
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 8

April 2006

Volume 11



EDITORIAL

This is the last journal that we can afford to post to you free of charge. We have finally run out of funds. Thank you to those who made some very generous contributions. We will post the journal to them. Despite these contributions which came to 166 Euro the overall funds on hand will probably only cover the printing of one more issue of the journal for this season. It will be available to be picked up at the local libraries, Bray partnership, CIC, the Mermaid and at our Arts Evening on Monday 8th May. We do intend to continue with the journal next season but in the light of a massive increase in postage we simply cannot post it free of charge anymore. The Bray Arts committee has concluded therefore that we will have to charge a fixed sum of 10 Euro per annum for posting the Journal. So this is your invitation to send in your contribution of 10 Euro which will cover postage for next season; remember we have only May and June 2006 before we start our next new season in September of 2006. Cheques should be made payable to **Bray Arts**. Of course if there is some influential person out there who has any ideas on alternative sources of funds we are all ears.

FROM DROVER TO BADLY PAID WRITER

Ted Crowley was a cattle drover in East Cork at the age of eight. He skipped his leaving certificate and became a Radio Officer in the British Mercantile Service. From there he went to the BBC in Alexander Palace and two years later joined the newly established RTE. He worked in numerous posts in RTE, qualified as a Chartered Engineer and installed a television system in the Sudan. Ted is the kind of person who revels in new challenges and ideas. His hundreds of articles and photographs have been published in numerous magazines and newspapers. He is an extraordinary man and you will have an opportunity to hear him on 3rd April at our Bray Arts Evening in the Heather House Hotel.

Joining Ted for the evening is another exceptional artist called Patrick Walsh. Patrick. Like Ted he pokes his fingers into other areas not strictly associated with painting; he has written and manages his own website to promote his work internationally and he has some very interesting observations on the use of the internet for art promotion.

Ultimate Swing is definitely way up there as one of the coolest group of musicians we have heard in Bray Arts. They performed on March 2005 and they really were a delight. Edward Hamilton plays the electric violin, Shane Cleary plays guitar and Olivia Doyle sings, and what a singer. You will go home



smiling with sheer pleasure after hearing this group; that's a guarantee.

Also we have our youth spot and this month we invite the group No Standing to surprise and entertain us.

Our MC for the night is the multi-talented Frank O'Keefe who will read a short monologue written by Gerry O'Malley, a long-standing member of Bray Arts, who died very recently.

**Front Cover : Sapling Oak Oil on canvas
by Yanni Petters**

LIBERTY@BEWLEYS

Liberty@Bewley's is a literary event taking place on 11th April in Bewley's Cafe Theatre at 8pm on Grafton Street, Dublin. This cultural evening will consist of various readings and songs remembering 1916 and all its complexities. It is headed up by Liz McManus TD under the banner of the Liberty Project and Labour Artists and looks set to be a memorable evening! Admission is free and it is on a first come, first served basis.

BRAY COMEDY CLUB

Wednesday, April 5th, 9pm, The Martello, Bray Seafront

Damian Clarke in "The Bandit", Pete Monaghan in support and Neil Delamere MC'ing

Damian Clark is one of Australia's best young comedians. The Bandit is his story.

"...the best that comedy can be." The Age

"Masterfully silly." The Scotsman

Neil Delamere from RTE's The Panel MCs. Full details at www.braycomedy.com

VIDEO VOYEUR

Harold Chassen

Wallace and Gromit The Curse of the Were Rabbit is a charmer both for adults and children. Wallace and his faithful dog Gromit are called on to solve the mystery of garden sabotage by a were-rabbit who also threatens the annual giant vegetable growing contest. Lady Tottington calls on Wallace to capture the beast. However the lady's snobby suitor Victor Quartermaine has plans to shoot the beast and have his wicked way with the lady. It's a pity that it takes nearly five years to make these stop claymation films. It's one to watch over and over again,

SIGNAL ARTS

Paintings by Emma Coyle

From Tuesday 23rd May to Saturday 3rd June 2006 Signal Arts Centre are pleased to present recent works by Artist Emma Coyle.

Emma has always had a strong interest in American POP Art, and a fascination with societies morals. Through these influences, and combined with her own desire to create a personal option through her paintings, she creates work that reflects her own curiosity in society. She has been making art for the last eight years and is extremely dedicated to its progress. She has a great interest in writers such as Lee Ranaldo and Patti Smith, and has written three books over the past two years, one of which has been released in the U.K and America.

Emma has a Bachelor of Art Honours Degree, Fine Art, from The National College of Art and Design, Dublin. Her book WORDINGS, published by Athena Press in 2005 is available on amazon.com. She is represented by: World Art Media in N.Y.C www.worldartmedia.com and The Green Gallery Dublin.

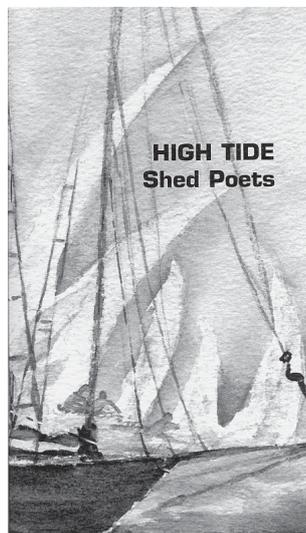


REVIEW OF HIGH TIDE

Poetry collection of The Shed Poets.

Published by C. Boland 18 Marlton Court, Wicklow Town

*In your warm shed we read our poems,
Uncover images, music, metaphor,
Our backdrop the long view
Of Killiney Bay.
We listen to waves
Turn over white leaves.*



The lines above from **Shed Poets Society** by **Rosy Wilson** give the reader an insight into the delightful, inspirational world of The Shed Poets. It is a clue to the very accomplished and confident work of the six poets in this collection. The Shed is a very special place where fine poems are honed and carefully finished. **Maureen Perkins** in her poem **Cell** tells us as much ;
*Granite steps in cliff face
Lead me to a timbered shed
Where poems are dovetailed.*
There is a visceral pleasure in nature shared by these poets

who delight in the physical world around them. Nature is sacred. **Marguerite Colgan** in her poem **Dear Rosy** says of Kilmacanogue

*this is a holy man's place
to meditate, strike his breast,
tend his plants in silence,
live on water and berries.*

Side by side with this holy image we have the more sensuous one expressed by **Bernie Kenny** in her lovely poem **Home for Christmas** and the gift of Otago cherries *from Maori Land* which are eaten and

*One by one
satin skin snaps between our teeth,
honeyed flesh melts on our tongues.*

The sacred in these poems is not of the pale religious kind but draws from a more pagan inspiration where nature transcends everything. This theme is very eloquently and clearly expressed in the poem **Old Gods** by **Criona Ni Ghairbhi**, in which she paints a beautiful vivid picture of an outdoors Mass and asks

*but is the god Crom Dubh
still watching Flannan's Well.*

Even in this seemingly calm world of the Shed Poets there are backward glances and yearnings. **Carol Boland** listening to the **Drummer Boy** is drawn in by the rhythm and

*sick with love
I long to be
Sixteen again*

She reiterates this longing in her poem **Rum, Sodomy and the Lash** when she refers to the past as

*A place last orders
were never called.*

I highly recommend that you get your order in before last orders are called on this excellent poetry collection.

Poetry

This Evening's Gift

By
Rosy Wilson

It is dark in the valley
driving from Glenree
Centre for Reconciliation,
my mind is far away

In Tel Aviv, Ramallah,
I'm not ready for a curve
in the road, stir in a hedge,
stare of a young deer,

velvet fur grey
in crescent moon light
muzzle and soft lips raised
aware but not afraid.

I draw up more
surprised than the deer,
he hoofs across the road
graceful as a dancer

turns, waits on the edge.
Another steps out,
A sister or brother, and follows the first.

I bring this present home

The Trail of Choice

By
Karl Byrne

This is it.
I've chosen it,
that fork I took with abandon,
danced and loped,
tougher slopes translate to tougher strength,
will rules the day,
you can't look back,
moment is sole focus,
I'm taking this path,
indecision blows past like a refreshing wind,
Universe does and will support,
copperfastened like a Celtic ring fort,

begin to love all weather conditions
not seeing bad and good as attritions,
nothing missing,
this freedom and expression a living life lesson,
just coz others don't agree,
doesn't mean they can't represent me,
with each new event not appearing great,
rely on my Spirit - the rest to elevate,
this life has been chosen,
let life charge in a flurry,
for I am in no hurry,
urgency only to express,
not to unravel a mess.

Winter Memory

for Anne

By Debashis Sen

Winter has sketched itself on my mind,
its burning brownish gold's, like soft passing half-shadows
crossing the many half-currents of time.

I enter its little memory stream. All around me the rise
and fall of little waves, their constant noise in silent voices
coming as if out of all those depths of other worlds.

A short hour that passes leaves a dry sand trail marked
with the invisible scars of my wounded days.
I count the trickling moments on the huge sundial,

nothing surpasses that infinity and stretch. When I try
to look beyond, somewhere a sadness of a year's decay
strikes,
taking its roots in my own conceived soils, where the world

spins in the swift succession of pawns in an invisible chess
game. The black and white of its ineluctable rules
dictating,
never missing a beat. Winter has made me recognize the
florid

descriptions of those lost afternoon birds going westward
far beyond where sleep creases and folds up nimble wings
yet heavy with the somnolence of a departure.

The 'Out to Lunch' poetry readings continue at the Bank
of Ireland Arts Centre in Foster Place on selected Fridays
at 1.15 pm. Admission is free.

DIRECTIONS AND NEED

by Rebecca Maguire (13 years old)

I walk in my direction,
I walk at my own pace,
I feel that they still need me,
Yet I turn my face,
I cannot go back,
My work at last is done
I'm not the one they need

I pull myself together,
I've got to be strong,
I must follow the crowd,
In order to belong,
I wonder why I follow,
I wonder why I care,
I realise I do not
Yet I follow, I'm always there,
In fear of being alone.

Submissions from young poets are particularly welcome.

ALTER EGOS

by Hugh Rafferty



Knuckles Nolan. That name, with all of its imagery, recoiled through my mind. I had not heard it for years.

On my way from Dublin to Rawalpindi and from there, hopefully, into the depths of Waziristan, I was breaking the journey to overnight with my brother and his family, who live in Brighton. So, what on earth had made me think of Knuckles Nolan? Trains were running late and there was the usual melee around the departures board in Victoria. I scanned the crowd. There it was again. I looked more carefully and my eyes were drawn to the rear view of a middle aged man. Yes! I thought. There! It was the shape of the head, the way the neck and head ran together with no discernible variation, like a pencil with a rubber on top. The age was about right but I thought he looked a bit weedy and he had one of those bald patches with hair in a fringe all around that always reminds me of that hippo in the tutu. He was not at all my idea of how Knuckles Nolan should look.

Knuckles, as he was known or to give him his christian name, Nick, had been the scourge of our schoolyard. He asked all of his questions, answered all queries, and solved all problems, with his fists. He was quick, mean, sudden and uncertain and he attacked without provocation or preamble. The trick with Knuckles apparently was to go down fast before he got around to hurting you. It only mattered to Knuckles that you went down and, if you were convincing, he generally lost interest but if he suspected a 'dive', things could go nasty fast. I had practised the art of falling, just in case, but in all our five years of shared classrooms I had never run foul of him. And yet, his very presence had left me with the indelible memory of the toughest, roughest guy in school, which did not fit at all with the image of a small, balding man.

I looked again but he had gone. I saw that my train would now depart in five minutes from platform four so I hurried along to that gate and there again, just two in front of me, I saw that familiar shape. Obviously, he was going in my direction. I still had not seen his face but as I walked behind him I became more convinced that he was indeed Knuckles. Surely no two people could have that peculiar, elongated, and yes, at least from the rear, almost phallic looking head and neck combination. As we waited at the siding, I found a position from where I could study him in profile. Definitely Knuckles, I decided, despite the furled black umbrella and the subtly scuffed brief case. When he entered a carriage I followed. The mid afternoon train to Brighton was pretty quiet and so he was, not unreasonably, surprised when I tracked him all the way and then took the seat immediately opposite him, in an almost empty carriage. He gave me a version of that aloof look of disdain, that only a true English gentleman can properly bestow, and then he shook out his Telegraph and proceeded to ignore me.

'Knuckles?' I asked, and got absolutely no reaction.

'Knuckles Nolan?' I went on. He looked at me rather perplexed over the top of his newspaper and then he let the paper fold over and rest on his knees.

'My,' he said, in a rather quiet, mildly genteel accent. 'I have not heard that for years.'

'It's me,' I said, 'Paddy Murphy!' He looked perplexed again. 'From Tuam,' I added with a bit of a laugh, 'we were in school together.'

'I am afraid you have me at a disadvantage,' he replied in a rather baffled voice.

'We were in the same class in St. Jarlath's. Surely you remember.' He shook his head. 'They always called me Spudo,' I threw in as a clincher.

'No!' he said. 'Nothing comes to mind. Perhaps you were a few classes ahead of me.' Ahead of him! Me! Did this balding dickhead think I was older than he was? 'You know how it is when you get on a bit,' he continued with a smile. 'Anno Domini ... and all that.' Jesus, I thought, anno domini my arse. I look years younger than this guy.

We carried on for a while. I brought up other names from our class and we swapped reminiscences about them. Eventually he admitted that we might have been in the same class but for the life of him he could not place me. We both laughed about that but I was left with a rather sour feeling, one almost of inadequacy. I had begun to wonder how I had ever feared this little shit. Maybe, I thought, it was just that I had never liked him.

And we moved on to other topics, swapping life stories. Knuckles was married, had a son, lived in Redhill and worked in one of the merchant banks.

'Half day?' I asked, smarmily.

'Oh!' he said. 'No! I always travel home at three o'clock. Early start, you know. Catch the Asian markets.'

I was impressed despite my annoyance. 'You're a dealer then.' I croaked.

'Well no,' he replied, 'not as such. I work in the back room. You know, confirming the dealers' trades and so on.'

A grunt! I thought. The guy's a back room grunt. Thank you, Jesus, I almost prayed.

We were pulling in to Redhill and he began to prepare. He popped the latches on the brief case and popped the paper inside. Just by craning my neck I could see that there was nothing else in there. He then secured his umbrella. And taking both of these seals of office in hand, he stood up and looked down at me.

'You mentioned that you are in no great hurry to Brighton.' He cocked an eyebrow at me and looked a little sheepish. 'Perhaps you would consider breaking your journey? You could come and have some tea. We are not far. I am sure that Elspeth would dearly love to meet you

and I have so enjoyed our chat.'

He did surprise me, but of course it was one of those good manners things that you are supposed to refuse. Still, I was feeling bloody minded and indeed my brother would not expect me before nightfall. I could always join the evening train.

'That's kind of you, Nick,' I said, standing up. 'Thank you very much.'

'Oh great,' he said, not at all put out and in fact looking rather pleased.

We walked for about five minutes before turning off along a well tended private road. There were large beech trees here and there along both sides that offered pleasant shade in the summer sunshine. We passed by a number of attractive properties. His was the fifth on the left, a pretty Victorian two story, set in half an acre of lush garden, drowsy and heavily scented in the afternoon heat. Inside, the house felt strong and comfortable and it was decked out in large pieces of furniture, heavy drape curtains and lots of fussy ornaments, all of which surprisingly gave it a secure sense of home.

'Elspeth!' He called from the door. 'I have brought a school chum home, darling. Do come and say hello.' There was a bell like reply from somewhere upstairs as we moved in to a spacious parlour.

Elspeth entered. She was tall, perhaps six feet high, and she was a big woman, voluminous in fact, one of those large pearshaped people. She carried her size well and she was dressed in a distinguished neck to toe dark red dress that did not look at all tent like. But when she came in she seemed to capture some of the light and the room felt somehow darker and crowded. She stooped for a quick peck on the cheek from Knuckles and then she turned her attention on me. She did not look impressed by what she saw and I rather regretted my choice of travel dress; the green shorts and the old 'Disco Lives' tee shirt.

Knuckles popped between us.

'Allow me,' he said, 'to introduce you to my dear wife Elspeth. This is Paddy Murphy.'

Her eyes bulged a little. I don't know if it was me or if she had never actually met a 'Paddy Murphy' before.

'A school chum?' she said, weakly and then she seemed to recover. 'Forgive my surprise Mister .. ah .. Murphy but you might agree that you are not the typical product of a public school.'

Jarlaths! A public school! Well, well, I thought, but I replied with a gallant smile.

'Of course,' I said, holding out my hand. 'And it's Paddy. It's so nice to meet you, Mrs. Nolan.'

'Smythe Nolan,' she managed to say and her nose appeared to wrinkle slightly. I was taking my hand back when Knuckles chimed in again.

'Paddy claims to have been in my year but I believe he was a different class.'

'Yes,' she said, almost with a sigh, as if everything was explained. 'A different class.'

There was one of those silences where we all looked down, which I broke by saying,

'Nick told me you have a son.'

'Nick?' she said, genuinely puzzled for a moment. 'Oh I see,' she sort of smiled, 'you mean Dominic. Yes, Nigel is up at Oxford. Magdalen you know, Dominic's old school, isn't that right, deah?'

Dominic had thrown me. I had never thought of Knuckles as a Dominic. And as for Magdalen. Well I was thrown. I could think of nothing to say.

'And you, Mr ah...are you married?'

'I'm not sure.' I answered honestly, remembering a drunken ceremony one night in Rwanda. This really wrinkled her nose.

'Well,' she went on 'do you have children?'

Here, I could be precise. 'None that I know of.'

She seemed to grow in size as she looked down at me along her wrinkled nose.

Another silence followed which again I felt obliged to break.

'You have a most beautiful home,' I said with all sincerity and I was rewarded by a lovely smile and a most demure fluttering of eyelids.

'Why, thank you,' she said in the warmest tones. 'That is most gratifying ... ah ... Paddy. It was Deddy's house. He was something in the city you know. He brought Dominic in to the bank. Deddy always loved this old place.' She was positively gushing and clearly I had struck the right note at last. 'And tell me,' she continued, 'What do you do?'

'Paddy's off to Waziristan tomorrow, isn't that right?' Knuckles said.

'Good grief. Surely not the Foreign Office.' She sounded as if someone had slapped her.

The Foreign Office. I almost laughed. Did anyone really say that anymore?

'I'm a journalist.' I said.

I swear she took a step backwards as if I might be contagious, and her smile had changed to a frown and her eyes bulged again.

'A war correspondent,' I said by way of clarification and to differentiate myself from her probable image of paparazzi or gutter press. It did not help. Her face became puce and she looked at me with fierce disdain.

'I do not approve of wars.' Her voice was tense and Dominic Knuckles was nodding in agreement beside her shoulder. She was really steaming and I thought she might just attack me.

'Neither do I. It's why I became a war correspondent.' I said quickly. 'To help to put an end to wars.'

She seemed mollified because she relaxed somewhat but it was probably good manners on her part rather than my explanation.

'Are you at all successful Mister ... ah...?' she enquired in a softer tone and I noticed that we were back to 'mister ah' again but here I had my chance to shine.

'I believe I am highly regarded by my peers.' I said, rather grandly.

'But have you stopped any wars?'

'Well ... no,' was all I could say, but it was obviously enough because she turned to Dominic Knuckles. 'You do remember, deah. We are having drinks with the Blake Donningtons. We should get a move on.' She turned back to me. 'I'll say goodbye Mister ...ah.' And she left the room. Once again the parlour felt spacious and airy but I felt as if I had failed a job interview.

Dominic Knuckles walked me to the door.

'Will you find your way, old man, or do you need me to see you safely on to the train.' He actually said that. As if I was an old invalid. God, I thought, why did he have to turn in to this mild mannered prig. If he was still the old Knuckles I could at least have the pleasure of punching him.

I smiled and thanked him and we said our goodbyes with promises to get together again, which I, for one, would never honour. It was only as I waited for the five thirty to Brighton that I realised I had not even been offered a chair let alone the promised cup of tea.

In Brighton I was warmly greeted by my brother, got one of those big comfortable hugs from his wife and a great reception from his two children. As soon as I decently could I made my apologies and dashed along to the lavatory. Once there I looked long and hard in the mirror and I was much relieved to see my old jaunty self look back at me. Anno Domini? I had to laugh. More likely anno Dominic.

End

Ready to Tell You Everything

by Gavin McCabe



It is truly over now. I know this.
No more Sunday mornings in love,
Stretched beside your warm, pale
body,
Sick from the night's revelry, healing
Ourselves with words and closeness.
It is truly over.

No more skinny dipping on Killiney Beach
In summer, that day you said you fell in love.
We dried ourselves under the train tracks,
Laughing, I was blissful.
No more kissing and hugging, that is for lovers.
It is truly over.

You are a woman now, not a girl.
I saw you that night, we talked.
It saddened me greatly, the realisation as I watched you
Walking away, that you were stepping into
A future without me. I almost wished I had
Never known you.

It is truly over now. I know this.
Venice is gone and Donegal too.
Dubrovnik, gone, Paris, gone
Galway, the playground in the early hours,
High and dreaming together of breaking away, your eyes
Shining and dilated, like two open roads. Your dark hair
in my fingers.
Gone.

Lover and friend it is over.
And the absence really hurts.
A hurt that will remain. All the regret.
All the tears. I wanted to take you away with me.
I wanted to take you away from yourself, from the dark,
but it is over now,
Truly over. I know this.

Tonight I am aching, brooding and cannot sleep.
And besides, you left my dreams, months ago.
All I can think to say is I'm sorry.
There, I am sorry. And thankful. I will always be
Thankful. For the pain and the joy. I am learning and
Perhaps I will show up someday on your doorstep, aged,
open
And ready to tell you everything.

VISUAL ILLUSIONS

An Exhibition of Photographic Art
by Rhoda Cunningham

The exhibition will be opened at a
reception on Thursday 30th March
7 to 9 pm

Exhibition runs from Tue 28 March to
Sat 8 April



Autumn

PS : We had a problem with our Broadband towards the end of the month and may not have included some notices or material emailed to bacj@eircom.net. Apologies if you felt left out.

Postage up to 60 cent : Can you believe it ; a 25 per cent increase in postage. At one stroke Bray Arts can no longer afford to post its journals. How many other small voluntary organisations who fulfill very important social needs within communities will be screwed by this increase.

Journal on the Web : we are looking at the possibility of setting up a Bray Arts Website. In the meantime you can read the the most recent journals on www.turoe.ie

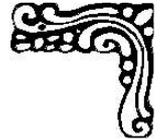
Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : bacj@eircom.net
Creative Writing Prose/Fiction Editor : Anne Fitzgerald : afitzgerald3@ireland.com
Poetry Editor : Eugene Hearne : poetrybray@yahoo.ie

Email submissions to any of the above or post typed submissions to
The Editor BAJ 'Casino',
Killarney Rd. Bray,
Co. Wicklow
Visual material: Photographs by Post. Digital Images by Email or CD in JPEG format.
Deadline 12th of each month.



BRAY ARTS EVENING MONDAY 3RD APRIL 2006 8:00PM
HEATHER HOUSE HOTEL, STRAND RD. SEAFRONT, BRAY
EVERYONE IS WELCOME
ADMISSION 5 EURO AND 4 EURO CONCESSION



Patrick Walsh - Painter - will discuss his work and how he uses the Internet to promote it internationally

Ted Crowley - Writer - from drover in East Cork to British Mercantile Service, BBC, RTE, writer and photographer Ted Crowley epitomises the mind that sees life as a fascinating challenge.

Ultimate Swing - Cool - Sophisticated - one of the most enjoyable musical groups ever to play at Bray Arts. Top Drawer - Definitely

No Standing - a big welcome to another young band to Bray Arts
MC for the night - **Frank O'Keefe** with monologue from the late Gerry O'Malley



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