





To Lucy & Noah

who gave me two new words

scary & naughty







TERESA GILLESPIE

o

ALAN PHELAN

o

BREDA LYNCH

o

ALAN BUTLER

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CONOR MARY FOY

o

FAIRBARN & BLACK

# THE REST IS MEMORY

I have always been drawn to subcultures. I remember being at an outdoor concert in my home village when I was around 10. I don't remember the music or if I liked it. I don't remember if my parents, brother or sisters were there. All I remember is everything going silent in my head at the sight of this group of deathly pale kids dressed in black huddling together on the grass, displaying an alternative to the herd of wellies and farmer tans that I knew.

Ever since then I have *allowed* myself to be seduced by subcultures. I skateboarded for 10 years, relishing in its visual and verbal choreography. I decided to become an artist thinking art was the subculture of all subcultures.

I came to psychoanalysis in much the same way as art and skateboarding. In its jokey popularisation in cinema and television psychoanalysis is a parody of itself. But everything I read in art college had a sediment of Freud even though he wasn't always acknowledged. It was like it was okay to reference Lacan and Žižek, but Freud, no, no. Freud was only fit for cameos in Star Trek and The Simpsons (no bad thing when I say that out loud).

Then I read the late Mike Kelley discussing Freud openly as an influence in his art and I started to think that what was being prescribed as being legitimate footnotes for art was a case of lemming leading lemming, institution following institution.

It's a big personal claim but psychoanalysis has always helped me to question the status quo, outside and in. Psychoanalysis clings to other subjects – positively or negatively – like a symptom; it corrupts and challenges interpretation and insight; it seduces with its imagistic and linguistic base; it sees pathology in everything and anything. Art is invariably perverse and base through the psychoanalytic lens, but also, I have found, fundamentally human.

So I invited a group of artists whom I respect and felt would be open to share what's under the mask or bonnet of their art in a confessional and critical framework called Deep-Seated.<sup>[1]</sup>



It took a year to tease these artists out. The motivation to talk with them in this psychoanalytical framework came from a personal frustration with the dry, academic, self-preservational, institutionally cradled discourse around art. I wasn't being seduced anymore. Art was over-protected by the institutions that were both saving and suffocating it. I wanted to know what deep-seated desires and instincts lay behind this legitimising discourse. I wanted to create a context wherein artists would feel at ease to talk about their desires and instincts, fears and flirtations with the world without footnotes. I wanted to be seduced by artists and art once again. I wanted to propose an alternative art scene; or at the very least imagine an art scene within the existing art scene that was its inverse, critically and sensually.

The rest is memory. No recordings were made of the 3 events just memories that will adapt in their re-descriptions by those who attended. For me, Deep-Seated was a chance to become part of that gothic pride in the grass that I witnessed from afar when I was 10.

If the psychoanalytic context is a space where latent becomes manifest, then this book is the inverse, where manifest inevitably returns to latency. It is my hope that artists will be inspired by the latency expressed and expelled in this book, especially in terms of what Alan Phelan describes as "pleasures and possibilities".

*Towards a subculture of art.*

[James Merrigan, February 2017]



[1] Deep-Seated artists were: Alan Butler, Conor Mary Foy, Teresa Gillespie, Breda Lynch, Ian Black, Vicky Langan, Alan Phelan.

Deep-Seated was split into two public events and one private get-together:

Deep-Seated #1: orgy of scary, hosted by Ormston House, Limerick, on 1 April, 6pm.

Deep-Seated #2: orgy of naughty, hosted by Crawford College of Art, Cork. on 14 April, 6pm.

Deep-Seated #3: orgy of shame, hosted by Temple Bar Gallery & Studios, Dublin, 7 July, 6pm.

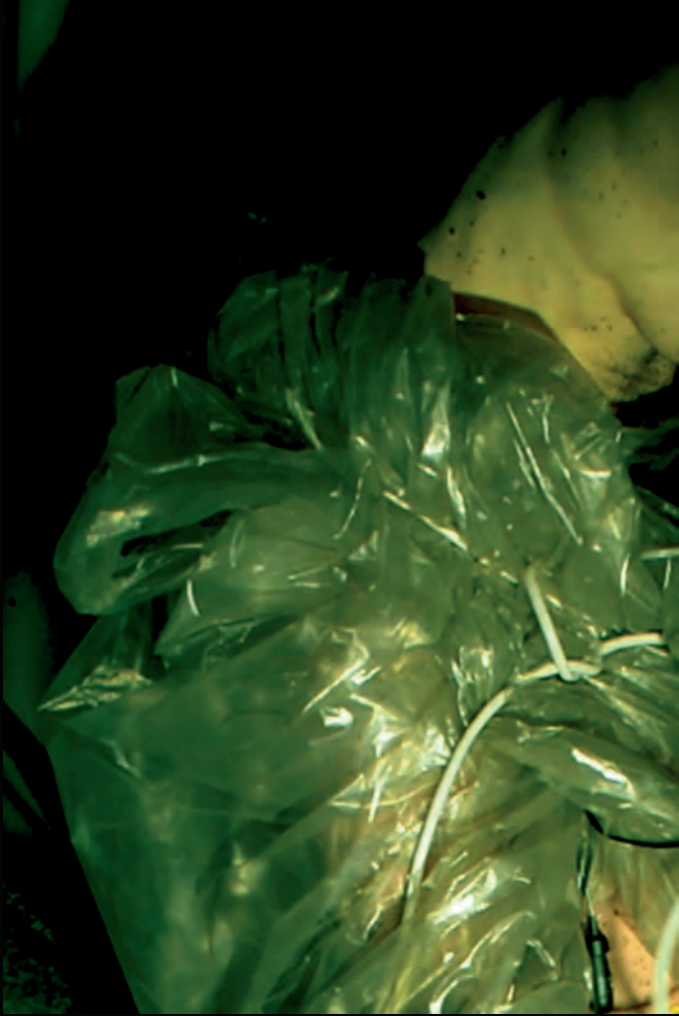


TRAPPINGS OF A JUNKYARD POD  
TERESA GILLESPIE



































THIS IS A DEMONSTRATION  
ALAN PHELAN

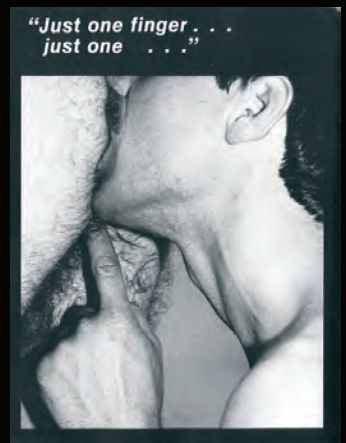
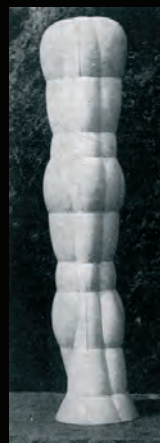
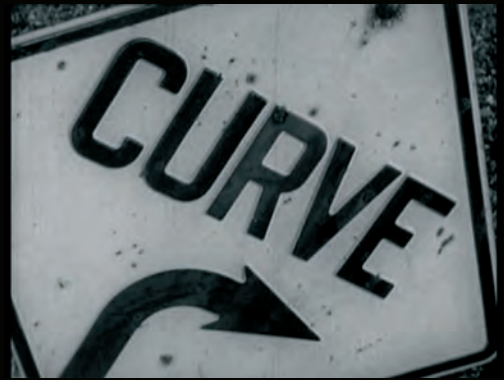
Michael Kunt became Temple White.<sup>[1]</sup> The name changed one day and I never knew why. Maybe the notion of the *temple* was more desirable than the *michael*. I discovered Kunt first, when I was collecting pictures and realised there were a bunch of online image cults out there, re-blogged from just about everywhere. This was life after appropriation, where images simply circulated. It seemed like a solution.

It's called curating now, in popular parlance, not art-talk. Selecting an image stream that has a loose theme. Kunt was not all porn. Instead black and white retro images that included porn, not so different from lots of Tumblr. Yet the image combination over the time I followed him were just as interesting as the image antics of John Baldessari, Sherrie Levine, or Hans-Peter Feldman. It seemed like an outsider solution. Like most fallacies that are social media, it really wasn't. At least it wasn't Pinterest.

Anyway he followed me, I him, and we re-blogged happily for a year. Now I think it's over. The blog has stalled and my love affair with Tumblr has also. There are parallels with art world ennui. The re-cycling and re-invention of ideas between generations can be so myopic that you wonder if anyone is watching at all. I never got many followers anyway.

I keep changing the order of the photos that accompany this. They are a bunch of ridiculous images that signify nothing. They are key in making me thinking about the task. They do not turn me on. They could be real art but instead they are nothing. They are junk – fringe ephemera from a monochrome era when photography came on film and fixer left brown stains on your shirt.

Brown stains. I was thrilled to get a chocolate santa holding a butt plug when Paul McCarthy had his factory installation in the Paris Mint a few years back through a friend who was visiting who I had convinced to go buy one for me. Recently I bought the catalogue and was shocked at the ridiculous statements by both artist and curator. The artist wrote a free flow diatribe that sort of



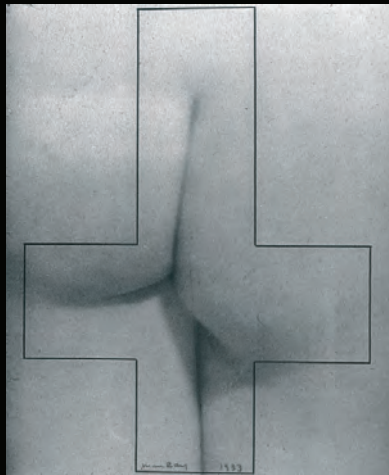
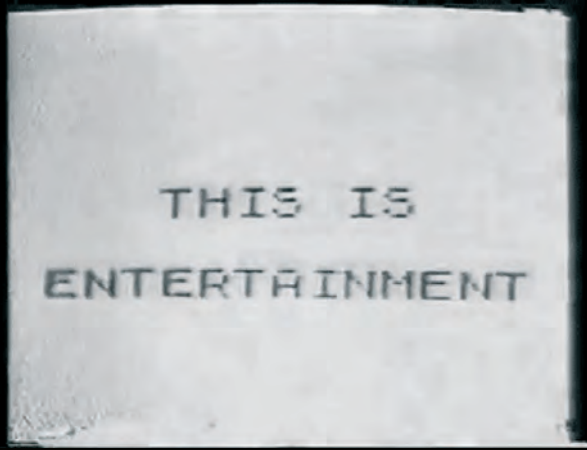
resembles a psychiatrist's session notes and the curator embraced the renovated building and consumerism, which are both fine really. What was odd were turns of phrase that described the audience as a prop and how they could be mocked and yet yield mainstream appeal. Feels all a bit Donald now.

Nothing new there as any transgressive quality of the work is always compromised by the market with such golden oldies. Maybe that is why younger big ticket artists like Alex Israel or Wade Guyton are so utterly non-transgressive and blander than Andy Warhol's blankest blankety-blank moments. Sometimes I am so glad to live on an island where most of the time I think the audience are far smarter than me.

I cannot talk about dead ends and rear ends anymore. I am just too embarrassed after the last time. Radicality indeed. We need to find strategies past all this. They are there in the past, if only we knew better, or knew more. Being a dull, humourless, feckless fool will not solve the problem. Defining the problem does not make it art. Assuming that the world needs to be taught something proves you live in a delusional bubble of self-importance. When was art anything more than entertainment?

For starters your snatch or your cock are not in the slightest bit interesting. Prick your ego please. Sleight of hand is always a better place to start. Fencing with your cock out is pretty dam stupid. Leaking on a plate is no smarter.

You're losing your aura of invincibility and your self-effacing modesty, said Roisin Murphy, profoundly, in a song. Damn straight I am. Who the fuck said you were not allowed to have an opinion? In the age of extreme narcissism it is amazing how personal opinions seem to be suddenly out of whack. I am talking art criticism here again. It is a fabulous confusion of public and not so public, thinking that objectivity and balance should emerge from a work that is shaking free of subjectivity. Shaking free of representation. How do you do *this nothing* you speak of?



Is it possible to be as offensive as Donald Trump and get things done? I'm beginning to think that Nicki Minaj is a feminist icon. It's true. Can it be that the world is indeed suffering from drip-down post-modernism? The credible endgame result of a relativist radicality that was mechanised by a generation and now weaponised by another, while the world is asleep taking selfies?

You see the thing for me is, and the way I see it, for me, is that, for me, the logic for me, is when I can only, for me, see for me, the thing that is, for me, right there only for me, only concerned about great things that for me, will only matter to and for me, and as a result will seem the most important things for everyone obviously and not just for me, for me, for me, for me, for me, for me, for me, for me, for me. I even said that the other week. Weak.

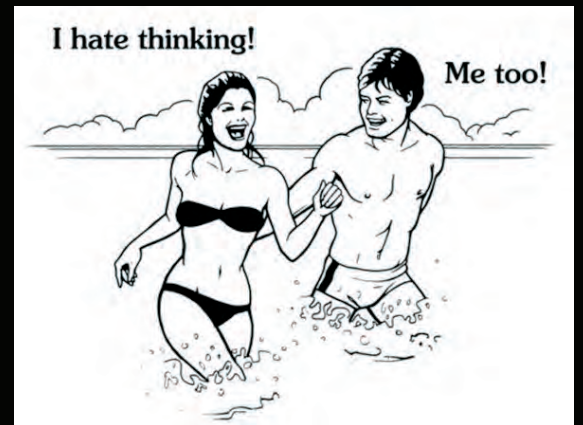
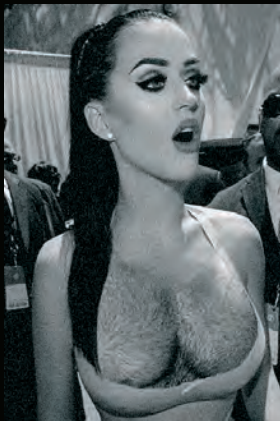
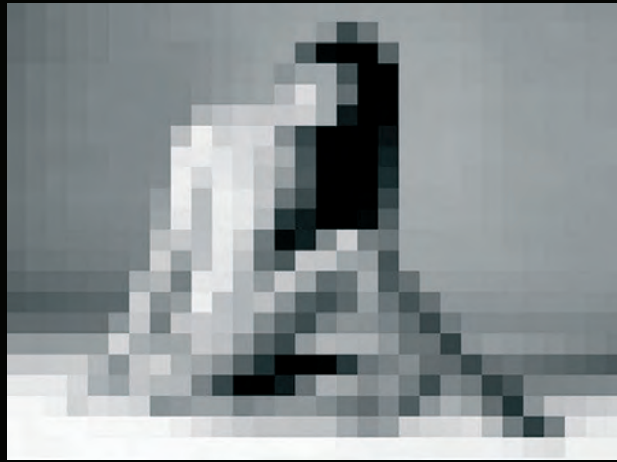
Elizabeth Price is Right about art's regenerative potential and economic significance, she is. It's not that, it's this. It's pleasures and possibilities not potential and platitudes. What's a good drag name for Katy Perry?

I like vanilla and I like sex, I ride the pony that I like best. Snail mucus is a great lubricant for fucking. Great for the gardening fan. Vegetarians beware. I feel so sorry. Please see all that water gush out my windows. Could that be the most physically awkward foursome I could imagine? Never underestimate creative people and the depths that they will go (RM again).

#baewatch Missy Elliot is 45, so is Mary J Blige, but Queen Latifah is 46. She wins. But Marina Abramović is 69, Cindy Sherman is 62, Cady Noland is 60. So there is still hope. Slow motion champagne swig and pantene hair flick.

[1] Images mostly from templewhite.org, permission not relevant.







RE-DRAWN FICTION  
BREDA LYNCH

# WOMAN FROM ANOTHER PLANET



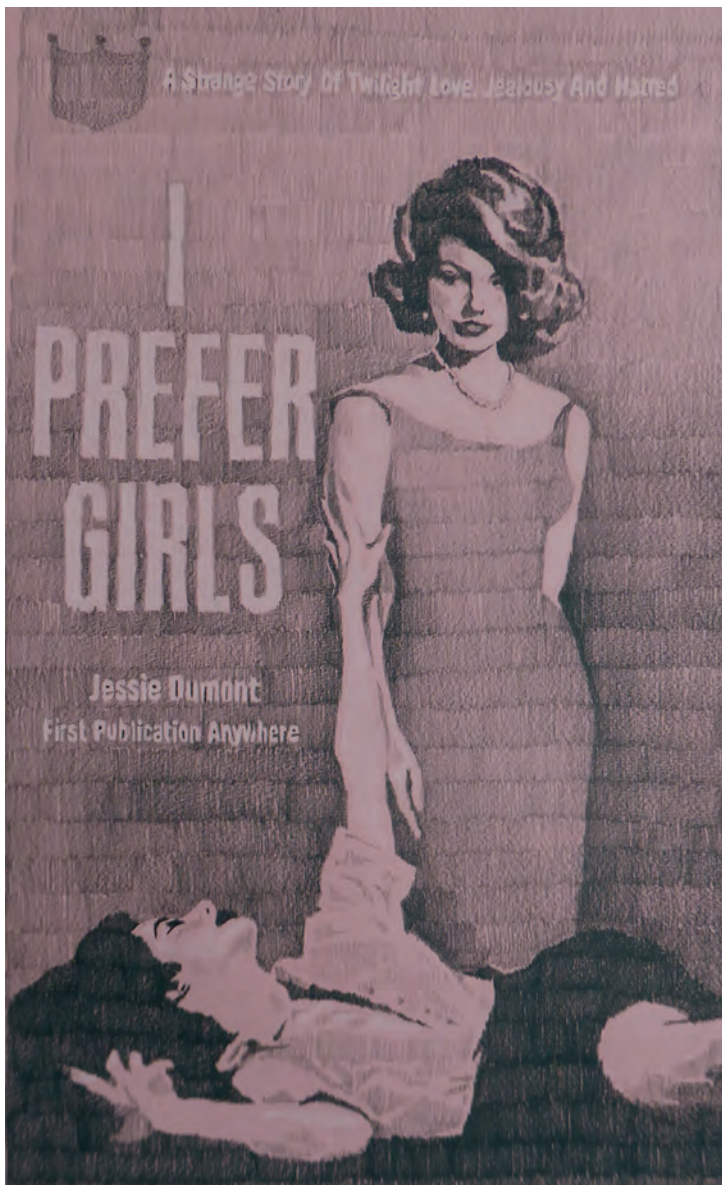
She had the body and  
passions of a woman —  
but the soul of a  
demon . . .



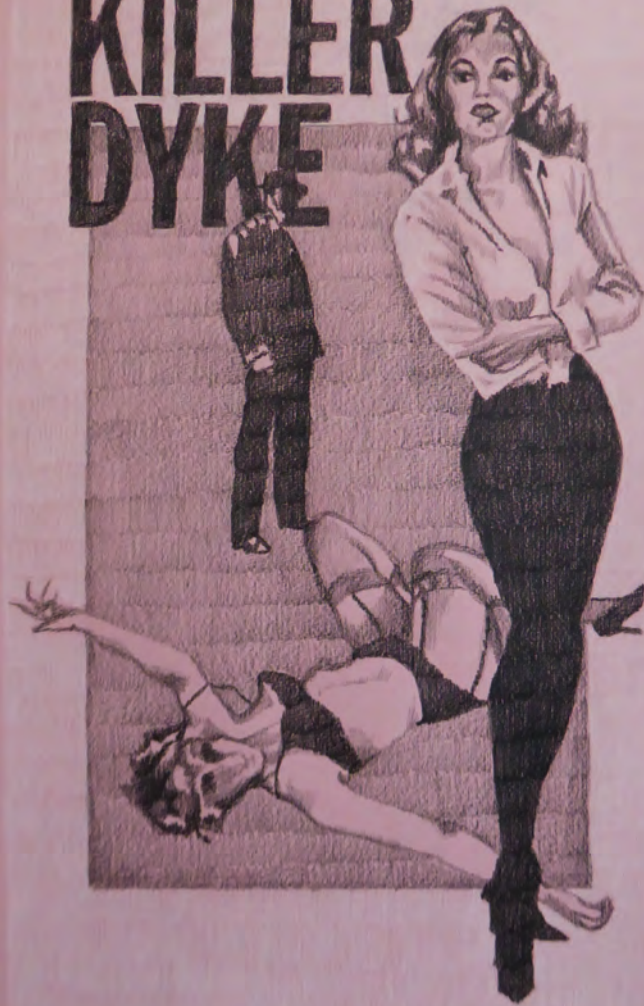
A Strange Story Of Twilight Love, Jealousy And Murder

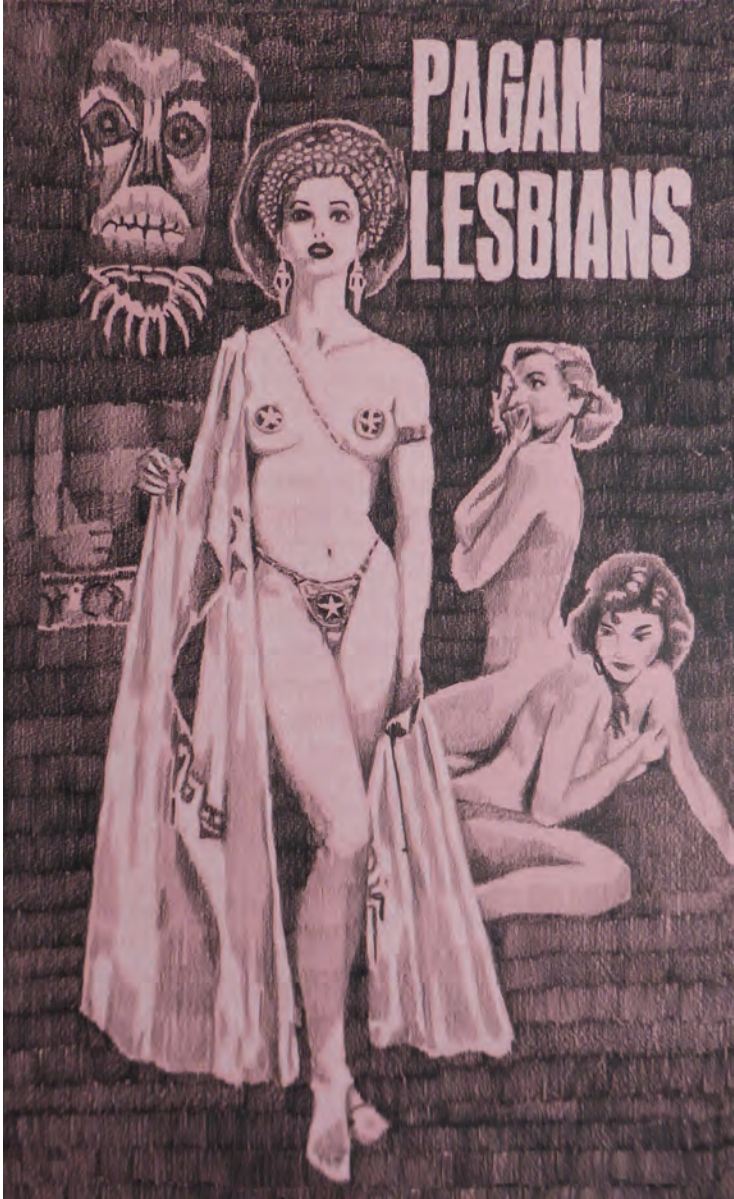
# I PREFER GIRLS

Jessie Dumont  
First Publication Anywhere



# KILLER DYKE





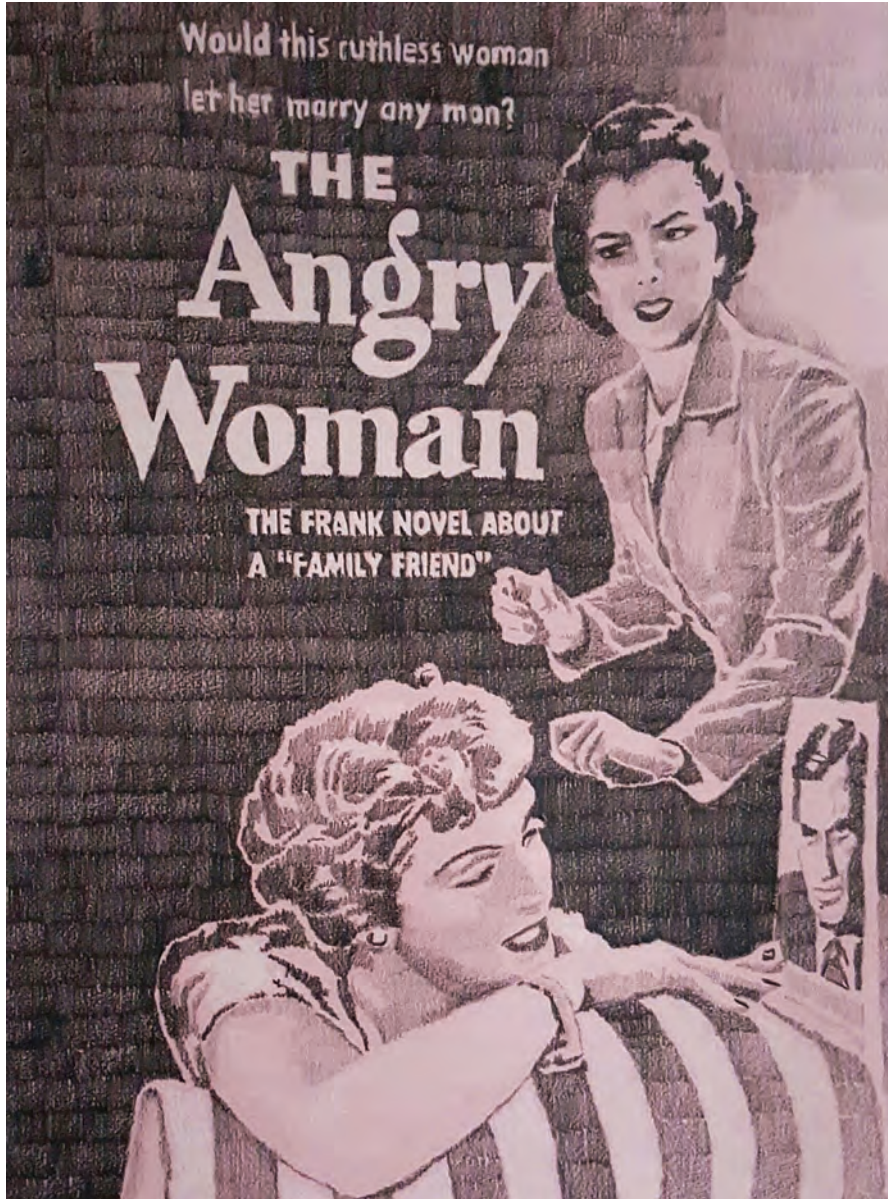




Would this ruthless woman  
let her marry any man?

# THE Angry Woman

THE FRANK NOVEL ABOUT  
A "FAMILY FRIEND"





# 例のプール

ALAN BUTLER

**nine**

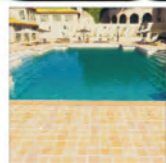
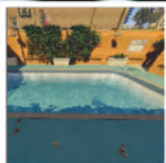
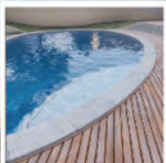
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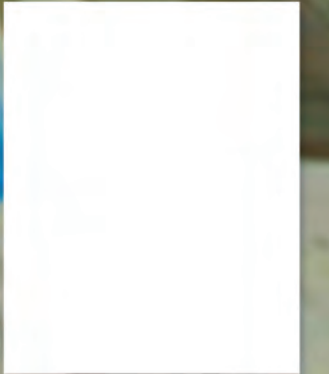
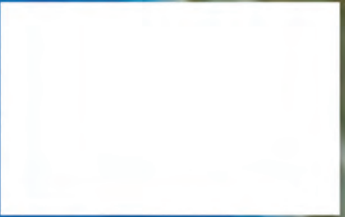
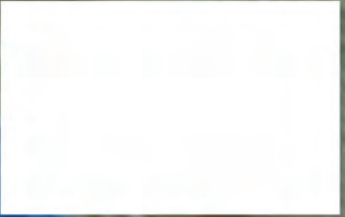
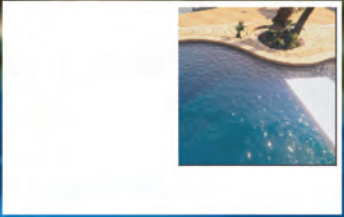
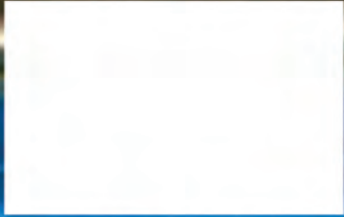
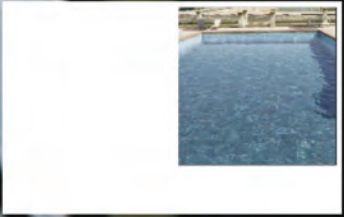
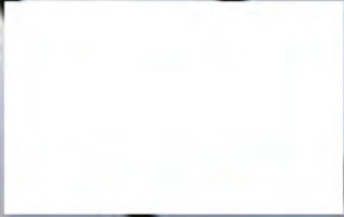
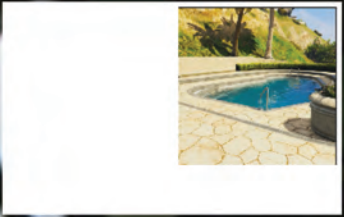
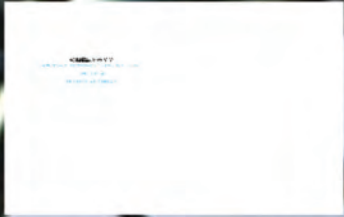
**POOLS**

**nine**  
A WORLD OF  
**POOLS**

FOR ALL  
BACKYARD FUN

MARK HULLER  
2014







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代船の舟三の

★ **THE SUNSET STRIP** by Ed Ruscha - \$1300 (Santa Monica) 

image 1 of 4

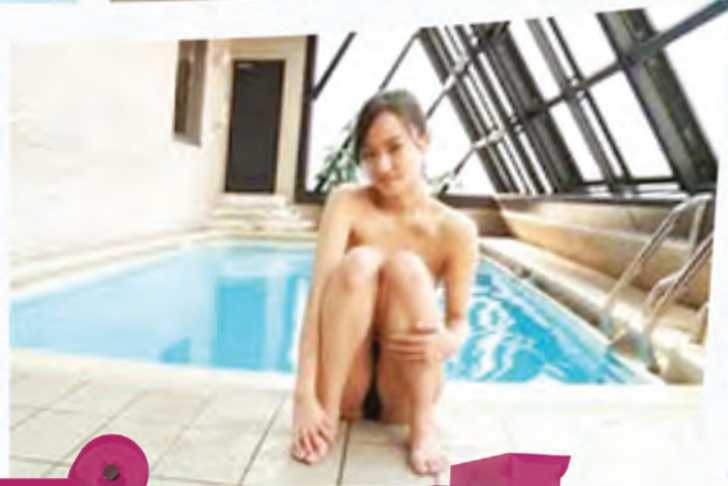


Renowned photography book by Ed Ruscha. 2nd edition. Very good condition - mirrored hard slipcase flawless, book just about perfect - no tears, scraps, folds, cuts. Deteriorated with age original newsprint wrapper shown as example of no use.

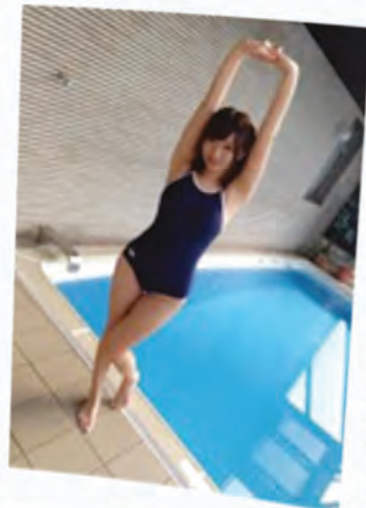
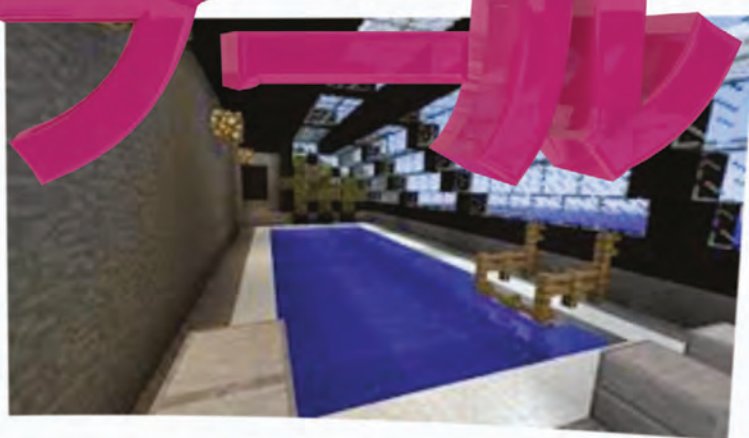
condition: **excellent**

size / dimensions: **7 1/2" x 6" x 3/4"**

- do NOT contact me with unsolicited services or offers



# 例のプール





☆ Free swimming pool (Northern Beaches) 🗑️



Free swimming pool.

\$0.000L

Sturdy construction, made from solid concrete and tiles.  
Glass fence included.

Previous owner has developed fear of water and no longer likes swimming.

Must arrange your own collection and removal.

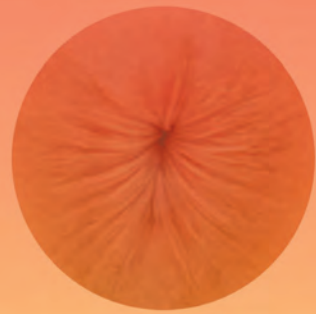
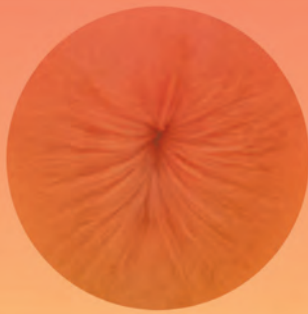
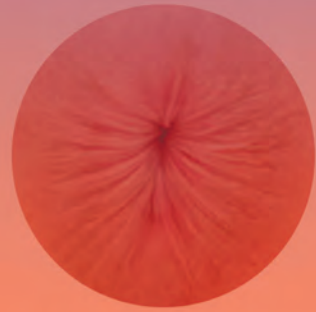
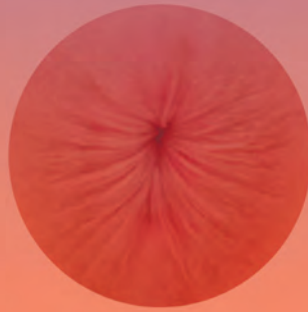
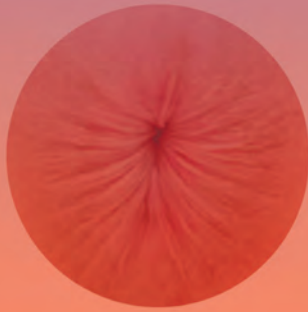
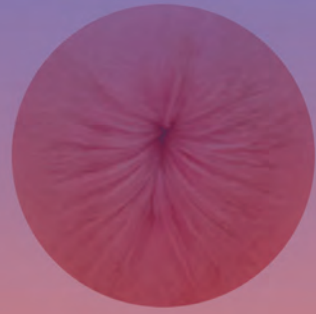
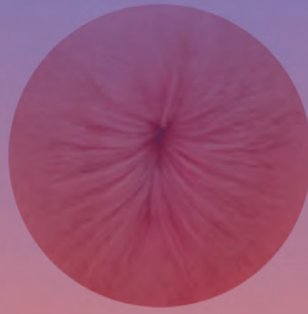
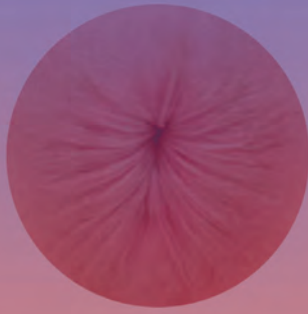
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SOLAR EYE

CONOR MARY FOY



































PROVISO SWEAT  
FAIRBARN & BLACK



**PROVISION**

# TOWARDS A SUBCULTURE OF ART

For starters:

IT WOULD HAVE SERVED THE LOCAL ART SCENE BETTER IF NEVAN LAHART'S RECENT PROCLAMATION **CONTEMPORARY ART IS A HOAX** STATED **THE ART SCENE IS A HOAX**.

[KEVIN KAVANAGH GALLERY, 8/9 - 8/10, 2016]

*Let me explain...*

I recently watched a documentary on Aaron Swartz that affected me greatly, *The Internet's Own Boy*. Those of you who don't know Aaron Swartz I'll keep it simple: he shaped the evolution of the Internet. But we have lots of them. What made Aaron Swartz special was his ideology of fairness and freedom that was the driving force behind this evolution. An ideology that tragically ended in his suicide after the American federal government hounded and pressured and isolated him after, of all things, the harmless hactivist heist of the digital library, JSTOR. He was 26.

Beyond the feelings stirred by this film, what got me thinking was the sacrifices Aaron Swartz made and the risks he took for what he perceived as a fair and free cyberspace. Further, he did this with an outspoken criticality and worn-on-the-sleeve sensitivity. Combined, however, criticality and sensitivity was the double-edged sword on which he fell upon.

In a sense the Internet was Aaron Swartz's baby, and he risked limb and ultimately life to protect how he personally envisioned it being used - as a Creative Commons. But in the end he underestimated real power and how real power can set things in crushing motion when it feels its authority and way of life is being threatened.

So... where am I going with this? It's simple, really: what if you transferred Aaron Swartz's free and fair ideology onto our very own art scene? What if we all embraced a little more self-sacrifice and a little less self-preservation in our art scene? What if we looked at the art scene as something that should be protected like a white-faced goth from a herd of farmer tans? What if we thought of the art scene - in the strictest of terms - as a subculture?

*I'll tell you a story...*

My first experience of exhibiting in this art scene was when I went through a long submission process for selection for a solo show at an artist-run space in Dublin. To my delight I was selected out of hundreds, and better still I was fresh out of art college so I had momentum on my side. To my dismay I learnt in tandem that I would have to pay hundreds of euro to exhibit there. I was shocked. I was on the dole and I knew if I saved I could pay the fee with little sacrifice. But it was the principal of the thing – was this where I wanted to begin my life as an artist, by paying to show my art? I really didn't know that artist-run spaces worked in this way (FYI: I was a country bumpkin fresh off the bogger bus).

I spoke to others about the situation, my family and art friends. The former thought it ridiculous; the latter thought it normal. I went with the former's opinion, rejecting the offer, even though I fought with my decision long afterwards. I was turning down a solo show in Dublin after all.

Luckily I got lots more opportunities – eight solo shows and numerous group shows over a four-year period. But I paid to be an artist during that time, like every other artist in the art scene. Normal, right!? Over those four years I forked out over 10k for materials and travel. Considering my work was easily recyclable – the materials from each installation broken down and recycled into the next crude take – my outlay was nothing compared to other artists. You could say my junk art was an evolutionary adaption to an unfair and unsustainable art environment.

To my astonishment things didn't change when I exhibited at larger art institutions that, you would think, should have the means and morals to support artists fairly. I still ended up paying six times or more (relative to my fee) to produce every exhibition. And this is just the bare bones stuff, not considering time in the studio.

The same went for funded art projects, through which you envision a project, write it up, price it up, put everything into it as if it is going to be realised, and then, when you do get funded (if you do) you are awarded significantly less than you asked for. This is normal too. The not-so-secret hoax is, you price-up your proposal with the forecasted shortfall in mind so you end up getting what you realistically need to realise the project. But I have never been able to fudge the figures, to add imaginary things that are not relevant.

The dumb thing is, those projects that are awarded funding become very different projects due to the shortfall in funding; or sacrifices are made on the part of the

artist, which I believe is mostly the case. The times I have personally been awarded funding the resulting projects have always swallowed my fee and invariably more than my fee. Once again, it's a choice that most artists make for the sake of their art. No big thing, right!?

As an artist I swallowed these customs time and again until the day came when I couldn't anymore. Four years on I now look back on my last solo show at Dublin's The LAB - THELASTWORDSHOW - as an extinction burst of the disillusionment I felt for the accepted inequalities and censors in the art scene. Now, as an art critic, I'm not as accepting as I once was as an artist. Back then I knew there was an art game to play and if you didn't play it well you were out. But now I can allow myself to be critical of the art scene in my unmarried status or unnecessary flirtations with either artist, curator or institution. It's fucking liberating. Being an artist should be fucking liberating too. The art scene should be fucking liberating, right!?

But liberation always comes at a price in the art scene. As an artist when you run out of hope and momentum and money you always end up at a decisive crossroads (unless independently bankrolled or barefaced lucky): you stop making art to make a living; continue making art on the breadline; get discovered by the art market; fuck off somewhere else; or have a local institutional art career blindly perpetuating the inequalities.

My mistake years ago was I thought the art scene was an antidote to the mainstream status quo. I thought it was a subculture that was the centre of the world for those that were part of it and nobody else really mattered - I was wearing Nan Goldin's eyes. I have always viewed subcultures as exclusive; that rather than the subculture reaching out to the public continually to prove its worth, it was the public that had to prove their worth if they were to be invited into the subculture. I suppose I was ideological and green and thought commerce was a disease of the mainstream not relevant to things that people supposedly love.

More and more I hear of unbalanced wage packets (too high, too low) handed out in Irish art institutions that are a mirror of the inequalities that transpire in the real world. Don't get me wrong, this is not just about money. Granted, I have got a little sidetracked here, venturing into the monetary inequalities practised in the art scene. This was not my intention. Paradoxically, ironically, contradict-ally, I believe art and money don't mix. As an art critic I usually turn down catalogue commissions because the shift to passive tone rarely suits my critical writing. Those who invite



me to write have to understand that their polite asking doesn't preclude criticism. It's laughable how many times art directors have invited me to write on *their* exhibitions promising me travel expenses and nothing more. Once again, normal. I wouldn't take anything anyway because it corrupts the critical writing process, but again, it's the principal of the thing that hurts. That they think that's normal. Not to mention it's disappointing but predictably petty when art directors email me defending themselves (not the exhibition) if my review is more critical than promotional.

The problem as I see it is, those that are safe in the knowledge that the art scene serves them well as is, will not *allow* themselves to see a problem. They will like and share and shout at lunch breaks about the inequalities of the art scene but they won't sacrifice their status. (Before you get on your high horse, of course there are those of whom have sacrificed and are sacrificing more than you or me or there wouldn't be an art scene to give out about here. But it's not enough.) Unfortunately, it is always up to the emerging and have nots to make sacrifices and form alternatives to the supposedly alternative free and fair space of the art scene proper.

Allow me to return to one of my first points: we need an antidote to the antidote to the mainstream. The crux, however, for change to go from a whispering ideology in the bar snug after the exhibition opening to concrete implementation, we need the usual suspects, the real power, to sacrifice their lot for the sake of the art scene (Maybe underground is a better alternative!).

The thing is we are only forced to make sacrificial choices on-the-hop, not on two legs hog-tied to the institution. So the short of it is, those with the means, those in power, have to be convinced that there is a problem (I am talking about individuals here, not institutions). Then *they* have to sacrifice a lot more than their strategic pro bono stuff or promoting their own turf in the art scene.

We cannot depend on public funding anymore or the perennial emergence of art graduates to enliven the art scene with good but unsustainable intentions. We have to go to the personal well, the mattresses even. If we really care about the local art scene and see it as an alternative to the mainstream, then real sacrifices have to be made. Not just once in the rags-to-(relative)-riches of the established artist, curator, director, lecturer, but again and again and again, because that's what it takes to shelter a subculture, if that's what the art scene really is...



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*Madder Lake*

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MARIAH BLACK  
UNTITLED



BACK COVER  
MARIAH BLACK  
MOLDENKE'S CUSTOM  
CLUTCH (2016 RE PURPOSE)



