



Abridged 0-25

The Verbal Arts Centre Presents
NUMBER SEVEN

(a masque)
by

Seán Doherty Composer
&
Carlo Gébler Librettist



Contents

Mark Janssen	01	Shari Kocher Campbell	26
Darran Anderson	05	David Calcutt	27
Mark Janssen	06	Fergus Jordan	28
Aoife Mannix	07	Matt Hetherington	30
Jennifer Trouton	08	Michelle O'Sullivan	31
Graham Nunn	09	Ethna O'Regan	32
Aileen Kelly	10	Skye Loneragan	33
Nuala Ní Chonchúir	11	Katie Holten	34
Katie Holten	12	Olive Broderick	35
Giles Newington	13	Pavel Büchler	36
Colin Darke	14	Moyra Donaldson	38
Matt Kirkham	15	Zoë Murdoch	39
Mark O'Flynn	16	Eve Golden Woods	40
Jan Harris	17	Brendan O'Neill	41
Jennifer Trouton	18	Vivien Jones	42
Stephen Porter	20	Colin Darke	43
Sara O'Gorman	21	Lynda Tavakoli	44
Peter Goulding	22	Shari Kocher Campbell	45
Mary McIntyre	23	Mark Janssen	46
David Mohan	24	David Calcutt	47
Ethna O'Regan	25	Benjamin de Búrca	48



LOTTERY FUNDED

Abridged 0 - 25: Silence

...lay me down the long white line, leave the silence far behind...

To those who have ever known sound, true silence can be but a myth. It is a phantasm, and something to be feared, for in silence we are vulnerable to our own conscience and its persistent echoes of memory, desire and confusion; we lose the means of dismissal and voluntary ignorance and become vulnerable. In silence we are naked, stripped of the sound layers we have used to define ourselves to outside eyes, a defensive muffling of truths. Today we abjure silence, avoiding its solitude. We are in a constant conversation with an ultra-social and info-overdosed humanity repeatedly relaying sculptures of mundane phrases that numb us to the experience of meaning. We dare not lie still enough to stir or coax the phantom film reels of our past from their shadows. Instead we light fires, shouting and stamping our feet to drive back the dark and its inhabitants. It is our fear of the silence of the void, the vacuum.

Humanity cannot see nothingness but we run from it, choking the subtle sound of our own breathing with the bustling of contemporary life where everything is virtual and reality utterly abandoned. We convince ourselves we grow by sponging up the noises of the clattering world that engulfs us. In silence we are trapped as we are made to face the cold starkness of what we feel is missing, or the fierce jab of what we long to erase. We stand in silence and we stand in a room of mirrors. A ticking clock is a heartbeat.

PDFs of this and previous issues are available on www.abridgedonline.com as free downloads. We will be quite busy in the coming months. News of our activities can be found on the website, Facebook page and Twitter Feed. The next issue is Abridged 0 – 26: Rust.



abridged 0 – 25

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c/o Verbal Arts Centre, Stable Lane and Mall Wall, Bishop Street Within, Derry - Londonderry BT48 6PU

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Decibels

Rarer than Shackleton's whiskey,
white rhinos and black pennies,
the briefest glimpse of gold created
in the boiling crucible
of a reactor in meltdown
or the soul of a star.

Even in the Empty Quarter,
in the grottos of Chauvet Pont d'Arc,
in firedamp-haunted mines,
sound permeates everything
like dust or rumours.
The resonance of a single drop of water
in an unseen cathedral of stone.
And the radio waves galloping
across the shima, the taiga, the steppes,
outpacing the chase of night and day.

On the shelf under the sink
in the drunken engineer's flat
retired from Star City, Moscow
since Lenin's abdication,
the rarest vintage,
a bottle filled with absolute silence,
glowing like *Undark* radium,
captured like a saint's last breath,
a fragment of the world before man,
a fragment of the world after.

Darran Anderson



Going Back

We arrive late into Glasgow
to a man smashing a bicycle lock
with a hammer while another
holds out a plastic cup to the taxi queue.
He wears a thin orange mac streaked
with raindrops. His face tight with storms.

The vast stretches of mountains
falling into lochs evaporate
from our mouths as if the quality
of such silence were just mist.
Whisky laced with honey,
the perfect reflection of a wisp
of blue smoke in a blue lake.

A stag who turns and runs at the clatter
of wheels turning, a single falcon
frozen against a sky that holds
a thousand shades of grey as if
light were a language all its own.

As if this landscape lay buried inside us,
before the streets and the buildings
and the concrete evicted us from ourselves,
before we forgot how to speak to the rain.

Aoife Mannix



Steam Ghosts

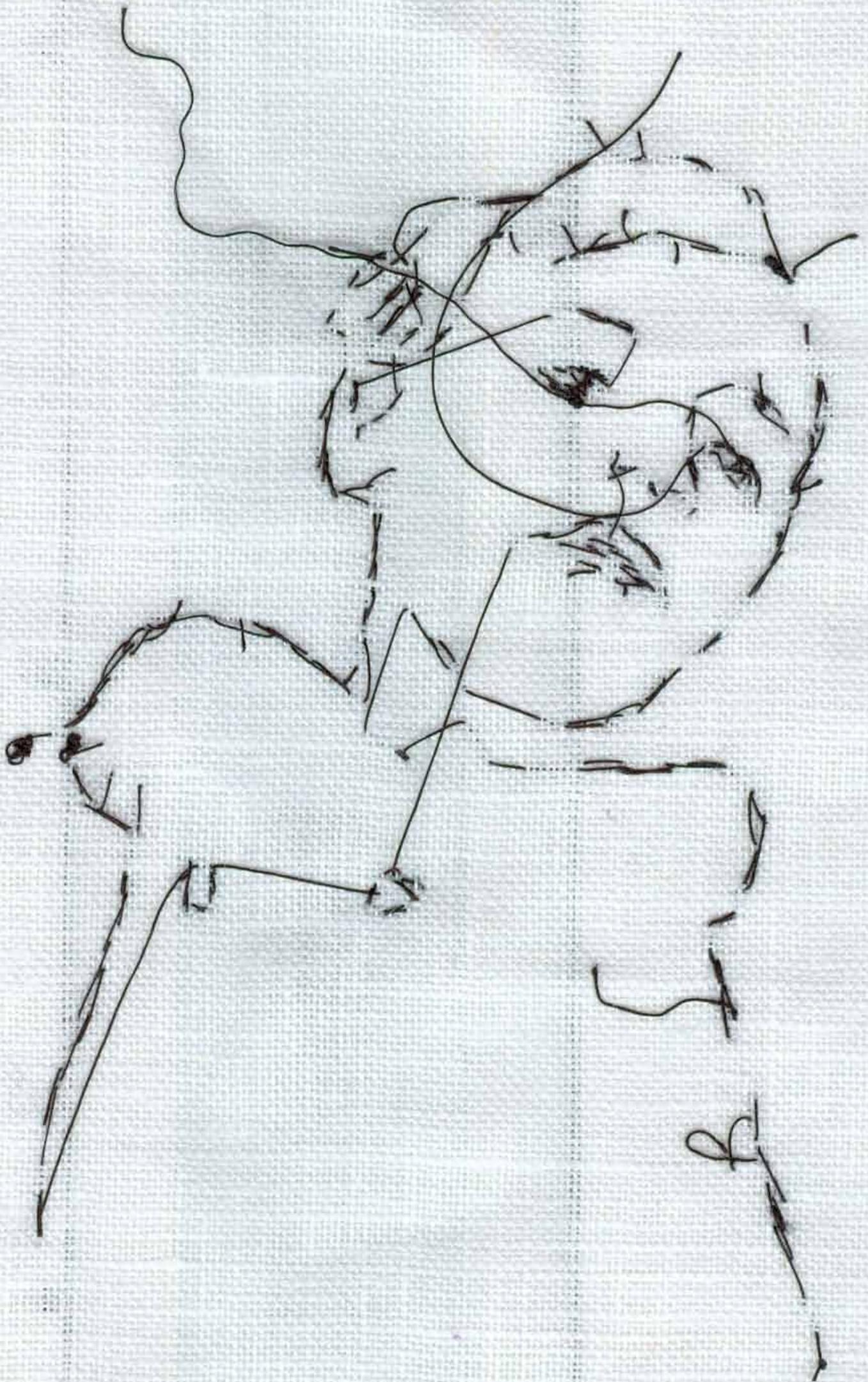
for Samuel Wagan Watson

He wonders why the street behaves
so strangely; tonight, after rain, its silence
unnerves him. He knows that it's unusual
for the steam ghosts to show themselves;
spirits whose lungs once bellowed
campfire songs, lost souls.

In this place, men slip into corner stores
to gather meat and fish; cleaned and pre-packed
they fill their plastic bags to bursting.
Without fire, pans spit and crackle
and we curse still air's smoke curls.
This is no time for dreaming.

Graham Nunn

Opposite: Jennifer Trouton, *Erosion 1*, oil on canvas, 36 x 25cm, 2009



Dreamless

The streets were clear as a map
the day my baby signalled her arrival
with an amniotic gush.
'Too soon', I said, 'it's too soon'.
A crow sat on our gatepost,
I pretended he was not there.

Now I sit by the window,
face in my hands to block the grey.
My sleep is dreamless,
so I conjure her in my own dark.
In she comes, on a sea of red
that holds hearts, flayed limbs,
the open palm of a scarlet hibiscus
and, for light, moons of blue.

Nuala Ní Chonchúir

Opposite: Aileen Kelly, *Boy*, Cotton Stitch on Linen, 2010



Vines

That dream about the buried girl made you go
to Spain where you ran through vines with palms
pressed against your ears to escape the sounds
of accusation and perplexity
in the voices that followed you

a torrent of noise chasing your heartbeat through vines
under the dangerous sun your father
warned you about as he lay low in Spain
hiding from reprisals in a high valley
where you went to recover from those dreams

to hunt down silence among the dogs and gunshot
booms and church bells and mopeds and goat
croaks and throat-rasp of foreign talk and wind
turbines rotating rotating moist palms
pressed against your ears as you stumbled back

to blow out the voices and dam the torrent
of accusation and perplexity
under the dangerous sun that ran through vines
chasing your heartbeat into the valley
where your father died leaving a house

hanging over a dry river in Spain
where you drink on the terrace rotating
rotating your thick neck among the dogs
and booms and bells and rasp and soundless
dread about that dream about the buried girl.

Giles Newington

Opposite: Katie Holten, *Shadow (9.10 am, January 15, 2012)*, ink on paper, 8.5x11 inches, 2012



La

tradizione

di

tutte

le

generazioni

secondo

peso

come

incento

dei

vivent

sul

cervello

Flight

Should I say it's everything
we have left? Any thought
that you could imagine the drag and the lift
should go like the crow from its post
when you stoop for a stone.
You'd do better to listen
to the birdsong. Now. In the night.

Lie still now and no, you're not sure
if there's one of you or two. If the other
has said out loud "There's a robin", or if you said it,
or you just realised it, realised
that you're hearing it. Not a blackbird,
Sycamore leaves, it sings. Sycamore leaves.
Electric. Underlit. And why have I woken
for your electric light? And why is it,
creatures of the light and waking at this time,
why is it that I hear the hen of you singing?
Like the sleep I should have,
think of everything abandoned,
everything that remains. Both of you.

Matt Kirkham

A Swarm of Midges

A geyser of midges swarms
in the morning sun like pollen
swirling on itself with the pulse
of a sink full of soap suds.
They rise like tortured sparks
to a predetermined altitude
but from this distance
you cannot hear a thing.
Is it war? Or an orgy?
What myopic things
seize the attention
in the absence of purpose.
Then in some collective instinct
as pigeons have, as schools of fish,
they fall to gather in the smoke
of their own urgency,
their own obscure sphrygmus,
to climb again faster and faster,
rising and sinking, boiling
with verbs in the air
assembled to their strange,
unproven need.

Mark O'Flynn

Drought

We stand apart, two statues
where trees scratch the ground with bony fingers,
our words a parched and cracked riverbed
mourning the kingfisher's iridescence.

Once, we gazed aloft
through branches draped with moss,
bromeliads, epiphytes
to shoals of leaves
where conversation swam in pools of sky.

Now there is silence,
the buds' quiet promise hushed to sleep,
the crepitus of ancient boughs denied.
All that remains is the scratch scratch scratch
of broken nails on scorched earth.

Jan Harris

Over: Jennifer Trouton, *Cradle*, oil on canvas, 51 x 40cm, 2009





a walk along faro island strand

my face is scoured by innumerable fragments of time;
lashed, scathed by a cat's rough tongue licked along the shore

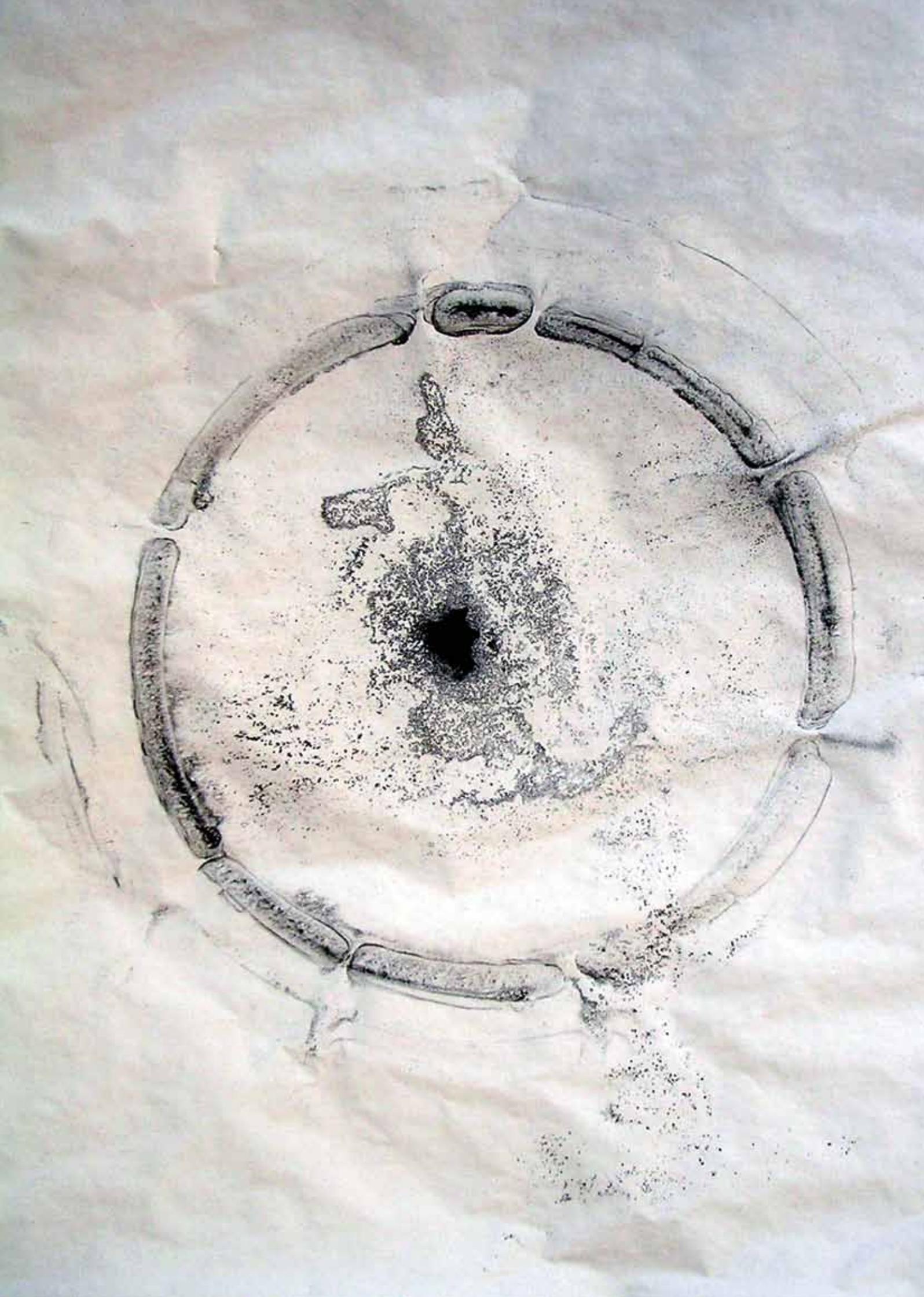
to see the ocean through a gale force filter
affords one the perspective of seeing the
immeasurable nature of all things

tossed by the forces of circumstance
and the waves that heave, crescent to trough,
the very vortices that amplify the emotional canvas
upon which the circumstances are drawn

beyond the void is the void
and I see the pregnant belly of a sail
tied to the mast of a cloud that is hushed
towards the distance

Stephen Porter

Opposite: Sara O'Gorman, *One Minute*, 2012



Long Wave

Beromunster, Kalundborg, Sottens, Athlone...
exotic places irregularly linked by a straight line
on an old wireless set, cracked and tarnished
and the thrill of eavesdropping on plaintive sounds
from the heart of darkest Europe.

Emperor Rosko in French on RTL;
the sinister Radio Tirana interval signal;
the Voice of America in Russian from Munich,
which so infuriated the Eastern bloc;
Jose Arthur's Le Pop Club;
the Ku Predu Leva fanfare from Prague –
a whole murky and exciting world
beamed into your tiny bedroom
in your insignificant house
in your unremarkable town
between the crackling ether.

He still tunes in every evening,
despite his fridge magnets from Katowice and Bourges,
hoping to pick up Droitwich and Allouis,
but the signals are often too faint,
too distorted by the computer modem downstairs
to come in as anything but white noise.
You can't even get Long Wave
on the radios in Dixon's these days, for Chrissakes.
If he's lucky, he picks up Radio Iceland
and lets the strange writhing syllables
wash through his thinning hair.
But most nights, he inches the dial
forlornly through the deepening void,
past the faint lettering,
hoping for a voice in any language
to cut through the crackle.
Soon there will be only
silence.

Peter Goulding



Mary McIntyre, *In These Rooms at Night Human Thought Stands Still*, colour lightjet photographic print 122 cm x 152 cm, 2010
Courtesy of the artist and the Third Space Gallery, Belfast

The Breath

Sometimes, land holds its breath.
In Sicily, it happens during summer
in the long noon.

The earth is beaten gold
is burnt, left shivering
in the sun's aftermath.

Inland, sea is too far out to matter.
Cicadas' rattle breaks in waves
drowning dust rivers' hiss.

And when the land assumes
a listener, admitting the ear
into August's interference,

a pause is felt, as though
the blue sky held
invisible clouds, as though

a pressure wrung from them
a storm of quiet.

David Mohan



Ethna O'Regan, *Wander*, 2012

Cannibals At Dinner In Formal Attire

says the clown with the crooked teeth
sitting silent at a table in black and white
shredded strings still lift her heart though the wind tears it
the waterlilies sing like ghosts

sitting silent at a table in black and white
everyone talking moribund and mourning
the waterlilies sing like ghosts
and crows cry terribly on almost bell-like notes

everyone talking moribund and mourning
bellies of pus make bundles of shining
crows cry terribly on bell-like notes
while the windows shade their blind intentions

bellies of pus make bundles of shining
tuna fin in the krill of their talk
the windows frame their blind intentions
the cornflowers curl their astonishing tips

tuna fin in the krill of killing
a woman picks at the leaves on her plate
the cornflowers curl their astonishing tips
and the shadows of birds pass over burnt mountain

she chews on leaves shredded with thorns
blankly believing in nothing
yet the shadows of birds pass over burnt mountain
and longing blows through her and burns her slow

blankly believing in nothing
she lies down in the night a shrouded blessing
longing burns her slow and burns her
breathing tears in the darkness an unsung flight

she lies down in the night a shrouded blessing
balsa flowers under the frame of her wing
breathing tears she names her hunger
there in the fold of a cloth draped over

in the fold of a cloth draped over
the waterlilies sing like ghosts
moss grows outside on teeth and boulders
a chair pushed back in black and white

Shari Kocher Campbell

What Are These Restless Creatures

What are these restless creatures
Where did they come from
Why are they always moving
Never keeping still

Little blind wrigglers and twitchers
Scurrying through an undergrowth
Of floral prints shirt cuffs
Crumpled frocks waistcoat pockets

Pulling at this piece of loose thread
Picking a little hole in this fabric

What knots are they trying to undo
What riddle is it they're trying to solve
Unravelling each meaning
Winding the line in and out
Joining the ends back together

Now look for a moment they're still
Though the finger-ends are trembling
As if sniffing the air for some known scent
As if listening for some familiar sound
As if peering trying to recognise the outline of a face

Now they're moving again
Snuffling searching
Hurrying away and coming back again
Gently fumbling with the air
Making marks rubbing them out

Meanwhile the mouth is opening and closing
Lips flutter soundless
Over tongue between teeth

But these are living their own lives hidden
Scribbling the letters
Of an unknown language
Gathering the scraps of their autobiography
The secret story they're not telling.

David Calcutt





Sometimes the Silence

sometimes the silence
only shows you static
sometimes the static
seems to whisper syllables

sometimes the syllables
sound like they have secrets
sometimes the secrets
insist they have a shape

sometimes the shape
seems to have a symmetry
sometimes the symmetry
reveals itself as song

Matt Hetherington

What Still Sings

After Caravaggio

The crowd has dispersed, the attendants –
they're gone too; silence descends,
fine and articulate as dust-motes
that float in a column of sun.

How quiet it is, almost remarkable;
yet you can't say how, you're not sure:
is it stasis or stillness –
the last breath of air?

A flash of insight behind closed eyes,
where nothing is happening
because everything has happened;
the last embrace sealed in departure.

Michelle O'Sullivan



Ethna O'Regan, *Wander 2*, 2012

The Grin of Our Choices

The silence is congestion -

Idling in the corridor,
Gassing my dinner bowl,
Queuing thickly for tomorrow...

Between this enamel wall
And my listening skin.

It oozes, liquid concrete
Pouring slyly into one jaw-lax slipper
Drying out overnight

It bottles the voice

This bath is unforgiving
I splash

Dear you,
(if I could write on water or speak to you just now)
For you, it's golden, you've no silence to splash yourself -

...

it's ok, I said 'splash' – splash yourself with,
your congestion is a -

...

just that your congestion is a giggling gridlock, a blasted -
...oh, bless 'em...

– horn
demanding -

Mummy -
mine and ma-ma-more -

...

sure -
you've got to go.

I can hear the scream -

(snippets of solitary time
between their bathroom slip-thud-wail
and a bedtime rhyme).

The silence rams *my* reading into a corner
And *you* corner the page to return to -

The both of us are rocking
In the grin of our choices.

Skye Loneragan



Fallow

1.

When the weather is at its worst
there is nothing to do but go below and wait.
So I settle under a mantle and listen to your voice
that comes, unbidden, to my hibernation.

You tell me you have carelessly spilled
a little of your own ink on my, as yet, unwritten chapters.
You request permission to remain until the spring rains
to see whether the stain is indelible.

The sound of your voice is, at first, soothing
and I cannot find any reason for you to leave.

2.

Finally the thaw comes
and water is released from its cold prison.
None too soon, I am worn out from you worrying
whether I am ready for the next season.

You say, this time of year is treacherous.
Our first shoots might be bewildered
then destroyed by a late frost
or sustain injury that is not visible until later.

The sky clears, you fall silent; and I find
I would have held your hand had it been given.

Olive Broderick

Opposite: Katie Holten, *Shadow* (9.30am, January 15, 2012), ink on paper, 8.5x11 inches, 2012

Over: Pavel Büchler, 4'33", photo Dominick Tyler, 2008





Sculpture

My flesh holds
the memory of stone,
heart of every cell
a nucleus of marble,
my skin is cold, rouge
the only colour on my face.

I have waited
in a winter cave,
in the white mouth
of a lily: pollen
on your tongue.
I have hoarded
my gold transgressions.
I am not shy.

Now seasons have come again,
great clots of blossom bending
the fragile branches of the cherry tree
and I fear we are forgetting each other,
two ghosts in an empty upstairs room.

Moyra Donaldson

Opposite: Zoë Murdoch, *I Think I Could*, 2012



Clints and Grikes

The days have been kissing me gently
lately, as if to say “sorry, sorry”.
Today a mother and child

The downy hair of the blossoms
and the sky enveloping grey.
“And isn’t it nice, this smooth windlessness?”

Saturday was more teasing,
a younger kiss all-round, and flirtatious,
easing my clothes off with its hazy heat.

The perfect day for a pilgrimage
that no needling inquisition
and no contrite weather

could spoil. From the holy well
where an ash defends the stagnant fount
stubbornly, to Colman’s hermitage –

a thousand year sulk of stone watching
the emotional outpouring of a cold stream.
Between them one wall over two mountains

stripped of anything but stone
and short grass. The occasional
gentian a vivid dream

of finery. Everything there
has pared itself to essences
in preparation:

The cow skeleton, neatly divested
of flesh but for one leg
to match the hot white sky.

What an awfully long prayer
to abandonment, each cliff,
each slippery lurch up crag and heather

eroding another chip of ego.
I’m all hands and breath here.
If no one speaks I can borrow

the pretence of solidity
from these dry-stone walls. If no one looks
I can splay myself like a ribcage

open to the milky way, waiting
for the grass to grow through me,
a flower to bloom in a socket.

The walk cut off, inevitable hermitage unfolding
in the currant stained lips of dusk
with enviable indifference to its visitors,

the water sweeter than the high yiks
of the birds on Eagle’s Rock.
Eventually we all accept forgiveness.

Eve Golden Woods

Opposite: Brendan O’Neil, *Untitled Blur (Repent ye and believe in the Gospel)*, 2011

Small Print

Frost crystals have climbed
the grasses to their tips,
the grey sky, wet as the grey sea,
drops a fog between them.

In a pewter acre of still estuary
a pair of winter swans dip
their questioning necks
into the bitter water.

A huddle of oyster-catchers
and sharp suited plovers,
breast the sea edge snow
stoically, plumped against cold.

Although you are there,
pointing out silhouettes,
in our walk's scape,
still I am alone,

our contract includes
a non-interference clause,
a respect for the ninety percent
of thought that remains unspoken.

Vivien Jones

Opposite: Colin Darke, *Sad*, 2011



3.1
A
too sad to
all you.

Dropped Calves, Sucklers, Weanlings and Steers

Their lowing drenches
these redundant pens
and seeps through concrete floors
like blottered ink,
while in a shed
the gavel sleeps
its gunshot condemnation
silent only after the bidding.

*'Dropped calves, sucklers,
weanlings, steers,'*
the wet-nosed breath of them
hangs still,
its droplets dripping fear
on crusted pats
of meringue-crisp manure.

No sentiment soils
this soulless place,
only the cold stare
of hard men born to it,
their business done
with spit and shake
to seal the deal.

And under a gavel's silence
hums the lament
of those condemned,
carted to slaughter
and a butcher's slab.

Lynda Tavakoli

the non-sequitur of snow

once upon a time on a Sunday
 since ladders go up and down
 because like snow the frangipani was falling

a solidified tear stood in a ducted doorway
 what is the shape of a note in the dark
 once upon a time on a Sunday

she looked up and the sky was the flattest blue
 there was no talking or if there was talking it was like
 the eyelash running along a parallel hallway

since time unloads its palmings
 since spiders curl up
 in corners not of their own making

what is the smile of a small evil
 bouncing off the unwanted light
 in a darkened room of doorways

what is its scale
 since she imagines clouds taste like frangipani
 flying forward not backward to the rolling

open of a stone that tasted once
 of honey and salt and the unpeeling
 of figs on a tongue made for singing

no prayer but that which exists
 in a mouth on a breast by a river
 built on the fruit of all her soul's doorways

smooth as a wish in the hand
 since ladders climb both ways
 and darkness is water

your soul quivered once
 like mine against a blue wall maybe
 still standing in the bluest dark

the curve of her own imminent horizon
 still horizonless and humming what if
 the train was full

the clouds were heavy
 she arrived early and
 it began to snow

Shari Kocher Campbell



That Day of Leaving

That day of leaving
There was a mist
Over the hills and on the sea

It was like a shutter
Pulled down across the brain.
A kestrel hung

Below the cloud
It was seeking the rabbit
That sat cowering

In my skull. You, curlew
Were nowhere to be seen
Your cry lay sodden

On the muddy shore
A length of frayed rope
Coiled beneath dunes

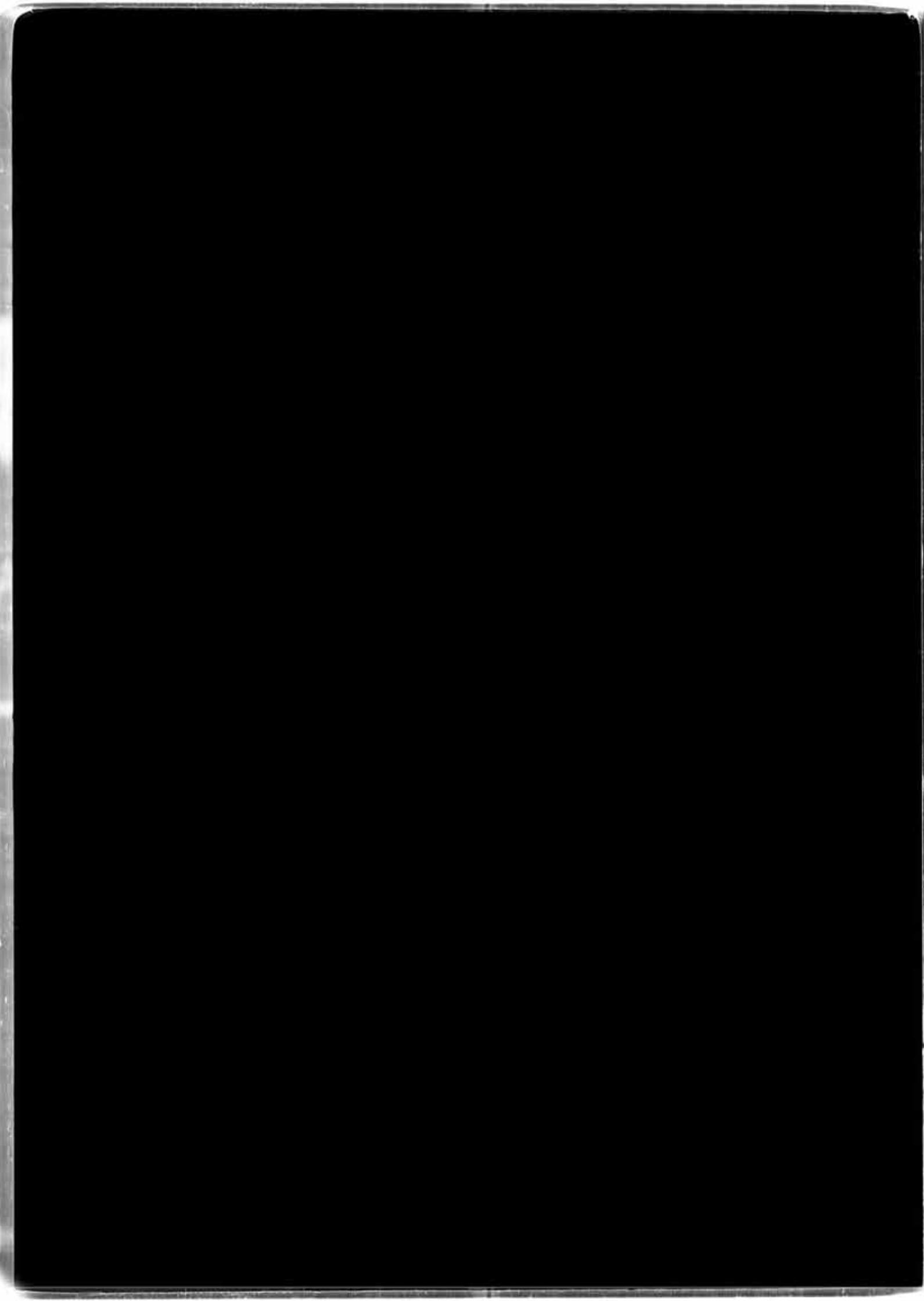
And the boat
That moored there
Set adrift.

Its only passenger
My homeless ghost.
Sing, curlew

Lead me to a landing.

David Calcutt

Opposite: Mark Janssen, *Father # 15*, from the A2011ODDITY series, 2011



Contributors

Darran Anderson is a Derry-born writer. His collections of poetry include *Tesla's Ghost*, *The Fool* and the forthcoming *The Magnetic Mountain*. He is a co-editor of *3:AM Magazine*.

Olive Broderick, originally from Youghal, Co. Cork, travelled to Northern Ireland to undertake the Creative Writing MA at Queen's University Belfast, settling in Co. Down in 2003. In 2009, she was one of the Poetry Introduction series readers and won a Hennessy X.O. Literary Award, Emerging Poetry Category for the same year. She has previously published '*Darkhaired*' (Templar Pamphlet, 2010). She is an active member of *the Write! Down collective*.

Pavel Büchler is a Czech-born artist, teacher and occasional writer living in Manchester.

David Calcutt is a playwright and poet, and has also written three novels for young people, published by Oxford University Press. He has many radio plays to his credit, and is currently working on a project in Herefordshire creating poetry with people with dementia. His most recent work is *The Ward*, a play based on writings by Anton Chekhov, for Midland Actors Theatre. David lives in the West Midlands.

Colin Darke is an artist and writer based in Belfast. He has exhibited in Ireland, Europe, Canada, USA, Korea and China. He is currently the Arts Council of Northern Ireland Fellow in the British School at Rome.

Benjamin de Búrca studied Fine Art Painting at The Glasgow School of Art and received a Masters of Fine Art degree from the University of Ulster in Belfast. His work has been exhibited nationally and internationally, such as London, Dublin, San Francisco, New York and Berlin. Recent exhibitions include *Art is Dead* Galerie Deadfly, Berlin and *Death and Sensuality*, Mina Dresden Gallery, San Francisco. He is currently based in Berlin, Germany.

Moyra Donaldson's fourth collection *Miracle Fruit* was published in November 2010 by Lagan Press, Belfast. She has published in journals in Europe and the USA, most recently in the *Salzburg Poetry Review* and *The Cincinnati Review*. Moyra lives in Co Down.

Peter Goulding is completely lacking in artistic integrity and was lured into the murky world of poetry by the promise of fame and wealth. He writes both comic and serious verse, sometimes at the same time, and his blind dogged persistence has seen the occasional publication, a fact which sadly serves only to encourage him.

Jan Harris lives in Nottinghamshire and writes poetry, flash fiction and short stories. Her work has appeared in *14 Magazine*, *nth Position*, *Popshot* and *Mslexia*. Her poem *Poppies* was commended in the Poetry Kit Competition 2011.

Matt Hetherington is a writer, musician, and non-godfather living in Melbourne, Australia. His most recent collection is *I Think We Have* (Small Change Press, 2007) <http://www.smallchangepress.com.au/> He is also on the board of the Australian Haiku Society <http://www.haikuo.org/>

Katie Holten (Dublin, 1975) is a visual artist. In 2003 she represented Ireland at the Venice Biennale. Recent solo museum exhibitions include the New Orleans Museum of Art, New Orleans (2012), Dublin City Gallery The Hugh Lane, Dublin (2010), The Bronx Museum, New York (2009), Nevada Museum of Art, Reno (2008) and Contemporary Art Museum St. Louis (2007).

Mark Janssen (1975) graduated at the Academy of fine arts St. Joost in 1999. After working in several fields of photographic expertise he now has found his muse and specializes in largely scaled, staged, theatrical photography. Besides assigned projects giving life to non-commissioned series is a big part of his activities. Recently he finished *A-2011-ODDITY; The story of Major Tom continues*. www.markjanssen.com

Vivien Jones lives on the north Solway shore in Scotland. Her short stories and poetry have been widely published – her first themed collection of short stories, *Perfect 10*, was published in September 2009. Her first poetry collection – *About Time, Too* – was published in August 2010. In August 2010 she won the Poetry London Prize, her work chosen by Michael Longley.

Fergus Jordan is an artist based in Belfast, Northern Ireland where he is currently completing his PhD at the University of Ulster. His research study *Under Cover of Darkness: Photography, Territory and the City* is an examination of the photographic representation of the City at night, with an emphasis on the key visual characteristics and unique spatial relationships of night-time in Northern Ireland.

Aileen Kelly is an Irish artist born in County Tyrone and currently living and working in London. Aileen graduated with an MA in Fine Art from Winchester School of Art in 1998. She won the Perspective Contemporary Art Award in 1999 and proceeded to complete a number of exhibitions in Ireland the UK and mainland Europe. In 2010 Aileen showed a new body of work at the Cueb Gallery London which was critically commended. Aileen's work is concerned with issues of displacement, loss, fragility and strength. These themes are continuously revisited in her work through a variety of medium and formats – moving between the figurative and object to encompass as sense of being.

Matt Kirkham's *My Grandfather Runs Away To Sea* was a winner in the inaugural Templar *iShots* competition for short pamphlets. Anthologised in *The New North* (Wake Forest University Press 2008), *Incertus* (Netherlea Press 2007), and *Our Shared Japan* (Dedalus 2007). *The Lost Museums* (Lagan Press) won Rupert and Eithne Strong Award 2007 for best first collection in Ireland. Contributor to *Abridged 0-1* in 2004.

Shari Kocher Campbell is a poet. Her prize-winning work can be found in numerous literary journals and poetry anthologies across Australia. She holds an MA (Creative Writing) and is currently engaged in postgraduate research at Melbourne University.

Skye Loneragan is an award-winning playwright and performance poet, whose contributions include *The Grist Anthology* (Huddersfield UP), and *I Confess* (Capercaillie Books). Her solo works have been performed internationally and her recent play, *Mish Gorecki Goes Missing*, was shortlisted for the John Whiting, Brian Way and Kings Cross Awards UK. www.SkyeLoneragan.com

Aoife Mannix is an Irish writer and poet based in London. Her first novel *Heritage of Secrets* was published in 2008. She is the author of four collections of poetry; *The Trick of Foreign Words* (2002), *The Elephant in the Corner* (2005), *Growing Up An Alien* (2007) and *Turn The Clocks Upside Down* (2008). She regularly features on BBC Radio 4's *Saturday Live* and has been poet in residence for the Royal Shakespeare Company. See www.aoifemannix.com for more information.

Mary McIntyre was born in Northern Ireland where she lives and works. She graduated Master of Fine Art at the University of Ulster 1990, where she is currently a Reader in Fine Art. She has exhibited extensively both nationally and internationally including: *The Nature of Things: Artists from Northern Ireland*, Northern Ireland's first presentation at the *Venice Biennale 2005*; *Esterno Notte*, Arte Ricambi Gallery, Verona, 2005; *Tides*, Regina Gouger Miller Gallery, Carnegie Mellon University, Purnell Center of the Arts, Pittsburgh, 2006; *Dogs Have no Religion*, Museum of Contemporary Arts, Prague, 2006. Recent solo exhibitions include: *Silent Empty, Waiting for the Day*, Belfast Exposed Gallery, 2011; *Mary McIntyre*, The Third Space Gallery, Belfast, 2009.

David Mohan is based in Dublin and writes poetry and short stories. He has been published in *Gemini*, *The Sunday Tribune*, *Revival*, *The Moth*, *The Independent*. In 2011 he won first prize in the *Gemini Poetry Open*. He has won the Hennessy/ *Sunday Tribune* Poetry Award, as well as the 2008 overall *New Irish Writer Award*.

Zoe Murdoch was born in Northern Ireland in 1976; she studied Fine Art at the University Of Ulster in Belfast before joining Queen Street Studios in 2001. She had two solo shows in the Queen Street Studios Gallery and a one

person exhibition in the Fenderesky Gallery, Belfast. Her work has been exhibited in a wide range of group and theme based shows throughout Belfast and Ireland and has been included in shows in London, China, New York and Pennsylvania. She received an ACNI Individual Artist Award in 2009. In 2007 and 2010 she was awarded the Robinson McIlwaine Architects *Original Vision Award* by the Royal Ulster Academy. She lives in Belfast.

Giles Newington, born in London, moved to Ireland in the 1990s and now works as a journalist at the *Irish Times*. He began writing poetry three years ago and has been shortlisted in a number of competitions. He lives in Dublin with his wife and two sons

Nuala Ní Chonchúir is a short story writer, novelist and poet, living in County Galway. Her third poetry collection *The Juno Charm* is just out from Salmon Poetry. Her fourth short story collection *Mother America* will be published by New Island in May 2012. She is nominated for the 2012 Pushcart Prize. www.nualanichonchuir.com

Graham Nunn is a founding member of Brisbane's longest running poetry event, *SpeedPoets*. He blogs at *Another Lost Shark*: www.anotherlostshark.com and has published five collections of poetry, his most recent, *Ocean Hearted* (Another Lost Shark Publications, 2010). In 2011, he was the recipient of *The Johnno* for his outstanding contribution to QLD writers and writing.

Mark O'Flynn has published four collections of poetry, most recently *Untested Cures* from Picaro Press, (2011). He lives in the Blue Mountains, Australia where he writes poetry and fiction.

Sara O'Gorman is currently completing her MFA at the University of Ulster. After graduating in 2007 with a First Class Honours in Fine and Applied Art she worked as a co-director at Catalyst Arts and sat on the board of Queen Street Studios, where she also had a studio. O'Gorman explores memory through installation, digital video, and 35mm photography. Through her work, O'Gorman investigates how the partial disclosure of information offers a glimpse, enough to provide a clue for remembering.

Brendan O'Neill was born in Ballymena in 1971. He studied Fine Art (BA (Hons) at the University of Hertfordshire 1994 to 1997 and completed his Masters in Fine Art at the University of Ulster 2002 - 2004. O'Neill worked as a visiting lecturer in the Fine Art Department at the University of Hertfordshire 1999 - 2002 and was awarded a three-year studio fellowship at the Digswell Art Trust 1998 - 2001. Was a previous Co-director at Catalyst Arts, Belfast 2004 - 2007. Since 2007 he has worked as the Studio Administrator and Gallery Coordinator for Queen Street Studios & Gallery, Belfast

Ethna O'Regan, from Galway, has been selected for several group shows in Ireland and the UK, including Transmission, MRA Project Space, Catalyst, Royal Hibernian Academy, Sligo Arts Centre and Monstertruck. She had her first solo exhibition in the m3 Kunsthalle, Berlin in 2009. Her work can be found in private collections in Germany and Ireland. She received her BA(Hons) in Photography from the Dublin Institute of Technology in 2007. She lives and works in Berlin.

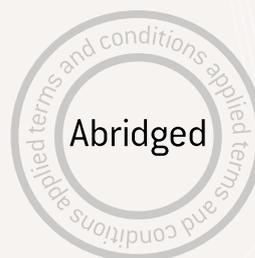
Michelle O'Sullivan work has appeared in numerous publications including *The SHOp*, *Poetry Ireland Review*, *Cyphers*, *The London Magazine*, *Abridged*, *Iota* etc. A collection is forthcoming.

Stephen Porter grew up in Cork, where he studied English & Philosophy at UCC. He went on to complete a diploma in Journalistic Writing, but soon thereafter moved to South Korea for 3 years. He's since been based in Dublin, where he studied an MA in American Literature. He's been writing poetry since he was 15 years old, and would cite E.E.Cummings, Hart Crane, William Carlos Williams, Rabindranath Tagore, F.G. Lorca and T.S. Eliot among his many influences.

Lynda Tavakoli (b. Portadown, 1955) is a teacher of creative writing based in Lisburn. She has published two novels, *Attachment* in 2008 and *Of Broken Things* in 2011. Her literary successes include RTE *Sunday Miscellany*, Listowel (poetry and prose), BBC Radio Ulster (various) and Eason's short story competitions. In 2010 Lynda won the Mencap short story award and last year she came fourth in the *Mail on Sunday* novel competition.

Jennifer Trouton is a visual artist currently based in Queen Street Studios, Belfast. Her work has featured in group exhibitions internationally. These include *Resolutions* at the Katzen gallery, Washington DC, *Nacienta* at the Guayasamin Gallery, Cuba and *Through our Eyes* at the Drawing centre, New York. Solo exhibitions include 18th St Gallery Los Angeles, Spectrum Gallery, London and the Ashford Gallery, Dublin. Her work is held in numerous private and public collections including Arts Council of NI, AXA Insurance, OPW and ESB.

Eve Golden Woods was born in North Clare and currently lives in south Dublin. She holds a B.A. in English and Philosophy and an M.A. in Creative Writing, both from University College Dublin. She has won the Pearse Malone Scholarship in Philosophy and the H.H. Stewart Literary Scholarship, 3rd place.



Abridged Personnel

Project Coordinator/Editor:

Gregory McCartney Still messianic. Still turning the gold to chrome.

Editorial Assistant:

Susanna Galbraith Welcome aboard to our newest recruit. She is in full time study for A levels, using any spare moments to paddle through the world of poetry and art, always sponging up as much as possible and enjoying every rippling step.

ART..LINK

Susanne Stich Even if We Think We Know Things

New work from a 2011 Artlink Residency

Screening & live performance with
countertenor Mark Chambers & dancer
Siobhan Simpson:
Sunday, March 25 3p.m. @ Fort Dunree,
Inishowen

Exhibition runs March 20 - April 9
@ Fort Dunree, Inishowen



Denzil Browne

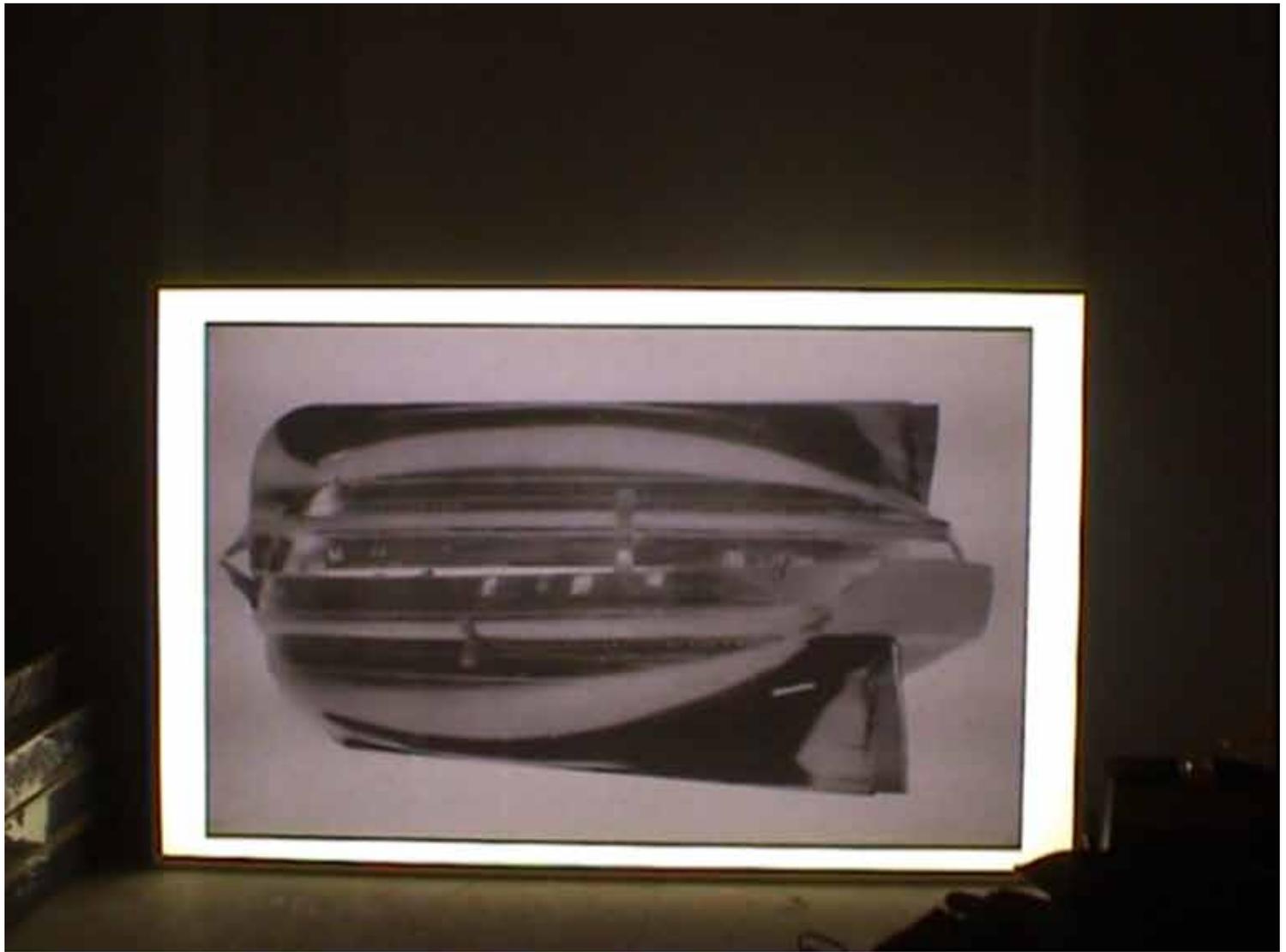
New work from a 2011
Artlink Darkroom Residency

Exhibition runs April 14 - May 14
@ Fort Dunree, Inishowen



Artlink, Tullyarvan Mill, Mill Lane, Buncrana, Co. Donegal

T. 074936 3469 • info@artlink.ie • www.artlink.ie



Philip Napier

13 March - 13 April

Curated by Conor McFeely

YoHa

Graham Harwood & Matsuko Yokokoji

1 May - 1 June

Curated by Declan Sheehan

Grace Schwindt

19 June - 13 July

Curated by Susanna Stich



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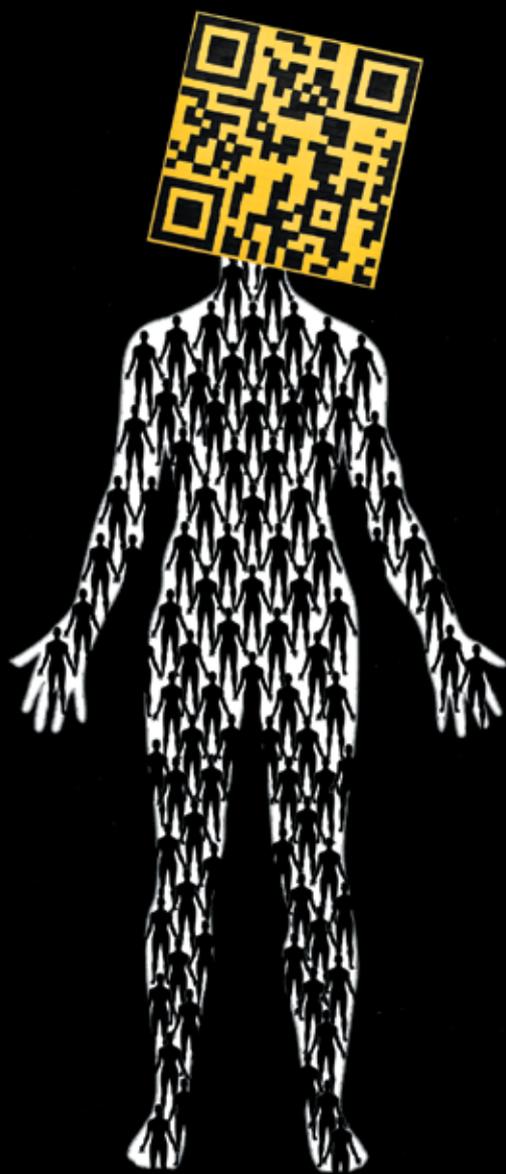


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SEEN, HEARD AND NOTED

“Rise Up, Piper Sweeney!”

WHEN THE BARD of Connacht, Patrick

Of that which was, I'll rest and wait
Until the chilling dawn
Unbinds the strands of golden hair
All on the Rocks of Bawn.

wrath, and the end of it was that the O'Breslin family fell, but so did McGorry.

PHIL HESSION : My heart is always trembling, afraid I might give in
16 FEBRUARY - 17 MARCH 2012
Opening Reception and performance : Thursday 16 February 6pm

"I am one of the Sweeneys-without-the-Mac," writes this reader, "and I rejoice to see our Mac-less branch of the clan honoured by a true poet.

"I am moved to reply to Patrick Kelly, and to make a poem which has a hidden meaning like his own."

SO HERE IS the poem which a Sweeney has sent me, and I hope that it will not give a headache to anyone in Stormont puzzling it out.

I
"Oh, rise up, Bard of Connacht,"—
My full heart's voice is sweet;
For Piper Sweeney saw you there
A-dreaming in the street.
As he was first, so I was last;
And after he was gone
I saw you take your pencil out
And write the Rocks of Bawn.

II
All weary walked I—Sweeney;
My namesake went before.
I'd thought our name would never play
A part in Ireland's lore.
His heart was sad, and sad my own;
I said: "His pipes he'll pawn"—
But then I heard you singing loud,
"He'll plough the Rocks of Bawn."

III
MacSweeney was a gracious name,
A Gaelic name and grand;
I saw it spell MacSweeney too,
When writ by bold Red Hand;
I thought our own a traitor's trick,
And cursed the alien spawn,
Who looking back in fear, had failed
To plough the Rocks of Bawn.

IV
But now I'm proud of Sweeney,
Who met the woman fair
And keeps his piping vigil by
The Well of Golden Hair;
For Sweeney looked through Sweeney's
eyes:
He saw a splendid dawn,
And he will help the lady fair
To plough the Rocks of Bawn.

V
He saw the ripples smoothing out
The darkling water's face;
He said: "The night-wind's dying fast
And soon there'll be no trace

CLANN SWEENEY

Sweeneys have full title to the Mac that some ancestor dropped, or (more likely) was robbed of by some officious clerk who wrote the name in a rent-book or a register without the olden prefix.

The MacSweeneys, according to the learned editor of *Leabhar Chlainne Suibhne*, are of Norse descent, like the MacDonnells, the Kings of the Isles.

The two families came from the same region in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, as constables,—that was the title held by the captains of galloglasses.

A Youthful Frolic.

ACCORDING to the old Gaelic text, the first MacSweeney to land in Ireland was a youth named Eoin, who came with his foster-father, McGorry of the Isles, on a pleasure trip; for it was the day when young Eoin first took arms, and he was celebrating the honour.

These Islesmen came to the O'Breslin country, Fanach, and cut timber to make or mend their ships. Food was given them by all save the O'Breslins, who suspected them of wishing to seize the land.

Suddenly, when the Islesmen were resting, O'Breslin and his sons arrived with swords and shields and disarmed them—all but Eoin MacSweeney, who would not give up his newly-earned weapons, but the Irish thought so little of the boy that they let him keep his broadsword.

Eoin Of The Wonders.

E OIN RUSHED on the attackers, single handed, in his battle-

The "Book of the Good Hand," as young MacSweeney was called, went military back to Scotland to seek a force with which to win land in Ireland; but the timber that was cut at the beginning of this tragic frolic has (the book says)

And that is the wondrous timber in which it is fated that the MacSweeneys shall go to Scotland again."

RODDY THE ROVER

Switzerland Wants To Buy Radio Station

The Swiss Government is negotiating with the League of Nations for the purchase of Radio Nations, the League's private broadcasting station. All that now remains to be settled is the purchase price, states Reuter.

Arrivals And Departures

B. and I.—Arrivals—Baron de Robeck, Capt. de Burgh, Major Gubbins, Major Hilliard, Comdr. Bernard, Major Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Gordon, Departures—Col. Comyn, Capt. Hicks, Wilson Moffat, Rev. Austin Murphy.

L.M.S.—Arrivals—K. W. L. Starkie, E. C. Evans, Miss G. Holland, M. Hurst, M. E. Grant, F. C. J. Swanton, P. J. N. Smyth, J. Dowse, P. Ailden, Miss A. Dowdall, Miss B. Hipwell, Departures—Major F. Morrow, Miss Owens, Lieut. W. L. O'Donnell, R.A.M.C.; C. M. B. Coughlan, R.A.F.; D. Fitzgerald, B. Whittitt, J.P.; B. Whittitt, Junr.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Beatty, Miss Beatty, Miss A. Winslow, Miss E. Jaffe, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wright, R. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Douglas, Miss McGinley, J. McGinley, Mrs. E. I. D. Arthurton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hartley, Miss K. Dolan, Mr. and Mrs. J. McCloskey, Major J. Mackesy, Miss B. Rosenthal, Mrs. M. Renshaw, Miss W. Larchet.

Irish Sea Airways—Arrivals—C. Hatre, Mr. and Mrs. Acland, Miss T. Mulholland, Mrs. G. Grant-Mason, Mr. P. Dobson, Lady Benson, P. N. McKenna, W. F. O'Dwyer, Dr. O'Dwyer, T. Keegan, S. Moran, T. H. Bateman, Mrs. T. H. Bateman, Miss Bateman, T. Price, S. Price, Miss D. Murphy, J. B. Storey, Rev. Joseph Gardner, Mr. Ryan-Jervis, A. G. Crewdson, Departures—C. Lloyd, Miss C. Lloyd, Miss L. Lloyd, Miss A. Collins, J. Hughes, Mrs. E. Hughes, F. J. Lanigan, S. H. Combe, Mr. and Mrs. G. Finn, Mrs. B. A. Tabbush, F. A. England, E. Flower, H. C. Walsh, S. H. Kilbridge, Miss Dean-Oliver, Lieut.-Comdr. E. Esmonde, Mr. and Mrs. J. McEivieen, C. Brigley.

PROFESSIONAL INTELLIGENCE. Surgeon P. J. Smyth has left St. F. William Square until early in September.

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