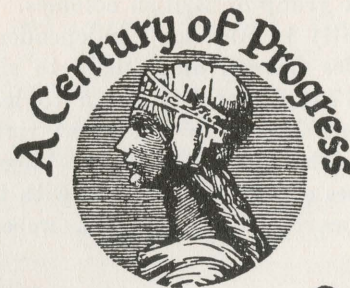


TEASBÁNTAS
ealaídan
ÉIREANNAC

1933

Exhibition
of
Irish Art

PRICE, 10 CENTS



GEASBÁNTAS
ealaídan
ÉIREANNAIC

1933

Exhibition
OF
Irish Art

FOREWORD

By JOHN FLYNN

GEOGRAPHICALLY, the nearest European nation to America is Ireland. Year by year, as man builds swifter ships and swifter, safer airplanes, the great ocean between the two countries narrows. The time is not far off when breakfast in New York and dinner in Dublin will be routine incidents in travel between the United States and Ireland. Ireland was the eastern terminus of the first transatlantic flight. It was the starting point of the first successful westward flight across the Atlantic.

Far deeper ties than mere geographical proximity exist between America and Ireland. In proportion to its size and population, Ireland has given more human treasure to the upbuilding of America than any other nation. From its shores, millions of its finest men and women have sailed in the track of the setting sun to America. For many of them, America was the modern, material counterpart of that legendary land which, in ancient times, their forefathers believed to exist somewhere beyond the ocean's western rim—Tir-nan-Og (Teer nan ogue), The Land of the Ever Young.

The westward exodus from Ireland began long before America ceased to be a group of British colonies. Irish exiles contributed importantly to America's independence. From their stock came Charles Carroll and others to sign the immortal declaration of 1776; General Sullivan to lead under Washington; Commodore Barry to win great victories for America's first navy. The roll calls of Washington's armies are studded with names equally Gaelic, and with the names of men who, while not bearing Gaelic names, were of the historic Irish blood.

Imaginative, sympathetic, quick-witted, a people with the background of an ancient and highly developed if somewhat disrupted culture, the Irish have played an inestimable part in America's mental and spiritual progress. Speaking an English infused with the vivid idioms of Gaelic, they are largely responsible for the lively vigor of the English spoken in America today.

Had it been Ireland's fortune to work out its destiny unhampered by seven centuries of fighting to preserve its national identity, it would undoubtedly have become one of the most advanced nations in the world. When the Roman empire fell and Europe became a welter of savagery, Irish scholars savored and studied the beauties of Greek and Latin literature. Irish bards chanted epics as noble in language, and far nobler in spirit than the heroic tales of Homer. Ireland was the sole repository of the ancient classical culture. Had it been otherwise, many woeful centuries might have elapsed before Europe emerged from its barbarism. To it Ireland sent an endless stream of missionaries. Men of God, they were also men of learning. Lindisfarne in England, Iona in Scotland, St. Gall in Switzerland, Auxerre in France, Bobbio in Italy, are but a few of the great centers of light established abroad by Irish missionaries. From these centers radiated the forces that eventually resulted in the re-civilization of Europe. In the eighth century a monk, nameless to fame, working with the inadequate implements of his day, and often by the flickering light of rushes dipped in tallow, penned and illuminated the most beautiful book known to man, the indescribably beautiful Book of Kells.

Truly the manifesto signed by William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory and Edward Martyn in 1898—the manifesto from

which the world-famous Abbey Theater was later born—described Ireland as “the home of an ancient idealism.” Proscribed and scorned, forced to hide in hills and hovels, that idealism has never been lost. During the eighteenth century it was preserved in the hearts and on the tongues of Gaelic-speaking peasants, ragged, hungry, and without a vestige of civil or political rights.

But even in the long dark night of the eighteenth century, the creative spirit of Irish culture was active. It expressed itself almost entirely in poetry and music, but more notably in poetry. In this poetry the anguish of the dispossessed was fused with an unquenchable love of life and beauty. It was the last great cultural outpouring from the Gaelic heart of Ireland.

In the nineteenth century, Ireland came nearer to losing its national soul than at any time in its history. Physically exhausted by famine and the terrific drain of emigration, Ireland became an easy prey to forces infinitely more destructive, because more insidious, than those of armed repression. Through a system of education, ironically called “national,” Ireland drifted away from its cultural heritage. Only in the political field was anything left of the old tenacity. But for half a century after the abortive Fenian uprising of 1867 that phase of the struggle lay dormant. It awoke in the flame and blood of the Poets' Insurrection of Easter Week, 1916.

Culturally, Ireland was a stagnant pool in the nineteenth century. It headed, with apparent indifference, for a condition in which it would eventually have evolved as a poor imitation of England. The tide of Anglicization was turned in 1893. In that year the Gaelic League was founded by Douglas Hyde. This was the true starting point of Ireland's cultural renaissance. The League's main objective was, rightly, the restoration of the Gaelic language. It found sympathetic response in thousands of hearts. Interest in the language awakened intense interest in all things distinctively Irish. Ireland began to be Irish again. Novelists, poets and dramatists writing in English were deeply inspired by the beauty of the ancient tongue, and by the marvelous literary treasures it enshrined. Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory, “AE”, James Stephens and a host of other writers, dipped their pens in the golden stream. In deathless prose and verse they limned the loveliness of

Deirdre, the chivalry of Cuchulain, the heroism of Finn. They wrote as if the purpose of their writing were that of their Gaelic predecessors whose invariable colophon was: "This book was written for the glory of God and the honor of Erin."

Caught in the flood-tide of the renaissance, everyone capable of any form of artistic expression sought inspiration in Ireland, either in the living present or in the dead but gloriously quickening past. Irish painters, made sympathetically aware of the inner spirit of their land, depicted the loveliness of its hills and valleys, its rivers and lakes, the seas that break at the feet of its mighty cliffs. Gnarled and rugged men who toil on the sea; herdsmen, farmers, tramps, tinkers, jockeys; women radiant with youth and beauty; in rich profusion the men and women of all walks of Irish life live vividly on the canvasses of modern Irish painters. Their creations are as unmistakably Irish in feeling as they are in subject.

America is familiar with the literary products of the Irish renaissance. The poems of Yeats and the delightful phantasies of Stephens are as well known in the United States as in Ireland. Within the current year, the American tour of Dublin's Abbey Theater was the outstanding success of a theatrical season notable for its failures. But, and more's the pity, of modern Irish painting America knows little or nothing. That is not America's fault. Until the opening of A Century of Progress, America has never had the opportunity of seeing a representative collection of Irish paintings. The collection in the exhibit of the Irish Free State is the finest and largest ever assembled outside Ireland. Practically every modern Irish painter of note is represented, some by several canvasses. No true perception of Ireland's modern culture is possible without some knowledge of its contemporary painting. Apart, however, from this or any specifically Irish aspect, this splendid collection of paintings has a vivid appeal to all lovers of beauty. A beautiful face, or a beautiful valley, is a joy to the heart, a stirring of the soul, wherever seen.

CATALOGUE OF PAINTINGS

OILS

1. "Whisky Row" Ringsend,
Dublin Maurice McGonigal, A.R.H.A. \$ 150.00
2. Phlox J. Crampton Walker, A.R.H.A. 130.00
3. Ras nan Gaedael John Keating, R.H.A. 1000.00
4. Before the Start..... Jack B. Yeats, R.H.A. 500.00
5. Ena Leo Whelan, R.H.A. 525.00
6. Portrait of Capt. Henry
Harrison Miss S. C. Harrison.
7. Man Doing Accounts..... Jack B. Yeats, R.H.A. 500.00
8. Portrait of W. D. Warrenner.. H. C. O'Donnell..... 125.00
9. Cashel-na-Gor Frank McKelvey, R.H.A. 150.00
10. "Neac" (Lent by Thos.
Haverty Trust) Sean O'Sullivan, R.H.A.
11. Cloud Shadows, The Rosses,
Co. Donegal J. Humbert Craig, R.H.A.... 175.00
12. Still Life Michael Farrell 50.00
13. Portrait of a Connemara Girl Chas. Lamb, A.R.H.A. 175.00
14. Going to the Milking..... Dermot O'Brien, P.R.H.A. .. 500.00
15. The Oread George Russell (A. E.)..... 400.00
16. In a Wood near Rathfarn-
ham Estella Solomons, A.R.H.A... 125.00
17. Clouds on Achill..... E. L. Lawrenson 50.00
18. The Bog Road..... Miss Nano Reid..... 25.00
19. Burmese Dancer "Ma Seyn
Nu" Gerald F. Kelly, R.H.A. 2500.00
20. Crysanthemums Miss Moyra Barry..... 75.00
21. Jane XXVI Gerald F. Kelly, R.H.A. 3250.00
22. Interior (Lent by Rev. Fr.
Dempsey) Leo Whelan, R.H.A.
23. Burmese Dancer "Ma Seyn
Nu" Gerald F. Kelly, R.H.A. 2500.00
25. Nude W. J. Leech, R.H.A. 260.00
26. A Connemara Lake..... Paul Henry, R.H.A. 250.00
27. Turf Boat Chas. Lamb, A.R.H.A. 150.00
29. Looking to Kylemore..... Chas. Lamb, A.R.H.A. 150.00
30. A Street, Lake Orta..... Miss Letitia Hamilton..... 200.00
36. Flax Pullers Miss Lillian Davidson..... 250.00
37. Connemara Chas. Lamb, A.R.H.A. 200.00

38. Old Clothes Market, Dublin..	Maurice McGonigal, A.R.H.A.	175.00
39. Interior "Le Salon Vert"....	W. Crampton Gore, R.H.A...	275.00
40. Onaght, Inismor, Aran.....	Maurice McGonigal, A.R.H.A.	175.00
41. Homo Sapiens	John Keating, R.H.A.	1250.00
42. Old Beech Trees, Bray.....	W. Crampton Gore, R.H.A...	175.00
43. Strindbergian	Mrs. Margaret Clarke, R.H.A.	1250.00
44. The Cluny Madonna.....	Sean O'Sullivan, R.H.A.....	100.00
45. Holy Joe in the Mountains...	John Keating, R.H.A.....	1250.00
47. My Spanish Hat.....	Miss Dorothea Fitzgerald....	52.00
48. The Boiling Pot.....	W. Crampton Gore, R.H.A....	175.00
49. Equinoxial Gales	Miss Dorothea Fitzgerald....	52.00
51. The Steps of the Cours, Grasse	W. J. Leech, R.H.A.....	235.00
52. Portrait of Lennox Robinson.	Dermod O'Brien, P.R.H.A. ..	1250.00
53. Aloes Near Les Martignes...	W. J. Leech, R.H.A.....	210.00
54. Anemones	Philip Deegan	50.00
55. Little Brigid	Hilda Roberts (Mrs. Marsh).	105.00
56. Portrait of Brinsley Mc- Namara	Harry Kernoff	125.00
57. La Charite Sur Loire.....	Miss Letitia Hamilton.....	200.00
58. The Benares Tray.....	Miss Brigid O'Brien	150.00
59. Girl and a Cat.....	Mrs. Margaret Clarke, R.H.A.	375.00
60. On Glenveagh Lake	George Russell (A. E.).....	400.00
61. Interior of Sir William Orpen's Studio	James Sleator, R.H.A.	750.00
62. The Piper	George Russell (A. E.).....	400.00
63. Portrait of Padraic Colum...	Miss Lily Williams, A.R.H.A.	500.00
64. Aran Islands	Miss Brigid O'Brien.....	50.00
65. The Elm	Miss Mary Swanzy.....	105.00
66. Sketch Portrait of the Late Sir William Orpen	James Sleator, R.H.A.	300.00
67. Old Pat	George Collie	50.00
68. The Yellow Vase	Miss Mary Swanzy.....	105.00
69. Suna, Lago Maggiore.....	Miss Brigid O'Brien.....	50.00
70. Connemara Mother and Child	Power O'Malley	1000.00
71. Stoney Headland	Power O'Malley	750.00
72. Supper	Power O'Malley	500.00
73. Quay at Roundstone.....	Power O'Malley	750.00
74. Sir William Rowan Ham- ilton	Artist Unknown	1750.00

PASTELS AND WATERCOLORS

28. Muckish, Co. Donegal.....	Theo. J. Gracey	\$ 75.00
75. Sea Chantey	The Lady Glenavy, A.R.H.A.	40.00
76. The Offshore Wind	The Lady Glenavy, A.R.H.A.	40.00
34. Young Irish Girl.....	Mrs. H. Townshend.....	150.00
24. Fanmore, Co. Donegal.....	Theo. J. Gracey.....	75.00
77. Pastoral	The Lady Glenavy, A.R.H.A.	40.00

ETCHINGS

46. The Culvert	George Atkinson, R.H.A.....	\$ 26.00
50. Excavations	George Atkinson, R.H.A.....	26.00



OF GEOGRAPHY
A COURSE OF INSTRUCTION
FOR THE USE OF
SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES
BY
AMOS A. JOHNSON