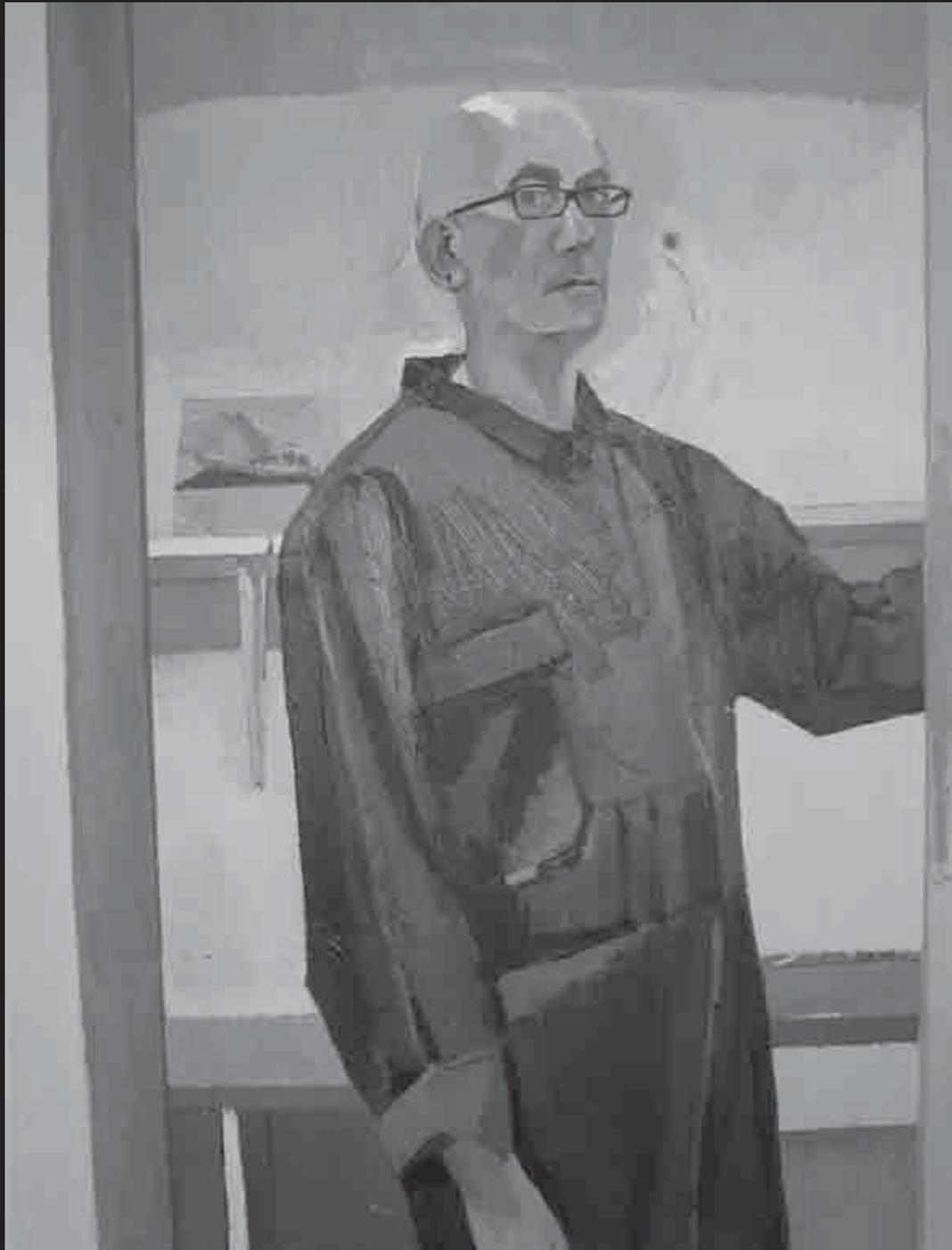

Bray Arts Journal

Issue 6

February 2010

Volume 15



Snow Show

Sorry to all our Bray Arts regulars and those who were planning to come down for the first time for what promised to be a great opening Bray Arts Night of 2010. We will have all the artists who were scheduled to appear at a later date.

Saint Brigid

Our upcoming Bray arts night is on the feast of St. Brigid. St Brigid has a special association with Art. She founded a school of art which produced the the Book of Kildare According to a twelfth- century ecclesiastic, nothing that he had ever seen was at all comparable to the “Book of Kildare”, every page of which was gorgeously illuminated, and he concludes a most laudatory notice by saying that the interlaced work and the harmony of the colours left the impression that “all this is the work of angelic, and not human skill”.

Bray Arts Night Mon Feb 1st 2010

Doors open 8:00. Prog. starts 8:15

Everyone Welcome. Admission 5 Euro/4 Euro conc.

Upstairs at the Martello on the Seafront

Programme:

Noel Cleary Artist



Sarah McGahon creates custom-made hats & headpieces



for film, television, and theatre as well as bespoke hats for individual clients for occasions such as Ladies’ Day at the Races, Bridal Headpieces and Holy C o m m u n i o n Headpieces.

87 2922699/+353 87 2922699

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Sullivan

Sullivan is a singer song writer from Dublin. Over the years he has played in various duos, trios and bands. In the 1990s Sullivan was lead singer and chief songwriter with The High Ground who played in all of Dublin’s main pub venues.

Over the last 2 and a half years Sullivan has been working on his latest (and greatest) offering, his new album, “We Might be Ok”. This album features 12 new songs and is brilliantly produced by sixties guru Colm Jones. We Might be Ok also features the wonderful guitar work of Robbie Overson, Karl Doyle and Alan Flynn from The High Ground.

SIGNAL ARTS

From Here to There: Reconciling Process and Truth

Paintings and Drawings by Dave Flynn

From Tuesday 2nd February to Sunday 14th February 2010



Dave Flynn is a painter and writer, living and working in Bray, County Wicklow. He also teaches art, art history and art workshops. He is a Fine Arts graduate from the Byam Shaw School of Art, London.

Dave’s work is primarily representational:

landscape, figure, portrait, still life. It also includes narrative and abstract forms. He is currently working in oil paint, pencil, charcoal and pastel.

The exhibition will be opened by Brendan Purcell

Opening Reception: Friday 5th February 7 p.m. - 9 p.m.

Remote Control

Multi Media Exhibition by Little Bray Resource Centre and Mark Clare, Artist in the Community 2009



From Tuesday 16th February 2009 to Sunday 28th February 2010

This is an exhibition of work produced in collaboration with Little Bray Resource Centre and the Artist in the Community winner; Mark Clare.

Remote Control is a Video project developed in collaboration with a small group of Woman from Little Bray Resource Centre in Fassaroe.

Remote Control is the unseen, external forces that define a collaborative process.

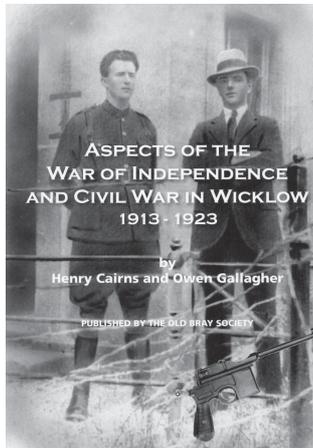
Opening Reception: Friday 19th February 7 p.m. - 9 p.m.

Book Review by James Scannell

Aspects of the War on Independence and Civil war in Wicklow, 1913 to 1923

by Henry Cairns and Owen Gallagher, published by the Old Bray Society- 18 Euro.

Aspects of the military history of County Wicklow have been published piecemeal in a number of books and local history society publications.



This volume breaks new ground by providing the military history of the county in one complete volume and covers the 3 key military events of Irish early 20th century military history - The 1916 Rising, the War of Independence 1919 to 1921 and the Civil War of 1922 to 1923.

The excellent narrative first deals with the formation of the Irish Volunteers in the country following its establishment in Dublin during

November 1913, the subsequent training and the quest for arms which climaxed with the July Howth and August 1914 Kilcoole gun running operations. This was followed within 6 weeks by the outbreak of World War One and, following Redmond's Woodenbridge speech, a split in the organisation in September 1914 into the National Volunteers and the Irish Volunteers.

The Irish Volunteers continued training and what happened in 1916 is covered in details as members received orders, countermanding orders and then discovered that although the Rising had broken out in Dublin, the nationwide rising as originally planned did not take place. There was limited action in Bray and Shankill. The accounts of those involved at that time are quoted from statements given to the Bureau of Military History, which in recent years have only been released to researchers.

The book then progresses to the 3 year long War of Independence which began in 1919 and ended with the June 1921 Truce and the activities that happened in and around the county during this period. The book covers the observations recorded at the time by many forming the basis of this section which also includes the reactions and attitudes of many local government bodies to it - the urban district councils of Bray, Wicklow and Arklow, Wicklow County Council and the various Boards of Guardians and other bodies. In this section there are stories of raids, escapes, ambushes, shootings, arrests, trials and court martial of some of those arrested for their activities either members of the I.R.A. or Sinn Fein.

Excellent illustrated this book is an essential acquisition for anyone interested in the military history of County Wicklow from 1913 to 1923.

Copies available from the Town Hall Bookshop, 23 Florence Road, Bray, Co. Wicklow.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

by John Keats

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific - and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise -
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

From THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS

by Ben Jonson

Have You Seen But A Bright Lily Grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Ha' you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Ha' you felt the wool o' the beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier,
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

WINTER

From Love's Labour Lost

By William Shakespeare

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;

When blood is nipt and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tuwhoo! Tuwhit! Tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tuwhoo! Tuwhit! Tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.



BLUEBIRD

By Charles Bukowski

there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I'm too tough for him,
I say, stay in there, I'm not going
to let anybody see
you.

there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I pour whiskey on him and inhale
cigarette smoke
and the whores and the bartenders
and the grocery clerks
never know that
he's
in there.

there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I'm too tough for him,
I say,
stay down, do you want to mess
me up?
you want to screw up the
works?
you want to blow my book sales in
Europe?

there's a bluebird in my heart that
wants to get out
but I'm too clever, I only let him out
at night sometimes
when everybody's asleep.
I say, I know that you're there,
so don't be
sad.
then I put him back,
but he's singing a little
in there, I haven't quite let him
die
and we sleep together like
that
with our
secret pact
and it's nice enough to
make a man
weep, but I don't
weep, do
you?

**GROTTOED BENEATH YOUR RIBS OUR
BABE LAY THRIVING**
By Mervyn Peake

Grottoed beneath your ribs our babe lay thriving
On the wild saps of Eden's midnight garden,
When qualms of love set fire the nine-month burden,
And there were phantoms in the cumulous sky,
And one green meteor with a flickering
Trail that stayed always yet was always moving;
O alchemy!
The fire-boy knocking at the osseous belfry
Where thuds the double-throated chord of loving.

Grottoed beneath your ribs, our babe no more
May hear the tolling of your sultry gong
Above him where the echoes throb and throng
Among the breathing rafters of sweet bone;
No longer coiled in gloom, the tireless core
And fount of his faint heart-beat fled,
He lies alone
With air and time about him and the drone
Of space for his immeasurable bed.

Grottoed beneath your ribs no longer, he,
Like madagascar broken from its mother,
Must feel the tides divide an africa
Of love from his clay island, that the sighs
Of the seas encircle with chill ancestry;
And though your ruthless breast allays his cries,
How vulnerable
He is when you release him, and how terrible
Is that wild strait which separates your bodies.

Grottoed no longer, babe, the brilliant daybreak
Flares heavenward in a swathe of diamond light.
Stretch your small wrinkled limbs in shrill delight!
Gulp at the white tides of the globe, and scream
"I am!" O little island, sleep or wake,
What though the darkening gusts divide your
mother's
Rich continent
From all you are, yet there's a sacrament
Of more than marl shall make you oneanother's.



Luck by Hugh Rafferty

It had to be someone he could trust so Bandy Walsh asked his brother. He hated doing it because the little bollocks always made waves.

'I will in me arse,' he said

'Jaysus, Mick, sure I wouldn't ask ye if I wasn't stuck.'

'And what's wrong with Petey. Why's he not goin?'

'He can't go.'

'Why not, sure doesn't he always go out with ye?'

'Look, it's just out for the pots and in again. It won't take us an hour.'

'No.'

'Beautiful day?' And the day was beautiful; following a miserable morning of heavy cloud and driving rain the sun had broken through and now shone from a sky Bandy was surprised. Asking Mick for a favour always involved some grief and some haggling but never an outright rejection.

'Wha'de'fuck is wrong with ye,' he asked.

'I'm not goin' in any boat today. And ye should know better yerself. It's Friday the thirteenth.'

'Aw Jaysus! Not that old piseogery again.'

'No piseog. Ye remember what happened to Mary Kelly.'

'Mary? That wasn't a thirteenth; it wasn't even a fuckin' Friday.'

'All the same,' was all Mick said.

Shite, he thought. Mick was full of this ould shite. He was always the first to throw salt or sprinkle holy water or to tie a rag to a hawthorn. Bandy had no time for it but as he



often said 'we are who we are' and he knew that shouting at Mick would get him nowhere.

'I know what you mean,' he said, 'but just look around. There was no wind. 'It would do ye a power a'good to get out on the water for a couple a hours and it's an incomin' tide. Sure what harm could come to ye with me on the tiller and us in sight of the shore all the time?'

Mick looked across the bay. The sea was gentle with just a slight ripple in the water as it rounded the pier. He liked to think that he had a nose for trouble but that was only because he feared the worst in any circumstance. Now he shaded his eyes as he swivelled about to take in a one eighty degree scan of the horizon, all the time sniffing the air and pursing his lips as if sampling and evaluating the quality of risk in the day.

'I don't know, Bandy. I don't like the washy look in that sky.'

'That's not washy. That's a real Indian summer sky. Ye couldn't ask for better.' He looked Mick in the eye. 'I'm badly stuck. I have to go out today and I can't really handle the boat and the pots on me own.'

Mick said nothing. For long moments the brothers stood in silence. They were very alike, both medium sized, middle aged, slightly rotund, moon faced and with a grey fringe surrounding identical bald spots. They each wore knee length wellingtons over blue jeans and heavy knit, washed out, off-blue jumpers. They had the weathered complexion and flatfooted stance of sea going men.

Bandy broke the silence. 'Ah g'wan,' he said. 'I'll give you half the lobsters... up to ten.'

'Can I pick out me own lobsters? Not like last time.'

'Right.' And the deal was done.

They were walking along the sea wall towards the little fishing boat when Mick remembered. 'Ye never said what happened to Petey.'

'He hurt his arm. He can't fish.'

'How did he do that?'

'We were cleanin' down the deck and he slipped.'

'This mornin?'

'Aye. Sure I'm only back from the hospital.'

Mick stopped walking. 'I knew it,' he said. 'I fuckin' knew it. Friday the fuckin' thirteenth.'

'No. He was just awkward. Y'know the way he can be.'

Mick thought about it. Petey was a great man to stumble. They went on.

The boat was lying near the head of the pier. Bandy jumped on board while Mick undid the mooring lines and then followed him. Suddenly he was glad he came, the deck felt comfortable underfoot and the sun warmed, sea scented air filled his lungs as the boat pulled away from the wall and moved smoothly out into the bay. He could think of worse ways to spend his day.

They were on a southerly heading about half way to Deelish Bay, where Bandy ran his pots, when the wind began to freshen and the boat skittered a little on the wave roughened water.

'The sea's musclin' up.' There was a trace of anxiety in Mick's voice.

'Aye, it's mostly the tide but sure it'll ease off once we round Sheer Head.'

Mick was not much comforted by this observation.

'That wind's gettin' up,' he said, 'and lookit the way the cloud is buildin' out there.' Sure enough dark clouds that he had noticed scudding on the horizon, and which he had assumed to be remnants of the morning storm, had drawn together to present an ominous looking skyscape. He could see rain falling in the far distance and he could feel it on the wind. He leaned in to the small cabin and shouted, 'That storm's comin' again.'

'Aye,' Bandy said, 'maybe.'

'There's no maybe about it. That's a fuckin' storm out there. We'd better turn around.'

Bandy let go of the wheel and stood nose to nose with Mick. 'For fuck's sake, when did you turn into such an old biddy? There might be a bit of a blow but we'll be well out of it.'

'That's easy to say. It's still Friday the thirteenth.'

The boat began to bob and wallow in the cross waves and Bandy grabbed the wheel to come back on course. They were closing on Sheer Head and for the next few minutes he was too busy to respond to Mick's rising concern. The

weather deteriorated as the wind picked up and drove the tide and the rain to greater turbulence. The sea was beating hard on the near side of the Head with white water surging, cresting and falling on the lower rocks. Bandy steered a safe course that on occasion came close enough to the rocks to cause the boat to roll and wallow in the backwash of broken sea. He handled each challenge with the fingertip precision of one long familiar with the figaries of the local waters. Mick had faith in Bandy's seamanship but at the same time this was not where he wanted to be on a bad luck day and his fingertips were white as they clutched hard at the cross beam of the cabin roof. The weather worsened quickly and the wind gusted and the waves charged and the rain beat down as if nature itself wanted to wreck the boat and all the while Bandy stood easy as he nursed his charges to safety. Mick was worried enough to stay quiet.

As they rounded the Head and great swells of following sea rolled underneath, the boat rose and fell and lurched and juddered like a wild horse fighting the bit but all the time held on the tight rein of the skipper's expertise.

At last they came around to the leeside in the shelter of the great bulk of the Sheer Peninsula and in to Deelish Bay. Here the water was still agitated and the rain still fell but the worst of the wind was deflected and in the northern half of the bay, closer inshore where Bandy's pots were planted, the boat moved comfortably in the water. Out on the horizon and all around them the storm still roared but



they were safe for the moment. Thank Christ, thought Mick.

'Jaysus,' Bandy said, 'that was a bit of fun.'

'I knew I shouldn't ha' come. How the fuck are we going to get home?'

'Easy Mick.' Bandy stepped out of the wheelhouse and stood for moment. He scanned all about and then looked hard at the sky, all the time rubbing his chin with his right hand in a knowledgeable, fishermanly way. 'That's the second half of this mornin', he said, 'it'll blow over in an hour or so.' He turned and smiled at Mick. 'Then we'll cruise back in at our leisure. Sure it'll be like we never left the harbour.'

'Fuck you,' Mick said, although he was secretly much comforted by this forecast.

The brothers donned foul weather jackets, old and smelly but still proof enough to keep them warm and dry as they worked on deck. They moved along the buoys marking the

rows of lobster pots, one on the wheel and one on the ropes, sometimes alternating, as they lifted each pot, emptied, baited and replaced it and moved on to the next. It was messy work but not too demanding and they worked happily, laughing and joking and reminiscing, occasionally tossing a captured crab in to the sea. Mick enjoyed himself and the time slipped by until an hour and a half later they had serviced the fifty pots and collected a haul of thirty four fair sized lobsters. They bickered a little as they shared the spoils and stored them carefully in five plastic crates and it was all good humoured.

True to Bandy's forecast the storm eased and they watched as the sea began to relax and the wind and the rain moved on. They headed for home, swinging around Sheer Head and catching a fast and often bumpy ride towards the pier with the assistance of the still ruffled water and the incoming tide. Mick did not mind too much and had put away his Friday the thirteenth fears. He would be glad to get back on dry land.

The pier was a scene of confusion. There was wreckage in the water and most of the boats looked the worse for wear. The brothers tucked themselves in to their spot at the head of the pier and then stood goggle eyed for long minutes taking in the scene in the harbour. Several of the very small boats appeared to have been rammed against the wall; many of them were waterlogged, all were damaged, some of them seemed clearly beyond repair. The larger boats also showed some damage, the winch on one of the trawlers had been knocked sideways and now hung precariously from the side of the vessel, the wheelhouse on a fishing boat had taken a serious hit, the rails and stanchions on the port side of another were buckled. Everywhere there were knots of men looking at dents and scrapes and breakages and the air was full of voices, shouting, cursing, even laughter.

'What the hell happened here?' Bandy sounded hoarse and sort of strangled.

'It's like a war,' Mick said. 'And what's all that wreckage? There's no boat missin', is there?'

As one, the two men turned and stepped up on to the pier and shouted 'Hey' to the men at the nearest boat. They were in luck. Paraic Waters waved to them and shouted 'Wait there' as he began to trot in their direction. Paraic, a heavy set 'Mammy's boy', spent all of his time on and about the pier. Never known to soil his hands with honest work, or indeed any other kind of work, he lived to gossip. If anybody could tell them the score it would be Paraic.

'Jesus lads,' he wheezed, well out of breath after his ten yard dash. 'Give us a minute and...I'll catch me...breath.'

'What happened?'

'Youse lads are lucky ye were out.'

'Jaysus,' Mick growled, 'will you tell us what fuckin' happened.'

'Youse can see the state of the place.'

'Yeh,' Bandy said. 'So tell us.'

'I never seen the like,' Paraic replied. He loved to control his information, releasing only dribs and drabs at a time to stretch out the telling.

'I hope ye learned to swim, Paraic, because that's what ye'll be doin' if ye don't spit it out.'

'It was Vinny Riordan.'

'Fat Vinnie?'

‘Aye.’

‘How did he do this?’

‘Oh, ye shoulda seen it,’ Paraic said.

Mick reached out and grabbed him by the tie and began to tug the unfortunate towards the water.

‘Jesus, don’t Mick. Sure I’m tellin’ ye.’

‘Now,’ was all Mick said.



‘It was that big boat of his, y’know the motor boat?’ The brothers nodded in unison. Everybody knew Vinnie Riordan’s big brute of a cabin cruiser. ‘Well, he came tearin’ in runnin’ from the storm an’, whatever happened, he lost control. Ye shoulda seen it.’

Paraic looked across the water as if picturing the scene. Mick tightened his grip on the tie.

‘Anyway,’ Paraic continued quickly, ‘as I say, whatever happened, Vinnie and the Missus were fecked into the water. He must have had the boat on full throttle, because it went chargin’ round the harbour like a wild thing wallop’in’ everythin’ in sight. Jesus lads, ye shoulda seen it. Ye wouldn’t believe the damage that was done, and Vinnie shoutin’ all the time and the missus screamin’ and them in the water, and everyone else was shoutin’ and runnin’ about. An’ to cap it all didn’t the boat run straight into the wall right where ye’re moored now. Lucky ye were out. Ye woulda been destroyed. Sure it was like someone put a bomb in it. The boat just blew up and there was timber scattered everywhere... an’ then it sank.’

‘Was any one hurt?’

‘Not a one and the lifeboat hauled Vinnie and the missus out. They’re gone the hospital now. God it was great crack. Y’shoulda heard Ould Cronin shoutin’ at Vinnie Riordan. ‘An incompetent bastard’ he called him and worse I can tell ye.’ Paraic sniggered at the memory, then caught his breath and went on. ‘Jesus y’shoulda heard him ravin’ on about ‘ignorant fuckers playing at boats in a workin’ fishery harbour. It was mighty.’

Paraic kept on talking interspersed with the occasional snigger. The brothers had tuned him out. Mick was picturing the scene in the harbour and particularly the big cruiser ramming in to the wall where, but for a bit of luck, their boat and indeed themselves might have been standing. We were lucky, he thought, and suddenly he knew that Bandy was right about Friday the thirteenth. ‘Didn’t we have the craic and a right good haul of lobsters? It’s all piseogery. He went to the boat and gathered his two crates. Bandy remained on the pier, eyes half closed and rubbing his chin in that way of his.

‘D’ye know what, Mick,’ he said. ‘I never thought I’d say it but y’ might be right about that Friday the thirteenth stuff.’

THE END

Mermaid

HOME

An exhibition by Brian Maguire

This exhibition of new paintings launches the completion of the artists’ commission as part of Wicklow County Council’s Per Cent for Art Commissioning Programme 2006 - 2009. Brian Maguire was commissioned to make new work



Image Courtesy of the Artist: Brian Maguire
‘Palace Brussels’

Acrylic on canvas

Photo Credit : Eugene Langan

arising from the construction of Wicklow County Council’s first dedicated Library building in Blessington.

Choosing the idea of place and new communities, he met with new entrants to the town of Blessington both from Ireland and abroad. Blessington is now home to people from Poland, Tallaght, Japan, Brussels and Cameroon. Researching each place and the accompanying way of life brought forward interesting social and aesthetic issues for the artist leading him to develop this new body of work. The exhibition features this new work in full and is accompanied by an artist’s book. This work is presented by Wicklow County Arts Office and will be supported by an education and access programme for schools, for further information contact wao@wicklowcoco.ie

The exhibition will be opened by Barbara Dawson,
Director of The Hugh Lane on
Thursday 21 January, 6pm at Mermaid

Artists talk on Saturday 23 January 2.30pm



Front Cover
'Self Portrait in Blue'
by Dave Flynn. Dave has an upcoming exhibition of his work in the Signal Arts Gallery - See page 2 for details of the exhibition.

Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : editor@brayarts.net

Creative Writing Editor : Anne Fitzgerald :
annefitz3@gmail.com

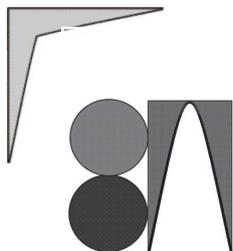
Email submissions to any of the above or post typed submissions to

The Editor BAJ 'Casino',
Killarney Rd. Bray,
Co. Wicklow
Deadline 15th of each month.
Bray Arts website : www.brayarts.net

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Arts Evening Monday 1st Feb
Upstairs at the Martello on the Seafront
5 Euro / 4 Euro Conc. Everyone is welcome.
Come Early Doors open: 8:00pm sharp

Brilliant nights entertainment

Noel Cleary : Artist

Sarah McGahon : Milliner - Hats Galore

Sullivan : Singer Songwriter

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