bond me to the subject. It helps that I can't recognise the artwork as in any way referential or real. But it's not just the formal distance that permits me to look without complicity. It's that religious violence is always nodding towards symbols, myths, and archetypes. It metaphorises the slave morality, which argues that suffering has a moral dimension. Christian representations of martyrdom, in particular, stand in for both the unbearable suffering of the ultra-committed, the truly good; and for the oppressor within, the sinner, the baddie of the soul, whose violence must be purged. I understand the ultimate conflict of Christian humanism: that we are at once torturer and tortured. That sometimes we torture

ourselves to make sense of the contradiction.

“At the bottom of the heart of every human being, from earliest infancy until the tomb, there is something that goes on indomitably expecting, in the teeth of all experience of crimes committed, suffered, and witnessed, that good and not evil will be done to him. It is this above all that is sacred in every human being.”

— Simone Weil, ‘Human Personality’

In general, I have trouble with Weil, who seems to me a martyr; her sanctimony, the need I have to murder the miserly little saint in me that she represents. But she is not wrong in her essay ‘Human Personality’, at least not about the essential *impersonality* of every human being. The longer we spend occupying time, the less we seem to resemble ourselves, or our ideas of ourselves, as unique, complex, remarkable. We become more like statistics building evidence for an argument about the nature of human beings: fairly vulnerable; appalled when harm visits us; given to self-flattery in the form of conflating the sacred in us with the martyr.

Martyrdom is, after all, a platitude to give

meaning to unthinking chaos and cruelty. It brings to mind the Joan Didion quote often misquoted at earnest gatherings of amateur writers: “We tell ourselves stories in order to live,” they say, and nod solemnly, as though Didion didn’t follow it up with “We interpret what we see, select the most workable of the multiple choices,” which might as well be “...because we are self-absorbed fantasists who won’t grow up and face reality.” A martyr is a person who keeps at it, knowing the risks, apparently, who meets their death with grace. A narrative that offers victims of horror a sense of agency they in fact lack.

Another reading of martyrdom is the other sacred, the other essential, impersonal thing of every human: that the martyr needs to be martyred to fulfil her role in the cosmos. Someone has to kill her, and that someone might as well be me. The essential, impersonal thing is that we all, humans, on some level, desire the petty win, we want to hear the martyr, the perfect person, just admit that they were full of it; that their generosity was a form of control; their beauty a form of bullying; their morality a smokescreen for outrageous ambition. Give up your God and confess: *You were*

just like everyone else.

Martyrs are unbearable. No wonder they were flayed.

Not that I advocate flaying; the cruellest of cruelties. In the panel, Bartholomew lays prone, head turned to look at his flayers—is that curiosity on his face? Grace?—who are concentrated on the exacting work of peeling off his skin. On the one hand, I believe that the narrative of progress around violence being in decline is, as Max Weber argued, really a narrative about the gradual monopolisation of violence by the state; and I agree with Foucault that the intensity of such spectacles of extreme violence are not over, but have been assimilated into the rigours of disciplinary society. On the other hand, not even the worst modern death cults actually flay their enemies these days, and this encourages me to believe that flaying's distinct horror is a relic of the past.

Its distinct horror: the pain, of course, the duration, the consciousness of every nerve exposed over the days it could take for sepsis to take over. But also the unrecognisability of

the body without its skin; what becomes of a flayed person, while the person is still able to comprehend it: a vulnerable, quivering thing. Sometimes flayers would throw the strips of skin into the fire while the victim watched on.

Very clearly, flaying is the making of a non-person; the unmaking of an individual. The horror: that despite the precious specificity of life, the voice, the desire, the sacrifices—all traces of individuality that are coded on the skin—there it is. A nervous system; blood; fat deposits; just the workings of a complex living-dying organism.

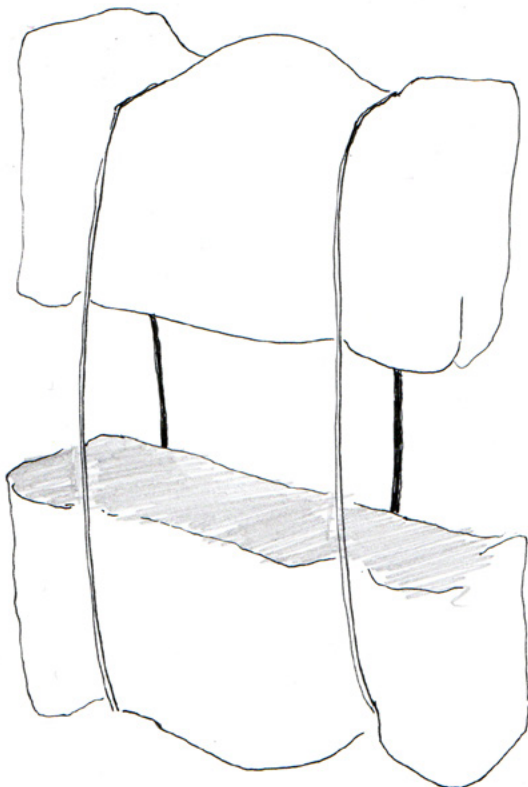
Over the course of several months when I was thirteen, I cut ten lines into the skin on my left wrist with a kitchen knife. Each cut was deeper than the last, the scars of which I still cover in polite company. I've heard cutters deride the melodrama of their former selves, *I just wanted to be special*; I've also heard cutters bestow on their cutting a kind of meaning-making that seems to me defensive.

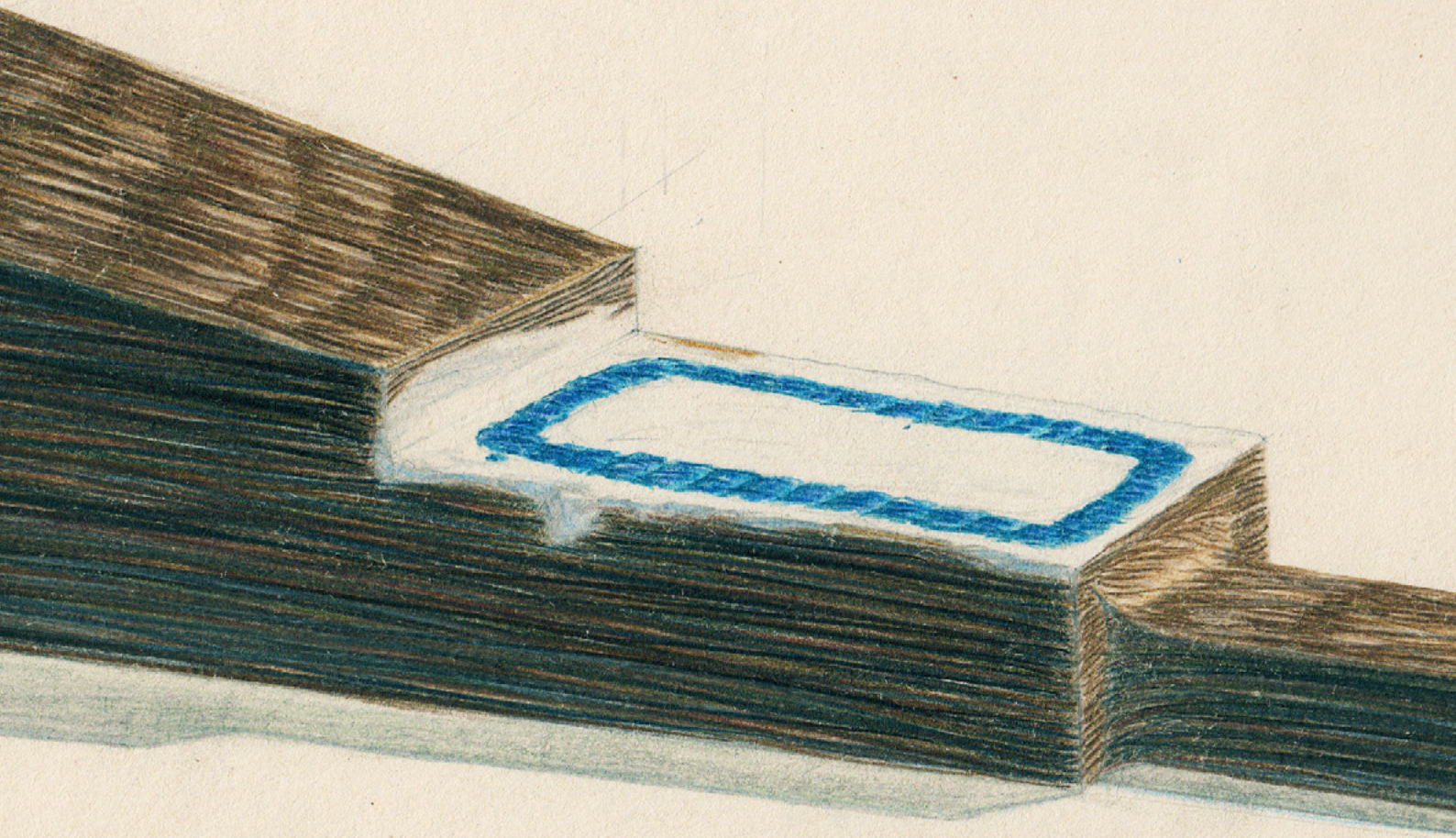
As a character, I'm not all that given to violence, so when what I needed—recognition that I was heading into my delinquent years, the years where

teenage girls literalise the pain of becoming at once totally unique, and yet totally flattened by the generality of the symbol of the ‘young girl’—I stopped hurting myself. I was starting to recognise that despite my religiously-inspired earnestness, I couldn’t not be bad. That I was capable of murder, if only the murder of myself and my childhood and my future. The only true thing I can say about it is that I was, and remain, astounded by how easy it was to penetrate my own skin. Skin bears the traces of life, identity, and contingency to time.

I’m too proud to deride my former self, but too cautious to impose a very deep meaning, either. I *did* want to be special, and likewise I *am* sure the cuts were an expression of something true. A truth? That the skin is the site of our identity, our specialness, and our particular connections; and that beneath it lies our impersonality. What is sacred to every human is so completely impersonal we might as well be anyone else.

1. Sontag, S. Notes on Camp. (1964) New York. The Partisan Review.
2. Sontag, S. Notes on Camp. (1964) New York. The Partisan Review.
3. Castle, T. Desperately Seeking Susan. London Review of Books. Vol. 27 No. 6, 17 March 2005
4. Moser, B. (2019). Sontag: Her Life. United Kingdom: Penguin Books Limited.
5. Ariès, P. (1962). Centuries of Childhood; a Social History of Family Life. New York. Knopf.
6. Bowles, P. (1949) The Sheltering Sky. London. John Lehmann.
7. Dworkin, A. (1982) Our Blood: Prophecies and Discourses on Sexual Politics, London, The Women's Press
8. Jung, C. (2008) Psychology and the East, London, Routledge.
9. Sontag, S. (2004). Regarding the pain of others. Penguin Books.
10. Weil, S., Hathaway, R., & Weil, S. (1981). Two moral essays: Draft for a statement of human obligations, and, Human personality. Wallingford, Pa. Pendle Hill Publications.
11. Didion, J., (1979) The White Album, Newburyport. Open Road Media.





The Piracy of Myth and the Seas of Discourse

William Puckett

“The advantage of good scholarship is that it presents us with evidence which is an invitation to the critical faculty of the reader: it bestows a method, rather than a judgement.”¹

The piece you are about to read is both a narrative about *mythic* writing and *mythic* thinking, but too, it is a *myth* in itself. It is a story told that acts as a threshold to the world around us. It is a map to a buried treasure – a visual artefact composed of the remains of many *myths* – an interrogation of academic writing and the potential enterprises of new frontiers that come from crossing boundaries. It is a way forward within the tumultuous seas of discourse that are divided by the Gods and Monsters of disciplinary specificity. However, this is not a tale of ancient Gods and Monsters, but rather, a tale of pirates and farmers, of poets and critics. So, Avast ye hearties, and hear this sailors song, but listen closely, for this tale is spun, by the stolen words of

a pirate's tongue.

Now, it has been said in the *mythical* world of academic writing, that “there are pirates and there are farmers. Farmers build fences and control territory. Pirates tear down fences and cross borders”². That the pirate speaks to poetry and the writing of new *myths*, while the farmer speaks to criticism and the limiting of *myth* to an ideal of *truth* and the disciplinary specificity of their own [farmer] institutions. But this too is a *myth*, for many of the most ambitious pirates have been critics, and more, many of the most enterprising farmers have certainly been pirates. So, reader be warned, for this is neither a claim to poetry nor a claim to criticism, rather, it is a marauding masquerade – the words of a pirate critic who may also be a poetic farmer – for many a contradiction abounds upon the open sea of discourse – but this is my *myth* to tell, “and what’s to be they say will be”³

So what is *myth* then for the pirate and the farmer, for the poet and the critic, but a way of engaging with and interpreting the world – it is an action that gives meaning – not simply right or wrong, poetic or critical – but plural. Lest

we forget, what a famous old pirate whom once killed an author to save his own voice tells us about *myth* – that first and foremost it is “a type of speech”⁴. It “is a form of language”⁵, a shared act, never “an object, a concept, or an idea”⁶. Meaning, *myth* (or *myth* and *meaning*) has “a type of social usage”⁷ – and “it is a fact that the myths of our several cultures work upon us whether consciously or unconsciously”⁸. *Myth* for the pirate and the farmer, for the poet and the critic is “a comparison, in which two things are measured by each other”⁹, and it “may not always be an act of judging, but it is always an act of deciding”¹⁰.

Consequently, the *myths* we tell, different as they may be, are all a way of living in and understanding this world – what remains is a choice based on relations, but the relationships between pirates and farmers, between poets and critics are not always what they seem, for each is influenced by one and the other, and none can any exist without their bundle. Consequently, this *myth* about pirates and farmers, about poets and critics, is a *myth* about influence and relationships. For “no poet, no artist of any art” [has their] complete meaning alone,”¹¹ and “each telling of a myth [...] has its own previous life-history that

it brings into the story”¹² – as the farmer is not lost in the *myth* of the pirate, nor is the poet lost in the *myth* of the critic.

But the pirate and the farmer’s *myth* “is not a co-existence of meanings but a passage”¹³ – it is relational. Which is why “a myth can only be translated by another myth, never by a scientific formula”¹⁴.

So as this tale comes to a close, it should be remembered that, “immature poets imitate, mature poets steal”, and while the world needs pirates and farmers, poets and critics, it is the pirates theft and the poets “gift for combining, for fusing into a single phrase, two or more diverse impressions”¹⁵ that welds their “theft into a whole of feeling which is unique, utterly different from that from which it was torn”¹⁶.

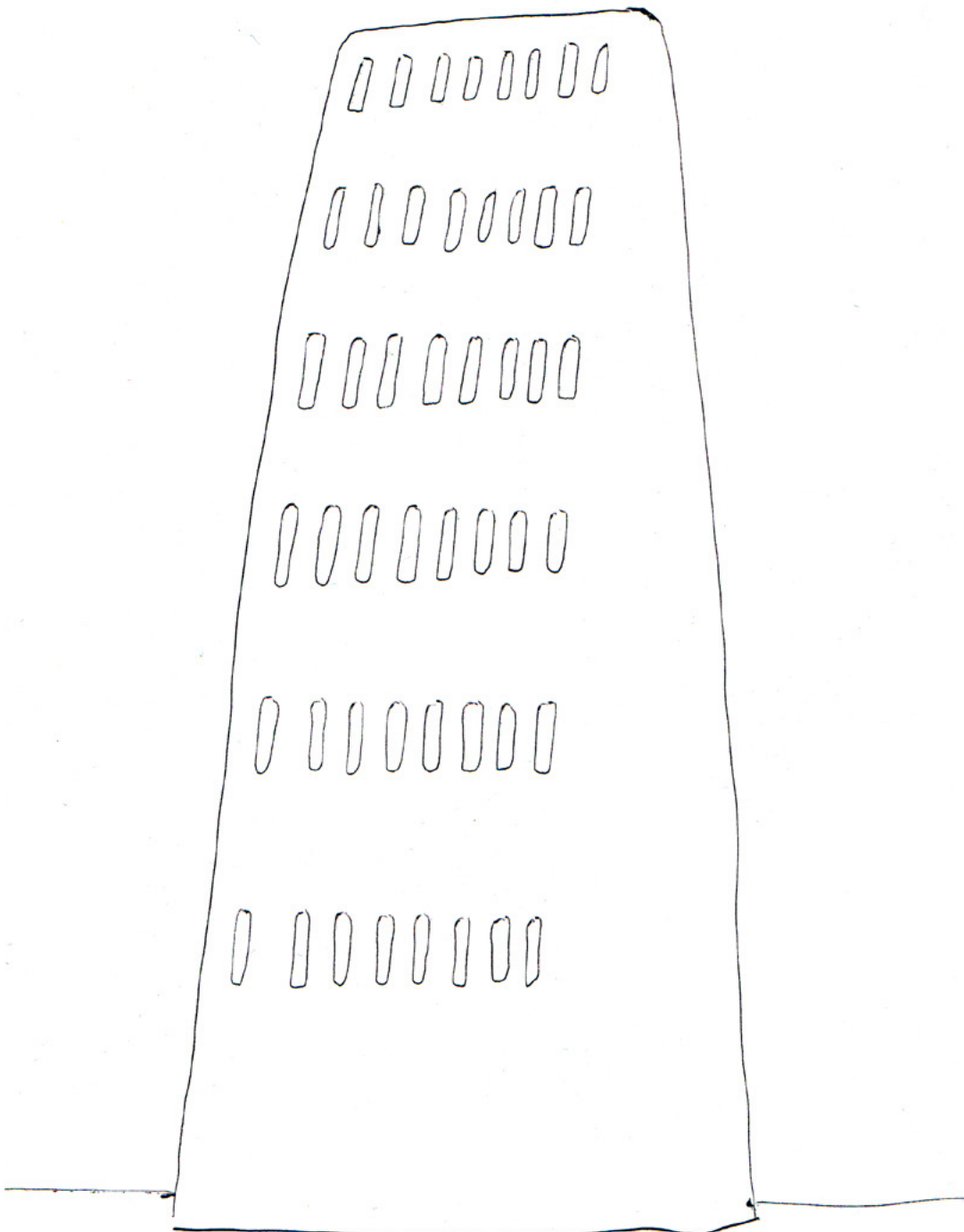
Though this *myth* speaks to relations and influence, and pirates could not exist without farmers, nor poets without critics, it should not be lost that the farmer and the critic’s *myth* speak to something that has already been said, while the pirate and the poet write new stories, torn and rearranged into the *myth* of their own choosing.

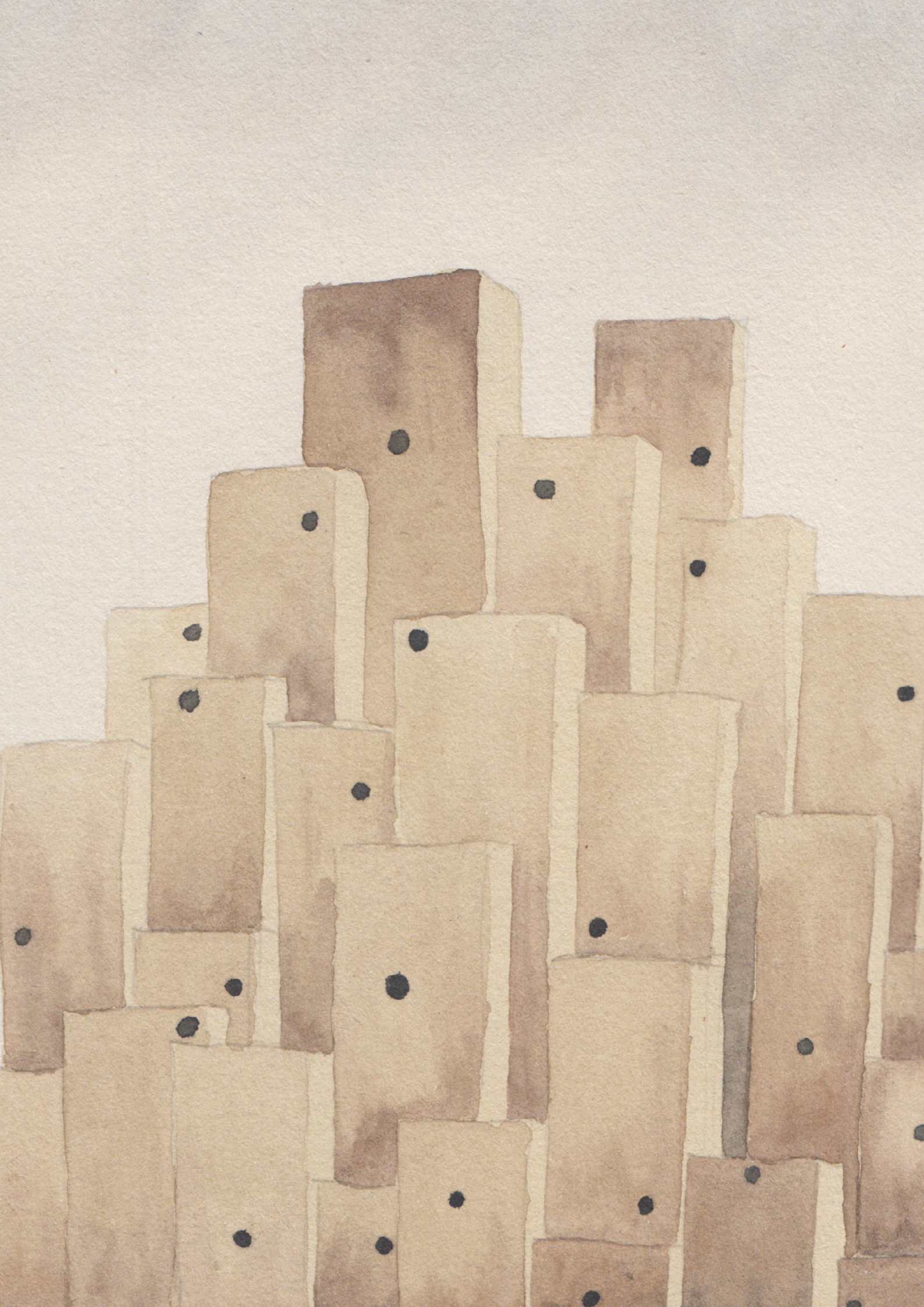
But then again, this too, is a *myth*.

So “drink up me ‘earties’”¹⁷ and sing with glee, Yo Ho, Yo Ho, A pirate’s life for me”¹⁸.

1. Eliot, T. (1920) *The Sacred Wood: Essays on Poetry and Criticism*. p. 58.
2. Hickey, D. (2013) *Pirates and Farmers Essays on the Frontiers of Art*. London, Ridinghouse: p. 17.
3. Page, J; Plant, R. (1969) *What Is and What Should Never Be*. Led Zeppelin II, Atlantic.
4. Barthes. (2009) *Mythologies*. London, Vintage: p 131.
5. Lévi-Strauss, C. & Dongier, W, (1995). *Myth and Meaning*. New York, Schocken Books: p. viii.
6. Barthes, R. (2009) *Mythologies*. London, Vintage: p. 131.
7. Barthes, R. (2009) *Mythologies*. London, Vintage: p. 132.
8. Campbell, J. (1977) *The Masks of God: Primitive Mythology*. Middlesex, Penguin: p. 4.
9. Eliot, (1982) “Tradition and the Individual Talent”. *Perspecta*, Vol 19, 38.
10. Bloom. (1975) *A Map Of Misreading*. New York, Oxford University Press: p. 3.
11. Eliot, (1982) “Tradition and the Individual Talent”. *Perspecta*, Vol 19: 37.
12. Lévi-Strauss, C. & Dongier, W, (1995). *Myth and Meaning*. New York, Schocken Books: p. ix.
13. Barthes, R. & Heath, S. (1977). *Image-Music-Text*. New York. Hill and Wang: pp. 159, 160.
14. Lévi-Strauss. C. & Dongier, W, (1995). *Myth and Meaning*. New York, Schocken Books: p. x.

15. Eliot, (1920) *The Sacred Wood: Essays on Poetry and Criticism*. London, Methune: p. 61.
16. Eliot, (1920) *The Sacred Wood: Essays on Poetry and Criticism*. London, Methune: p. 59.
17. Bruns, G. Atencio, X. (1967) *Yo Ho (A Pirate's Life for Me)*. Atencio. California, Walt Disney.
18. Bruns, G. Atencio, X. (1967) *Yo Ho (A Pirate's Life for Me)*. Atencio. California, Walt Disney.





Artwork: Joe Scullion

Cover

Untitled no.38: 32 x 28 cm, watercolour on paper

Page 02

Untitled no.22: 19 x 13 cm, pen on paper

Page 03

Untitled no.17: 19 x 13 cm, pen on paper

Page 04

Untitled no.49: 24 x 18 cm, colour pencil on paper

Page 05

Untitled no.32: 21 x 15 cm, pen on paper

Page 06

Untitled no.11: 19 x 13 cm, pen on paper

Page 07

Untitled no.30: 21 x 15 cm, pen on paper

Page 08

Untitled no.35: 32 x 23 cm, colour pencil & watercolour on paper

Page 11

Untitled no.10: 19 x 13 cm, pen on paper

Page 12

Untitled no.39: 30 x 24 cm, watercolor on paper

Page 22

Untitled no.23: 19 x 13 cm, pen on paper

Page 23

Untitled no.43: 25 x 18 cm, colour pencil on paper

Page 33

Untitled no.13: 19 x 13 cm, pen on paper

Page 34

Untitled no.37: 32 x 28 cm, colour pencil on paper

Page 43

Untitled no.14: 19 x 13 cm, pen on paper

Page 44

Untitled no.41: 30 x 26 cm, colour pencil on paper

Page 59

Untitled no.20: 19 x 13 cm, pen on paper

Page 60

Untitled no.42: 24 x 32 cm, colour pencil on paper

Page 66

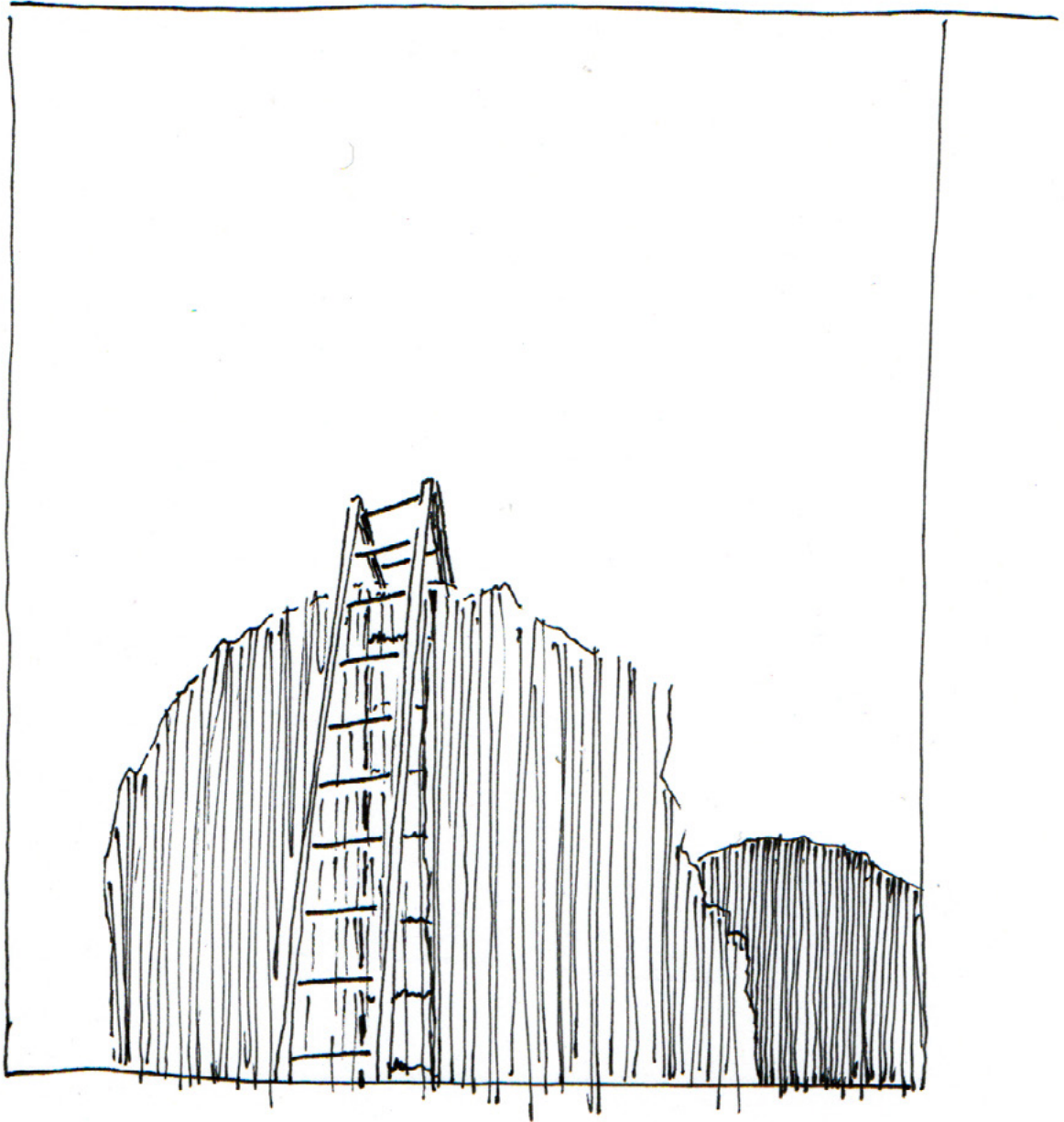
Untitled no.31: 21 x 15 cm, pen on paper

Page 67

Untitled no.46: 20 x 15 cm, watercolour on paper

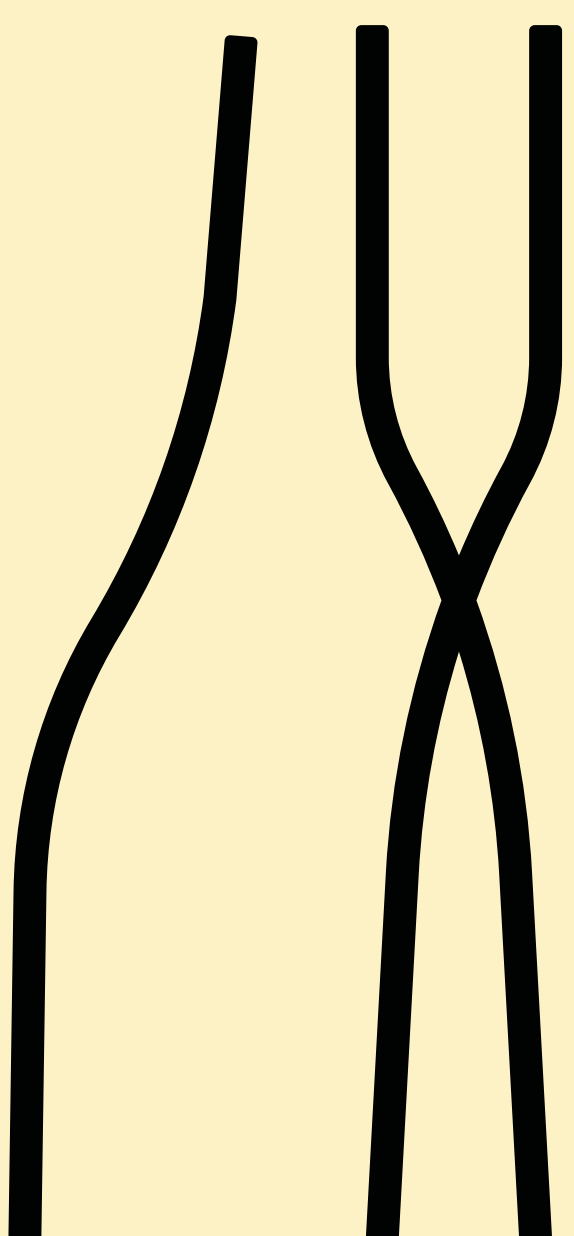
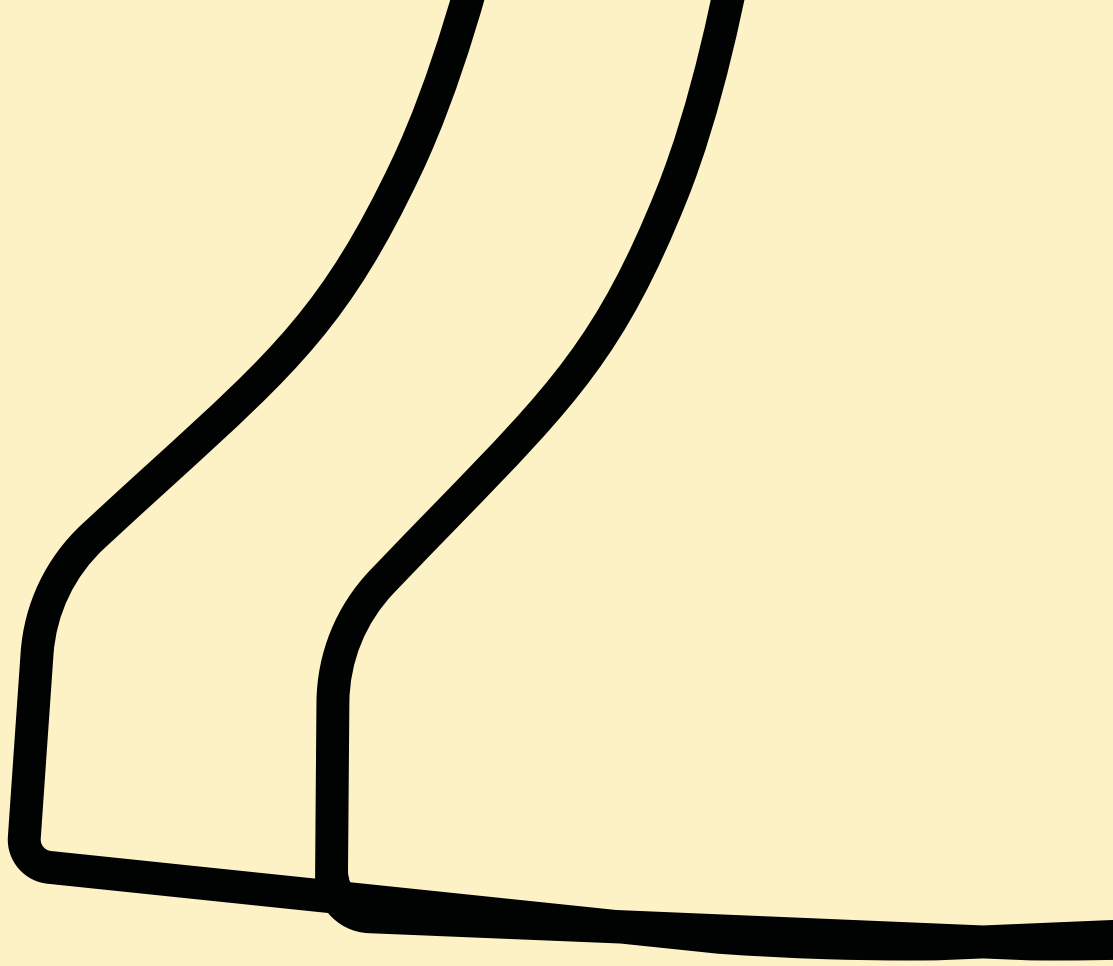
Page 69

Untitled no.5: 19 x 13 cm, pen on paper



www.mirrorlamppress.com
info@mirrorlamppress.com

© 2021



No.3 Myth