
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 8

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April

Art in all its forms insinuates itself into our lives in a most profound way. It is a source of inner joy and spiritual nourishment that enriches us in a manner that is immeasurable. Bill Clinton touched upon this when he gave his St. Patrick's day speech at the Irish America Magazine Hall of Fame event in New York.

"We should remember," he said, "that what we loved about Ireland was how green and beautiful it is and how beautiful the poetry and the prose are and how wonderful the music and the dance is." April is a time when we do remember. It is a special time, a time of inspiration and blossoming. Peter Growney's painting on the cover of this journal is an example of this feeling of transcendence and joy that comes with Spring. That same emotion is expressed in Katherine Tynan Hinkson's exquisite poem, *All in an April Evening*. One does not need to be religious to sense that this poem goes to the core of something profoundly spiritual in all of us.



Katherine Tynan Hinkson
1861 - 1931

All In An April Evening Hymn

*All in the April morning,
April airs were abroad;
The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road.*

*The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road;
All in an April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.*

*The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak human cry;
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.*

*Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet:
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.*

*Rest for the Lamb of God
Up on the hill-top green;
Only a cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.*

*All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad;
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.*

Katherine Tynan was born into a large farming family in Clondalkin, County Dublin on 23 Jan 1861, and educated at a convent school in Drogheda. Her poems were first published in 1878. She met and became friendly with the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins in 1886. She went on to play a major part in Dublin literary circles, until she married and moved to England; later she lived at Claremorris, County Mayo when her husband was a magistrate there from 1914 until 1919.

For a while, she was a close associate of William Butler Yeats (who may have proposed marriage and been rejected, around 1885), and later a correspondent of Francis Ledwidge. She is said to have written over 100 novels. Her *Collected Poems* appeared in 1930; she also wrote five autobiographical volumes. She died on 2 April 1931 in Kensal Green, London.



Journal Cover : View from Glencree (Pastel) by Peter Growney, Landscape Artist. Peter will be talking about and showing his work on 4th April at Bray Arts - See Pg 6.

Big Maggie at Mermaid Theatre

Big Maggie: Square One Theatre Company
Local Arts – 12 – 15 Apr, (20:00) at Mermaid Arts Centre.
€14.00 / €16.00

Paul Flynn directs Square One in a modern day classic. John B Keane's creation of this Irish matriarch ranks with Juno and Molly Bloom as one of the great female characters of twentieth century Irish literature. The dialogue crackles with hilarious, caustic putdowns as the indomitable Maggie deals with her feckless family and unwanted suitors. But her way is not her children's way. The young people want new things from the world, but Maggie has other ideas, for she has not had all she wanted from the world and this has made her hard. She feels the children should have discipline and proceeds to administer it. One by one the children rebel and leave home.

Finally the only one left is Maurice, who Maggie is sure has not the courage to leave. She had not reckoned on the boy's girlfriend Gert becoming pregnant.



Box Office : (01) 2714030

Review of Bray Arts Evening On Monday March 7, 2011

In celebration of St. Patrick's Day, this special meeting featured Irish dance, music and song from the many talented performers of Bray and surrounding communities.

The Fagan Dancers set the pace with a brilliant display of dancing in two separate sets. They performed routines from Gypsy, Siamsa and Breakout from Lord of the Dance. The dancers included Niamh Gargan, Lisa Sweeney, Sinead Roban,



Aisling O'Connor, Lauren Byrne and Autumn Carberry. The audience loved their exciting medley and skillful tap-dancing and gave them a rousing cheer to finish.

Next up, James Kelly, on guitar and vocals, performed his own composition "When I Get Off of This Mountain" a lyrical song with a neat strumming style accompaniment. His next choice changed the mood with "I'm Drifting Along in the Same Old Shoes" at a slower pace. In view of the oncoming festive occasion, he turned to a more traditional theme with a rendition of "Sullivan's John" which gave his set a somewhat patriotic mood. His next choice was "I Must Away Now I Can No Longer Tarry" drawn from the Pecker Dunne which James learned through Damien Dempsey. With great skill and confidence James detuned his guitar to an alternate less common tuning and moved into blues mode playing with an intriguing claw hammer style to bring his versatile performance to a close amid warm applause.

After the break, Niall cloak, on fiddle, took the floor as leader of "Coddle" featuring Linda Ferguson on Whistle and Paul Doyle on Cajon and Cochran. Linda played lead on the "Lonesome



Boatman" with a fluid style using skillful ornamentation that lent strength to the rise and fall of this well-known tune from the Fureys and followed with "Sally MacLennan" to lift the mood. Paul followed with an excellent rendering of "She Moves Through the Fair" sung to the accompaniment of the fiddle and

whistle. The set closed with a sparkling folk tune called "Music for a Found harmonium". This short presentation gave us all a taste of future musical treats to come from Linda and coddle.

Linda and Paul stepped down to make way for Fintan Dagger as Niall put on his other musical hat (he has many!) as partner in "cloak and Dagger". Fintan Dagger plays guitar and banjo which kept the Irish folk theme going with his rendition of "Scorn Not his Simplicity" from Luke Kelly. They followed this with an



instrumental version of "The West's awake". Niall and Fintan closed their lively set with a drinking song "Bruised Billy" featuring the banjo in a finger-picking style that gave a lift to this lively double set demonstrating the great talent that exists in the musical scene in Bray.

The elevated mood was richly crowned by the playing of Ger Doyle, master of the fiddle and long-standing star of traditional music circles in Bray accompanied by the brilliant playing of Joe Doyle on Bouzouki and the brilliant singing and fiddle-playing of Aoife Doyle. Yes, they are all members of the famous Doyle musical family of Bray. Ger Doyle's incredible speed, tonality and bowing on the fiddle lends a magical spirit to any music that he cares to play. Joe has a unique style of bouzouki playing that provides a rich counterpoint to Ger's playing. Aoife's rich mellow mezzo soprano voice swelled easily into the mix of the other two leaving their audience wishing for more (thanks to our genius sound man Michael). Ger and Joe opened with a lively set



of reels. Aoife joined Ger on the fiddle to perform "The Star of Munster" waltz. She then stole the show with her singing of "Bury Me Beneath The Weeping Willow Tree" and "Flower Time". Nothing daunted, Ger rose to the occasion with a masterful rendition of "The Godfather". Responding with a soulful rendering of the slow air "Caoine Na mBan" Ger finished up with a Racing version of "Express Train Blues" in which his fiddle reached the most extraordinary musical delights that amazed everyone and brought the performance evening to a thrilling close.

Cearbhall E. O'Meadhra



Fritillaria

By Shirley Jane Farrar

never a cross word
forked tongue
fritillaria meleagris

tosses her snake's head
in full sun
never in shade

dramatic flibbertigibbet
flighty showgirl
showy *Aphrodite*

lifts her skirts
in short grass
flamboyant hussy

purple-speckled April
drama queen
poses in the potting shed

while her friend-
circumspect hedge sparrow
hangs on the wind



Tulips

by Shirley Jane Ferrar

How quickly the impatient tulips lunge forward
in the vase, turn their faces towards the light,
cupping anticipation, spring's delight,
then shape a world in harlequin— scarlet, white,
through to deep purple Queen of Night.

Scent so exquisite, a touch smooth skin,
the tulip- fringed, lily, parrot and peony echo
memories of Saturday mornings high on
cushions in the passenger seat, grandfather's
open back lorry to the nursery at Larkfield

where the long glasshouses screamed William
of Orange, Belfast bound, new season bulbs
soiled for crowns and florins. Sadness then when Triumph
and the Cottage bloom made way, not for next generation
Darwins, but East Belfast terraces— brick and glass.

Field of Gold

by Seán Breatnach

Weeds grow generously
In the field of gold,
A field which hasn't seen spade or scythe
For years untold,
A field that fills the people of the townland
With black demonic disgust;

But, in a sunny cozy corner
There's a Marguerite
Radiantly proclaiming Heaven's Glory.

Pat O' Neill (a reflection)

by Seán Breatnach

Pat's living-room is alive with books,
the coffee table, piled high is teeming with tomes;
not a book unread, not a book read but enriched by reflection.
Here we'd sit afront the blazing fire where topics abounded
as thick as the grass,
“And here's one for you, Seán a mhic,” and off we'd go,
(it could be Ceasar's good luck in the Gallic Wars
or, the ancient exploits of the Dublin hurlers)

In the Office, golden, glistening optics gleam
and reassuring fresh rounds clink to the sound of
“Sláinte, long life”;
the Premier seat is there but bereft now
of the Times spread on the round table, the steaming tea beside,
the hearty greeting, the welcoming and helping hand to
strangers;
my five hundred farewells to you Pat, friend, guide and joyful
companion,
your seat is loftier now and your companions legion.

The Vastest Things are Those We May not Learn

By Mervyn Peake (1911 - 1968)

The vastest things are those we may not learn.
We are not taught to die, nor to be born
Nor how to burn
With love.
How pitiful is our enforced return
To those small things we are masters of.

The pain of emigration is again a reality for most Irish parents, the plane replacing the boat. I know many will identify with the sentiments in this piece.

“Mother Ireland”

By Carmel Kelly

I took to the bed that day. There was nothing else for it. If only he hadn't sent that bloody text.

“Thanx 4 da lift n e/thing over da yrs, X”.

Up to that point I'd been coping fine. After reading the message, the floodgates opened, the sunny April day suddenly filled with rain. My rain. Gushing out, wailing and weeping in this vale of tears. I'd kept it together for the airport run, deliberately planning to say goodbye in the set down only area so as to avoid a long, lingering scene. Now reality hit me hard, three hundred and sixty five days minimum, looming, stretching ahead, too far to see.

God knows I'd had plenty of notice, time to prepare myself, nearly a year in fact.

How his face glowed as he told me his good news.

“I've booked Australia, visa for a year initially but who knows?”

It could be the start of a whole new life,” he enthused.

Maybe it hadn't registered fully or maybe I was secretly excited that one of my grown up children would at last be out from under my feet. He was flying the nest, hardly a fledgling and it was voluntary, unlike us, his parents, who were forced to emigrate from our respective villages at a much earlier age. I just hadn't foreseen how devastated I would feel on the actual departure day.

“we suffer in their coming and their going”

Words from “Pearse's *“The Mother”* swirled around in my brain. It was ludicrous, insane even, comparing my situation to that of a woman who lost not one but two fine sons forever, not just for a year. I had hope at least.

I'd been there for every query and question, on hand to help. I borrowed a “live and work” book from the library for him. gave him a deluxe travel insurance package for his twenty fourth birthday, even put a Sydney pocket city guide into his Christmas stocking. Yes, I encouraged him every step of the way. *So what was wrong with me now?* He'd always been an intrepid traveller, having just returned from four months touring the US, Greece every year for whole summers while at college, a six month stint

in Florence to study TEFL and brush up on his Italian. In fact I couldn't remember his last family holiday; it must be eight years or more.

As a child he loved the sun, the sea, the sand. Of my four offspring he was always the one most inquisitive about new cultures. Yes, the warning signs were there early on. This trip was inevitable really. He was an adventurer, an explorer, avidly reading about others' pursuits and experiences in pastures new. Now he was one of them, boldly going where certainly no other member of the Kelly clan, bar Ned of course, had gone before.

Was I just being selfish? That was another possibility. After all he was my first born and he was much more than that, my friend and confidante, made me laugh, made my heart swell with pride. Who would put music on my MP3, bring me chocolate on a Friday evening, notice or compliment me on a new hairstyle or outfit?

I had behaved in a composed manner at the airport, put my own emotions aside and wished him well, hugging him whilst stuffing Aussie dollars into his jacket pocket. He would never know my anguish, be embarrassed by my wretchedness. Indeed no one would be privy to that, hence the taking to the bed. It was the one place that guaranteed solitude. I was a wreck, a minefield of emotions. Then, without warning, the initial feeling of loneliness gave way to worry, worry about that long haul flight. Twenty four hours in the air, Dublin to London, London to Singapore, Singapore to Sydney. A multitude of disasters could strike.

“The little names that were familiar once

Round my dead hearth”

Churning over and over. Those immortal lines, inescapable, midst my misery.

Then, two days later as I knelt beside the bed, a familiar bleeping heralded the news

“Arrived safe n sound, beautiful city, unbelievable weather, X”.

Slowly the cloud over me began to lift too. Only 363 days to go. I would hold him in my arms again.

Three years on and I'm still waiting, longing and yearning for that day.

“Lord, thou art hard on mothers”

THE END

SIGNAL ARTS EXHIBITIONS

Bye Bye Bog

Exhibition of Paintings and Installations by Willie Redmond
Redmond

From Tuesday 12th April to Sunday 24th April 2011

Willie Redmond specializes in acrylics, oils, pastels and mixed medium. The show involves some performance as pieces will change during the show. Shows include solo and group shows country wide and in the UK. Versatile in output from National Portrait Exhibitions to EVA exhibitions. Collections include Dept of Environment, Microsoft Ireland, UNICEF and GS Hotel Group.

This show will display the unique forms, materials, landscapes and interactions/workings between man and the Irish Bogs. It also reflects the cycle of life and time with the transient nature of this environment (aware of the era changes the bogs are enduring presently, in light of environment issues). Heritage, lifestyle, landscape and future is combined and addressed. Paintings, mixed medium pieces and installations/performances are the exhibition format.

The artist has grown up surrounded by this landscape and it is in the blood. Hence the sense of attachment and heritage. Lifetime observation has allowed him to create narratives that apply. From working in the environment aware of its relationships to weather, processes involved, to details of textures, details, local wildlife. Knowing local workers of bogs and the people involved. The Artist is never more at home than on an open horizon with time and silence as company. Hence the attachment of subject matter to this artist.



Bogpool Rains Triptych

As one artist put it to him, "When you make work you know you are from this area. It shows through in your work (others do work that don't fully capture). The bog is in your veins."

Opening Reception: Friday 15th April 7 p.m. – 9 p.m.

Liminal

An Installation by Lian Callaghan

From Wednesday 27th April to Sunday 8th May 2011

The timing of this exhibiton coincides with a move of home for the artist. To mark the event, Lian will be creating an installation in the gallery.

She says, "Liminality is a time or state of change, a place between places... I am moving location from Wicklow to Tipperary and as the time approaches I am experiencing equal amounts of anticipation and anxiety. The work in this exhibition makes reference to the human and animal habit of shelter making. The painted light patterns accompanying the main willow structure are from the walls of the house that I am leaving"



Willow Work 2

Lian has previously worked on large scale interactive weavings for a variety of arts festivals and events, and is known for her workshops in living willow. This year she has been engaged by The Ark Children's Cultural Centre in partnership with the Crafts Council of Ireland to facilitate children's workshops throughout the 'Crafted Creatures' exhibition. It took place in the Ark from 15th February to 3rd April (www.ark.ie, www.ccoi.ie). On Saturday 26th March Lian gave a workshop in how to make a living willow chair in Airfield City Farm, Dundrum (www.airfield.ie).

Opening Reception: Sunday 1st May 3 p.m. – 5 p.m.

Photography Exhibition

Award winning Irish Photographers **Des Byrne** Bray & **Gwen Paskins** Greystones will be holding a joint Photography Exhibition based on the contrasts of Wicklow on Saturday 16th & Sunday 17th of April 2011 at The Beach House Restaurant on the seafront. Part of the proceeds will be donated to the Five Loaves Charity for the Homeless in Bray. Your support for this local event would be kindly appreciated & we really look forward to meeting you.

Preview of Arts Evening on Mon 4th April 2011

Upstairs at The Martello, Seafront, Bray
Doors open 8:00pm Adm. €5 / €4 conc.
Everyone is welcome.

Bray Arts presents another great evening of entertainment.

Clara Byrne



Clara, singer, songwriter has played in numerous venues throughout the country for the past few years, as well as San Francisco and most recently Berlin. With an eclectic mix of influences built up from Nina Simone to Lykke Li, Clara loves writing her own material, something she has been doing since the age of 16. For further information on Clara or to listen to her music go to myspace.com/clarabyrne"

Peter Growney



Anyone who is acquainted with Bray Arts will certainly know Peter Growney. He has been an active committee member of Bray Arts for many years and provides the bulk of the photographic work for the Journal. Outside of that generous voluntary work, Peter is a highly accomplished, full time, landscape artist whose work is continually in demand. He works in oil, water colour, pastels and pen & ink and other media. You can get a preview of Peter's work at www.petergrowney.net

Lorraine O'Brien

In October 2006 Lorraine O'Brien delighted the Bray Arts audience with a rendition of her own composition, a monologue called 'Two Trout on a Draining Board.' For this upcoming Arts Evening Lorraine has come up with another tantalising title of another monologue called 'The Seven Ages of a Shocking Holy Saint'. Can't wait to hear it.



Alex Matthias



He's back. Straight after his very busy "Alex Matthias plays John Coltrane" tour, Alex has found time to play for his loyal supporters in Bray Arts once again. Alex, an award winning saxophonist and composer has built a substantial reputation in Jazz circles in a very short time. He really does not need any introduction to Bray Arts audiences who have followed his career with great interest from his earlier years as a performer. Remarkably, Alex is still only 26. We look forward with great enthusiasm to his scintillating music on Mon 4th.

And finally there is a **Raffle** with lots of nice prizes. What more could a body want.

Dublin Contemporary 2011

Dublin Contemporary is a new large-scale visual arts exhibition to be launched in 2011.

It is one of the most ambitious exhibitions ever staged in Ireland—a city-wide effort that puts Dublin on the map as an international art destination. Taking place every five years, Dublin Contemporary will create a platform that will become a much-anticipated part of the calendar of leading contemporary art festivals around the world while boldly charting its own creative course.

The first edition of Dublin Contemporary will take place between September 6th and October 31st, 2011. It will host both emerging and established Irish-based artists alongside leading figures from around the globe. The mission of Dublin Contemporary 2011 will be to create a dynamic experience of contemporary art within the specific cultural context of Dublin that resonates both locally and globally. An exhibition that will prove, above all else, to be highly relevant for our own time, Dublin Contemporary 2011 will explore multiple areas of intellectual enquiry in order to foment unscripted encounters by visual artists, scholars, writers, philosophers, curators, musicians and the public at large. Rather than a contemplative experience of art, Dublin Contemporary 2011 invokes the social and economic dynamism of the present to explore urgent themes like violence, pleasure, nationalism, terror, poverty, beauty, the sublime, censorship, the relationship between the artist and society, and, of course, the West's unfolding recession.

Dept of Tourism, Culture and Sport

VISUAL ARTS 2011 PROGRAMME AT MERMAID

The architectural intervention that transformed Mermaid gallery space for the Unbuilding project in Summer 2010, will be retained for the 2011 gallery programme. The structure offers more flexibility and potential to exhibit a diverse range of dynamic work.

Artists selected for participation in the 2011 exhibition programme include: Cecily Brennan, The Good Hatchery (Carl Giffney + Ruth Lyons), Mark Swords & Caoimhe Kilfeather, Julie Merrimen and Jennifer Brady.

The 2011 visual arts programme has been selected by a curatorial panel including: Nora Hickey, Eilís Lavelle, Clíodhna Shaffrey, Rosie Lynch and Jenny Sherwin.
Mermaid Programme

Dental Care Ltd (Mr. Joseph Coleman Adv. Orth.)
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And Snoring Appliances.

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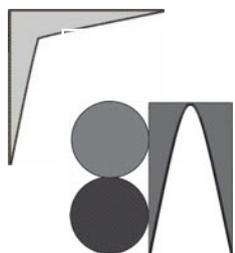
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Bray Arts Evening Mon 4th April 2011

Upstairs at The Martello on the Seafront
€5/€4 conc. Absolutely everyone is welcome.
Doors open 8:00pm

Music : Singer/Songwriter Clara Byrne

Art : Landscape Artist Peter Growney

Music : Alex Matthias - Award winning Saxophonist

Great Raffle to assist funding of Bray Arts

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