



The ROSC 1967, (poetry of vision) was the first international exhibition of contemporary art to take place in Ireland. Relative to my proportions at the time, (*I was then eleven years of age*) the work on display was magnificently huge and awe-inspiring. The exhibition stays in my memory as a source of inspiration and also of turbulent discussions.

Walking through the exhibition halls, I was on cloud nine, barely touching the ground. I was intrigued, bewildered, excited and inspired. I had never seen anything like this before. My uncle became increasingly agitated, then exasperated and finally burst out; *"That's all complete rubbish, that's not art!"*

Having finally arrived at that decision, every work we stood before was dismantled, thrown overboard, one reason being as good as another. In the months that followed, the ultimate question was, *"What is art?"* Whether there is an answer to this particular question or not, the enquiry eventually became a lifelong preoccupation, a quest and also an occupation.

Meanwhile, 59 years down the road, I find myself in quite a different world. Forms of perception, imagination, vision, and expression have developed almost at the speed of light. Structures have become more complex, while others have become more simplified. Answers to all the immediate questions have been changing my perspectives on a daily basis.

Back then, I gathered strength wandering over bog land, through forests and spending time on mountains. At present my time is spent painting a landscape that continues to intrigue, bewilder, excite and inspire. This landscape exists simultaneously on two different but essentially inter-related levels. The experienced landscape and the sensed, imagined, landscape. The interaction between these dualities forms the wind that fills my sails on this artistic journey.

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