

FOREWORDConsider:

Feeling couped up, almost claustrophobic (in an Art College),
producing objects, knowing that one would probably have to
dissemble them, so as to reuse the materials - resulting in:

quick disposable pieces,
communication with only
the few who happened to
be nearby when the piece
has its temporary existence,
nothing to give people,
and nothing to show people.

Monotonous routine - making objects, disassembling objects, the
same people, the same reactions.

Feeling dissatisfied.

Wanting to satisfy one's sense for adventure.

Wanting to communicate on a larger scale.

Wanting to expose one's ideas to a general public as opposed
to a somewhat artistically informed public (as with the Gallery
system).

Wanting to experience different reactions, unpredictable
reactions.

Wanting to use one's town as a working area as opposed to the
confines of a room.

Wanting to push oneself into fields yet unexplored by oneself.

Wanting to revitalise one's ability to execute "labour and
particular care" demanding ideas.

Wanting to use and learn from all the materials and techniques
accessible to one.

What does one do in the above circumstances?
The following, is a documentation of what I did.

That which I did, happened, and is now over.
The document is not the piece but an effort to convey the substance of, what to me was a very worthwhile experience and, what is now a valuable memory. The hope of conveying this, is my reason for choosing this as my thesis.

When executing the piece, I avoided presenting it as an Art piece, so as to allow the individual himself to categorise, if he so wished, and also a freedom of interpretation, from which to draw his own conclusion, similarly, I shall leave the conclusion of this thesis to the reader.

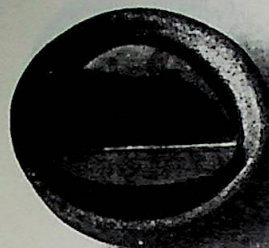
Introduction

Preparation

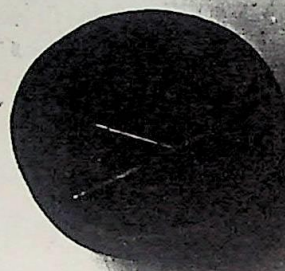
I made: I2I pots (II sets of II)
 I32 objects (II sets of I2)

I put I2I of the objects (II from each set) into the
I2I pots and called them "CUMOLLARES".

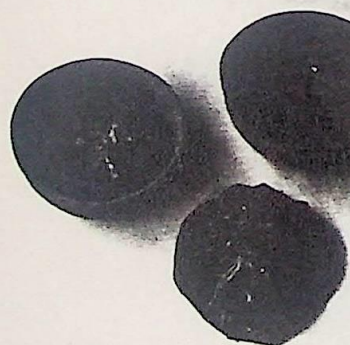




Bent Mirror



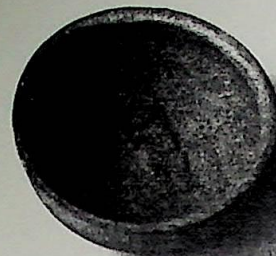
Triangles



Bag of salt water
sand, pebbles,
seaweed, from a
beach in Galway



Paint and plastic
cover



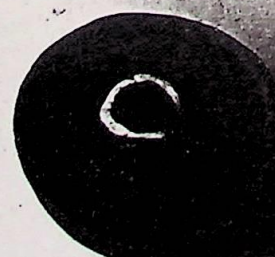
Negative



Sand with
aluminium cut-offs
and plastic cover

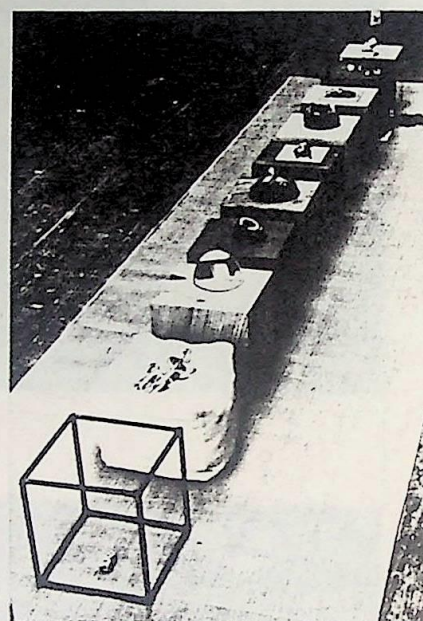


Chain



Painted stone with
penetrated steel
rod

I made eleven 6" cubes:



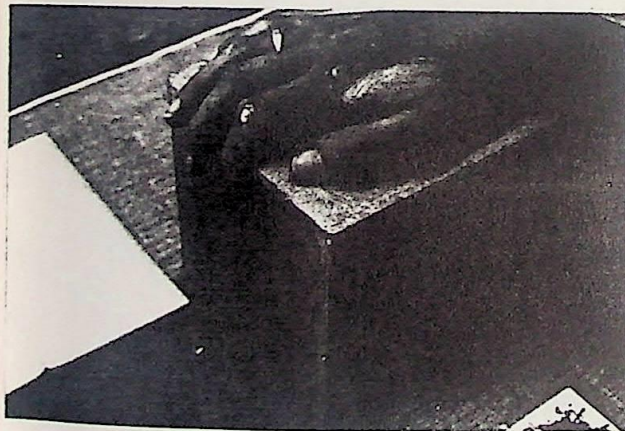
- A mirror cube
- A sand cube
- A ceramic clay cube
- A sponge cube
- A steel plate cube
- A stone cube
- A rubber cube
- A wooden cube
- A cloth cube
- A steel rod cube
- An imaginary or negative cube



Sponge



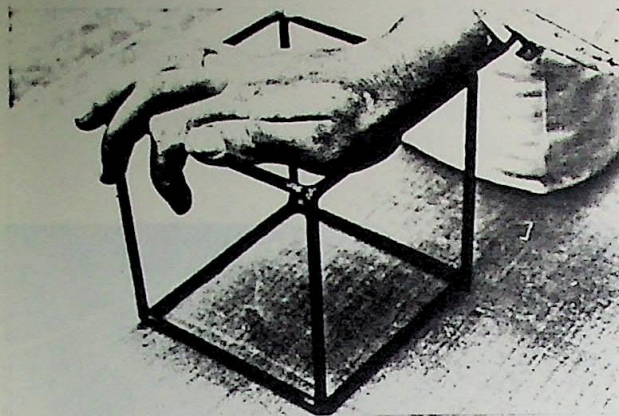
Stone



Ceramic Clay



Steel Plate



Steel Rod



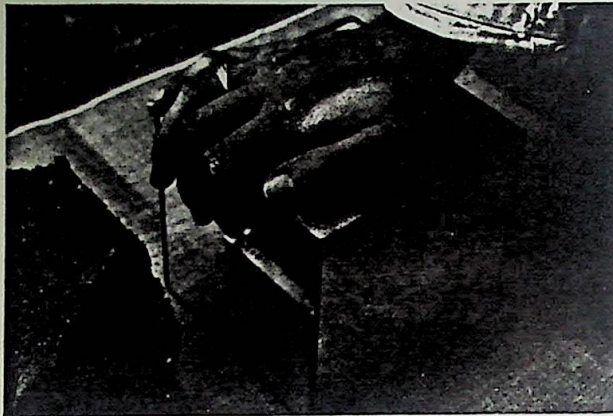
Rubber



Cloth



Wood



Mirror

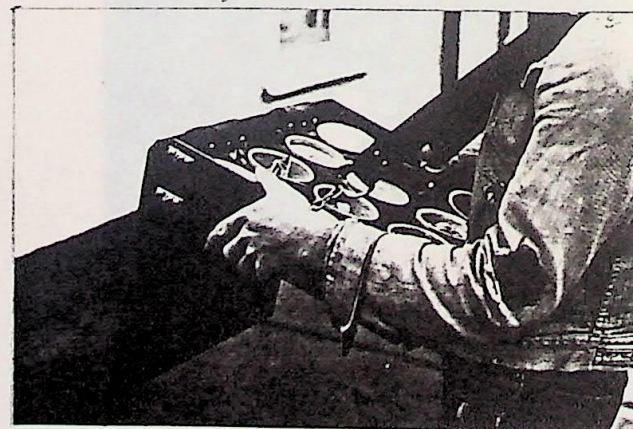
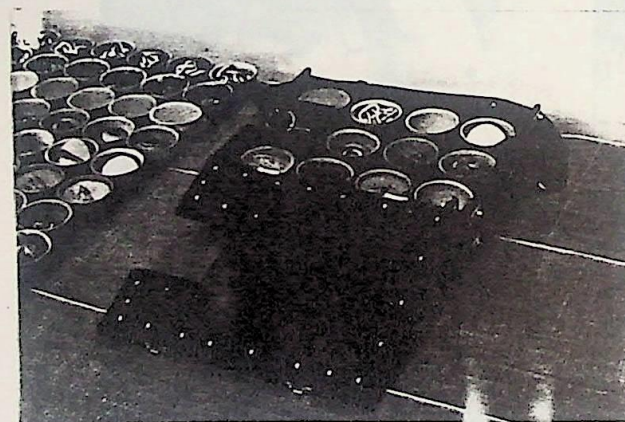
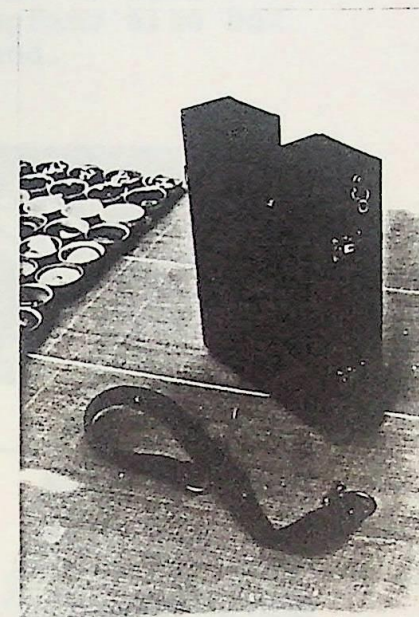
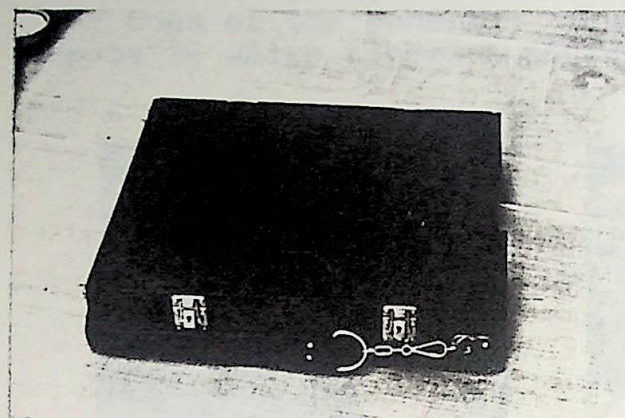


Negative

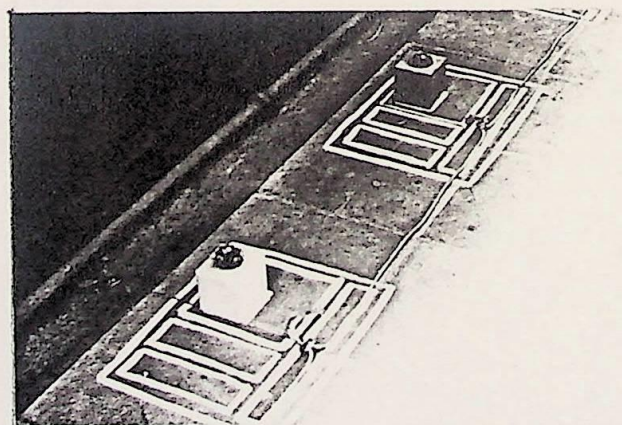
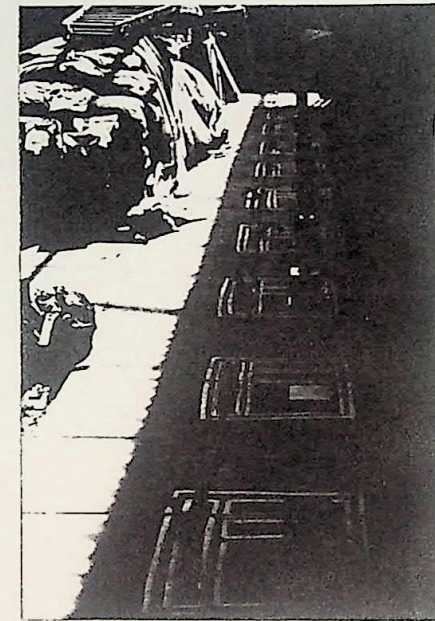
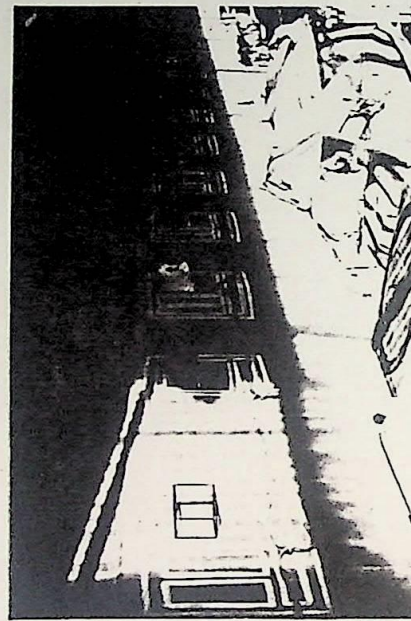


Sand

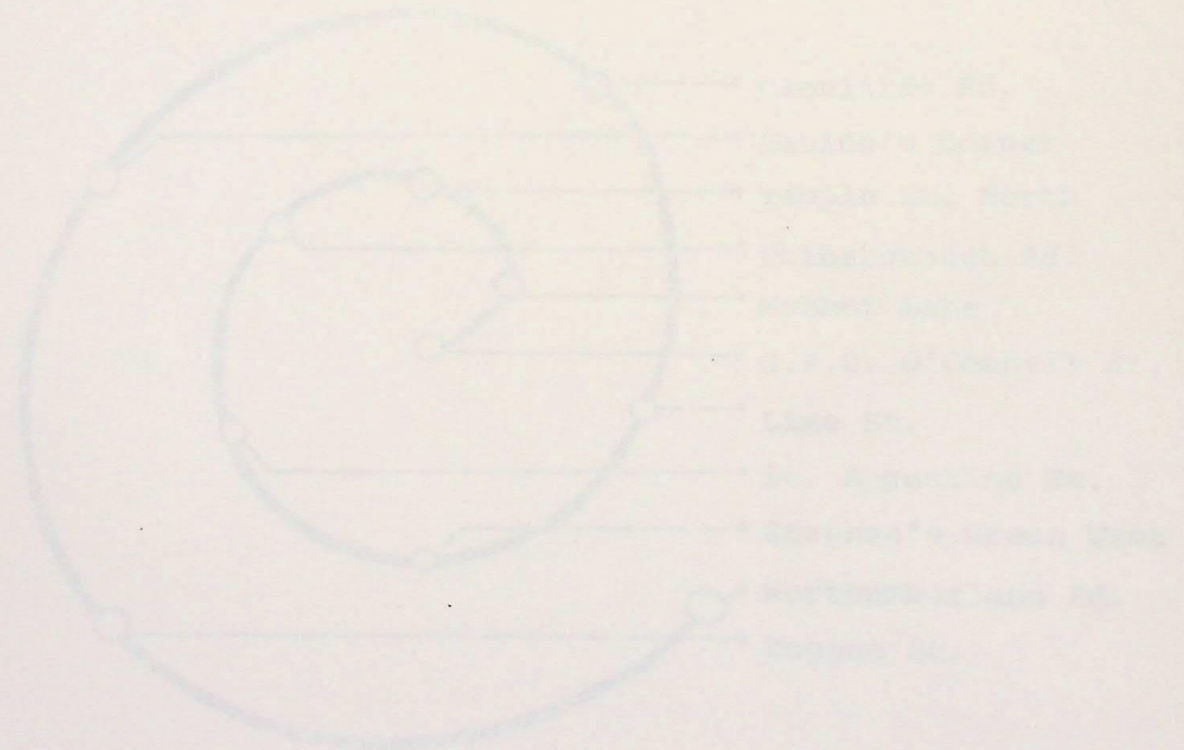
I made a black brief-case with green velvet lining. I designed it to hold II cumollares at one time and so that I could suspend it from my neck by a strap. The lid of the case would hang in front of me. with the notice "Free Cumollares" printed on its velvet lining.

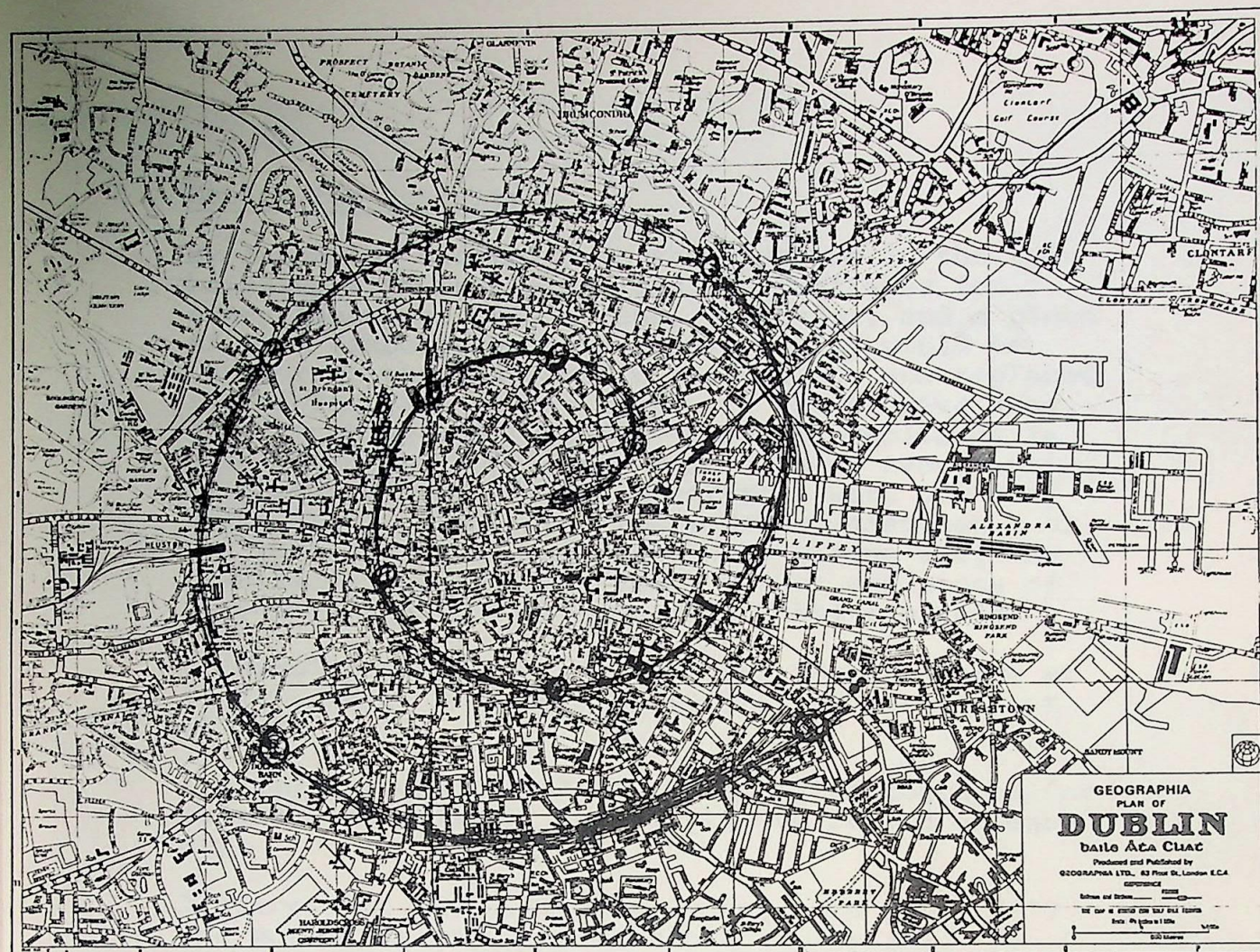


I painted II diagrams along a passage-way in the National College of Art and Design (where I work). I tied 22 short pieces of rope together and extended it through the diagrams in the passage-way, so that each diagram incorporated a knot in the rope. I also placed a cube in each diagram. I put an object on top of every cube, each object coming from a separate group (II sets of I2 objects, II of each set for the pots, the remaining one of each set for the tops of the cubes). The diagrams also had space in which a person could stand.

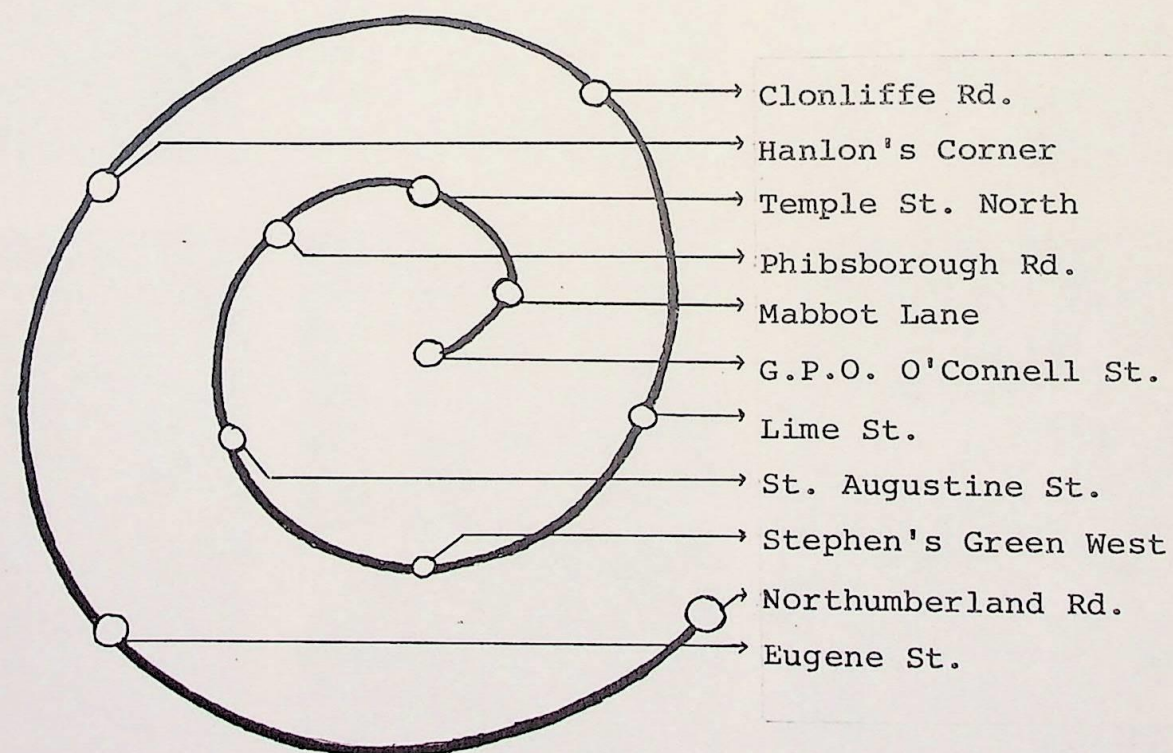


On a map of Dublin I drew a spiral beginning from the General Post Office (G.P.O.) in O'Connell Street (City Centre). I put 11 points on the spiral at increasing intervals from the G.P.O. outward. At each of these locations marked, I painted a diagram identical to those in the College.





No. 8
No. 9
No. 3
No. 4
No. 2
No. I
No. 7
No. 5
No. 6
No. II
No. IO



Design for Activity

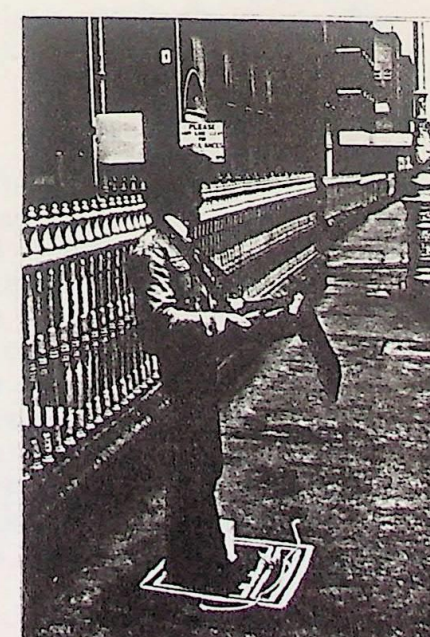
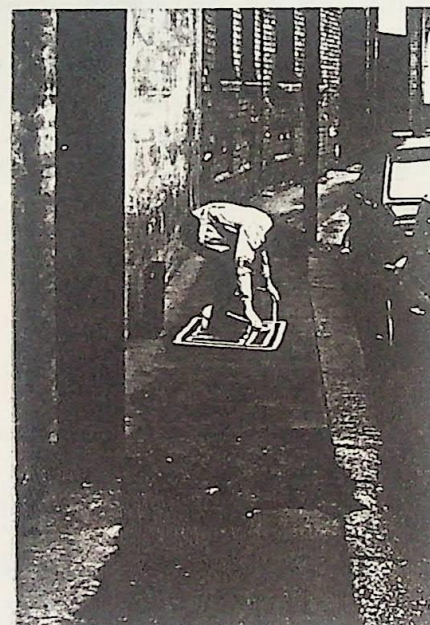
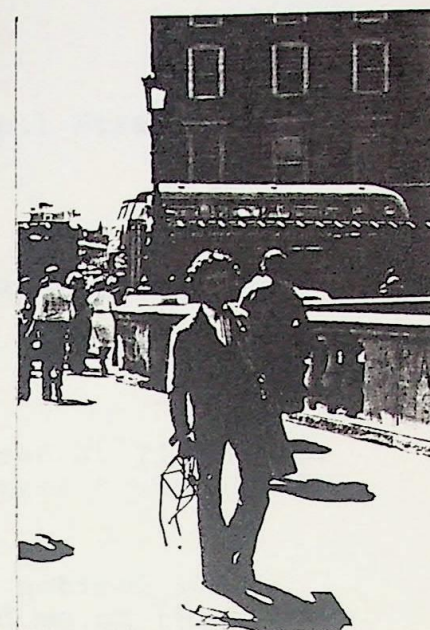
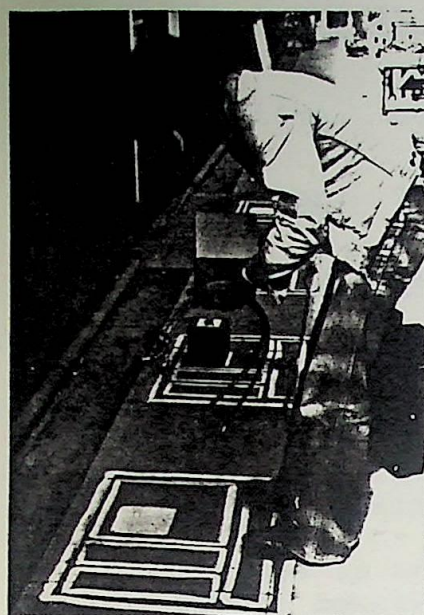
My intention was to go to the diagrams in the town bringing with me a case-load of cumollares for every location, plus a cube, its object and a piece of rope (incorporating a knot). They would be taken from the diagrams in the College and replaced in the diagrams in the town. I was to give away, free of charge, a full case-load of cumollares in each location. My dress was to be my everyday working clothes (denims) contrasted with bow-tie, white shirt with frills and a dress waistcoat. I was to stand in the diagram while giving away the cumollares, leaving the cube, object and piece of rope behind in the diagram when I had finished.

I intended to do one location per day, starting at II a.m. every morning - therefore, it was to last II days.

I asked friends to take documentary photographs for me and I was also to keep a written record of each day.

I started at the G.P.O. on Friday, 3rd June, 1977 and worked my way outward along the spiral. I finished on Monday, 13th June, 1977.

Daily Routine



Day I: Friday, 3rd June, 1977.

Location: General Post Office, O'Connell Street (City Centre).

Duration: 12.10 p.m. - 12.50 p.m.

Cube and Object for Diagram: Steel rod cube and dice.

Photographer: Mick O'Sullivan.

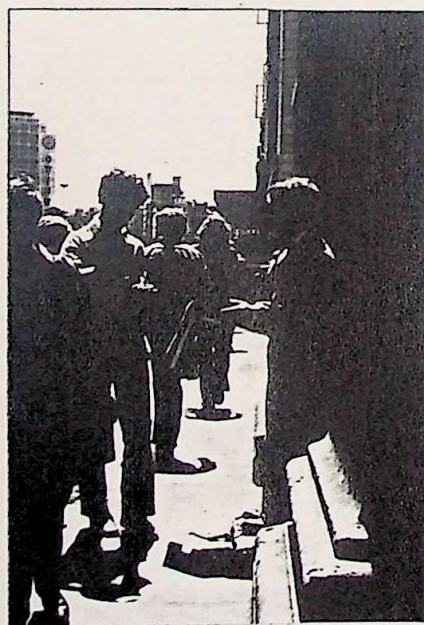
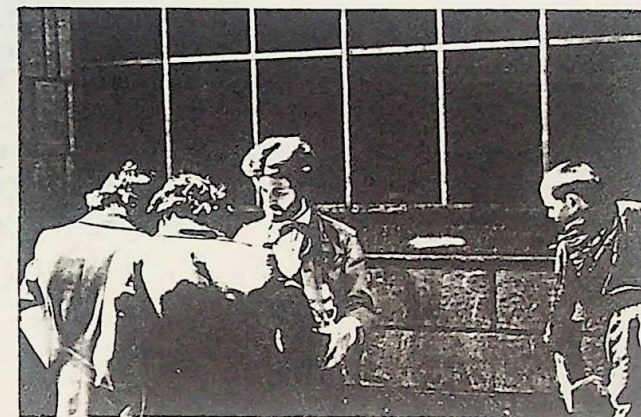
I was due to start handing out cumollares at 11.00 a.m. but due to circumstances beyond my control I was unable to begin until 12.10 p.m.

I stood in my position for a while and noticed that people ignored me and no-one approached me of their own free will. I decided to invite people to take a cumollare, free. Even at that, there was hesitation and suspicion. However, two young men stopped and then a third. They asked questions such as "Did you make them?" and "Are you really giving them away free?" etc. They were very apprehensive about taking a cumollare, but one asked what was in the one with the lid, to which I answered that he was welcome to have that one if he wished to find out, so he took that one. The other two young men would not take one and they went away.

A young lady I knew stopped and took the one with the 2 bundles of photographs.

A teenage boy passed me by, making gestures at my photographer. When his attention was brought to me, he took the cumollare with the chain.

Two elderly ladies stopped and one was quite loud but friendly. As she asked her numerous questions a crowd gathered around. She asked why I was giving them out free, and not selling for charity. I told her I thought it would be a nice gesture to give things away free. She asked me would I take money if I was offered and my negative reply seemed to puzzle her. She asked me if I was very rich and I told her I wasn't. She wondered what were they for and what are cumollares. I explained that a person could use them for whatever they wanted, and that the objects I was giving away were "cumollares", that being the name I had given them. She eventually took one (the one with the mirror) because, as she explained, she felt I was sincere, and I was reacting against high prices, that I was proving there were still nice people in the world, but that I must be the only one. She wished she had met me under different circumstances, where she could approach me as a grandmother. Before she departed she commented how nice I was all dressed up and she noticed the rod cube, the dice, and the diagram on the pavement. She enquired if it had something to do with the devil but I assured her it hadn't.



In the meantime, others had taken cumollares. Some just looked at them and left them back. An elderly lady took up the one with the sand and aluminium and asked if there was a bomb in it. She didn't take it though I assured her there wasn't.

At times, people didn't like to take one because I'd have none left, but I told them I had more.

A child who had previously got one returned for another when they were just gone, and someone told me to give him the case, but I replied I needed it. I was also asked if I had money to give away, to which I gave the obvious reply.

An elderly man asked if the idea was to make people ask how could someone give away things free in these days of high prices. I told him that was part of it.

I was surprised that the cumollares weren't snatched up quicker in such a busy street, but I was very pleased with the overall reaction.

Day 2: Saturday, 4th June, 1977

Location: Mabbot Lane, off Gardiner St. (Tenement flat area).

Duration: II.00 a.m. - II.20 a.m.

Cube and Object for Diagram: Mirror Cube and Triangles.

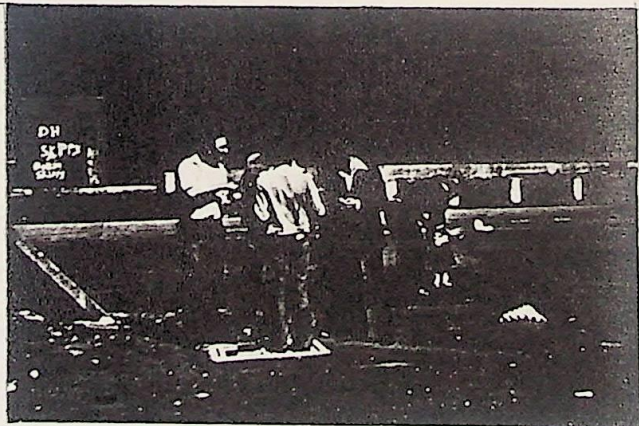
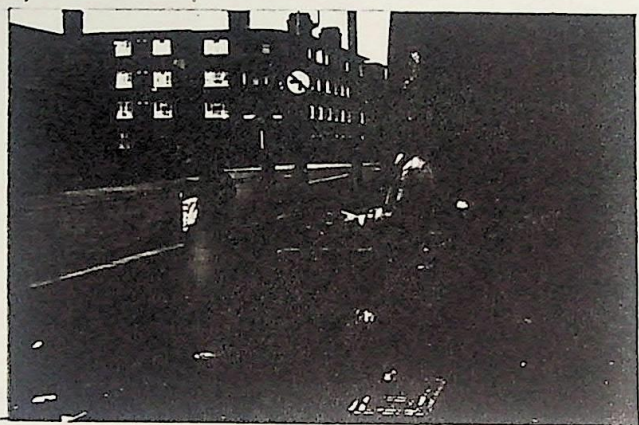
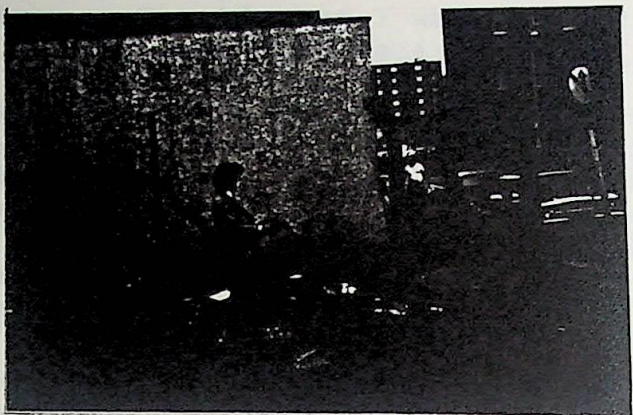
Photographer: Ronan Campbell.

It was a Saturday morning so the place was very quiet; a lot of people taking their sleep-in presumably. The odd straggler seemed afraid to approach me though I invited them to take a cumollare. I offered to a boy of about eight years old but he declined. Later a young man came and viewed me from a distance. I offered a cumollare to him but he still kept his distance. He came closer and looked in the case. He tried to shift the stones in the cumollare with the stones and he saw they were stuck. I took up that cumollare and offered it to him. He took it in his hand, looked at it, and asked what it was for. I told him it was for whatever he wanted to do with it. He returned the cumollare to its place in the case and departed. A few minutes later he returned from a near-by building, where I suspect he worked, with two middle-aged men. The two men liked the cumollares and one took the one with the resined stones. The other said he'd take one on his way home. The man with the resined stones cumollare tried to persuade the young man to take the one with the painted stone and he handed it to him. The young man quizzed what could one use them for. The older man explained that they'd have something to do with "an art" and that they could be used for a "decoration". He handed it back to the older man who kept that one also.

Children who had been playing nearby had gathered around me at this stage and taken most of the cumollares.

The men beckoned to another young man on his way by, whom they seemed to know and informed him that he could have a cumollare free of charge, so he took the last one; the one with the triangle object. He told me he had seen a similar diagram outside the G.P.O. and asked if this was what it was for. I told him it was, and that I had been there the previous day. He told me he wondered about it.

A middle-aged woman joined the little gathering and was disappointed that there were none left but both the gentleman with the two cumollares and the person who had taken the last one, offered her one. I don't know whose she took as I'd begun to leave.



Some children noticed I wasn't taking the mirror cube, the triangle object and the rope, so they asked me about them. I told them I was leaving them there so the children took them immediately.

Having walked a short distance two little girls came to me and one asked if she could have a different cumollare because she didn't like the one she had - the one with the lid and the dice. She seemed to prefer the one her friend had, namely the one with the little bundles of photographs. She was disappointed in learning that I'd no more left.

Again I was surprised but this time at the speed they were taken, since the area was so quiet and I found the reactions interesting.

Day 3: Sunday, 5th June, 1977.

Location: Temple Street North, outside Children's Hospital
Semi-Commercial working class area.

Duration: II.00 a.m. - II.35 a.m.

Cube and Object for Diagram: Sponge cube and resined stones.

Photographer: Ray Murphy.

It was Whit Weekend and I should have had 3 case-loads of cumollares prepared, i.e. for the Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Due to circumstances beyond my control I only had two case-loads. I decided to give out 5 on Sunday and 6 on Monday, and to give out the complimentary 6 and 5 on a later date, so as not to break the II day sequence.

Per usual, lots of people were too apprehensive to approach me. A man coming out of the hospital asked my photographer what I was doing but he referred him to me. He asked me and I told him I was giving cumollares away free. He chose the one with the coloured stone and offered me money but I insisted I didn't take donations. He left the pot back in the case and said it wouldn't fit in his pocket so he kept the object and went off.

Three young girls approached and chattered and giggled among themselves trying to decide who'd pick the first one but they never gathered the courage so they went their way.

A woman and what seemed to be her daughter came and took one each (i.e. the resined stones and the triangles) without any fuss.

I coaxed two ladies (one pregnant) from across the road to take two cumollares by lifting one out of the case to let them see it. The pregnant lady took a look at the sand and alluminium one and said "They'd scatter that all over the house". She took the empty pot left back by the man who took the coloured stone. The other girl took the mirror one.

A young boy took the last, the sand and aluminium one. As I was leaving I saw a nurse coming out to see what I was doing.

In relation to the little amount of passers-by, I feel the 5 cumollares went reasonably quickly. I was amused that one man offered me money. It could suggest he thought they were worth something - and I like that.



The Complimentary Six Cumollares.

Date of Return: Thursday, 9th June, 1977

Time and Duration: In the afternoon, 10 minutes.

Photographer: Joe Butler.

Because I'd left the sponge cube and resined stones object after me on the Sunday, I just stood in the diagram without any cube or object.

The interesting thing about this session was that nothing unusual happened in the giving out of the cumollares: people either took one or refused to do so, without much fuss.

Just as I was finished, an elderly man came up to me and asked if it was me that was there on Sunday and did I leave a piece of sponge with stones on top of it. I told him it was me and he continued to tell me that people thought it was a bomb when they saw it and they used rush down the street past it. He informed me that he took it and he uses it to clean the windows. He said that the sisters in the hospital and everyone else were glad to see it go.

I had hoped people wouldn't think my cubes to be bombs, but it seems it was too much to expect with the trouble in the north of Ireland.



Day 4: Monday, 6th June.

Location: Phibsborough Road. Across from C.I.E. Bus & Freight Depot. (Semi-Industrial working-class area)

Duration: 11.00 a.m. - 11.15 a.m.

Cube and Object for Diagram: Wooden cube with bent mirror.

Photographer: Ronan Campbell.

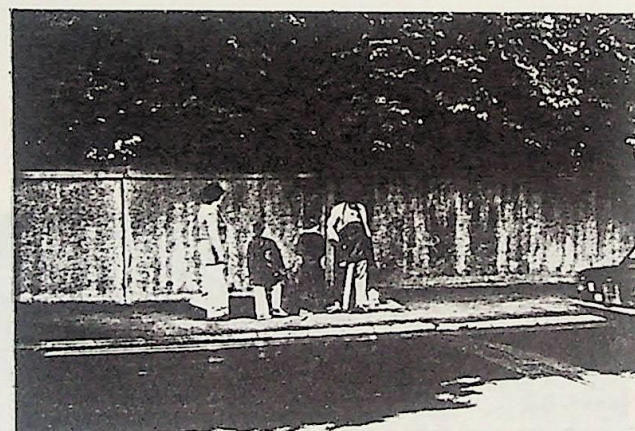
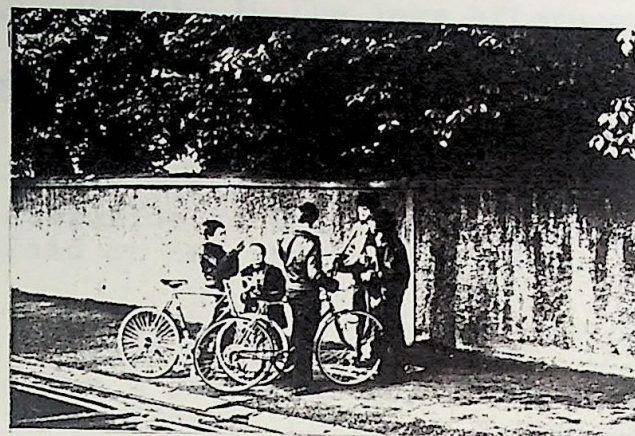
I had only 6 cumollares to hand out today. The area was very quiet and a good few people passed by and ignored me.

One man who stopped asked why I was giving them out free and I told him that I thought it would be a nice thing to do. He asked what was in the one with the lid and I told him he could find out by taking that one if he wished. He just laughed and went off.

Two children came, and one took the cumollare with the chain.

Two youths stopped on bicycles, and took the ones with the photos and the water bag. They informed me they saw the diagram outside the G.P.O. The two children who had taken the one with the chain returned with two youths. One of the youths asked if I had any smaller chains but I told him all I had left was in the case. He asked what was in the one with the lid. I told him he could have it if he wished to find out. He took that one and when he saw the dice he said it was a good idea. The other youth took the cumollare with the paint. One of the children asked if I was giving out the things on the ground and I told him I wasn't. (I wanted to leave them there after me, rather than give them away).

Today all the cumollares went to children and youths. I was somewhat disappointed because I prefer a mixture.



The Complimentary Five Cumollares.

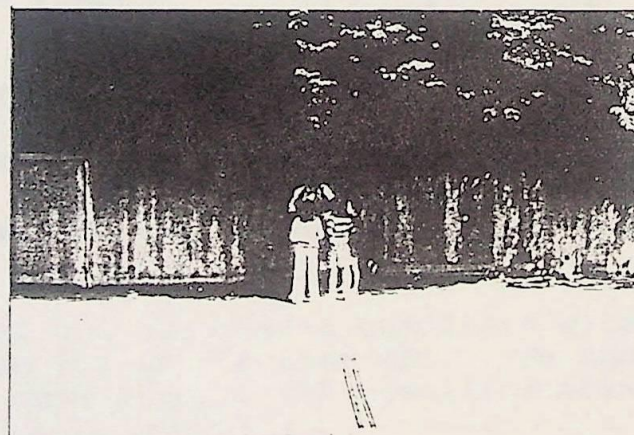
Date of Return: Thursday, 9th June, 1977

Time and Duration: In the late Afternoon, 10 minutes.

Photographer: Joe Butler.

There were some girls across the road at a bus-stop who kept attention to what was happening but they were either afraid or too shy to come over.

Again it was all children who took the cumollares. One asked me what do they cost if one was to buy them and I told her I didn't know. When I was leaving, three of the children ran up to me and asked me what did I say was their name. I told them and they went off, one saying to the other "Mammy won't believe it".



Day 5: Tuesday, 7th June.

Location: St. Augustine St. Off Usher's Quay (Working-class area).

Duration: 11.00 a.m. - 12.50 p.m.

Cube and Object for Diagram: Cloth cube and chain.

Photographer: Padraic Tierney.

The area was very quiet and there was only the odd straggler. It was very difficult to give away the cumollares.

The first lady who took one, took the one with the resined stones, the second the coloured stone one and the third lady who had two children with her, took the one with the chain. From a friend on-looker I heard that that lady (i.e. the one who took the chain cumollare) made her two children kiss the chain before she put it in her bag.

There was a little company across the road from me and a lot of white-collar workers drove up in cars at different stages. None of them showed any interest though I invited them to take cumollares free of charge.

A group of workers from the firm came over to me at one stage but they didn't take any cumollares. The general consensus was that they were no good. You couldn't use them for anything. This happened quite frequently today: people wouldn't take cumollares because they had no use.

A man came and accepted a cumollare without much fuss, thanked me for it and went off. He then came back and asked me what exactly did cumollare mean. I answered "a pot with an object".

Another man came along and for the life of him he couldn't accept that a person could give things away free. He made statements like: "You won't be in business long like that", "There must be a catch in it somewhere", "People just don't give things out free", and "It doesn't happen". He hung on for a while talking to me and asking questions but he didn't seem to come to any understanding. He asked me if I'd accept money but I told him I wouldn't, and that really added to his confusion about the whole thing. As he was leaving, he said "Look, do you want a couple of bob?" I told him I didn't but he proceeded to take 50p. out of his pocket and toss it in the case. He left without taking a cumollare. I called after him I don't want it. He replied "Hold on to it".



It started raining so I took shelter. When I returned, the chain on the cube was missing. The cube and the rope were kicked along the footpath. I repositioned them and carried on.

More people approached me from the firm across the road. They quizzed me up for a while and asked what was I getting out of it. I said the enjoyment of doing it.

They then acquired the attitude that they'd be doing me a favour if they took a cumollare. They didn't take any because they felt they had no use for them and they thought it would be better to leave them for people who would have a use for them.

Later one came back again and asked what good would it do him to take one but I said that that was up to him.

On the whole they seemed to like what I was doing because they said things like: "It's a hard thing to do", "Fair play to you boss" and "Take care, boss".

Two children came and took one each.

A secretary from the firm came across to me and she took the last one, the one with the mirror. One of the men shouted over "Will that not be on your conscience tonight" and she told him it wouldn't. She went away saying (rather pleased I felt) "not bad for nothing".

When I was going the men from the firm waved me goodbye and bid me "Take care, boss".

I was very surprised at today's reactions, especially with the man's who gave me the 50p. He had contradicted all he had been saying to me by giving me something for nothing. He reacted to me by doing what I was doing. I also thought the men in the firm would eventually take one.

is situated within a 1000 square foot area. The building is situated on the site of the old building. The building is situated on the site of the old building. The building is situated on the site of the old building.

These people approached me from the front of the building. They entered me up for a while and then I walked out of it. I felt the enjoyment of it.

They then returned to the building and I went to the building. I went to the building and I went to the building. I went to the building and I went to the building. I went to the building and I went to the building.

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Day 6: Wednesday, 8th June, 1977.

Location: Stephen's Green West, opposite An Damer
(Commercial Area).

Duration: II.30 a.m. - I.I5 a.m.

Cube and Object for Diagram: Stone cube and bag of sea water.

Photographer: Frank Flood.

I started late due to unforeseen complications.

The first few cumollares went quickly but then it slowed down.

The first lady to which I offered wanted me to give her a lucky one. I gave her one which I said a lot of ladies liked i.e. the resined stones. She really liked it and thought it was very nice to get something for nothing. She said it made her day. She noticed my photographer and wanted her photo taken standing beside me. When the photo was taken I told her we'd send one on to her also free of charge and she was very pleased. As we were taking her address another friend came along and told the lady we'd be sending her a bill of £50 and that he wouldn't advise her to take a cumollare. She expressed alarm, but I assured her there'd be no bill, and the only reason we were taking her address was so that we could send on a photograph. She accepted that and happily went her way.

A priest said he'd take one but he'd have to be carrying it around all day. He tossed IOp. into the case but I insisted I didn't take money.

A couple quizzed me up a lot and said they didn't like to take any thing off me without giving me something. I explained it was my pleasure to give them one if they'd accept one, so they eventually took one. While they were talking to me a "wino" came over and asked me for a cigarette. I gave him one and he turned to the couple and said "Buy the fucking thing off him can't ya". They had been trying to offer me money but I wouldn't accept it. They wanted to subscribe so as I could continue what I was doing. Another girl asked me lots of questions including was I trying to get my name known, and was I going to the National College of Art. She also said she didn't like to take anything for nothing, but I persuaded her that it was alright to take one.



Another lady stopped and asked me directions but she wouldn't take one.

Again I noticed that the collar and tie workers ignored me.

I very much enjoyed the first lady's reaction, and I considered it a compliment as with the one of the couple who wanted to subscribe to me so as I could continue what I was doing. Overall I felt it was a positive reaction.

Day 7: Thursday, 9th June, 1977.

Location: Lime St., off Sir John Rodgerson's Quay.
(Docking area).

Duration: 11.00 a.m. - 12.15 a.m.

Cube and Object for Diagram: Ceramic clay cube and "sand and aluminium".

Photographer: Michael Cunningham.

The area was very quiet. Most of the people who passed were workers of some sort. The cumollares went very consistently. They went much quicker than I thought they would, for that area.

Two men, one on a forklift, working not far from me, came over and started asking me questions after I had given out a few cumollares. They concluded that it was funny that they didn't want to take anything when someone was giving things away free.

A man who passed in a truck parked along the quay and came back. He enquired about the cumollare with the lid but when I wouldn't let him look in it, he said he's be afraid to take it but that he'd send someone back for it. I don't know if he did send someone back for it or not. That man did, however, take one.

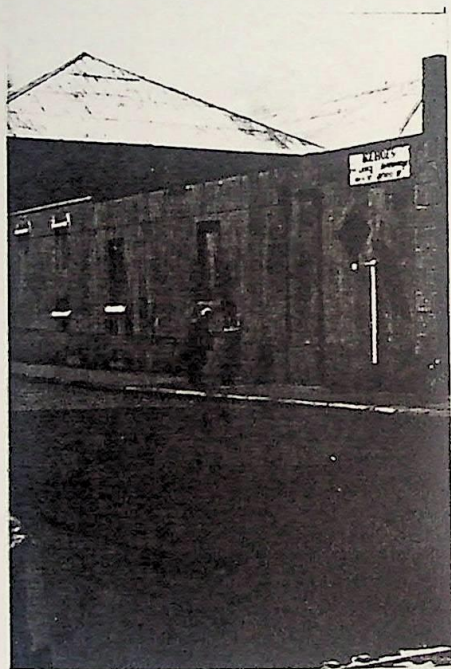
A man passing sweeping the road seemed interested. I offered him a cumollare and he said "I'm afraid I haven't a screed". He took one when I told him I wasn't accepting money.

Another man took the empty one because it would be useful for feeding his birds.

The man on the forklift truck dropped by again and started conversation. He told me about a fellow who gave away money on London Bridge. I told him about the Art College and what I was doing in general. Then a man stopped up in a car, got out and joined in the conversation. The forklift man also told him about the man on London Bridge. The man from the car went through all the usual questions. The forklift man told him if he took one at least he'd have a pot, but he left without taking one. The forklift man told me about how he'd been wondering about the diagram. He took a cumollare and then he left.

Later a truck stopped and a man jumped out and asked me what I was doing. I told him and he took the last two cumollares - one for himself and one for his friend in the truck.

I was glad that I looked interesting enough for people to stop in cars and trucks and that everyone was so friendly.



Again I felt the reactions were positive.

In the afternoon I went around to the two places where I'd only given out half case-loads, with the complimentary half case-loads.

Day '8: Friday, 10th June, 1977.

Location: Clonliffe Road (Lower middle-class area).

Duration: 11.30 a.m. - 12.30 p.m.

Cube and Object for Diagram: Rusty steel cube and paint.

Photographer: Charlie Molloy.

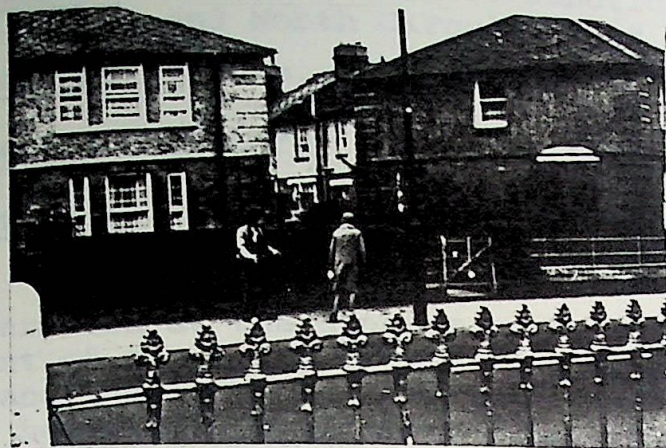
Started late because of trouble with buses. The area was fairly quiet and lots of housewives refused to accept cumollares. A youth seemed interested but he said "I've only got 10p. for my bus fare". I told him I wasn't accepting money so he took one. One woman said she'd be afraid of her life to take one. Another said she'd leave them for someone with some use for them.

A child of about six years old came to me and took one. I got the impression that someone who had seen me earlier told him about me. He stayed with me for a while asking questions like what was this for and what was that for, and did I make this and did I make that. I answered his questions and he said I was good at making things. He asked if he could take one for his sister but I told him to bring down his sister so she could choose one herself. He returned with a little 3 year-old girl. He chose one for her. He was going to take the one with the sand and aluminium but he decided it would be too dangerous so he took the empty one for her.

Two youths who were interested took the one with the lid because I wouldn't let them see what was in it.

I felt nothing of real interest took place today.

The reactions seemed to be of a dead and uninterested nature. I was disappointed.



Day 9: Saturday, 11th June, 1977.

Location: Hanlon's Corner, Junction of Old Cabra Road and North Circular Road. (Middle-class area).

Duration: 11 a.m. - 11.20 a.m.

Cube and Object for Diagram: Rubber cube and coloured stone.

Photographer: Padraic Tierney.

We arrived at the diagram early and since it was in front of a pub and it was misting and very cold we went in and had a drink. My photographer Padraic left the pub before I did to get a light reading. When I came out he had been talking to two men about me and what I was going to do. One looked like a bus conductor and when he saw me coming he called after his friend who had just left that what was going to happen was right up his alley. I learned after from Padraic that the men asked him if he was from the press, to which he told them he was just doing photographic documentation for me. They also asked if I was "nuts". One of the men said that he thought the diagram was a plan for a telephone box.

When I set myself up the two men took cumollares without any hesitation. They took the ones with the photos and the one with the chain.

There was a lot of traffic and it was very noisy which tended to drown out my invitations to take the cumollares. One of the men explained to me that if I'd come on a week day there'd be a lot more people around and I wouldn't have to wait as long in the cold and wet. He then bid us good luck and went into the pub. Later he came out with a few more men and they all took cumollares.

Anyone who passed me by without taking a cumollare, either through not hearing my offer, or through lack of interest, were stopped up by either one or both of the men and recommended to take one, and, as a general rule, they used to take one.

When I had only one left, the bus conductor said to me "I'll get rid of that for you". I offered it to a lady who just kept walking past taking no heed, and the bus conductor stopped her and told her what I was doing. He took the cumollare and handed it towards her. She backed away. He showed her his one and brought his friend out of the pub to show her his one. This convinced her that it was safe so she asked were they really free. I told her they were free so she took one.

When I finished I went back into the pub and I heard "That's him, that's the man". As we left the pub the conductor called that we were forgetting something i.e. the cube etc. I told him I was leaving them there.



This was possibly my most enjoyable day and the reactions were amusing and lively.

Day 10: Sunday, 12th June, 1977.

Location: Eugene St. Dolphin's Barn (Working-class area).

Duration: 11.00 a.m. - 12.12 p.m.

Cube and Object for Diagram: The negative cube and negative object.

Photographer: Padraic Tierney.

The area was very quiet. It's a cul-de-sac and I was up near the end which made me worry that there wouldn't be a lot of people passing. It was misting and very cold and I thought I might have to leave the cumollares behind in the diagram after me which was my last resort plan. With people coming and going to Mass I gave them all away quicker than I expected.

The first to go was the resined stones one to a lady with her husband and two children. She chose it and gave it to the children. They asked if it might have something to do with voodoo but I assured them it hadn't.

A man on a motor-bike stopped and enquired as to what I was doing, but he didn't take a cumollare. Three youths came over to me and one of them took the cumollare with the chain (when leaving I saw him swinging, and playing with, the chain) but the other two wouldn't take any. Later one of them returned and took the one with the mirror. He didn't want the pot so he left it in the gutter beside me.

One child, from the house behind me came to see what I was doing, but she wouldn't take one. Later her sister came out and took the one with the photos. She left her house again to buy a newspaper from a man in the street and when she returned she thanked me for the "lovely photos".

A girl passing took one and later she returned with a friend who wanted one. Her friend was too shy to actually physically take one out of the case so her friend performed the needful for her.

A man took one after I assured him there was no catch but he said he couldn't understand it.

A man and a boy came up the street selling papers and the paper boy took the last i.e. the water bag.

A question I was asked quite frequently today was why I painted the diagram to stand in, to which I answered that I felt it asserted my space or area.

Today I felt had its own quality which was, I imagine, caused by the close structure of the street. The reactions were ones of reservation, I felt, but that seemed to reflect the attitude of the people.



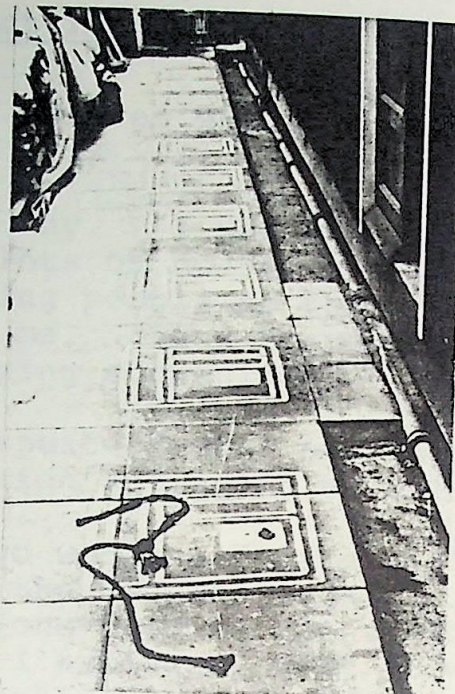


Day III: Sunday, 12th Nov. 1977

Location: Northumberland St. West Junction with Millington Rd. (Upper-class area).

Time: 11.00 a.m. - 11.20 a.m.

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Day II: Monday, 13th June, 1977.

Location: Northumberland Rd. near junction with Haddington Rd. (Upper-class area).

Duration: 11.00 a.m. - 12.20 p.m.

Cube and Object for Diagram: Sand Cube and Photos.

Photographer: Oliver Whelan.

It was a mild day. I was near a set of traffic lights so there was lots of noise. At times it was quite useless inviting people to take cumollares because they couldn't hear me. They hurried by, so as not to get roped into buying something.

Today was a repeat of what happened on other days. No real conversation got going at all.

The first to go was the "plain one" (i.e. the empty cumollare) as the man who took it called it. One girl wanted to buy one from me rather than take one for nothing until I explained that it was my pleasure giving her one for nothing. A German man took one after he interpreted what I was saying. An American hitch-hiker said he'd leave them for those who'd have more use for them. A man who got out of a van and asked me directions accepted one. A young lady asked me if they were "absolutely free" so she didn't hesitate to take one when she discovered there was no charge.

I found it interesting that pedestrians just passed by, seemingly not interested, whereas motorists and people in buses strained themselves looking out of the windows. One youth on a bus went so far as shouting out the window at me, "Hey, what are you giving out free?". I lifted a cumollare out of the case and held it up to let him see.

On the overall the session was reasonable but I was a little disappointed that there was no strong reaction.



Part II: Sunday, 1st June 1917

Location: Northampton at 11.00 a.m. (approx. 11.00 a.m.)

Duration: 11.00 a.m. - 12.30 p.m.

Cover and Subject: The subject of the photograph is a man in a dark coat and hat, standing on a sidewalk in front of a building with many windows. The man is looking down at something in his hands. The building is a multi-story structure with a row of arched windows on the ground floor. The sidewalk is paved with cobblestones. The overall scene is a street-level view in a city.

Photography: The photograph is a black and white print, showing a man in a dark coat and hat standing on a sidewalk in front of a building with many windows. The man is looking down at something in his hands. The building is a multi-story structure with a row of arched windows on the ground floor. The sidewalk is paved with cobblestones. The overall scene is a street-level view in a city.

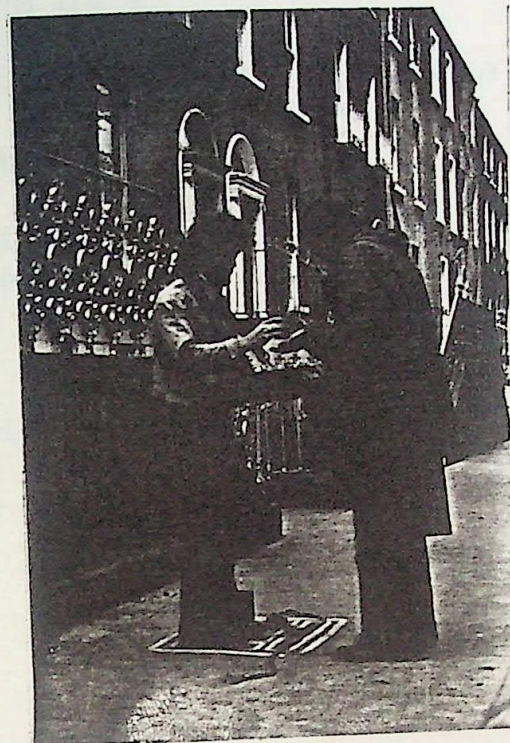
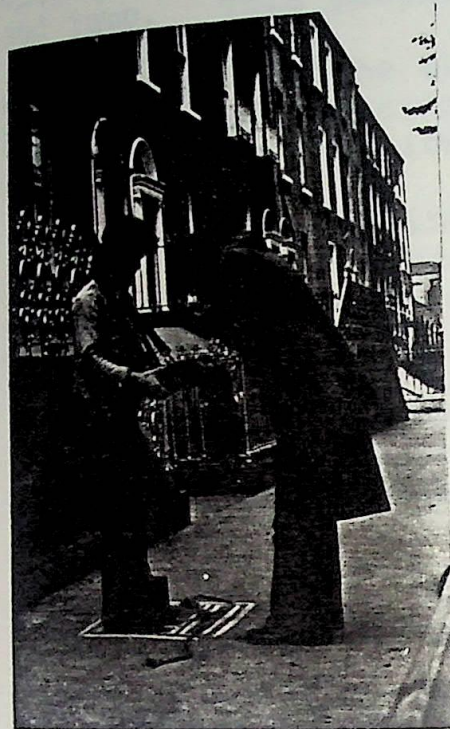
It was a mild day. I was out for a walk in the park. The trees were just beginning to leaf. The children were playing in the grass. The old man was sitting on a bench, looking at the sky. The woman was walking towards me, carrying a basket. The dog was barking. The cat was meowing. The birds were singing. The wind was blowing. The sun was shining. The clouds were white. The sky was blue. The water was clear. The ground was dry. The air was fresh. The day was perfect.

There was a man in a dark coat and hat standing on a sidewalk in front of a building with many windows. The man was looking down at something in his hands. The building was a multi-story structure with a row of arched windows on the ground floor. The sidewalk was paved with cobblestones. The overall scene was a street-level view in a city.

The first time I saw the man in the dark coat and hat was on a street in Northampton. He was standing in front of a building with many windows. He was looking down at something in his hands. I was walking towards him. He looked up at me. He smiled. He said hello. We talked for a while. He told me about his life. He was a very interesting man. I liked him very much. I wanted to know more about him. I asked him if I could take a photograph of him. He said yes. I took the photograph. He was very happy. He said it was a very nice day. He said he was going home. I said goodbye to him. I went home. I looked at the photograph. I was very happy. I had a very nice day. I was very lucky. I had met a very interesting man. I was very happy. I was very lucky. I had met a very interesting man.

I found it interesting that the man in the dark coat and hat was standing in front of a building with many windows. The man was looking down at something in his hands. The building was a multi-story structure with a row of arched windows on the ground floor. The sidewalk was paved with cobblestones. The overall scene was a street-level view in a city.

On the overall scene, the man in the dark coat and hat was standing on a sidewalk in front of a building with many windows. The man was looking down at something in his hands. The building was a multi-story structure with a row of arched windows on the ground floor. The sidewalk was paved with cobblestones. The overall scene was a street-level view in a city.



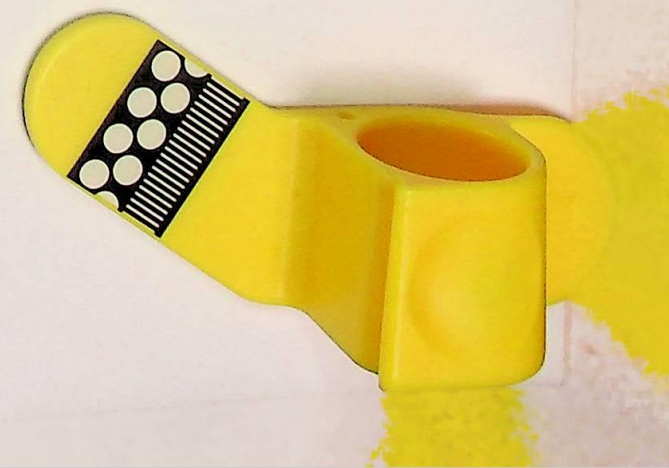
Report of College Diagrams:

I painted the diagrams on the passage-way in the National College of Art and Design (where I work) on Tuesday, 31st May, 1977. Until I layed out the cubes, objects, and rope in the diagrams, the diagrams were being used for games of hop, skip and jump. This lasted for 3 days.

When I layed out the cubes, objects and rope, the hop, skip and jump stopped, but people kept disturbing the position of the rope.

I was surprised to find that very little damage was done to the cubes, objects and rope. The sand cube was knocked and one of the bundles of photos was lost.

I didn't expect the sand cube to last as long as it did and I was aware that some of the objects on the cubes might be taken or lost.



Cubes, Objects and Rope.

It was not my intention to follow-up what happened to the cubes and objects after I'd finished handing out the cumollares but I do know what happened to some.

Location No. 2: Mabbot Lane, off Gardiner St.

As I was finished handing out the cumollares, some children asked what I was doing with the things in the diagram. I told them I was leaving them after me so the children grabbed the mirror cube, triangles object and rope, and went off.

Location No. 3: Temple St. North, outside Children's Hospital.

When I returned to this area the second time with the case-load of cumollares, an elderly man told me he took the sponge cube and that he is using it for cleaning the windows.

Location No. 6: Stephen's Green West, opposite An Damer.

I pass this area going to my flat, so the day I handed out the cumollares I was returning to my flat at 5.00 p.m. and the stone cube was gone. The piece of rope was thrown aside and the bag of water was burst.

Location No. 9: Hanlon's Corner, Junction of Old Cabra Rd. and North Circular Rd.

When I had finished handing out the cumollares in this area, and was leaving, a man shouted to me that I was "forgetting something". I told him I was leaving them after me. Five minutes later passing by on a bus, the rubber cube and the coloured stone was gone.

As for the other locations I've no idea what happened but I'm sure the cubes and objects are gone by now.



Report on Painting Street Diagrams

I painted the diagrams on the street on Tuesday, 31st May, and on Wednesday, 1st June, 1977.

Location No. 1: G.P.O. O'Connell St.

While painting the diagram outside the G.P.O. a crowd of people gathered around me waiting for me to do something but I left without saying or doing anything when I'd finished.

Location No. 2: Mabbot Lane, off Gardiner St.

I was approached by some children when painting the diagram, and they asked what I was doing. I told them I was making a diagram. One child asked a youth what was a diagram. The youth told him that what I was doing was a diagram. The child looked at me for an explanation. I told him that what I'd just painted was a diagram and I left.

Location No. 3: Children's Hospital, Temple St. North.

I asked to do my activity in the foyer of the hospital but they ignored my request, so I painted the diagram outside the hospital. When I had it finished the porter of the hospital came out and told me that the Mother Superior would probably have it washed off. A taxi driver who was waiting at the hospital for someone saw me painting the diagram and asked me what did it mean. I told him it meant nothing yet, but it would later. He seemed quite disturbed and said I'd no right to paint on the pavement. A doctor approached me and asked what did the "secret sign" mean and I told him it meant nothing. Everyone seemed a little angry.

Location No. 7: Lime St., off Sir John Rogerson's Quay.

I found it amusing that when painting the diagram on the footpath, a painter came along and painted a sign-post beside me.

Location No. 8: Clonliffe Rd.

A woman passed when I was painting the diagram and asked if it had something to do with the elections (there was a general election of 16th June). I told her that it had nothing to do with it.

Location No. 9: Junction of Old Cabra Rd. and North Circular Rd.

When handing out the cumollares in this location, a man told me that he thought the diagram was a plan for a telephone box.

The painting of the diagrams in the other areas was eventless.

AFTERWORD.

Is, that of which this is a documentation, Art? If it is not, what is it? Some people might call it, 'A Performance', 'An Activity' or 'A Happening', but does it really matter what it is?

For me it was a personal reaction and statement to a set of circumstances. I gained from its preparation, execution and aftermath. It was the embodiment of several ideas and a conclusion to a particular phase in dealing with objects. I look on it as a foundation from which my present and future ideas take direction and influence, and look forward with anticipation to see its effect on me, manifest itself.

Having read this document, if the reader should feel he has benefited either by comprehending my experience (as it reactivates it for me), or by his own interpretation, then this thesis serves its purpose, and the gesture need not be defined or categorised.

Gargen Tierney
Sculpture (Fine Art)
Spring 1946