A vibrant field of purple and yellow flowers, likely Delphiniums, with several butterflies fluttering around them. The scene is captured in a slightly desaturated, artistic style. The text is overlaid in the center of the image.

Where are you From

Transplanted.

Anne O'Callaghan

Mirrors :Jorges Luis. Borges
(translated by Harold Morland)

I, who felt the horrors of mirrors
Not only in front of the impenetrable crystal
Where there ends and begins, uninhabitable,
An impossible space of reflections,

But of gazing even on water that mimics
The other blue in its depth of sky,
That at times gleams back the illusory flight
Of the inverted bird, or that ripples,

And in front of the silent surface
Of subtle ebony whose polish shows
Like a repeating dream the white
Of something marble or something rose,

Today at the tip of so many and perplexing
Wandering years under the varying moon,
I ask myself what whim of fate
Made me so fearful of a glancing mirror.

Mirrors in metal, and the masked
Mirror of mahogany that in its mist
Of a red twilight hazes
The face that is gazed on as it gazes,

I see them as infinite, elemental
Executors of an ancient pact,
To multiply the world like the act
Of begetting. Sleepless. Bringing doom.

They prolong this hollow, unstable world
In their dizzying spider's-web;
Sometimes in the afternoon they are blurred
By the breath of a man who is not dead.

The crystal spies on us. If within the four
Walls of a bedroom a mirror stares,
I'm no longer alone. There is someone there.
In the dawn reflections mutely stage a show.

Everything happens and nothing is recorded
In these rooms of the looking glass,
Where, magicked into rabbits, we
Now read the books from right to left.

Claudius, king of an afternoon, a dreaming king,
Did not feel it a dream until that day
When an actor shewed the world his crime
In a tableau, silently in mime.

It is a strange dream, and to have mirrors
Where the commonplace, worn-out repertory
Of every day may include the illusory
Profound globe that reflections scheme.

God (I keep thinking) has taken pains
To design that ungraspable architecture
Reared by every dawn from the gleam
Of a mirror, by darkness from a dream.

God has created nighttime, which he arms
With dreams, and mirrors, to make clear
To man he is a reflection and a mere
Vanity. Therefore these alarms.

Where are you From
Transplanted.

You wrote 1800 poems.

**How many poems did you read,
who was your favourite?**

A good poem helps to change the shape and significance of the universe, helps to extend everyone's knowledge of himself and the world around him—Dylan Thomas:

I think we can say the same for paintings, sculpture, music, a good book, they all remind us what it is to be human. AOC

Growing up in Ireland I was surrounded by all sorts of wonderful trees and plants that I took for granted, and Monkey Puzzle Trees not great climbing trees, but as a child the name intrigued me. Palm Trees, azaleas, rhododendrons, roses, daffodils and many more. As a young adult, I loved gardens and never wondered where did these wondrous plants come from. I have a childhood memory of tying up the daffodils when their season was over, one of my early household jobs.

My mother was the gardener, winter roses, daffodils, tulips, wallflowers, roses, lupins, snapdragons, one could go on and on. But like the majority of flowers in Canadian gardens, they did not originate in Ireland, but were transplanted from far away places via the botanists and plant hunters from Europe.

When I started my “hunt” for the history and origin of plants some 25 years ago, I discovered Emily Dickinson’s herbarium, and I stayed to read her poetry. While studying at Mount Holyoke in her late teens, Emily Dickinson began to study the flowers in her garden and the surrounding area with the scientific intensity of a seasoned botanist.

But my interest did not stop there. Emily Dickinson’s herbarium, opened up a Pandora box of ideas. It became a lens for me to reconsider to reimagine the function of art-making. A step back, to look at the world around me. Plants and poetry are pathways for exploring and re-examining my practice.

Self Portrait with Emily Dickinson is the start of the journey.

Many people do not like, or are not interested in poetry, they place their dislike at their early education. Poems they had to learn by rote, or like Jamaica Kincaid, a process that meant something entirely different. I do not recall learning poems in school. I am sure I did, no memory. I do have a strong memory of Church/Christian History. My first introduction to history as fiction. In my school there was a Camogie team, an Irish stick-and-ball team sport played by women. Brutal game. My choice to get beaten up weekly or study Church/Christian History. A good choice, I discovered skepticism at an early age.

We all listened to the radio (I still do) RTE and BBC equivalent to CBC. There I discovered Dylan Thomas reading his works, listened to W. B Yeats. Full disclosure also *The Day of the Triffids*, a 1951 post-apocalyptic novel by the English science fiction writer, John Wyndham. Every Monday night at 7:30pm, it was so scary, I loved it. But somewhere in there, perhaps by osmosis Thomas, Yeats stuck with me.

When I came to Canada in 1968, my going away present from my mum and dad was a slim volume of W. B Yeats poems. *The Wild Swans at Coole*, 1919, so as not to forget that I was Irish, *as if*. And every time Seamus Heaney published a new volume of poems, a copy arrived by mail.

For this book I invited friends and to send me poems either by you Emily, other poets or their own work A sharing of ideas. Did you exchange poems, did you sit in the evening with family and friends reading poems and prose?

Some of my favorite poets, some are lifelong friends Emily Dickinson, Imtiaz Dharker, Mairéad Donnellan, WH Auden, Seamus Heaney, Jane Hirshfield, Kaie Kellough, T.S. Elliot, Jeffrey Douglas, Jenny Browne, Ted Hughes, Anne Carson, Nicki Griffin.

The Columbian Exchange, a reference to the exchange of diseases, ideas, food crops, and most horrendous of all people as commodities, slavery between the New World and the Old World from 1492 to the present. Part of Europe's, and later the US fought for the control of territory, and what those territories had under the ground, above the ground. Gardens, flowers and Trees are a cultural history of place, of land clearings, of transplanting, of writing out a peoples' history and cultures of changing the landscape of a newly acquired territory. The fact is that most of our plants came either from New World-Asia, Asia Minor, Africa or South and Central America.

The 1700-1800 was a time of intense curiosity about all things exotic/foreign. Many plants originate from collecting expeditions, and were preserved as both scientific and horticultural specimens, in an herbarium. A herbarium is a collection of dried plants or fungi used for scientific study. They are the main source of data for the field of botany called taxonomy. A dried plant is quite different from the same plant growing in your garden, but the main elements needed for scientific studies can be found in a well-prepared herbarium.

In the 16th century, Luca Ghini (1490-1556) is credited to be the first person to press and preserve plants under pressure, then bind the specimens within a book.



Monkey Puzzle tree, (*Araucaria araucana*), also called Chile Pine, an evergreen ornamental and timber conifer of the family Araucariaceae, native to the Andes Mountains of South America. Illicitly imported in the 18th Century and much loved by the Victorians. You can see Monkey Puzzle trees in gardens all around Dublin. Unfortunately they are an endangered plant in their native lands. Exotic, strange to see in the front lawn of row houses.

Excerpt from;
T.S.Elliot: The Waste Land
1. The Burial of the Dead

...And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Frisch weht der Wind
Der Heimat zu
Mein Irisch Kind,
Wo weilest du?

“You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
“They called me the hyacinth girl.”
—Yet when we came back, late, from the garden,
Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.
Oed’ und leer das Meer..



Hyacinthus are fragrant flowering plants in the family Asparagaceae, subfamily Scilloideae native to the area of the eastern Mediterranean from the south of Turkey to Palestine

Threoprastus, Enquiry into Plants

Threoprastus; born 370BCE at Eresos in Lesbos. He was a scholar, botanist, biologist, and physicist. His most important books are *Enquiry into Plants*, and *On the Causes of Plants*. These books are thought to be the first systemization of the botanical world, and during antiquity and the Middle Ages were standard reference books. It is in *Enquiry into Plants*, that we find the first written record of narcissus/daffodils.





N. major, *N. triandrus* and *N. jonquilla*. Encyclopaedia Londinensis 1819



Flowers carriers of memory and history.

In many of her writings—her novel *Lucy* in particular—Antiguan writer Jamaica Kincaid has written and spoken about her relationship with that quintessentially British, Wordsworthian flower, the daffodil. *In Dances with Daffodils*, Kincaid tells of how her feelings about the flower—which she learned to dislike after being forced to memorize William Wordsworth’s poem on the subject—*In my child’s mind’s eye, the poem and its contents (though not its author) and the people through whom it came were repulsive.*

Since settling in Vermont and becoming a gardener, Kincaid has reconciled herself to the much-disliked flower of her youth. She has planted 5,500 daffodil bulbs in her garden, wanting to *...walk out into my yard, unable to move at will because my feet are snarled in the graceful long green stems supporting bent yellow flowering heads of daffodils.*

In 1968, with Barbuda and the tiny island of Redonda as dependencies, Antigua became an associated state of the Commonwealth, and in November 1981 it was disassociated from Britain



Nelson's Pillar was a large granite column capped by a statue of Horatio Nelson, built in the centre in Dublin, Ireland, 1809. We were still part of the of the United Kingdom. In March 1966, an explosives planted by Irish republicans knocked Nelson down. As a child for few pence you could climb to the top of the pillar and have a grand view of Dublin. Antigua still has a Nelson's Dockyard.



Demeter rejoiced, for her daughter Persephone was by her side surrounded by daffodils





AMARYLLIS BELLADONNA Var. RUBRA.

AMARYLLIS MUTABILIS SPECIOSA PURPUREA Truff.

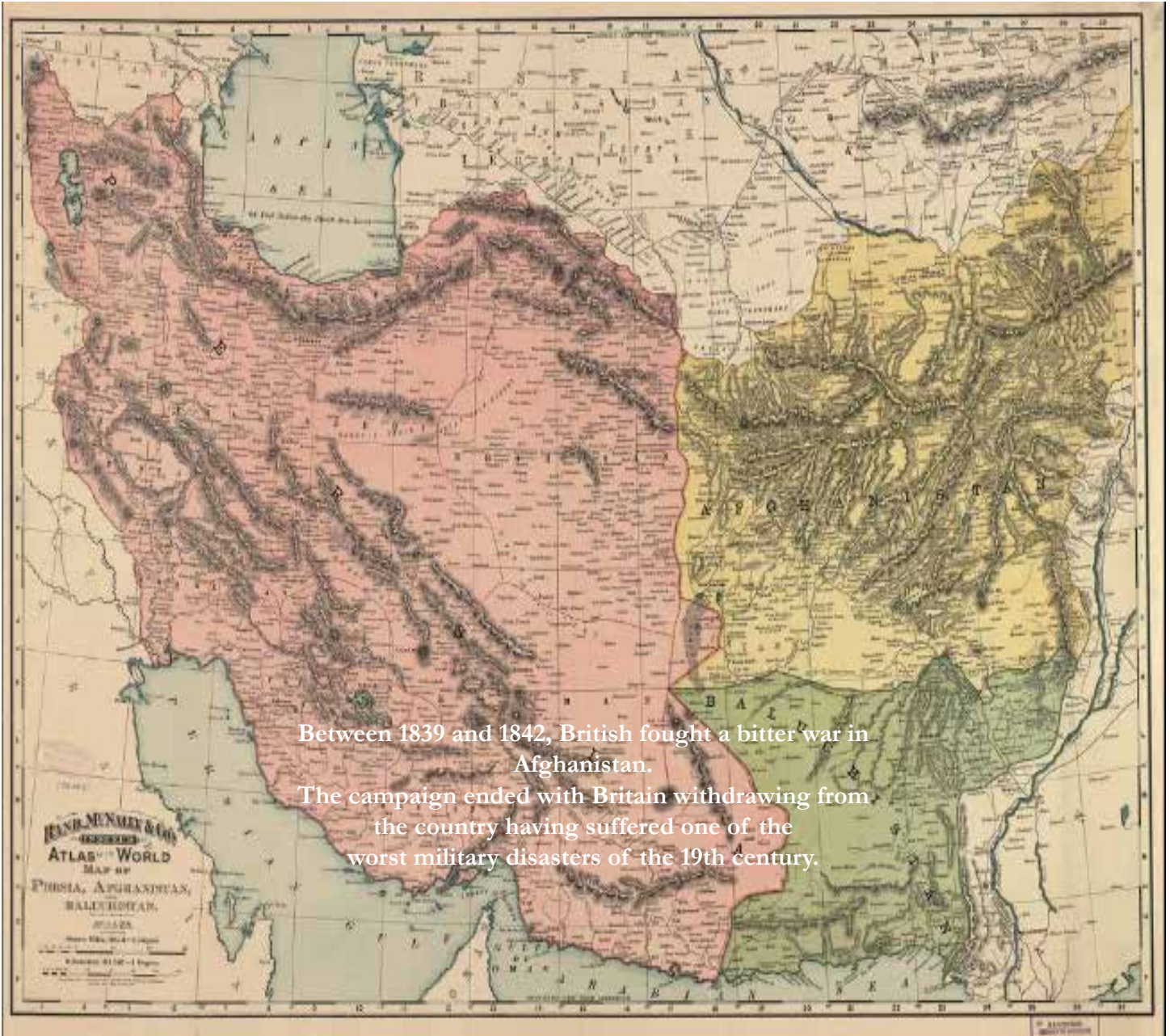
¶ Semis Versailles.

Seine froide.



Amaryllis native habitat is Knysna in the Western Cape province of South Africa. Introduced everywhere else in the 1800. In 1753 Carl Linnaeus created the name *Amaryllis belladonna*, the type species of the genus *Amaryllis*. At the time both South African and South American plants were placed in the same genus; subsequently they were separated into two different genera. The key question is whether Linnaeus's type was a South African plant or a South American plant. A debate, took place from 1938 to 1987 and involved botanists on both sides of the Atlantic. The outcome was a decision by the 14th International Botanical Congress in 1987 that *Amaryllis* L. should be a conserved name (i.e. correct regardless of priority) and ultimately based on a specimen of the South African *Amaryllis belladonna* from the Clifford Herbarium at the Natural History Museum in London.

*Naming rights: The plant that I associated with
Christmas, kept a group
of male botanists debating for 49 years.*



DID YOU SEE Afghanistan ON YOUR MAP

Did you read how many died.

My Afghanistan

YOUR Afghanistan

VOICES CRYING DOWN THE AGES.



Queen's Anne's Lace



Afghanistan is one of the world's most important centers of biodiversity. It is no wonder that countries, Britain, Russia, Europe, and the US, have used it as a battleground for its wealth and strategic importance. We see the first recorded mention of Queen's Anne's Lace in *Species Plantarum* by Carl Linnaeus, 1753.



Queen's Anne's Lace, sounds so much more romantic than (Daucus carota). It grows wild over virtually all of Canada and North America. A ditch, overgrown field, or patch of disturbed soil, cracks in the pavement you'll find it. It is such a pretty flower it is hard to think of it as destructive and invasive.

But there is a certain irony in its colonisation of Canada and the US.

unruly:

the package said,

plant in full sun

more instructions

rich soil

I could smell the soil as it baked in the sun

no flowers

Beside the chain link fence

rocks and garbage

there you flourished

dancing freely

unruly

Anne O'Callaghan, 2021



Dickinson, Emily, 1830-1886. Herbarium, Page 12

“One of art’s functions is to recall that which is absent – whether it is history,
or the unconscious, or form, or social justice”

Lucy Lippard

A century later, 2014

The school-bell is a call to battle,
every step to class, a step into the firing-line.
Here is the target, fine skin at the temple,
cheek still rounded from being fifteen.
Surrendered, surrounded, she
takes the bullet in the head
and walks on. The missile cuts
a pathway in her mind, to an orchard
in full bloom, a field humming under the sun,
its lap open and full of poppies.
This girl has won
the right to be ordinary,
wear bangles to a wedding, paint her fingernails,
go to school. Bullet, she says, you are stupid.
You have failed. You cannot kill a book
or the buzzing in it.
A murmur, a swarm. Behind her, one by one,
the schoolgirls are standing up
to take their places on the front line.

Imtiaz Dharker

TV Screen

in another time

say 1974

it would flicker

there would be static

the colour would be a little off

but today

a perfect green canvas

a helicopter lands

two small figures proceed across the green for the last time

Exhale

Margaret Rogers January 19, 2021

The Poppy fields of Afghanistan a beautiful but dangerous flower-a battle field for Opium.





The Odyssey, Homer (Ninth century B.C.)

...Then Helen, daughter of Zeus, turned to new thoughts. Presently she cast a drug into the wine whereof they drank, a drug to lull all pain and anger, and bring forgetfulness of every sorrow. Whoso should drink a draught thereof, when it is mingled in the bowl, on that day he would let no tear fall down his cheeks, not though his mother and his father died, not though men slew his brother or dear son with the sword before his face, and his own eyes beheld it.

Did you read Homer Emily? I did in my teens. My friends and I hung out in a cafe, in a street called Westmorland Street. We read Homer and Finnegans Wake. You could taste the smoke in the air. A very serious group. We were going to change the world. I do not remember why we thought reading Homer and Finnegans Wake would help us do that. But maybe back then, we already had a inkling, that art and culture was important. Of course we also liked to talk.

You would have liked Joyce, like you, he too was pushing boundaries.

Poppies have been lauded by writers, painters and poets.

Vase with Poppies by Vincent Van Gogh, Poppy Field, by Claude Monet,
Oriental Poppies by Georgia O'Keeffe, Large Poppies by Emil Nolde.
My favourite, Woman with Poppies by Edvard Munch

Theophrastus in the *History of Plants* documented the milky
juice of the poppy, opium, as a drug as one of many
ingredients in a medicinal recipe or as the main ingredient.

Emily Dickinson
#524-1861 and 1865

It feels a shame to be Alive—
When Men so brave—are dead—
One envies the Distinguished Dust—
Permitted—such a Head—
The Stone—that tells defending Whom
This Spartan put away
What little of Him we—possessed
In Pawn for Liberty—
The price is great—Sublimely paid—
Do we deserve—a Thing—
That lives—like Dollars—must be piled
Before we may obtain?
Are we that wait—sufficient worth—
That such Enormous Pearl
As life—dissolved be—for Us—
In Battle's—horrid Bowl?
It may be—a Renown to live—
I think the Man who die—
Those unsustained—Saviors—
Present Divinity—

The Syrian Violin maker

After the voyage
he needed a home for the soul,
an instrument that might sing
of his history.
Aged maple was a gift,
as were the tools he used
to carve out the body,
making a place to cradle survivors,
whose names are written inside.
Beneath the veneer there is a space
aching for the gentle stroke of a bow
to coax out the chanting of children,
sunbirds, humming jasmine,
the drone of scooters in the street.
Yes, there is an elegy for all this,
the slow sawing of a life divided,
the frenzied tempo of a father's heart,
breast beating, wailing, sirens
rising to a crescendo
until there is nothing
but the welcome resonance
of waves breaking
on another shore.

Mairéad Donnellan 2018

Poems as Memory:

*The American Civil war 1861 and 1865. 600,000 American soldiers (young men) shot each other
2011-2021 306,887 civilians were killed between in Syria*

*]2001-2021 "Operation Enduring Freedom" 176,000 people killed in Afghanistan: 46,319
civilians, 69,095 military and police and 52,893 opposition fighters.*

*Ukraine: February 2022 to July 2022, (OHCHR) recorded 12,272 civilian casualties in the
country: 5,237 killed and 7,035 injured. and counting*



#1058- 1865

Bloom — is Result — to meet a Flower
And casually glance
Would cause one scarcely to suspect
The minor Circumstance
Assisting in the Bright Affair
So intricately done
Then offered as a Butterfly
To the Meridian —
To pack the Bud — oppose the Worm —
Obtain its right of Dew —
Adjust the Heat — elude the Wind —
Escape the prowling Bee
Great Nature not to disappoint
Awaiting Her that Day —
To be a Flower, is profound
Responsibility —

ED, did not give her poems titles, she numbered them.

Rosa centifolia L. var. muscosa, The 'Common Moss Rose' is the original mossy sport of R. x centifolia L., first recorded in the 17th century. The flowers are red, (Common Moss, Old Pink Moss), Moss (known since 1696). Found in many old cottage gardens, Communis (or Common Moss) is one of the first known Moss roses to descend from Centifolia roses.

Did you know Emily, this rose mentioned in your herbarium, and many like it would one day would become a HallMark card event, Valentines Day and Mothers Day. Originating in South America mass produced in Columbia Kenya and Ethiopia a symbol of human environmental degradation.

*The last time I visited my mother in Ireland,
the garden was full of roses,
lush and heady with scent.*

A 82-7/8 (Fr11B)
ca. 1858, summer

Nobody knows this little Rose -
It might a pilgrim be
Did I not take it from the ways
And lift it up to thee.
Only a Bee will miss it -
Only a Butterfly,
Hastening from far journey -
On it's breast to lie -
Only a Bird will wonder -
Only a Breeze will sigh -
Ah Little Rose - how easy
For such as thee to die!



A Garden in Toronto, full of rose bushes, 2022



Rosa centifolia foliaces- a painted engraving of a rose by Pierre-Joseph Redoute (1759-1840)

Walking with Emily.

Do You See saturn

Plato Looks Up

We Are Light Years Apart

The Sky Holds Us

Plato He banished Us From His Commonwealth

Did You Know.

How many have been banished?

AOC.

Stillness

Immense turn in the deep black,
small points of light, faint gleam or slash
along some buried axis, white reticulated wink.
Size only guessed but staggering: swing
of infinite compounded rhythms through the
unthought reach. Each note pure, perfectly
distinct: the graveness of a star. Whom did this grow
within? Slow ramified unfolding, sky of a summer night
that hung the crystal arch above us, hummed silence.
But who is it that heard, who could have thought
that it might go like this about the rolling
piecemeal world? It is the impossibility of life as art.
Analysis was never meant to hold
or judge: a purifier of the ore
it cannot comprehend. Don't rest
your weight on earth, for this
suspend yourself from heaven. Then
there will be light enough to leave untouched
the truth of each thing as it is.

We will be different.

Jan Zwicky, Wittgenstein Elegies,
Section One: Philosophers' Stone



Herbariums are amazing ways to explore the world, to discover parts of the world that we hear about and may never have an opportunity to visit. The culture, the food, the rich complex history. The journey of the tulip from: Kyrgyzstan, Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Tajikistan, think this little flower that caused havoc in Holland, upended people's lives (rather like the 2008 financial meltdown, both caused by greed)-by foot, by horse, by camel it made its way to Turkey, and it is in Turkey that it is first honored and recognized for its beauty. Think of that journey, no cell phone, no gps and no maps, the journey part of the well traveled Silk road.

Thank you Emily, for opening up a world of Herbarium. Today with a click we can visit them, from the Museum of Natural History in Paris, the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, in England, the New York Botanical Garden to the Komarov Botanical Institute, in St. Petersburg, Russia. But a warning, once you start this journey you can get trapped and seriously lost. I am a big fan of John Berger's *Ways of Seeing* he talks about how art reveals the social and political systems in which it was made. Still Lives and Landscape paintings from the 1700 and 1800 hundreds, tell you so much about the time.

One of my favourite painting with a reference to tulips is Jan Brueghel's 'Allegory on Tulipmania'.





Tulip, two Branches of Myrtle and two Shells, Maria Sibylla Merian (attributed to)
<https://www.britishmuseum.org/collection/animals/maria-sibylla-merian-pioneering-artist-flora-and-fauna>



The Magnolia and the Ginkgo are two of the oldest trees, and both originate in China. I took my first photograph of a Magnolia in Xi'an 1982. Since then I have documented them in Italy, New Orleans, Hong Kong and Toronto. Such fleeting beauty.



Magonila, seed with clear image of architectural detail, on marble table, Italy 2008



Thank you to:

J.Lynn Campbell-Linda Duvall-Margaret Rogders-Chris Wright-David
Burn-Jeffrey Douglas., for joining me on this journey

Self Portrait with Emily Dickinson

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Where are you From-Transplanted

Design, Photography and text Anne O'Callaghan.

Images: 7, 11, 14, 16, 18, 19, 20 and 33 © Anne O'Callaghan,Editing: J. Lynn
Campbell

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Anne O'Callaghan is a multidisciplinary artist whose practice spans over three decades. Her practice includes photography, installation work, video, and sculpture. Photographic images and poetry play a large role in Anne O'Callaghan's work, either as the focus of the work or as central to its meaning. Her works are devoted to the exploration of how art, life and politics intersect.

Self-Portrait with Emily Dickinson, is a multimedia exhibition documenting my engagement with nature, poetry, and the poems of Emily Dickinson. This new work is the subject of a solo exhibition at Cedar Ridge Creative Art Centre in Scarborough 2022. Included in the exhibition are a suite of photographic images of plants, Emily Dickinson's poems on mirrored stainless steel, and *Where are you From - Transplanted*, an artist book, part of my ongoing research into the origin of plants.

O'Callaghan was co-curator of The Tree Museum from 1998 to 2016. Born in Ireland, O'Callaghan immigrated to Canada in 1968. Her work has been presented in numerous solo and group exhibitions in Canada, Europe, Australia, USA and Asia. Her most recent exhibitions: Portals-Gallery Artists at CMS Arts Projects (2022), Self Portrait with Emily Dickinson, Cedar Ridge Creative Art Centre (2022), Lines in the Sky, solo exhibitions at CMS Art Projects (2022), Utopia! Who's Listening Now, Visual Arts Centre of Clarington (2018), Vicolo Isola di Mezzo 3/5, Treviso, Italy (2019), Impermanence, B#S Gallery, Italy (2018) and Art in the Time of Exchange, Kunst Keller Krefeld Gallery, Krefeld, Germany (2018). O'Callaghan is a member of CMS Arts Projects, Online, Toronto and Hatchery, an British/French/Canadian artists collective.

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