Voices of Memory

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Voices of Memory, Islandbridge, Dublin 2016 I Photo: Christina Kubisch

Introduction

Voices of Memory by Christina Kubisch began as an idea in 2014 when the Goethe-Institut Irland, impressed by the idea that Dublin City Council was commissioning sound art as a Public Art Commission, suggested we host Christina Kubisch on an exploratory visit to Dublin to see if she would be interested in making an artwork at Islandbridge. The impact of seeing *Ireland's Memorial Records 1914-1918,* illustrated by the Irish artist Harry Clarke, and the setting by the River Liffey was the beginning of a journey which led to the sound artwork *Voices of Memory*. The commission developed into a profound remembrance of the Irish killed in the First World War. It was inaugurated on 29 June 2016 on the occasion of the centenary of the Battle of the Somme, and officially ended in November 2018 to coincide with the centenary of the end of the First World War. In June 2018, a new iteration of the original sound installation was launched in the form of a double CD under the same title, *Voices of Memory.*

This commission would not have come about without the partnership, support and enthusiasm of many people and organisations. The endorsement of the commission by the Trustees of the Irish National War Memorial Gardens and the Department of Arts, Heritage and the Gaeltacht was significant and the involvement of the OPW invaluable. Most of all, we are moved by the inspiring artwork which Christina Kubisch created for Ireland.

Thomas Lier
Director, Goethe-Institut Irland

Ruairí Ó Cuív
Public Art Officer, Dublin City Council

Voices of Memory by Christina Kubisch

***Voices of Memory* (2014-2016)**

On my first visit to Dublin in 2014 one of the things that impressed me was the way the River Liffey changes beyond the city centre. The river suddenly becomes a large stream with natural borders, surrounded by a variety of plants. The Irish War Memorial Gardens, situated along the Liffey, seem characterised by this aspect of the river. The gardens are not a typical tourist destination. Most people visiting seem to be a mixture of locals, dogs and their walkers, cyclists and rowing teams. The sounds of the nearby busy road contrast with and cut through the calm atmosphere in the rose gardens, the green meadows and among the stoic Victorian monuments. The beautiful park, although difficult to reach, seems like an island removed from the hectic city life that encourages a different experience of time and place.

While visiting the pavilions in the gardens which house photographs and memorabilia from World War I, I was particularly taken by a beautifully illustrated book on display. This book was one of eight volumes of *Ireland's Memorial Records 1914-1918*, compiled by the Committee of the Irish National War Memorial under the direction of the Earl of Ypres and published in 1923 with stunning illustrations by artist Harry Clarke. The books were intended to serve as a lasting memorial to the thousands of men who served in Irish regiments and died during the Great War. The volumes list the names of almost 50,000 individuals who came from all over Ireland, North and South, and other countries. As well as their names, they record the birth places and the dates of death of the fallen soldiers. Looking at this book, the number of names seemed endless and the loss of life quite incredible. While reading some of the pages I noticed a lot of repetition: many names sound similar or are even the exact same. For example, there are 44 listings of young men all named John Ryan! In my work as a sound artist and composer I have worked with the human voice on many different occasions. However, this list of names is very special because of the political and emotional impact it has. I believed these names should not only be read but also be heard, as a flow of voices in a never ending sequence, as a kind of composition with subtle reworking. And as a way to commemorate all these dead people.

During 2015 and 2016, just over 42,000 names were recorded by volunteers, thanks to Dublin City Council, Fergus Kelly, the sound artist and technician, and two project co-ordinators. The volunteer readers were composed of different ages, sex, nationalities and occupations. Not surprisingly, there is an enormous variety in the resulting recordings. What's more, they are quite emotional in places, especially during the repetitions of fallen soldiers with similar names. These recordings became the basic material for *Voices of Memory*.

The sound installation *Voices of Memory* was located on the bank of the Liffey in the Irish National War Memorial Gardens. An old electrical pole held four speakers. One of them, directed towards the gardens, is a typical horn loudspeaker which transmits a voice composition based on the recordings. The structure of the installation respected the alphabetical sequence of the record books as well as the characteristics of the different recorded voices. Sometimes the sequence of names became a dense, almost abstract, acoustic sound, sometimes they could be heard clearly as single names. Between the flow of names there were intervals in which the sounds of the Liffey could be heard and then disappear. These recordings were made with hydrophones (underwater microphones) placed directly in the river. During my second visit to the gardens, while testing the hydrophones, not only did I hear the water and the rhythms of the rowing boats, but I also picked up the tiny and wonderfully surprising sounds of underwater insects and animals. These river sounds, which seem to follow their own natural rules, come and go during the endless flow of voices, offering the listener a pause for reflection and thought.

Christina Kubisch
2016

Voices of Memory installation, Islandbridge, June 2016 | Photo: Christina Kubisch

The Artist

Christina Kubisch belongs to the first generation of sound artists. She was born in Bremen in 1948 and studied painting, music and electronics in Hamburg, Graz, Zurich and Milan. Starting with performances, concerts, and works with video, she has increasingly specialised in sound art since 1980, when she made her first sound installations and sound sculptures. Soon she began applying techniques of magnetic induction to her artistic works and from 1986 she used ultraviolet light as well. In 1990-91 she developed solar-controlled techniques for her sound sculptures. Alongside her artistic work Christina Kubisch has acted as visiting professor at numerous universities and had a regular professorship at the Art Academy of Saarbrücken, where she founded the Department for Sound Art.

Her music has been released with various labels such as Cramps Records, Edition RZ, ampersand, semishigure, Die Schachtel, Olof Bright, AA Records, Important Records, Gruenrekorder and others. Christina Kubisch is a member of the Akademie der Künste Berlin since 1997. She has been awarded numerous national and international scholarships and prizes. Since 1974 her solo exhibitions and concerts have been shown and performed in Europe, USA, Australia, Japan and South America, and she has participated in numerous international festivals and group exhibitions. Christina Kubisch lives in Hoppegarten, near Berlin.

www.christinakubisch.de
www.electricalwalks.org

Christina Kubisch recording sounds of the Liffey, May 2016 l Photo: Goethe-Institut/Eugene Langan

The Recordings

Original Plan

In her proposal for this artwork Christina Kubisch suggested that a minimum of 10,000 of the names in *Ireland's Memorial Records* be recorded. Significantly, Kubisch recommended that the names be read by a mixture of young, middle-aged and older local citizens. This variety was important, not only for symbolic reasons, but also desired, as it would enhance the texture of the final piece. As stated in her proposal: "Each voice of a person has a special timbre and way of reading and a large variety of 'sound readings' will create an acoustic variety which corresponds to [the] many individuals which are named."

To this end, following a call out in November 2015 and April 2016 by Dublin City Council and the Goethe-Instiut Irland, 192 people got in contact with the commissioners looking to take part. In the end, we had 178 readers in total.

178 Volunteers, 4 locations, 9 days of recording, 42,116 names

Locations

The recordings took place in four different locations in Dublin: Dublin City Council Offices on Wood Quay, the Arts Office on Foley Street, Goethe-Institut Irland and Collins Barracks. Recordings took place over two separate weeks. The first sessions were held from Tuesday 3 November to Saturday 7 November 2015. The second round of sessions took place from Tuesday 26 April until Saturday 30 April 2016. This amounted to nine full days of recording (or four and a half days each week).

Procedure

On each day volunteers were asked to give 30 minutes of their time. Prior to recording, they registered with our co-ordinators and were briefed on the recording procedures. Each volunteer was given a selection of pages with soldiers' names from *Ireland's Memorial Records*. Over ten minutes, volunteers were asked to read the first names and surnames of each solider listed in their bundle with our sound technician, Fergus Kelly. On average, volunteers read 16 pages per session. With each page containing 16 names, approximately 256 names were recorded in each session.

Volunteer Readers

Volunteers came from across Dublin and Ireland to participate in the recording sessions and represented a cross-section of society. Made up of both males and females, our volunteers ranged in age, nationality and occupation. We met secondary school students, retired men and women, education developers, German and Greek interns, Collins Barracks' staff, and Trustees of the Irish National War Memorial Gardens. We were joined by family and friends, therapists, artists, curators, the former Major General of the Irish Army, and a General Brigadier of the Air Corps. A large portion of our volunteers were also Dublin City Council staff. Staff members who took part came from a wide range of departments, including but not limited to City Architects, the Arts Office, HR, Housing, Drainage, Roads, Events, Parks and Landscape, Libraries, Roads and Traffic, Waste Management, Corporate Services, Press and Communications, Planning, Rates, Finance and Procurement, and Management Services. We had volunteers who were Clerical and Administration Staff, members of the Fire Brigade Services, a staff member of the Air Quality and Noise Control Unit, as well as Health and Safety Officers. In short, an excellent mix.

The Experience

Reading the names was a different experience for each volunteer. A few volunteers were able to read the names of a relative, having notified us beforehand, while others took some time after their session to search our folders of sheets for their relative's name. Understandably, for these men and women the experience was a special one. On reading pages of men who shared their surname, volunteers were duly moved by this simple, personal connection. Some volunteers expressed a desire to change their tone of voice for each name, in order to give each solider a sense of individuality and their due respect. Others expressed that "it was harder and more emotional than [they] thought it would be" before handing back a pile of recorded pages and continuing on with their day. And, of course, this was not an easy task. Yet, all rose to the challenge.

It was an interesting experience for us, the Dublin City Council staff, as well. Not only did we get to hear volunteers' stories, we engaged intimately with the records. We grew familiar with Harry Clarke's beautiful designs, we turned through pages and pages of Byrnes, Murphys, and Smiths, we found and recorded two women's names.

The Result

Initially we planned for 10,000 names be read. Out of 49,647 names, a total of 42,116 names were read by the volunteers. Although the piece speaks for itself, it is still valuable to take note of the final tally. This is a huge achievement, far out-reaching the set target. After being recorded the files were sent, untouched and unaltered, to Christina Kubisch for editing and layering. What was heard in Islandbridge was the final result.

We would like to thank our sound technician (and sound artist) Fergus Kelly, the staff at the Goethe-Institut Irland, Collins Barracks and Civic Offices who facilitated recording sessions and, of course, all the readers involved, for making this possible.

Olivia Laumenech

Irish National War Memorial Gardens I Photo: Goethe-Institut/Eugene Langan

The Location

The Irish National War Memorial Gardens cover an area of about fifty acres on the southern banks of the River Liffey. They are characterised by a classical style of symmetry and formality and their grounds gradually slope upwards towards Kilmainham Hill. The gardens are located about three kilometres from the centre of Dublin and almost opposite the former Magazine Fort in Phoenix Park, which is on the other side of the Liffey. In the original garden design the renowned British architect Sir Edwin Lutyens (1869-1944), who had already landscape designed several sites in Ireland and around Europe, had included a pedestrian bridge across the Liffey into Phoenix Park which was, however, never built.

The decision to build such a permanent memorial site to commemorate all Irish soldiers who lost their lives in WWI was made on 17 July 1919 at a meeting of representatives from all over Ireland. However, it was not until 1929 that the Irish Government finally suggested building the memorial park on the site known as Longmeadows on the south bank of the Liffey, which stretches from Islandbridge towards Chapelizod. The construction began in 1931 and the park was laid out between 1933 and 1939 by a workforce consisting of 50% ex-British Army servicemen and 50% ex-servicemen form the Irish National Army.

On 1 July 2006 the first official ceremony to commemorate the Irish war dead was held in the Irish National War Memorial Gardens. Attended by the then President of Ireland Mary McAleese and the Taoiseach Bertie Ahern, it took place on the occasion of the state commemoration of the 90th anniversary of the Battle of the Somme. In 2011, Queen Elizabeth II visited the Memorial Gardens and honoured the Irish soldiers who had died fighting for Britain between 1914 and 1918.

Franziska Hülshoff

Irish National War Memorial Gardens | Photo: Goethe-Institut/Eugene Langan

Historical Background

Ireland in 1916

For most Irish people, 1916 signifies the Easter Rising, which caused over 450 deaths, destroyed much of central Dublin, and radicalised Irish politics. For diverse reasons, this seemingly irrational rebellion is celebrated as the foundation of modern Ireland. Militant republicans revere the rebels as role-models, martyrs who vindicated violence without democratic sanction as a political instrument. Conventional politicians, while denying that the rebellion legitimised more recent terrorist campaigns, revere the rebels for the egalitarian sentiments of the so-called Proclamation of the Irish Republic. Most commentators accept that the rebellion, though lacking prior popular support, drew upon deep feelings of resentment against British oppression, latent desire for full independence rather than partial autonomy within the United Kingdom, and romantic attachment to grand gestures rather than plodding compromises. Some maintain that radical nationalism had gained support since the outbreak of European war in August 1914, as Irish casualties and wartime privations multiplied. What else could explain the rapid post-rebellion shift in popular support from John Redmond's Home Rule movement to the republican demands of what became known as Sinn Féin? If nationalists were not unreconciled separatists at heart, why were they so outraged by 16 executions and the incarceration of a few thousand political dissidents?

Yet this portrayal of wartime Ireland, framed by hindsight, would have been unrecognisable to contemporaries. When Redmond's support for the Imperial War Effort split the nationalist Irish Volunteers in autumn 1914, only about 10,000 (5%) repudiated Redmond's leadership. Apart from modest recruitment for the Irish Republican Brotherhood, there was little evidence of declining nationalist endorsement of the 'constitutionalist' strategy. Most believed that Home Rule, having been enacted in September 1914 but suspended during the War, would indeed be implemented thereafter with some special provision for unionist Ulster. Both Redmond and the Irish unionist leader Sir Edward Carson had ostentatiously supported the war against Germany, in the hope of strengthening their contending political claims once peace returned. They also sincerely hoped that putting nationalists and unionists alike into the field of battle would erode domestic animosities, and reconcile potential rebels (unionist as well as nationalist) to future coexistence within the Empire. Asquith's Liberal government, even after unionists including Carson were admitted into coalition in May 1915, had done its utmost to avoid alienating nationalists, exempting Ireland from conscription in February 1916.

Prior to the rebellion, this *entente* seemed to be working quite well. Though military enlistment was sluggish by British standards, about 210,000 men were recruited or mobilised in wartime Ireland. Of these, about 35,000 died (the oft-cited figure of 49,400 includes Irish servicemen raised in Britain or overseas and Britons in Irish regiments). This represented the greatest military deployment in Irish history (about 1,000 rebels 'rose' in 1916, of whom less than 100 died). Most nationalist newspapers supported the 'war effort', if less stridently than their unionist and British counterparts, and numerous Catholic nationalists, as well as Protestants, backed the boys at the front by knitting socks, working as volunteer nurses, or buying war bonds. Instead of being engulfed in the civil war that had threatened to erupt over Home Rule in 1914, wartime Ireland seemed unexpectedly united.

Irish Soldiers at the Somme | Source: http://www.decadeofcentenaries.com/?s=irish+at+the+somme

Far from sowing general disillusionment and stifling enlistment, reports of horrific Irish casualties initially gave extra moral force to Irish pro-war propaganda. Of the three Irish divisions raised for the New Armies in 1914, the first to reach the front line was the 10th, which played a conspicuous part in the Suvla landings at Gallipoli in August 1915. Its exploits and losses, like those of three Irish regular battalions deployed at the first landings at Helles in April 1915, were promptly mythologised by Redmond's publicists as proof of the irrepressible Irish martial spirit. Yet the Irish sacrifice at Gallipoli never became the focus of national pride as in Australia or New Zealand, partly because the first Gallipoli (Anzac) Day was also Easter Tuesday 1916. Nor did later nationalist generations extol the gallantry of the 16th (Irish) Division at Guillemont or Ginchy in September 1916.

The nearest Irish counterpart to the Anzac cult was instead centred on 1 July 1916, the first day of battle at the Somme, in which the 36th (Ulster) Division fought with undeniable, if reckless, courage at Thiepval. The division suffered almost 2,000 fatalities in July 1916, just exceeding the 10th Division's losses at Gallipoli. The fact that most of these Ulster soldiers were recruited from Carson's Ulster Volunteer Force, many being Orangemen, made it simple to link their cause with William of Orange's triumph at the Boyne (on 1 July 1690) and the pursuit of 'civil and religious liberty'. For unionist Ulster, the charge of the Ulster Division was a potent proof of Ulster's commitment to King and Constitution. Commemoration of the Battles of the Boyne and the Somme was quickly fused, being as fundamental for the new state of Northern Ireland founded in 1921 as the Easter Rising was for the Irish Free State.

In portraying Ireland's 1916, we must therefore incorporate several narratives apart from the 'terrible beauty' of Yeats' Easter rebels. For unionists, the rebellion confirmed deep-seated suspicions, highlighting Ulster's deeper patriotism as exhibited a few weeks later at the Somme. For Home Rulers, still predominant among Irish Catholics, the rebellion was an external shock with profound consequences but shallow historical roots, whereby a few dissidents skilfully exploited popular emotions to discredit rational nationalism. Though most Redmondites were eventually 'converted' to Sinn Féin's doctrine of 'self-determination', their pragmatic outlook prevailed in 1921-2 when most republicans accepted an Irish Free State of 26 counties within the British Empire. All of these narratives have resurfaced in events and debates prompted by the centennium, demonstrating that the bequest of 1916 remains as ambiguous and contested as ever.

David Fitzpatrick

David Fitzpatrick

A Fellow Emeritus of Trinity College Dublin, published many studies of the Irish revolution and Irish involvement in the Great War. His most recent book, published by Cambridge University Press in 2014, was *Descendancy: Irish Protestant Histories since 1795*. David Fitzpatrick died on 20 February 2019.

IRELAND'S MEMORIAL RECORDS 1914–1918

BEING THE NAMES OF IRISHMEN WHO FELL IN THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR, 1914-1918, COMPILED BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE IRISH NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL WITH DECORATIVE BORDERS BY HARRY CLARKE

VOLUME FOUR

H TO KER

DUBLIN

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR THE COMMITTEE OF THE IRISH NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL BY MAUNSEL AND ROBERTS, LIMITED

1923

Harry Clarke and Ireland's Memorial Records 1914-1918

London publisher George G. Harrap 'discovered' the evocative graphic work of the as-then unknown young Irish artist Harry Clarke and in 1916 commissioned his first major book, an illustrated edition of *Fairy Tales* by Hans Christian Andersen. Due to lifelong poor physical health caused by his inherited consumptive constitution, the 27-year-old Clarke, who remained politically – although sympathetically – detached, did not volunteer for either British or Irish military cause during this turbulent period but instead applied his contiguous prize-winning technical skills to both stained glass and graphic illustrations.

When Clarke was approached by the Irish National War Memorial Committee, probably in late 1921 or early 1922, on the recommendation of his patron, Laurence Ambrose Waldron, his graphic and stained glass work was equally and eagerly sought after and critically acclaimed. He had designed and made distinguished war memorial windows in Ireland and England and become a leading light in the Arts & Crafts Society of Ireland, where his versatility, craftsmanship and originality were admired for their expression of a distinctively modern, national spirit, synthesising past and present.

Soon after the end of the War, the Committee formed under Viscount French, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, had begun the challenging task of alphabetically listing the name of each person who had voluntarily sacrificed their life in the Great War in order to try to both honour and perpetuate their memory in a permanent memorial. The books that resulted are unique in that they include as much information as possible gathered from public, press and private sources on every man and woman – 49,435 was the devastatingly high number they were able to track down – who had served and died in Irish regiments, or were born or were resident in Ireland at their time of death while serving with units from Britain and its Empire. The information entered under each name may include where each person was born, what company they had served in, their rank, their age at death, their registered number, where, how, the exact day on which they had died, and any decorations they had been awarded. Interestingly, even when a soldier died of wounds received in the Sinn Féin Rebellion, this information is included. When there are, for example, 24 people named 'John Campbell', each of these is given a clear, separate, dedicated entry.

By the end of 1922, when this information had been gathered, listed alphabetically and the volumes printed and ready for publication and distribution, Ireland was wracked by Civil War, with families and friends divided, so it was hoped the volumes would "act as a beacon of light" amidst widespread turmoil throughout the country. At the same time that Clarke drew his swirling pen and ink frontispiece, borders and endpiece for *Ireland's War Memorial Records*, he also drew the poignantly simple cover for the paperback *Pictorial Record of the Lives and Deaths of the Founders of the Irish Free State* depicting Mother Ireland grieving the loss of Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins and those who had died in the nationalist cause as she kneels at the water's edge, framed by the rays of the symbolically rising sun of the Fianna.

The aim of the War Memorial Committee was that the printing, decoration and binding of the one hundred sets of eight volumes (totalling 3,200 pages) they produced should be "carried out by Irish artists and workers of the highest reputation and efficiency", with a few copies specially morocco-bound within hand-crafted doublures for presentation. The name of each person is printed in classical serif capital letters, its entry given enough space on the page to stand out clearly so that there are usually two columns of eight names on each page set within Clarke's delineated borders. Clarke's title page features winged angels bearing the arms of the Four Provinces of Ireland hovering above the small emblematic figure of Hibernia with her traditional accoutrements. The swirling Baroque plumes, waves, interlaced knotwork and geometrical floral decoration of the eight borders repeated within the volumes frame the

stylised figures of soldiers, saints, angels, votive figures, medallions, regimental badges and scenes of warfare adapted from contemporary photographs. Particularly striking are the graceful silhouettes of soldiers engaged in trench warfare. Readily decipherable details include a Lewis gun and a machine gun, artillery, barbed wire, small ready-made crosses, cavalry in steel helmets, searchlights, grenade throwers, an officer with a megaphone, a transport steamer and seaplane, a gas helmet, a cemetery, a tank and a broken spur.

But Harry Clarke would never see these books *in situ* as he died aged 41 from tuberculosis in January 1931, the year after the eminent English architect Sir Edwin Lutyens was approached about designing a Garden of Remembrance and another two years before the Irish Free State's Ministry of Finance and the Trustees of the Memorial Fund agreed to acquire a ten acre site beside the River Liffey at Islandbridge, on the outskirts of Dublin city. Not until Armistice Day 1940 was the Irish War Memorial officially opened and the Books of the Dead displayed in facing lines along the walls of one of the gardens' four limestone pavilions, designated a fitting Book Room.

Nicola Gordon Bowe

Nicola Gordon Bowe

Nicola Gordon Bowe was an art historian, author and educator. She was a leading authority on the Arts and Crafts movement in Ireland, most notably the revival of stained glass as an art form. She was also known for her extensive research and publications on stained glass artists Harry Clarke and Wilhelmina Geddes. Bowe was an Associate Fellow at the Faculty of Visual Culture, National College of Art and Design in Dublin; Visiting Professor, School of Art and Design Research Institute at the University of Ulster; and recipient of a number of fellowships during her career. Nicola Gordon Bowe died on 25 February 2018.

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A Palimpsest Landscape: *Voices of Memory* at The Irish National War Memorial Gardens

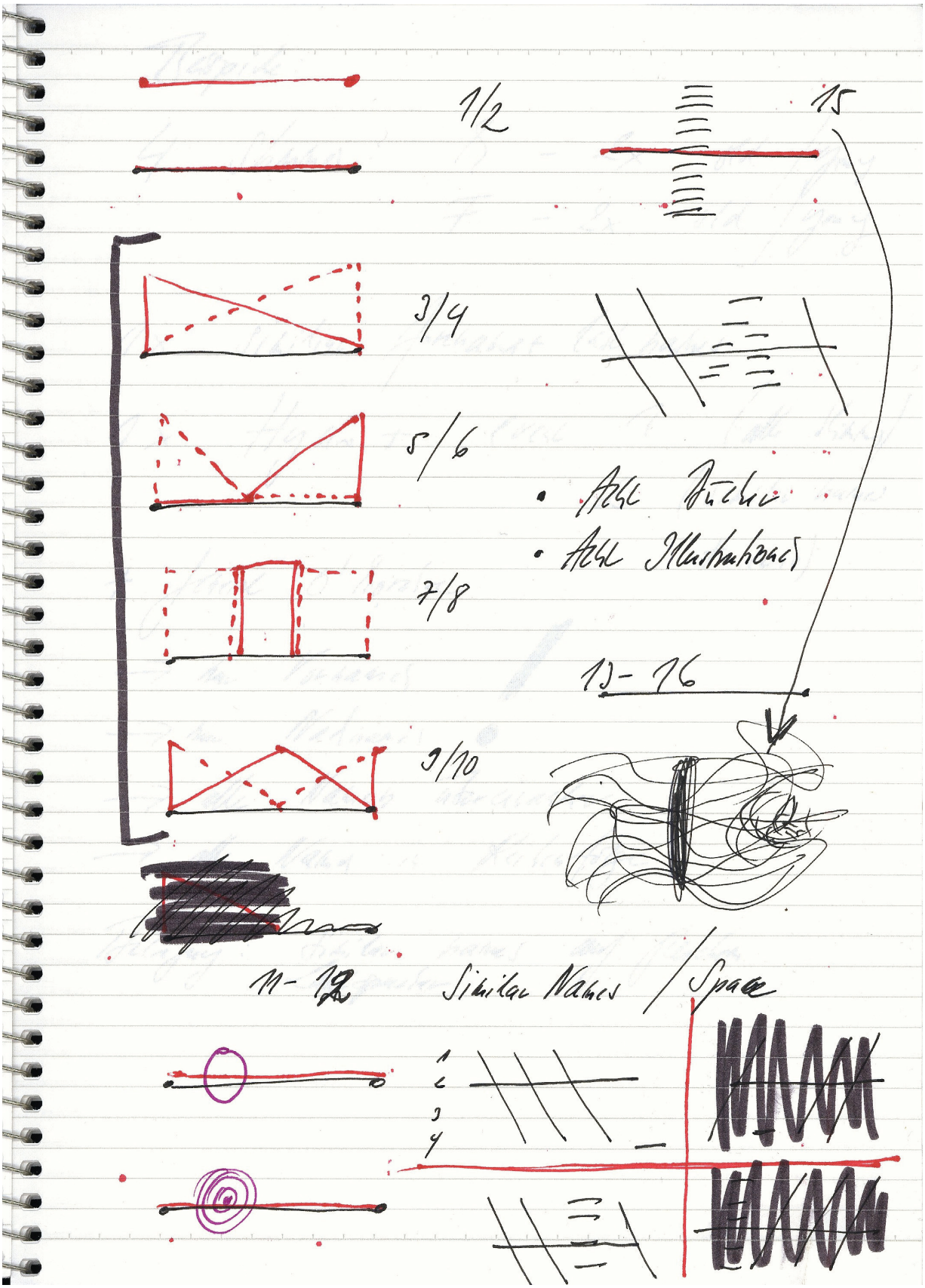
The Irish National War Memorial Gardens on the outskirts of Dublin are the product of conflict and civic neglect, a forgotten memorial located on a sloping site formerly known as Long Meadows rising from the south bank of the River Liffey at Islandbridge towards Inchicore. The cloistered Gardens, covering an area of fifty acres, are built upon the largest burial grounds in the Viking west, brought to light by a rich array of grave-goods and disarticulated human bones found resting in the great gravel pits of this palimpsest landscape. The architect commissioned to design the war memorial, Edwin Lutyens, first visited Long Meadows in 1930. His design comprised a formal garden with commemorative structures, a surrounding park area as a contribution to public health, and a connecting bridge across the river to Phoenix Park. While the bridge was abandoned due to a lack of funds at the time, preliminary work on the memorial began in December 1931, and by February 1938 the garden and park were completed. It would take another fifty years before the Gardens were formally opened to the general public.

Since its proposal in 1919 by an appointed Memorial Committee, the effort to construct a war memorial to honour the Irish soldiers who died during the First World War has been subjected to the shearing forces of Irish politics post-Independence and Civil War. The original Committee plan consisted of two components: a set of books with the names of the fallen soldiers, and a permanent memorial to house them in. Throughout much of the twentieth century the project proceeded in fits and starts, invariably starved of political will and funding. After the completion of the Gardens during a pivotal period in Irish history, an official opening by Taoiseach Éamon de Valera in 1939 was arranged, but cancelled with the outbreak of the Second World War. In the decade after the war, the Gardens were bombed twice before falling into dilapidation throughout much of the recession-plagued 70s and 80s. They were finally rehabilitated and formally opened to the public on 10 September 1988.

Alongside the intermittent planning of the Gardens, *Ireland's Memorial Records* were commissioned as a service record of the war-dead, presented as a set of eight books illustrated with silhouetted scenes of soldiers in battle by the artist Harry Clarke. While there is long-standing contention surrounding the names included and omitted in the books, the *Records* are unique in their depiction of Irish cultural identity, art, and politics due to Clarke's thought-provoking pen and ink drawings. In 1923, 100 sets were published and distributed to libraries of note, but the *Records* subsequently receded into a long period of obscurity. It wasn't until 1940 that a complete set was placed in their dedicated bookroom, turning the Gardens into a hidden library.

When the artist Christina Kubisch visited *Ireland's Memorial Records*, she was struck by the long sequences of identical names, repeated seemingly *ad infinitum* until a slight variation would introduce a new sequence and pattern. The sheer weight of 49,435 names, printed within the eight volumes, testifies to the incalculable loss of war. Kubisch's four-channel sound installation *Voices of Memory*, which opened on the eve of the centenary of the Battle of the Somme, is a site-specific meditation on collective memory and loss. After a visit to the Gardens in 2014, and with the assistance of the sound artist Fergus Kelly, Kubisch spent two years recording and listening to over 42,000 soldiers' names read aloud by volunteers of different ages, genders and nationalities – a litany of voices.

Voices of Memory is diffused out into the open air, emitting from four speakers secured to an electrical pole near the eastern entrance of the Gardens. Out of sight until within earshot, a pathway running alongside the riverbank leads people directly past the sound work. From the outer perimeter of the sound field, a voice can be heard faintly over the river's current. Moving closer to the source, a textural aural landscape full of transient illusions, melodies and rhythms emerges over time as the names of the dead are recalled alphabetically in a long continuous



Sketch for ***Voices of Memory*** by Christina Kubisch

stream. On the surface the piece appears monotonous, but given time, the astute listener will hear music in speech. Read from forename to surname, each voice brings unique vocal characteristics that add to a shifting interplay between syllables. Vowels create phantom tones, sibilants hiss, consonants kick, and vocal chords buzz as subtle differences create complex patterns that continually unfold.

The bookrooms of the Gardens are granite pavilions with little room to move – enclosures that are dedicated to the solemn act of reading, built for the preservation of artefacts, and accessible only with a key. Kubisch's open air sound installation exists in stark contrast to this. She focuses on the spatiality and temporality of the voice, choreographing static text into voices in motion. Voice material becomes war matériel as speech rhythms mimic the attack and decay of gunfire, syllables collide into one another, and identical names are repeated in a locked groove as if they were part of the soundtrack to a broken system.

Voices dominate much of the composition of *Voices of Memory*, but they gradually give way to the hidden sounds of the riverbed. Recorded in situ along the banks of the Liffey, Kubisch brings an underwater soundscape of insects and aquatic life to the surface through the use of hydrophones. This sound world – usually inaudible and imperceptible – introduces a temporal and spatial shift to the composition. Embedded in the waves are the characteristics of sound travelling through water rather than air. Heard in an environment different from their original sounding, the microtonal circadian rhythms of aquatic life carry sonic markers that point to another time and place – a temporal displacement in the immediate landscape.

Kubisch has been investigating inaudible sound worlds for some years, and in a variety of ways. *Cloud* (2011) is a 14-channel participatory sound installation where a cloud of pink electrical wire hangs at ear level, allowing listeners – wearing custom-built headphones that amplify electromagnetic frequencies – to walk around and under the sculpture, generating their own musical sequences through movement. *Electrical Walks* (2003) is an ongoing project that incorporates similar technology, inviting listeners to explore the electromagnetic spectrum of urban environments. In this series of site-specific works, custom-built headphones amplify the ubiquitous electrical pulses, drones, chords, buzzes and sweeps of Hertzian space. The listener makes their way through electrical corridors mapped out by Kubisch, weaving past trams, train stations, electric cars, neon lights, bank machines, shop surveillance systems and data centres. Immersed in a stereo wave field of electrical signals, the listener's understanding of their surroundings is completely transformed. While some of these sounds are global and replicated from city to city, others are unique to a time and place, carrying hints as to their provenance. Often described as being part of the first generation of sound artists, Kubisch's body of work distinguishes her as an electromagnetic anthropologist, constantly in search of the hidden sounds of electrical nature, revealing the wider rhythms and histories of a landscape, and evoking individual memories and ideas through the act of listening.

How can something be a memorial if it is forgotten? The Irish National War Memorial Gardens say as much about the intricacies of Irish history and politics as the events they mark. A long contested and neglected memorial, the significance of the Gardens is that they have been shaped by both the political and the physical landscape. Although the legacy of the War is still contentious, the temporary addition of *Voices of Memory* points towards a new form of remembrance – an ephemeral memorial that integrates the immaterial with the material. Resembling a sonic artefact from Rabelais' *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, the frozen noises of a battle that took place a long time ago have melted and filled the air with disembodied voices. In the words of Ken Kesey, "I listened to them fade away till all I could hear was my memory of the sound…"

Sharon Phelan

Sharon Phelan
Sharon Phelan's work in sound, installation art, moving image and performance encompasses writing, composing and curating. She has performed in galleries, theatres and concert halls, often in site-responsive or collaborative projects, and is particularly interested in sonic communities, politics of listening, and technologies of voice. Her artistic practice and research has been presented in print, radio and at various conferences, most recently in the publication *Sonic Urbanism* (edited by &beyond for Theatrum Mundi, 2019), Radio Cause Commune (93.1 FM, 2018), Crafting a Sonic Urbanism (MSH Paris Nord, 2018), Loud Objects Moving Air (CRiSAP, University of the Arts London, 2018) and The Sound of Memory (Goldsmiths, University of London, 2017).

Sound Art in Public Spaces

Listening Together: Anticipating Christina Kubisch's *Voices of Memory*

Sound Bridge

Encountering a sound that is placed in a specific environment is a difficult experience to describe. The moment in which we become aware of this other presence is blurry, as is the moment in which we discover we have slipped beyond its territory. It welcomes interference from its surroundings, and invites us to reconstitute its form through our own movements. We pause our conversation, maybe wait for others to pass by, or for the sound of a distant plane to fade away, pursuing not an absolute silence within which we might evaluate it, but a series of experiential samples through which we can begin to plot its trajectory.

If this sound represents an act of memory, it does so within these parameters, within this open framework. There is only a suggestion, never a binding agreement, and only an indistinct (but confident) nod to the monumental.

I anticipate my first encounter with Christina Kubisch's *Voices of Memory* for the Memorial Gardens on these terms.

The work is sited just on the edge of Dublin, not quite on the periphery, but certainly off-centre. The geographic siting of the installation parallels its identity as an artistic gesture: It does not slot in within a (local) canon of projects that pursue similar experiential or formal territory.

The role of sound art in Dublin does not manifest as it does in Germany, where we identify continuities between subsequent generations of artists, and persistent oscillations between experimentation and support that coax the medium to become refined (and re-defined). In Dublin, listening cultures – and the forms of output that they engender – ebb and flow, but rarely persist in the foreground. I'm limiting myself to consider sound art in Dublin – not in Ireland; although it is a small country, I think there is something to be gained from setting Kubisch's work along the Liffey within a local continuum. There is a unique freedom of working with this medium that is quite specific to this place. Yet in this city, I recall significant listening memories as linking to diverse – and not specifically sonic – artistic frameworks. Perhaps these references destabilise a concise definition of sound art, but they suggest a local premise for Kubisch's *Voices of Memory* as it is integrated with the quiet landscape to the west of Dublin, bridging between different moments in which the act of listening becomes primary.

Four Points of Reference

We'll begin with a memory from 2002. The installation *DIN* (co-curated by Slavek Kwi and Sarah Pierce) created a temporary listening library formed from hundreds of recordings that Kwi had amassed by trading releases with other artists, hinting at the infinity of exchanges that led to the formation of this collection. Set on street level in Temple Bar in the (now-defunct) Arthouse gallery, *DIN* provided a temporary sanctuary for curious listeners. The exhibition disclosed both Kwi's and Pierce's curiosities, foregrounding open modes of exchange and experimentation with archival formats.

A year later in 2003, Ultra-red (a collective primarily based in Los Angeles at that time) embarked on a public art project in Dublin titled *The Debt*, delving into issues of community displacement and activism through the lens of the Breaking Ground commissioning scheme linked to the housing regeneration project in Ballymun. Ultra-red's format of tactical

Detail: *Voices of Memory* installation I Photo: Christina Kubisch

ambient sound assemblage became embedded within a local consciousness, manifesting in public discussions, performances and eventually a 12-CD document reflecting (amongst other things) the problematics of its own structure. Although it appeared as a tangent initiated by an outside energy, *The Debt* suggested new models of listening in Dublin, implicating pressing urban issues via acoustic strategies.

The next memory that comes to mind is walking down to Christchurch Cathedral on the evening of 21 June 2012. The sound of cars on the wet pavement was slick and present. Garrett Phelan's *New Faith Love Song* commenced at 9pm. The bell towers from two adjacent cathedrals performed a minimal, synchronised composition. I began with a scattered group of people at a chosen location situated between the two cathedrals, but quickly set off to explore the event as it unfolded, following the sound of the bells as they echoed from street to street, performing on the infinity of brick and concrete surfaces that constitute the city. The new faith at stake was clearly plural, to be discovered on one's own terms.

Finally, I remember shuffling along with a tightly-knit crowd for Dennis McNulty's performance, *A Cloud of Soft Equations,* in 2014. I followed the sound of others' footsteps (as much as their physical presence) through a series of carefully scripted encounters – primarily presented via dialogue – within the frozen architecture of the former Pathology Department of University College Dublin in Earlsfort Terrace, vacant since 2007. Our path led through old lecture halls and static passageways, setting the stage for a labyrinth of stanzas alternating between live and pre-recorded readings. The relationship between the voice and interior architecture (and between presence, technology, and absence) was tangible, each voice warping the relationship further as time within this space prolonged.

Listening Communities

As we consider these four memories, it's clear that we have strayed away from the familiar territory of the sound installation. We are discovering other modes of exchange, in which we establish a common ground through the formation of a listening community. I'm going to position the idea of the listening community somewhere outside (or beyond) the idea of the audience: A listening community – even if it is formed via a brief event – has something at stake that the audience does not. In Kwi's and Pierce's *DIN* there is an unspoken contract that binds listeners to the structure of display, recalling the expectant moment of returning to the library to find the next book in a series. Ultra-red's *The*

Dennis McNulty, *A Cloud of Soft Equations*, 2014. Image courtesy of the artist and Pallas Project/Studios I Photo: Eliana Salazar

Ultra-red: *The Debt*, A dialogue between social housing residents from Pico Aliso in Los Angeles and residents from Ballymun in Dublin. Project Arts Centre; 28 July 2003. Image courtesy of the artist. I Photo: Pierre Jolivet

Debt implicates its listeners in an attempt to interpret an urban transformation that leads further and further away from a comfortable resolution. In Phelan's *New Faith Love Songs* there is the sudden appearance and disappearance of a signal that lifts us out of the rituals of the city and its sounding infrastructures (and their historical frameworks) that are set rigidly in place. McNulty's *A Cloud of Soft Equations* relies on the close confines of its setting and the precise directive of its sequencing to bind listeners within a receptive state of shared sensitivity.

Kubisch's *Voices of Memory* addresses a distinct community of listening as well. Emerging in 2016 amidst an array of memorial productions (some sharp and legible, others struggling to negotiate the complexities that staging such a return inevitably implies), I feel a sense of calm thinking of the names and voices that constitute the raw material of *Voices of Memory* being filtered and processed towards a new assemblage (that we will experience as the completed work). We deserve a chance to approach this subject through such layered abstraction. The invitation is generous: It establishes a sense of trust between the artist, the site, and the audience, allowing time and space for awareness to form over the course of the work's duration.

Noise and Silence

My first conversation with Christina Kubisch took place in front of an audience. I was curating a symposium titled *Beyond Noise and Silence: Listening for the City* in 2015. Kubisch gave an artist talk at the National College for Art and Design (NCAD) in Dublin for the first evening of the symposium. After an intimate presentation – detailing the structures, techniques, experiences, and motivations behind a wide array of her projects – I joined her on stage to discuss her recent participation in the *bonn hoeren* project. Curated by Carsten Seiffarth, *bonn hoeren* developed a unique body of work through the premise of working with a city sound artist for four consecutive years in the city of Bonn (Germany). Kubisch was chosen to work in this position in 2013, as the fourth (and final) city sound artist in this series of integrated residencies. One of the outputs of her time in Bonn – the sound installation *rheinklänge*, an installation work placing two distinct sonic gestures situated along the Rhine – provided a solid foundation for our conversation.

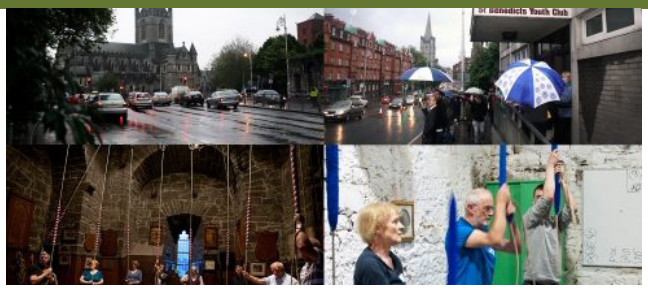
My questions were tactical and direct: At the time I was working on a similar project in Dublin titled *The Manual for Acoustic Planning and Urban Sound Design*, in which I was exploring not the role of the city sound artist, but that of the urban acoustic planner. My project was sited within Dublin City Council, and when I spoke with Kubisch, I was working on the permanent sound installation *Continuous Drift* for Meeting House Square in Temple Bar, Dublin's cultural quarter (and also its most popular tourist destination). Conversations like this, focused on the issues that arise when installing a sound installation in public space, with a focused audience, are quite rare in Dublin.

We honed in on working with sound installations in public spaces, the need to spend time listening on site, adjusting and re-adjusting volume levels and remaining an attentive listener. These phases of installing work are often protracted, as hours (and days) unfold through dynamic passages of other sounds approaching and retreating within the acoustic territories that we occupy. Kubisch emphasised that ensuring a sound installation is not perceived as the primary element within these overlapping territories grants it the flexibility to be perceived integrated within the landscape, when approached from the diverse experiences of people who encounter the work.

This sensitivity lies at the core of these works: It engenders a contradictory presence, one that gives in to its surroundings while simultaneously asserting its form with relentless determination. Listeners are immediately implicated in this tension, and as I was thinking before, I can't help but consider this format as an ally when approaching the subjects that *Voices of Memory* considers. Thinking within the structure of the piece, it as if the subject needn't be revealed. The sound of a faint communication can be absorbed in the landscape, developing a resonance through its own internal semantics as it is produced, slipping between voice, music, sound, memory, and silence. This is enough.

Time and Landscape

To conclude, I need to take a step away from Dublin to consider Max Neuhaus' *Times Square* in New York. Installed in 1977, *Times Square* is an archetypal sound installation set within a complex, evolving landscape. Christoph Cox summarises the work's temporality as follows:



Garrett Phelan, *New Faith Love Song*; performance documentation, Irish Museum of Modern Art; 2012. Image courtesy of the artist I Photos: Barry Keogh & Miranda O'Driscoll

Christina Kubisch: *Rheinklänge*, 2013. Three golden speakers under a bridge which diffuse a kind of "romantic" soundscape, brutally interrupted by the sounds of cars on the bridge above. Image courtesy of the artist I Photo, Christina Kubisch

"... [T]he piece is a profound invitation to duration. Twenty-four hours a day, the installation has broadcast a stream of rich metallic drones from deep inside a subway vent on a pedestrian island in New York's busiest district. Audible but unobtrusive, the drones blend with and subtly alter the bustling sonic environment. This sonic stream is continuous, but it is experienced by visitors and passersby at particular moments within this temporal continuum. Such moments of conscious or unconscious apprehension serve as opening onto a flow of duration of which we are a part but that also surpasses us." (Cox, 2009, p. 124)[1]

Without grappling with the notion of infinite duration so literally, Kubisch's *Voices of Memory* employs a similar temporal gesture to connect us with the past. I think of open structures and forms in Kubisch's work – from the playful geometries of her early installations to the mixture of processed and unprocessed sounds in her recordings, from the variety of scales through which her practice is applied to the participatory framework declared through her *Electrical Walks* series. I anticipate an element of this freedom emerging somehow through the temporal dimension of *Voices of Memory*.

The work's temporal – or durational – dimension establishes a unique gesture in Dublin. Set alongside the daily rituals of the park, the geometry of its pathways, and the continuous presence of the Liffey, the interlocking patterns of names being revealed through *Voices of Memory* forms a new experiential layer that is integrated within the landscape. Let's consider this integration through the unifying concept of urban atmospheres. Gernot Böhme discusses the atmosphere of cities in relation to sound the active role of the public:

"The question of sound atmospheres is directly related to the dimension of lifestyles, understood as generators of urban atmospheres. In terms of street noise, it makes a difference whether it is customary for people to honk their horns or not, what type of car they drive, whether music can be heard through their open windows, whether the names of goods are shouted out, or whether 'alluring' music comes from the boutiques. These are just some aspects: Through their lifestyles, the inhabitants of the city are also, always, producers of its atmosphere." (Böhme. 2014, p. 55) [2]

I would expand Böhme's consideration by stating that the urban (sonic) atmosphere is also determined by how people listen in a given city. This is, after all, an experiential dimension of urban space, and as such, we are implicated in its production even as we position ourselves as receivers. The premise of *Voices of Memory* pursues a new mode of listening in Dublin, one that reminds us to take more time to consider how actively sound performs to reveal the experiential landscape, both past and present.

Sven Anderson

Sven Anderson

Sven Anderson is an artist working between Ireland and the US since 2001. Anderson's work explores the act of listening within diverse architectural, physical, social, and emotional contexts. His practice is a discursive platform that operates through artistic intervention, academic publication, participatory processes, and interactive design.

Anderson's installations and performances are parasitical, feeding off details of the immediate built environment, the bodies of the audience, and fragments of local history and ecology to suggest emergent, site-specific forms. His ongoing public art project, *The Manual for Acoustic Planning and Urban Sound Design,* received the European Soundscape Award issued by the European Environmental Agency (EEA) in 2014.

Through this work and other projects, Anderson creates active interfaces between artists, architects, urban planners, and policymakers, identifying spaces for sustainable research and production. Anderson's permanent artwork, *Continuous Drift,* blurs the boundaries between public sound installation, architectural intervention, and curatorial framework.

[1] Cox, C. (2009). "Installing Duration: Time in the Sound Works of Max Neuhaus." In L. Cooke and K. Kelly (Eds.), Max Neuhaus: Times Square, Time Piece Beacon (pp. 113-132). New York, NY: Dia Art Foundation.

[2] Böhme, G. (2014). "Urban Atmospheres: Charting New Directions for Architecture and Urban Planning." In C. Borch (Ed.), Architectural Atmospheres: On the Experiences and Politics of Architecture (pp. 42-59). Basel: Birkhäuser.

HARTIGAN, EDWARD PATRICK. Rank, Temporary 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Munster Fusiliers (and Royal Flying Corps, 57th Squadron); killed in action, November 20, 1917.

HARTIGAN, JEREMIAH AUSTIN, Rev. Rank, Chaplain, Royal Dublin Fusiliers; died from illness, Mesopotamia, July 16, 1916; born Ireland; age 36.

HARTIGAN, JOHN. Reg. No. 9697. Rank, Private, Royal Munster Fusiliers, 2nd Batt.; killed in action, France, August 27, 1914; born St. John's, Limerick.

HARTIGAN, LUKE JOSEPH. Reg. No. 5746. Rank, Private, Royal Munster Fusiliers, 1st Batt.; killed in action, France, August 15, 1917; born Coolcappa, Co. Limerick.

HARTIGAN, MARTIN. Reg. No. 163432. Rank, Pioneer, Royal Engineers, 12th Labour Company; died, Salonica, September 19, 1916; born Drumcliffe, Co. Clare.

HARTIGAN, P. J. Reg. No. 72743. Rank, Private, The Sherwood Foresters, 2nd Batt. (formerly Royal Army Service Corps); killed in action, France, April 26, 1918; born Maynore, Co. Clare.

HARTIGAN, PATRICK. Reg. No. 4922. Rank, Private, Royal Munster Fusiliers, 2nd Batt.; killed in action, France, December 21, 1914; born St. John's, Limerick.

HARTIGAN, TIMOTHY JOSEPH. M.B. Rank, Temporary Surgeon Lieutenant, Royal Navy; died from heart failure following dysentery, Port Said, May 30, 1918; born Croom, Co. Limerick; age 39.

HARTLEY, ARTHUR. Reg. No. 41288. Rank, Private, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, 8th Batt.; killed in action, France, August 16, 1917.

HARTLEY, EDWARD. Rank, Sergeant, Royal Field Artillery; died of wounds received in action at Dardanelles, August 7, 1915; age 29.

HARTLEY, ERNEST. Reg. No. 49618. Rank, Private, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, 1st Batt.; died of wounds, France, October 4, 1918; born Whitworth, Lancashire.

HARTLEY, FREDERICK WILLIAM. Reg. No. 41651. Rank, Private, Northumberland Fusiliers (Tyneside Irish), formerly West Yorkshire Regiment; killed in action, France, April 9, 1917; born Bradford.

HARTLEY, GEORGE EDWARD. Reg. No. 41178. Rank, Private, Northumberland Fusiliers (Tyneside Irish), formerly Manchester Regiment; died, France, April 12, 1918; born Briarfield, Lancashire.

HARTLEY, JAMES. Reg. No. 1988. Rank, Private, The Welsh Regiment, 1st Batt.; died of wounds, France, February 18, 1915; born Ferrybank, Co. Waterford.

HARTLEY, JAMES HAROLD. Rank, 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Munster Fusiliers (and Royal Flying Corps, 45th Squadron); killed in action, July 22, 1917.

HARTLEY, JOHN STEVENSON. Reg. No. 959. Rank, Rifleman, Royal Irish Rifles, 2nd Batt.; killed in action, France, September 18, 1918; born Banbridge, Co. Down.

Behind the voices

Behind each of the thousands of names which are read in the sound installation are the personal fates of the soldiers who died in WWI. Here these stories, which have sometimes been forgotten, are to be unveiled with the help of their relatives.

For the sound art installation the names of more than 40,000 names of Irish soldiers, who fought and died during WWI, were read by almost 200 enthusiastic volunteers during two recording periods. In the installation the listener is confronted with a stream of names which appears like an eternal flow and thus, addresses the loss of countless human lives in war. By commemorating tens of thousands of Irishmen who lost their lives in war, the installation also opens up one's mind to tragic personal stories of people who often died very young.

During the recordings there were multiple occasions when a volunteer especially requested to read a specific surname or a specific letter in *Ireland's Memorial Records* because they have a relative who is listed there. This served as an inspiration for this platform through which relatives of the Irish soldiers who died in WWI have the opportunity to commemorate them by writing down their story and sharing it here. By doing this, they contribute to the process of remembrance and give insights into the often unknown fates of Irish soldiers who fought in WWI. They help to make sure that their relatives' tragic fates will not sink into oblivion although they died a hundred years ago.

These backgrounds contribute to the already very personal level of the sound art installation, which is a profound response to the tragic loss of numerous lives through war. Here, the stories hidden behind the reading voices of the sound art installation are brought to light.

Bartle's Grave in Roeselare I Source: June Plunkett

Irish Volunteers Company Mobilisation Order I Source: Chris Grehan

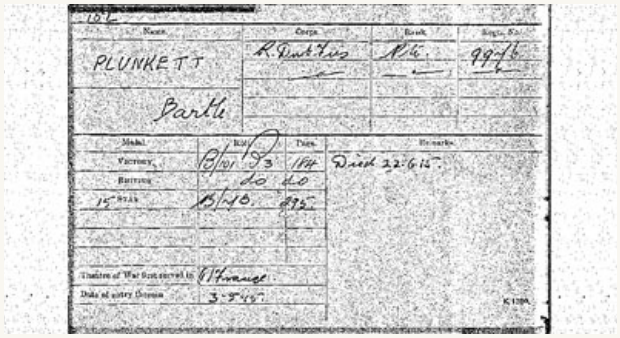
BARTHOLOMEW 'BARTLE' PLUNKETT
by his grand-niece June Plunkett

Bartholomew 'Bartle' Plunkett was born on 24 November 1885 in Clonsilla, Dublin. He had three older brothers and seven sisters. His brother George was my grandfather and was five years older than him. I only learnt of Bartle when I became interested in starting a family tree. The 1901 and 1911 census had come online and I learnt about my grandfather's family. My father died in 2002, so I could not ask him if he knew anything about his uncle Bartle. I wouldn't be surprised if he didn't know of him as I'm sure he would have told us all about having an uncle who fought in the War.

I discovered Bartle had died in the War when I could find him living at home in Clonsilla in 1901 but could find no trace of him in the 1911 census. On a whim I decided to check the Commonwealth War Graves Commission website and I found him. It said he had died on 22 June 1915. On doing a bit more research I found his medal card and came across the beautiful memorial books that had the wonderful illustrations by Harry Clarke in them, which said that he had been a prisoner of war when he died from wounds. I was surprised how emotional I got when I discovered this and I made up my mind then and there to travel to Belgium to visit his grave in Roeselare. I brought my sister with me, and when we got to the grave both of us were extremely sad as we realised it was probably the first time a relation of Bartle had visited his grave. He was 29 years of age when he died.

I have since found Bartle on the 1911 census for England. He is down as being on a vessel bound for Ceylon and India, so I can only imagine the horrors he must have come across there before he was transferred to the Western Front three years later.

I have enclosed a picture of his grave and medal card.



Bartle's Medal Card

BERNHARD GREHAN
by his grand-nephew Christopher Grehan

Bernard Grehan was a member of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers and he was my grand-uncle. He was born on 4 February 1898 and was killed at the Somme on 1 July 1916 aged 18. The family lived in Emerald Square in Dolphin's Barn and his father was a lifelong employee in the Guinness Brewery. He was the youngest of three brothers and he had six sisters. The subsequent political climate in Ireland ensured that he was not spoken of in the family and I only became aware of his fate when my father passed away in 1991 and I started to explore the family history.

A letter exists from his mother to him dated 25 June 1916 (he did not receive the letter), in which she references letters to and from him. In the letter she tells him that his brother Jemmie (James) was delighted to receive his letter in Frongoch, Wales where he had been interned for his part in the Easter Rebellion. He was a member of the Irish Volunteers and Emerald Square was the mobilisation point for C Company, 4th Battalion of which he was a member. She enclosed his letter as he was only allowed to write one letter a week from the internment camp, although she indicated she thought he was lonelier, but safer, than Bernard.

In the P.S. she remarks that "Home Rule is sealed, signed, but not delivered yet – signed since 1914, but hung up to stagnate until after the War".

I understand his mother was heartbroken when told of Bernard's death and she cherished his posthumous medals, although his father apparently would not hear his name mentioned for ever after as he was opposed to Irish participation in the War. James went on to live a full life and died in 1960.

This family story demonstrates how some Irishmen (dead and alive) like Bernard were airbrushed out of history because it was politically inconvenient to remember their sacrifice. I am delighted to have had the opportunity in recent years to relate both of their stories and to remember them both as brave young Irishmen. On behalf of the Grehan family I will especially remember Bernard on the centenary of the Battle of the Somme on 1 July 2016.

2nd Lieutenant Percy Thomas Jordan | Source: J.W. Jackson

PERCY THOMAS JORDAN
by Timothy Jackson

Percy Jordan was the son of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Jordan, rector of Magherafelt, and his wife Marianne. Orphaned at an early age, he and Maria, his elder sister, went to live with my paternal grandparents, my grandmother being their first cousin. After attending St Columba's College in Rathfarnham he entered Trinity College Dublin; there is no record of his having graduated, but it is known that he joined the Officers' Training Corps while a student.

Thus it was that when he enlisted for service in WWI, he secured a commission on 14 October 1914 as a Second Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. On 2 July 1915 he took a draft out from that battalion to the 1st, which was part of the 29th Infantry Division, assigned to the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. Not two months later, on 30 August, Maria was to write to my grandmother: "The awful blow has fallen. The War Office wired today to say the darling was killed on Aug. 21st." He had died in the Dardanelles, leading his platoon in an attack on the Turkish lines. A member of his battalion later wrote: "We had advanced about 400 yds and we were forced to retire about 100. We formed up again and advanced again and during this advance Mr. Jordan was seen to fall ... Mr. Jordan was very good and kind to his men and his men thought a lot of him."

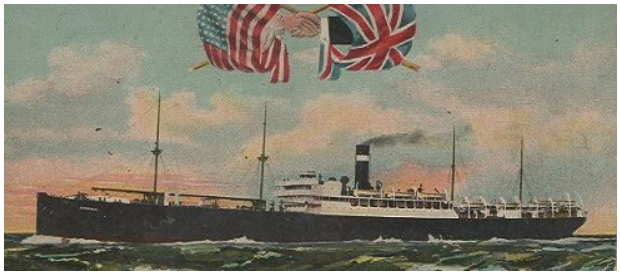
His name appears on the Helles Memorial, an obelisk over 30 metres high that stands on the tip of the Gallipoli Peninsula. He was one of those on all sides whose adult lives were ended when they had scarcely begun. As my brother Bill has written, "it was a senseless loss of life in one of the bloodiest and least successful ventures of a war of carnage, which seems to have had little to justify it and achieved still less." He and I remember the affection with which Maria still spoke of Percy in her old age.

Photo of Michael in a locket | Source: Marie McLoughlin

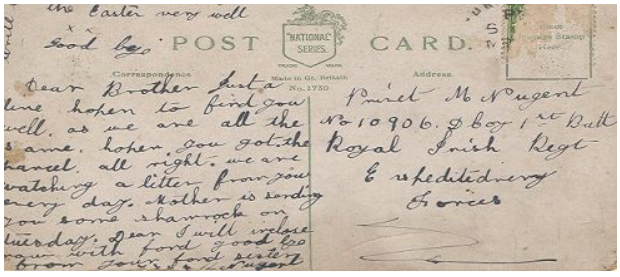
MICHAEL NUGENT
by Marie McLoughlin

Born in Celbridge in 1896 to Margaret and Henry Nugent and raised in Chapelizod, Michael was the eldest of seven children.

His mother's family bred horses. His father gardened and worked on the railway in Inchicore. They lived on a small farm on Ballyfermot Hill in Chapelizod. At just 18 years old Michael, or Mikey as he was known, found himself on the front line. Private Michael Nugent, No. 10906, of the Royal Irish Regiment, D Company, 1st Battalion. Family legend has it that he was shot by a sniper on Hill 60. Mikey died on 18 April 1915. His remains were never found. He is remembered on the Ypres Memorial in Belgium. Mikey was an adored big brother and his loss devastated his family.



Front of Postcard sent to Michael | Document: Marie McLoughlin



Back of Postcard sent to Michael | Document: Marie McLoughlin

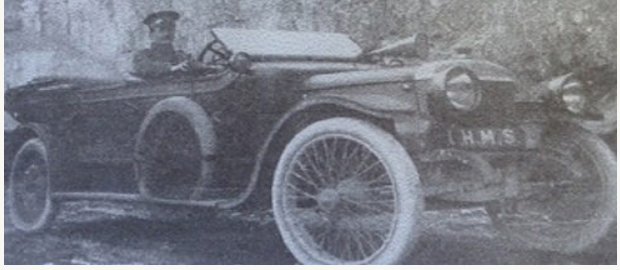
Walter Harrington as a small child, with Minnie his mother, father Michael and older brother Albert, seated below him I Source: John Cogan

MICHAEL WALTER HARRINGTON
by his grand-nephew John Cogan

Walter was born 1897 in Mullingar, County Westmeath. He was my grand-uncle. His father was a Colour Sergeant in the Marine Light Infantry who unfortunately died in 1905 of the food-borne infection typhoid, while garrisoned with Crown forces in Gibraltar.

Walter was then seven years old. He was sent as a boarder to the Royal Hibernian Military School at the Phoenix Park in Dublin. The school was for the sons of Non-Commissioned Officers of the British Armed Forces in Ireland. It was effectively a feeder of new recruits to the British Army. At the school, playing the trumpet, he proved to be a talented musician. It was as a trumpeter that he joined the 19th Hussars.

He was sent to France on the Western Front and took part in the five-month-long Battle of the Somme, of which the German officer Friedrich Steinbrecher wrote: "Somme. The whole history of the world cannot contain a more ghastly word." Walter Harrington died of his wounds at the Somme on Sunday 13 August 1916. He was 18 years of age.



Private John Patrick Tohill in Army Transport Corps Vehicle 1915 I Source: Barbara O'Meara

JOHN PATRICK TOHILL
by his great-granddaughter Barbara O'Meara

My great-grandfather was John Patrick Tohill from Cookstown, Co. Tyrone, Private M1/08974 – Motor Transport Army Service Corps, 179th Tunnelling Coy. Royal Engineers. He was killed, aged 40 years, by air strike shell-fire near Amiens in France on 26 January 1916. He had been home for a week's leave the first week in January and after his return was killed exactly two weeks later. He is buried at Albert Communal Cemetery Extension in Albert. Grave I.B.9.

He was born in Belfast on 1 June 1875, eldest child of parents George and Jane Tohill (née Dias). He married Henrietta Maria McNally, daughter of John and Agnes (née Black) McNally, on 3 January 1906. At the time of his death their two children, Barry Tohill and Sheila Agnes Tohill (my grandmother), were nine and two years old.

For many years we did not know where he was buried and my husband was the first person to visit his grave (September 2015) in nearly 100 years.

Grave stone at Albert Communal Cemetery Extension from Cookstown War Dead Website Database I Source: Cookstown War Dead Website Database

June 1913 in Sandycove, Dan third from the left in front row, Willie farthest right in the back row I Source: Caroline Clery

DANIEL RICHARD CLERY
by his grand-niece Caroline Clery

Dan Clery was born in Cork on 31 December 1890 and moved to Dublin when he was a boy. His address was Fortwilliam, Sandycove and he was the second son in a family of five children. He was educated at the Presentation Brothers College, Glasthule, and Blackrock College. Dan was a keen sportsman and a well-known football player in Dublin. He was working as a clerk in the Land Registry Office, Four Courts, when war broke out, and he at once joined Trinity College Officers' Training Corps (O.T.C.), obtaining his commission in the 6th Royal Dublin Fusiliers (R.D.F.) in September of 1914, and then went with the 10th Division to Gallipoli.

At the time of leaving for war, Dan was having a romance with a girl called Marie Martin and it was thought that they were engaged to be married. The same girl later became a nun and was the Mother Mary Martin who founded the Medical Missionaries of Mary.

Dan's younger brother Willie also fought with the Royal Dublin Fusiliers in Gallipoli and he survived the War. He spoke afterwards of how his brother and he called over to each other as they passed by chance when marching in London on the way to the Dardanelles. They had a night on the town and Dan, who was a higher rank than Willie in the army, managed to get his brother into a club where only high-ranking soldiers could attend. Willie reminisced afterwards about the fun the two young men enjoyed on that evening – a story about a colonel overheard breaking wind in that club and the funny excuses he made were a source for some of the mirth! It was to be the last time the two brothers ever met.

In one account Dan was reported missing at Gallipoli on 10 August 1915, and was later confirmed killed on that date. He was 24 years old.

The following is an excerpt from a book called *The Irish at the Front* where Dan's bravery is described:

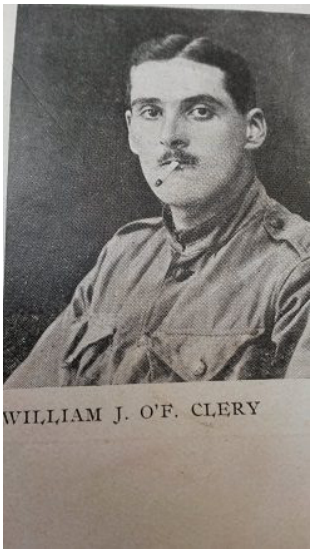
"The positions held by the Irish regiments around Chocolate Hill were regularly bombarded. On August 9th Lieutenant D.R. Clery, of the 6th Dublins (a fine young man, very popular as a footballer) was missed. Captain J.J. Carrol of the battalion, writing to a relative, says 'I know that he was in front of the firing line on August 9th, and one of our men told me on the ship coming home of Dan's magnificent conduct in carrying man after man out of danger. The man I refer to said that in saving others, Dan had seemed utterly regardless of danger to himself.'"

Dan's wristwatch (an engraved gift to him from Marie Martin) was taken off his body and brought home to his mother.

Dan's brother Willie (my grandfather) was discharged from the army due to illness in 1915 and had to spend time in Cairo in rest camp on the way home from Gallipoli. He too had been enthusiastic about the adventure of going to war. He had been working as a 19-year-old bank clerk in the Munster and Leinster Bank in Tullow when volunteers were being sought and he jumped over the counter from where he was working to "join up". He got a surprise when he had to march from the Curragh to Dublin in new boots. The photo of Willie is from the book *The Pals at Suvla Bay.*

Willie named his first son (born in 1926) Daniel Richard after the brother that he had lost. Willie died in Belfast in 1968.

Lieutenant Daniel Richard Clery 1915 I Source: Caroline Clery



William Clery I Source: Caroline Clery, taken from the book *The Pals at Suvla Bay*

Charles Hand in Uniform | Source: Angela Walsh

CHARLES AND JOHN HAND
by their grand-niece Angela Walsh

The story of Charlie and John Hand, two brothers from Dublin who died while fighting in the British Army in France in WWI.

My grandmother Annie Hand was one of a large working class family living in Dublin. She had three brothers who fought in WWI – Charlie, John, and Michael; and this is their story.

Charles (Charlie) Hand was born in Dublin on 23 January 1892. My grandmother, Annie Hand, was next to him in a large family and they were very close growing up. Their family had no army tradition but Charlie grew up in a tenement house with eleven siblings and the idea of becoming a soldier must have been very attractive to a young boy from his background.

In July 1909, at the age of 17, he enlisted with the Connaught Rangers in Dublin. After three months basic training at Renmore Barracks he was sent to the Curragh Camp in Co. Kildare before being posted overseas in 1911 to Ferezepore in Northern India, where he joined the 1st Battalion of the Connaught Rangers. In August 1914 he embarked with the 1st Battalion at Karachi and arrived at Marseilles in September that year. The 1st Battalion joined the fray at Messines, south of Ypres, on 24 October 1914. They were involved in some tough action before being moved south to the Battle of Festurbet in November 1914, where they suffered huge losses. It seems he and two colleagues were killed by shelling while working on repairing trenches on Wednesday, 10 February 1915. He was aged just 23. Charlie is buried in Le Touret Military Cemetery, Richebourg L'Avoue, France.

His brother John Hand was born in Dublin on 21 June, 1896. John was just 14 years old when Charlie enlisted in the British Army. My grandmother told me that John always wanted to be a soldier like his older brother, but their widowed mother had pleaded with John not to join the army. John was working as a miller at the time but it seems he went to Liverpool, where his aunt was living, and while there enlisted on 7 October 1915 with the King's (Liverpool) Regiment, 8th Battalion. I know very little about his military history, which was very brief, as less than a year later, John was dead. He was killed on 1 August 1916 at the Somme. There was no trace of his body so he is simply remembered at the Thiepval Memorial in France. The items returned to his mother after his death included one letter, two photos, one pack of cigarettes, two rosaries and a cap badge.

Their younger brother Michael Hand was born in Dublin on 28 February 1898. In 1915 Michael, aged just 17, was working as a labourer when he enlisted with the Royal Dublin Fusiliers on 11 October 1915 in Sutton, Dublin. I cannot imagine their mother's despair at that time: to have lost one son and to see her other two both join the army within a few days of each other. Michael went on to have a chequered army career, including action in France, but luckily he survived the experience and lived to return to Dublin where he married and raised a family.

My grandmother went on to have two sons, Andrew and Thomas, both of whom joined the army and served in WWII. Thankfully, both survived the experience. My grandmother died in 1990 and she spent the last twenty years of her life living with us, so I grew up with stories of the two beloved brothers she had lost in the War and the effect their deaths had on her family. They had both sent postcards from France home to their mother and these are treasured mementos for our family still. There is no-one alive today who knew either Charlie or John Hand.

To honour them I felt it was important to take part in this project to have their names spoken one hundred years on.

PRIVATE J. HAND (4853), King's Liverpool Regiment, killed in action on August 1, 1916. One brother is still serving and another has also been killed in action. Their widowed mother resides at 28 South Cumberland st. t, Dublin.

John Hand's Obituary in newspaper | Source: Angela Walsh

Gravestone at Hill 10 Cemetery, Gallipoli | Source: Jean Pierce

JOHN JOSEPH O'KEEFFE
by his grand-niece Jean Pierce

Taken in 1915, before going to Suvla Bay, Gallipoli.
Lance Corporal John Joseph O' Keeffe of the 7th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, registration number 13836.
Born Limerick, 27 November 1894. Died of wounds, 17 August 1915 in the Dardanelles. He received his wounds in the desperate charge that led to the capture of Dublin Hill.

My Name is Jean Pierce (née O'Keeffe). He was my great-uncle. He worked for Independent Newspapers.

I found out about him as my father Desmond O'Keeffe, his nephew, would often talk about WWI and the sacrifice made by the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. He had a gentle disposition, and was very popular.
He is buried in Hill 10 Cemetery, Gallipoli.

So proud of all his bravery.

LANCE-CORPORAL JOHN J. O'KEEFFE of the 7th Battalion ("The Pals") Royal Dublin Fusiliers, concerning whom it is now officially stated that he has died of wounds received in the Dardanelles. He received his wounds in the desperate charge that led to the capture of Dublin Hill. Before joining the "Pals," Battalion he was employed in the Independent Newspapers office, and his gentle disposition won him esteem and popularity from all. His father, late Colour-Sergeant in the Royal Irish Regiment, is also on the commercial staff of the Independent Newspapers Company.

Image Orientation:

Obituary in Irish independent newspaper
| Source: Jean Pierce

Volunteer Readers' Comments on the Recordings and the Art Project April 2016

What made you volunteer? How did you find the recording? Does anything stand out for you regarding the session?

B

What made you volunteer?

I'm interested in the role Dubliners played in WWI. Especially the Dublin Fusiliers' role. My grandfather's brother, aged just 20 years old, was killed in Belgium and buried in Ypres.

How did you find the recording?

It was a pleasure to take part in and very well organised.

Does anything stand out for you regarding the session?

Very interesting during the recording whilst reading out the names, I was reminded of all the lives lost through war.

Maria Ball

What made you volunteer?

The project instantly sparked both my interest and imagination. I was intrigued at the unique way in which Christina Kubisch was going to connect history with art and technology. In addition, I wanted in some small way to take time out of the present moment to remember the past and to acknowledge and honour the lives of the Irish men and women who lost their lives during WWI.

How did you find the recording?

It was an emotional and thought-provoking experience. I felt an immediate connection with the names and wanted to learn more about the individuals. As I read each name I was picturing the person and felt a deep sorrow for the loss of their life.

Does anything stand out for your regarding the session?

The session was extremely well organised and a very positive experience. I was given clear instruction and the atmosphere was relaxed and supportive. I felt that my small contribution was really appreciated, which made me feel like I was part of something worthwhile.

Natalie Boyce

I was delighted to participate in this project. I love art and particularly Harry Clarke, so when I heard that he had illustrated the book of names, I was in. I had also heard about sound installations before and was interested in being part of that. For some reason I was a bit nervous before the recording and my mouth was dry but I got through it. The thing that stood out in my mind was reading the same name out for the amount of people of that name that died; I thought that was very respectful and touching.

Paula Boyhan

The bare empty room of Merrion Square created a timeless atmosphere. I had the Ls to read ... "Francis Ledwidge" … poet of County Meath.
"Ledwidge killed, blown to bits…" July 1917, village of Boezinghe, northwest of Ieper (Ypres).

A Soldier's Grave
Then in the lull of midnight, gentle arms
Lifted him slowly down the slopes of death,
Lest he should hear again the mad alarms
Of battle, dying moans, and painful breath.

And where the earth was soft for flowers we made
A grave for him that he might better rest.
So, Spring shall come and leave it sweet arrayed,
And there the lark shall turn her dewy nest.
- *Francis Ledwidge*

Laid to rest, Artillery Wood Cemetery, Ypres, Belgium
Hugh Boyle

I have read so much about 1916 this year, visited exhibitions and attended talks, that I felt I would really like to be part of it all somehow. Unlike so many Dubliners, I don't have any relatives who were directly involved in the 1916 Rising and so this project has given me an opportunity to be directly involved; an experience I thought would never be mine. I found the sombre task of reading out so many names in a seemingly never-ending list to be in itself a moving experience, and the very act of doing that brought home to me the magnitude of what had happened in 1916 and the repercussions of that for future generations to come.
Denise Buckley

I had a number of reasons for volunteering for the Memorial Gardens Project. I do volunteer work regularly and this one appealed to me very much as my Grandfather was in the Royal Navy and served in Gallipoli. We were lucky he came back. I have also visited the Normandy Beaches, the War Graves in Northern France, Ypres, and latterly Verdun with some American friends, who had family who did not come back from Verdun. I would like to have recorded some more of the names as I found it interesting that you wanted various accents. I am Irish but am told by my foreign friends you would not recognise the accent at all. I was recording the name Byrne which is my married name and there were so many of the same name, they were so young and the different Regiments they enlisted in. I have tried over the years to interest friends in visiting the Memorial Gardens as they are so beautiful and find most of them have not visited or in some cases have not heard of them. Hope your good work will persuade more visitors to it.
Shelia Phillips Byrne

D

What made you volunteer?

I received an email and I thought it was an amazing concept. I really wanted to take part as I believe it is something that we owe to those people who gave their lives fighting in WWI, particularly as a national apology for the years they were branded traitors by some. In this 1916 centenary year, I am delighted our city and our country celebrates not only those who fought for Irish freedom at home, but also those who fought for freedom on a much larger scale.

How did you find recording?

It was a very relaxed and enjoyable experience. My compliments to the organisers and the sound engineer.

Does anything stand out for you regarding the session?

The pages I was given to read contained names from the late Cs to the early Ds, and contained quite a number of John, Joe, Michael and Patrick Dalys, which are names that are very familiar to me as a lot of my male relations and ancestors have the same name. This overwhelmed me slightly during the practice session but it definitely made the experience a lot more personal to me, even though I am not aware if any of my actual relations fought in WWI.
Sid Daly

I read about the Memorial Gardens Project in a newsletter from the Goethe-Institut Irland. I thought the project looked intriguing, so I put my name down to record names. I found the recording process itself very efficient and comfortable. What stood out for me was reading the same name, e.g. John Higgins, as many as ten times. It made me think about the individual behind each name and at the same time made me consider the collective nature of what it meant to fight in a World War.
Andrew Deering

I volunteered for the project because I feel strongly that the Irish men who died should not be forgotten. I found the recording experience easy because the people put me at ease so I was very comfortable but I was very surprised how emotional I felt when I was about halfway through recording the names. Even afterwards on my way home I kept thinking all these men are dead and buried: How did they die? Who did they leave grieving for them? What age were they? What would their lives have been like if they had survived? Were they better off dead? Why did they go to war?

The whole experience provoked so much emotion and deep thoughts. I would still do it again. Many thanks for the opportunity.
Margaret Doyle

The country and Dublin in particular had been consumed with the spirit and nostalgia around the 100 year commemoration of the 1916 Rising and the relevance of the ongoing World War at that time. I felt that I had just watched some of the television coverage of the ceremonies and hadn't really appreciated the moment.

Getting involved in the recordings gave me a personal but private way of living the history.

Vocally sounding the names of real men, perhaps names that have not been said out loud for a long time, gave life to the person. Not just a number in statistical form but a real name linked to a real person. The surnames in some cases were ones that were very unfamiliar to me – ones that you would not hear today. The surroundings of Collins Barracks set the tone perfectly, the impressive military architecture with a haunting history.
Susan Dunne

F

Two of my uncles fought in WWI, the elder survived and was awarded the Military Medal the younger, a 2nd Lieutenant, was killed in 1916 aged 19 years.

The recording area was quite small yet reading out the many names of the dead created its own atmosphere.
Patrick Fawl

What made you volunteer?

I volunteered as my grandfather and his brother both served in WWI – and thankfully both survived. As a serving member of the Defence Forces, with a son also in the service, I felt drawn to contribute personally in some manner and help to remember those who did not come home.

How did you find recording?

The recording experience was helped enormously by the preparation afforded me by the 'welcome staff' and their thorough briefing. Speaking for the time allotted became a bit tough as dry mouth syndrome affected me towards the end. Any longer and a pause for a drink would have been necessary. The list of those deceased brought home the scale of losses, as behind each name would have been a family group of parents, wives, sweethearts, brothers, sisters, children, etc.

Does anything stand out for you regarding the session?

One outstanding moment of the session was reading out the surnames 'REDMOND' as the great parliamentarian John Redmond must have been one of those on the list. Given the year that we are living in this represented a significant honor for me.
Paul Fry: Brigadier General, General Officer Commanding the Air Corps and Director of Military Aviation

H

I volunteered because I felt it was a small way of allowing these people's names to resonate in our own time. I have a big interest in WWI and feel that it was an avoidable and terrible loss of life. What stands out for me is how long it took to read out just part of the surnames beginning with a particular letter. You could have read all day and it would have been like a grain of sand on a beach.
Paul Heffernan

J

What made you volunteer?

My conscience.

How did you find recording?

Lonely, miserable, poignant.

Does anything stand out for you regarding the session?

How violent and stupid humans can be on occasion.
Philip James

L

My list of names started with the letter D. I rehearsed the first few pages silently before the recording. During the rehearsal I noted the rank of each person, until I came to a name with no rank. The word BOY was entered. His rank was BOY, no age. Did he run away to the War? Did his parents know? How did he get to the front? What adventure was this BOY seeking? Did he suffer? He may not have had a military rank, his rank was the one he held in his mother's heart!
Vincent B. Langan

M

I considered it very worthwhile and long overdue to the memory of the people involved. I also considered myself as a good reader, with clarity and good diction.

I found the recording simple and straightforward and was conscious of getting the pronunciation of the names correct before the recording itself.

By reading out each name individually it made me aware of my responsibility to speak and read each name with clarity, expression and empathy.
Christine Mc Cabe

What made me volunteer?

I think I have a good speaking voice. I liked the idea of my voice being recorded and archived for future generations.

How did I find the recording?

I found the preparation and recording to be managed very professionally.

Does anything stand out for me regarding the session?

I tried to speak slowly and be respectful to every name I read out.

I was also struck by the long list of names I read out in such a short time.

I felt emotional and sympathy for the families of the deceased and I was struck by the terrible loss of life.
Carmel McCartney

What made you volunteer?

I volunteered because I believed in this project, in honouring the men and women who gave their lives for freedom, and remembering the fallen. My personal connection to my grand-uncle, Pt. Michael Nugent.

How did you find recording?

Recording was a pleasant, seamless event. The technician was paitent and enthusiastic.

Does anything stand out for you regarding the session?

Knowing that every name mentioned mattered. That every name mentioned belonged to someone who had loved them and missed them. And that every name mentioned was being remembered. That is what stood out for me most.
Marie McLoughlin, grand-niece of Pt. Michael Nugent

O

I thought it was an original and very interesting idea. Also my great-uncle – Richard Lee – was killed at Gallipoli and I felt I owed it to his memory to work on this project. I found myself in the more recent session reading out soldiers with my surname, O'Connor – very moving to say the least.

I thought the whole project was handled sensitively and imaginatively and am glad to have been a part of it.
Martin O'Connor

I have a relation who signed up in 1916 to join the British Forces and subsequently perished at the Somme. Hugh Osborne had been talking to his friends on a street in Belfast during a time when Catholics had little opportunity in the workplace. The lads decided to sign up and made an arrangement to turn up at the recruiting office the following morning. Sure weren't they going to get a nice uniform and kit, not to mention food and pay.

Only Hugh turned up. The rest is history.

There must be numerous similar stories in the world relating to the tragedies of war. I feel acutely aware that I have lived through my 57 years on this earth without the threat of war or the need to consider my allegiances to one side or another in a conflict situation. For this I am enormously grateful.

With the centenary of the Great War current I hoped to contribute in some small measure to the memory of all those who perished. My motivation was to help remember the victims and to contribute to the awareness of the futility of war and the damage it does.

My experience of the recording was a good one. I found it comforting that there was recognition for those who died, not just written on a page but whose names were spoken out into a recording device for posterity. The experience was somewhat draining but reassuring at the same time.

I felt that there was a tangible experience in respecting the dead of war, especially for those so young and vulnerable. Men who in a different era, where battle strategies were questionable, were treated, in the main, as cannon fodder. An era of obedience, the stiff upper lip, and the notion of King and Country being almost a divine devotion.

I found the project a positive experience and would like to be involved further.
Gerry Osbourne

Q

I volunteered because I liked the idea of every person in the Memorial Records being remembered individually. I've seen names being read publicly at events commemorating loss of lives in terrible circumstances and thought it was very respectful and dignified (e.g. 9/11 commemorations, reading of the names of those killed in Northern Ireland). I enjoyed the recording process very much and liked how just the individual name was read out, with no distinction as to rank, company, etc. My portion of the book included McCarthys – I remember there were a lot of John McCarthys! What stood out most for me was the effect reading the same name out over and over had. I know the phenomenon of repeating a word or name results in it losing any meaning, but I actually found it unexpectedly moving reading the same name many times. It was the only moment during the recording when I felt a little emotional – wondering what all those John McCarthys were like and how they died. Congratulations on the project – I look forward to seeing/hearing the end result.
Pearl Quinn

R

A friend told me about it as I live beside the Memorial Gardens and visit there often. I decided that I would like to contribute something to it. I enjoyed the experience of recording, it was my first time doing it and I felt well looked after and not put under pressure. It gave me space to pronounce the names correctly and not skip anyone and give the men their due respect. I felt privileged to be able to do it. The whole experience was new and all stood out for me.
Miriam Ryan

S

I volunteered for a range of reasons. Firstly because as a Trustee I believe it is important to support a project of this kind which emphasises the contemporary relevance of the Memorial. On a personal level I am invested in what the Memorial seeks to do; my husband's grandfather served in the Royal Munster Fusiliers and was killed shortly before the end of the War. He is buried in a Commonwealth War Cemetery near Cologne and we were the first members of the family to visit it a few months ago. Also my own Grandfather served in the Inniskilling Fusiliers, he fought at the Battle of the Somme and in his later years talked about '...going over the top'. Unlike many of his pals, he came home. Participation was my small way of remembering their sacrifice and I am simply proud of them.
Captain Gale Scanlan: Honorary Treasurer and Secretary of the Trustees of the Irish National War Memorial

My brother was a soldier and before he took on this role I was oblivious to what being a solider entailed and more so from the point of view as a family member. When he went away for 5 years it suddenly struck me that I was constantly waiting to hear from him (and we heard from him quite often). Every time we got news it was relief. You put the risks associated with his job far far away at the back of your mind but it was always there. Thankfully he arrived home safe and sound but for these men's families that fear became a reality. I do not know how families coped getting such news and cannot imagine what that moment in their lives was like. It's a feeling I never ever want to experience. If I could do anything to help remember these men I would gladly do it.

While I was recording the names I actually got shivers up my spine. A lot of men's names I read out were the same, e.g. James Brown, there must have been 25 James Browns. Each and every one of these men should stand out as individuals, as men, as brothers, fathers, husbands, sons, uncles, friends; defenders of freedom and peace. They got reduced to a list. I prayed for them all as soon as I left. What stood out for me is all these men died for no reason, none at all. The song Willy Mac Bride comes to mind, "the sorrow the suffering the glory the pain, the killing and dying was all done in vain, for young *Willy McBride* it all happened again, again and again and again and again", I don't think anyone can sum it up better than that.
Sarah Scannell

I volunteered as I believe it is an honour to be part of such an experience and in remembrance of those that fought for our freedom.

The actual recording experience was more daunting than I thought it would be as I suddenly became aware of the importance of pronouncing each name correctly.

With regard to the recording session, the thing that stands out the most was the quietness of the room, I became aware of my own breathing and the rustling of paper.
Siobhan Swan

W

My reason for taking part in this Project is that I lost two great-uncles in the Great War, John and Charles Hand, and I thought it was wonderful to know that their names would be spoken 100 years on. It was a pleasure to take part and I found it very moving.
Angela Walsh

What made you volunteer?

A colleague, Barbara O'Meara, told me about it as she is an artist who painted the 40 children who died in the 1916 Easter Rising and I did a shamanic ceremony to launch it for her. I was immersed in those commemorations and felt that for balance it was important for me to commemorate the Irish men who fought in World War I as well.

How did you find recording?

I found the recording easy as I am used to radio and video recording and the chap was very helpful and gave clear instructions.

Does anything stand out for you regarding the session?

Yes, I felt the weight of responsibility in honouring the men and voicing their names with reverence. When I started there were a group of French Foreign Legion soldiers doing their own ceremony in the yard and they began to sing the *Marseillaise* as I spoke. Both I and the recording chap thought that very apt.
Karen Ward

Thank you for the opportunity to say a few words of thanks for including me in the list of readers of casualties for the Memorial Gardens Project.

The reason I volunteered is that I have a grand-uncle who was killed in the Battle of Ginchy on 9 September 1916. His name was Ernest Francis O'Kearney White and he served as a 2nd Lieutenant in the 9th Battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. I really appreciate the fact that you included me in the reading section that had his name honoured. It was a very poignant experience reading out the names of so many young men who died in the prime of their lives and some who were only entering it.
Brian White

I was delighted to take part in this innovative project. It is a fitting tribute to those who lost their lives and I was pleased to be able to acknowledge them. I found it very moving reading out the list of names.
Maeve White

I participated because I feel it important that every single one of those lost lives should be honoured and remembered individually in some fashion. The artistic ambition and scope of this project finds suitable expression for the gravitas of their sacrifice; and this composition, from the very sound of their names, is a fitting tribute to their huge courage.

The recording was, perhaps not too surprisingly, emotional, as one felt the responsibility of enunciating each name with appropriate respect. Certainly repetition occurred; Thomas Smith was repeated multiple times, but each man deserved to have his name enunciated with fresh focus and feeling. This dynamic lent a very real sense of responsibility to the already visceral recording process.

War is senseless – we know this to be true, however the very least we can do is honour those who died and their incredible bravery.

All who died must have been, to varying degrees, frightened, yet still they went to war. Such ideological conviction and unbelievable courage will be, and fully deserves to be, captured and honoured in this project.
David Windrim

While reading aloud the names of the young men who sacrificed their lives, I was struck by the fact that although these men were fighting in a "World War", I found the numbers that came from the same villages and townlands perturbing. I found most poignant the fact that so many of those who died were mere boys fighting in a man's world. May they rest in peace.
Mark Wynne

Delighted to be part of this fascinating project. The reading of names had a kind of meditative effect. The need to really focus on each individual name with the same care and attention became very powerful and moving.
anonymous

Voices of Memory
Christina Kubisch

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