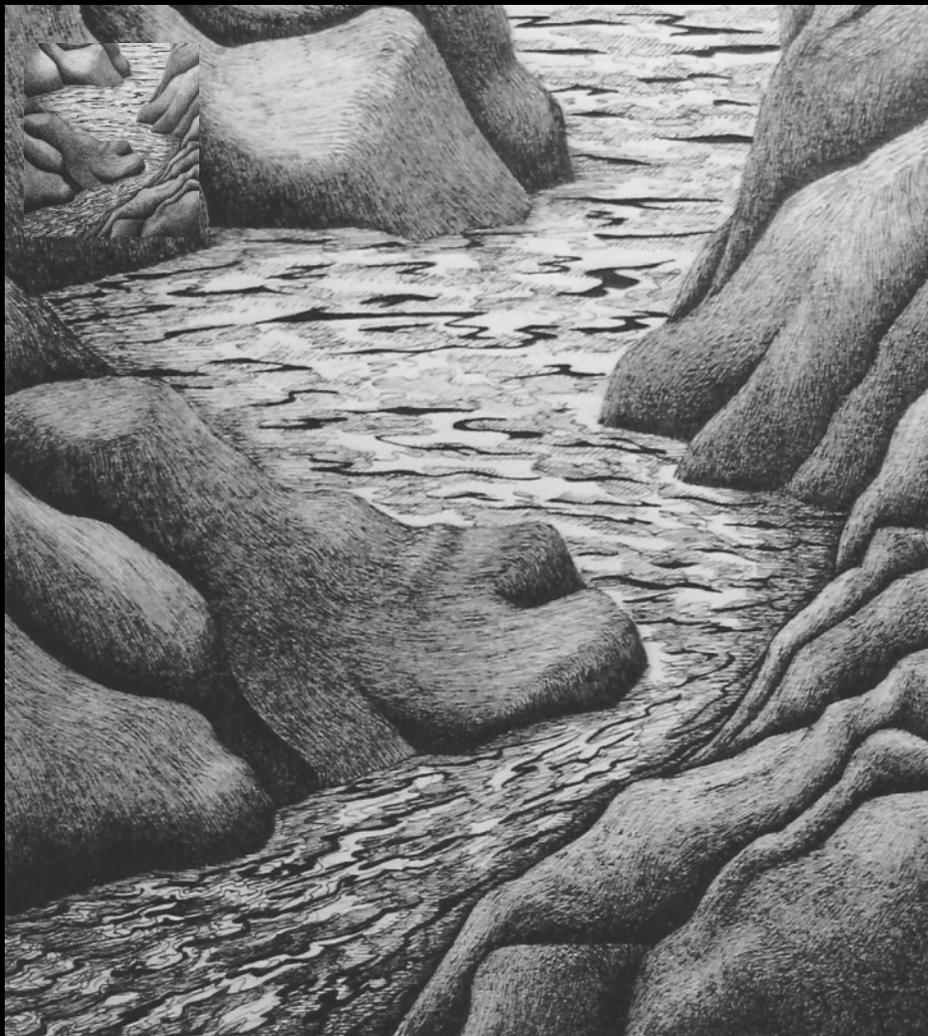

Bray Arts Journal

Issue 6

February 2014

Volume 19



FREE

REVIEW

Bray Arts Show

Mon January 13th, 2014

Maybe it's a bit of a cliché but 2014 looks like being a very good year! To prove it, the first show of 2014 got off to a flying start with a bumper attendance and excellent performances ending with a delightful surprise!

Shirley McClure well-known writer introduced the members of Bray Active Retirement Association's Creative Writing Group with readings from the newly published: **"These Things Happen"**.



Shirley McClure

Taking turns, Patricia Berkery, Jim Flynn, John McCormack and Sean McCracken and Phil Dowling each made use of poetry or prose to illustrate this new and enjoyable collection of memoir, short stories and poems. Jo Nolan read a poem by Christina O'Moore to complete the group.

Actor **Justin Aylmer** followed artist Brigid O'Brien to take up the challenge of delivering the works of James Joyce and Nobel Prize-winning John Galsworthy in order to bring their great masterpieces to life for all to enjoy. Displaying his great vocal powers, Justin gave a brief outline



Justin Aylmer

of Joyce's life and ultimate emigration from Ireland. He highlighted the poignancy of Joyce's dying away from his beloved Dublin in Switzerland where his remains now lie. As an illustration,

Justin then read from **"A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man"**. We were transported to the beach at Sandymount and the mysteries of the rivulets and pools left by the retiring sea in a powerful rendering of this great work. Turning, then, to the works of John Galsworthy Justin succeeded in comparing these two great writers with a reading from **"The Indian Summer of a Forsythe"** in which Galsworthy also locates his scene in the open air. Justin gave vent to the rich descriptions of the greenery of the garden and the security of home in a wonderful vignette of the power of creative writing. It was a pleasure to relax and listen to Justin's powerful delivery and soft invitation to join him in admiration of two great literary artists delivered in turn by another great artist.



Front Cover

"Mankind"

By Biddy Scott

See page 13

The advertised performer, Clara Byrne was unable to join us but the surprise of the night came when Mandy and John took the stage after the break with an exciting performance of pure country and western music. Opening with **“Gain control again!”**

From Willy Nelson and **“Amanda”** from Waylon Jennings, It was immediately clear that a great singer was at work. His voice was relaxed and perfectly suited to the song material. With extraordinary dexterity he supported the songs with fluent guitar work that moved in and out of the words to portray an unusual richness of the emotion, pathos and longing that is so typical of the idiom. Aply supported by the rich, warm voice of Mandy, This duo took over the hearts and emotions of the capacity audience. As John moved from one rich composition to the next, he held the attention of all with a succession of four of his own compositions including **“I Still Do”**, **“Halleluiah”** **“Goodbye Louise”** and **“Holding Back the Wind”**. His words were so cleverly crafted that we strained to hear every word just to add to the pleasure of the event. Modestly inviting requests, John soon brought out his own interpretation of some classics and really went to town on their rendition. But this writer is left with a lingering memory of the mysterious beauty of John’s own compositions, a beautiful voice that lent extra value to every word as the unexpected surprise of the night. His stunning guitar work excited many of his audience to leap up and soon the whole room was dancing to his songs. A brilliant occasion and all the better for being unplanned!

Cearbhall e. O’Meadhra

Brigid O’Brien

“Catching moments in line drawing”.

I love the life which Brigid captures in her work , it Reminds me of my grandmother Pyllis Grubb who was part of the Newton family of painters Windsor & Newton , Robert Newton actor / painter , Amory and Algernon Newton .They were a family who always carried a sketch pad or any scrap



Brigid O’ Brien

of paper to draw what ever caught their eye . Brigid takes a moment in time and weaves it into one her animated sketches. With the spontaneity of capturing the moment of life from surroundings and people, but never overworked, with a simplicity of movement, you feel you are looking at one picture but with hidden stories of things going on in the background. She captured life be it on the street, café or in the nooks and crannys of derelict spaces be it people or places caught in ink, pencil pastel, felt pen “Drawing and losing myself with in ink, with an instant gratification”. Brigid trained with Jan Renard. In 1972 she painted cinema posters for the Cinema in Bray, and created fabric hangings. She has also painted in still life. In the 1980s working in the Signal Arts she discovered oil/acrylic painting and experimenting on different surfaces working with schools and many other groups. She has exhibited her work around Ireland and in Melbourne, London, Newfoundland.

By Julie-Rose McCormick

PREVIEW

Bray Arts Night
Monday February 3rd 2014
Martello Hotel, Bray
Everyone Welcome: Adm. €5 /€4
conc.

Derek Pullen - Director

Just Passing

A play by Colin and Mary Crowther

Love story or ghost story? A man and a woman meeting on a park bench, apparently to say goodbye. But who is leaving and why?

It seems they were happily married for a time, until a road accident landed him in a nursing home. Now he must move away and she must move on. Their goodbyes, alas, remain unspoken as she flies to catch her taxi and he remains "until the memory fades".



Charline Vidal - Dancer

My name is Charline Vidal at the moment I am studying at Bray Institute of Further



Education, on the Higher National diploma programme. Following graduation I will progress to one year at a British University for my

BA Honours degree.

I started ballet at the early age of four years and have been studying dance in many forms since. One of the styles of dance I study and enjoy is Contemporary dance.

The Contemporary piece I will be performing takes its inspiration from the work of dance practitioner Merce Cunningham, who broke away and expanded pure movement within this genre. In this way my choreography faces the challenge of movement without direct meaning but for its own purpose. The music I have chosen is a piano variation on the tune 'One Last Wish'.

Bray Swing Band

Bray Swing Band also known as the "**Dart Town Strutters**", is based on members of the Bray concert band. It is also a platform for younger players starting out in the world of Jazz and Swing. The music we play is set in the 1930's and 1940's. The band plays at corporate and charity gigs at home and abroad; playing for the fun of playing.

WHEN I FALL

Why is it that the path
Has to mist before
We see ourselves,

Cracks and roots exposed
To an empty ditch
To reveal a broken stem;

Vulnerable, collapsing
Covered in isolation
And open to pain.

Maybe it is necessary for us
To suffer occasionally -
For compassion to remain;

Like a stunted tree, a trapped
Fly, before we can see
Through another's eye.

My path has been mostly clear
Or as far as I can see
Alone, but never lonely.

Not intentionally
Do I fail to notice
A troubled mind,

If you fail to see me
When my mist approaches.
I won't think you unkind.

HELEN HARRISON 2013

Up'n a salt

By Hugh Rafferty



“Dih anyone ever call ye a bollix,” he ast.

I had to tink for a while. I’ve been called lotsa tings in me time.

“No!” I sed. “No one ever dih.”

“Reelly,” he says, lookin surprised. “Well I’m callin ye a bollix and a rohhen bollix a dah.”

I hih him.”

“You struck him a blow?”

“Well... I slap him in de face.”

“Did you *slap* him, as you say, with your fist?”

“Well... he dih call me a bollix.”

“Quite,” he sed, in a smartalic sorha voice. “Well let’s get on. What happened then?”

“Dih any one ever call ye a bollix and a rohhen bollix at dah,” I ast de smartalic.

“No,” he sed, wih a little laugh for the gallery. “And don’t you start. Now, please... if you would... tell me what happened then?”

“Ye wouldn’t like ih. I can tell ye dah.”

De referee up on the bench sunnly goh itchy. He ponced aroun’ in his chair and tapped his pen on de bench for me t’look ah him. He were tryin’ t’look hard, I s’pose, buh I taut he looked creepy. “I want no more gratuitous comment,” he sed. “Just answer the questions you are asked. Now carry on.” I were gointa give *him* his answer buh he turned t’me coach instead; he wahent reely me coach cos he was jus appinted dah mornin. “Perhaps,” he sed to me coach, “you might brief your client more thoroughly.” De coach jus look ah him an put his eyes t’heven an went back t’lookin ah his table.

I waihed and nuttin much happened. I looked around. Dey were all lookin ah me.

“*Whah!*” I ast.

Den d’other one, de smartalic, started up.

“I’m waiting for your answer,” he sed, in a way dat would reely piss ye off.

“Whah answer,” I ast.

De ref goh fidgety again. He mus’ a goh pissed off.

“Please repeat your question,” he sed to de smartalic, an’ he dihint sound happy. Den he turns t’me an says, “I will not tolerate any more prevarication, young man.” I cou’n’t agree more wih him, wha ever he ment.

“Righ’?” I sed.

Den d’other one starhed again.

“Please tell us what happened after you assaulted my client with your fist.”

“It wer ony a slap.”

“Please answer the question.” He were all proper bisness now, suckin up to de ref.

“He lost ih an he rush ah me.”

“By ‘he’, I take it you mean my client, Damien Quinn.”

“Yeh. Buh we don’t call him dah.”

He closed his eyes f’ra moment, den he looks ah de ref, and den he looks ah me.

“Very well,” he says. “What name do you call him?”

“Damo!”

“I will rephrase my question. After you attacked my client, Damo Quinn, with your fist, you say and I quote, ‘he lost ih an’ he rush ah me’. By ‘he’ you mean Damo Quinn.”

“Yeh.” I pointed ah the shihead sittin ah the smartalic’s desk. “Him.”

“Thank you,” he sed, for no reason I could see. “What happened then? What did you do?”

“I hih him wit de boddle.”

“You hit my client, this poor young man, with a bottle, even though he had not laid a finger on you?”

Everybody was lookin ah Damo an’ he was tryin t’look inicent. When he caught me eye, I gave him de finger. He hates dah.

“Yeh,” I sed, “Buh he were swingin de barstool.”

He ignored dah and went on, “You hit my client, young Damo Quinn, with a bottle and knocked him unconscious to the floor.”

Dis was bullshih so I looked ah the ref to see wha he taut. He coulda been asleep so I knocked on de bench. He look ah me, all surprise like.

“Dis is bullshih,” I sed. He went so red I taut he was havin a seesure.

“Explain yourself,” he sorha shouhed.

“I ony tapped him,” I sed. “He were never knocked ouh cos I ony hih him on de sholder. He were awlays greah to g’down in a figh.”

I looked ah Damo an his ma sittin behind him; she’s de reason I’m in de box. She’s a righ biddy. Noh bad lookin buh she reely hates me...cept wen she’s drunk an den she’d leh anyone up. I panted ah Damo an he starhed to go red. “Every one knows dah Damo is a righ Mary,” I sed. Oh, he reely hahed dah.

“Young man,” de ref sed real nasty like, an I taut I was for a red card. “I have already warned you about your behaviour.” He never dih. “No more colourful asides, just answer the questions you are asked. Right?”

“Righ. Buh he’s lyin,” I sed, noddin ah smartalic. “An dem two as well.” I pinted ah Damo an his ma.

“Enough,” he says loudly. “We are here to determine the truth of this matter and you can leave that to us.”

I taut dah was silly. He wouhn’t know de troot if I dint tell him, buh all I sed was, “Righ.”

Smartalic came closer t’me buh he spoke loud.

“Please tell us what happened next, after your vicious and unprovoked attack with a bottle left my young client unconscious on the floor of Murphy’s Pub.”

De ref shifted abouh again an looked ah me coach.

“Do I hear an objection,” he ast, all seriess.

Me coach shook his head an sed, “No.”

“Answer the question,” de ref says t’me.

“Nuttin happened,” I sed, “sept Damo was snivellin.” Dere was a bih of lafin in de gallery an Damo goh reely red. I gave him de finger again f’rgood mesure.

“Is it not in fact true,” smartalic says reel loud, “that you were restrained by other patrons of the establishment while an ambulance was called?”

“Whah,” I says.

De ref leens t’me an says sorha frendily.

“Was an ambulance called to attend to...?” He looked ah some papers... “Damo?”

“Das a lie,” I sed, “Dere were no amblanse. Dats jus a story puh out be his ma ‘cos she reely hates me.”

“Yer a lyin liddel shih,” Damo an hi ma are on dere feeh an shes yellin. De ref goes blistic.

“Silence,” he roars, bangin away on de bench. Den he give smartalic de eye an says, “Please ask your principals to conduct themselves properly.” Den he turns to me. “You say there was no ambulance?”

“Dats righ,” I sed.

He turn agen to smartalic. “Have you confirmation of the ambulance?”

“No,” smartalic says. “I have an eyewitness who will swear that an ambulance attend and that Damo Quinn was taken to The Mater Hospital, where he was kept overnight for observation.”

“Well, young man,” de ref says t’me, “can you give me your account of what happened?”

“Ymeen from when Damo lied down.”

He nodded.

“Well Damo was cryin an he pissed hisself, buh dere were nuttin wrong wih‘im”

I were lookin at de ref buh I could hear Damo fuckin’ our a him and smartalic tryin to shuh him up an udder people laffin. De ref looked sorha pissed again an he shouhed, “Silence” an dere wer ded silens. Den he says,

“Any more of this disgraceful carry on and I will clear the chamber.”

Dah worked a treeh, y’coulda heered sno fallin. Den he were back to me,

“You say... Damo was crying and... wet his trousers, so tell me what happened then.”

“Oul Murphy told us ta geh ouh an...”

“Wait,” he says, “who is Oul Murphy?”

“It were in Murphy’s pub.”

“Very well. Mr. Murphy asked you both to leave.”

“No he dint. He tol us t’fuck off.”

“Oh... And you left?”

“Yeh.”

“Both of you left together.”

“Yeh. He woulda trun us ouh.”

“So you had made friends again?”

“Whah?”

“You and Damo.”

“Frens wih dat liddle fagga. No bleedin way.” Dere were a starh a some laffin buh a look from de ref shuh ih up. Den he close his eyes as if he’re tired. Den he look ah me again.

“Just tell me the rest of it.”

“Well,” I says. “Dere were two pigs comin up da streeh an one of dem says, like dey awlays do, ‘whas goin on here?’”

“Nuttin,” I sed.

“He hih me,” Damo says.

“I’ll hit you,” de pig says an gives’m a dig in de ear. “On your way,” he says, buh I’m awlredy goin.

“That’s it,” asks de ref.

“Yeh,” says I.

“Well,” he says, lookin ah smartalic. “I’m more than surprised that this case ever came before me and I’m inclined to dismiss it out of hand. But first...”

“No,” screeches Damo’s mam, “dat liddle feckers noh gettin off.”

“Madam,” De ref screeches jus as much. “You will please be silent in my court.” She shuhs up buh I tink ih were becos he calt’r madam... cos she’s noh noin for shuhin up.

Den he goes on like shes noh dere.

“As I was saying there are a couple of points that I need to clarify.” He turns to smartalic.

“Do you have reports from the Ambulance Service or the Hospital?”

“No. Not as such. But I do have an eyewitness.”

“Have you checked with the Gardai?”

“No.”

“Who is your eyewitness?”

“Mrs. Raquel Quinn.”

“The defendant’s mother is your sole witness.” De ref sounded like he was gointa choke.

I dint know her name was Rakell, we awlays calt her Kweenie.

“This case is dismissed,” he says, an he pints ah smartalic an me coach, “I will see you two gentlemen in my rooms.” Deres greah screamin from Kweenie an sum laffin goin on an he calls de stewers.

“Clear this courtroom immediately,” he says.

Buh I’m awlredy gon.

Hugh Rafferty is author of the novel *Mabon* (2013), and a short story collection, *Anyway* (2013). He is a member of Abraxas Writers and has read his work for the Bray Arts evenings on a number of occasions.

THE EDGE

You smelt the lake before you saw
the edge - aromas of a time before -
you absorbed the tears of a broken
Mother - while they put wet clay
over your Father.

Loosing yourself in a haze of puberty,
in that barren land; you got lost in an
advancing mist, but the ghost of your
Father finds you now, leaning in,
and whispering through the breeze;
"you're not the first to suffer -
you can face adversity."

Moved... to another time, another place,
when you made paper boats; with your
Dad's fragile breath - whispers of wonder,
setting them free...

You look to the sky and feel, you sense
a different sphere and know...Your Father
was in his element when he was with you
and water, on this land.

Although much of him has faded -
You realize this, and fastens you to
the earth - loneliness disappearing;
drifting away from the edges.

Helen Harrison 2012

“Absence”

by David Butler

L'homme est l'être par qui le néant vient au monde.

SARTRE

Of the words that separate us from animals
Absence is the most disruptive and immediate.
It is colourless, weightless.
It has no home in the world
But is carried parasitically,
Voracious as the hollow of memory.
It is odourless and silent.
Its slow accumulation tilts, by degrees,
The scales that weigh up
Whatever it is we call ourselves.
It is the amputee's void sleeve.
It is furniture's melancholy.
It is Death's soundless anthem.
There is a world of difference between a blank wall
And the wall from which a portrait has been removed.

David Butler is a novelist, poet and playwright. His publication record to date includes the novels *The Last European* (2005) and *The Judas Kiss* [2012], the poetry collection *Via Crucis* (2011) and a short story collection *No Greater Love*, (due for publication in 2013). A third novel, *City of Dis* has been accepted for publication by New Island in 2014. Before deciding to write full-time, David lectured extensively in English and Spanish Literature and Creative Writing at TCD, UCD, Essex University and Carlow College. He also worked for a number of years as Education Officer at the James Joyce Centre, Dublin.

SIGNAL ARTS CENTRE

‘Mankind’

An Exhibition of paintings

by Biddy Scott

**Tuesday 18th February – Sunday 2nd
March 2014**

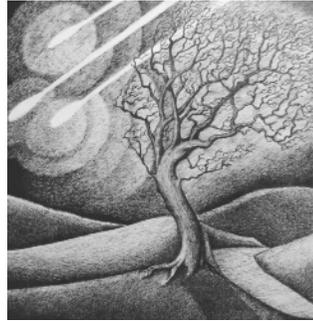
Signal Arts Centre is proud to present an exhibition by local artist Biddy Scott.

‘Mankind’ is based on a long poem, ‘The Making of Mankind’ written in 1965. This poem constituted the inaugural lecture, which the artist’s father gave on the occasion of his gaining a personal chair in Dental Anatomy at Queens University in Belfast. The poem doesn’t say much about teeth. Instead he chose to address the dilemma’s faced by humanity as it strives through history and evolution towards a meaningful equilibrium. These dilemmas were manifest at that time, in the north, in the world, and for him very personally in the recognition of his own approaching death.



In addressing this testimony, so long after it was written, the artist has ended up with

images that are not immediately reflective of the text, but rather derive hesitantly from the atmosphere that it creates. Several are based upon a series of box-camera photographs, taken on a day trip to Glendalough, about 1930. Biddy found there again the rock upon which her father and grandfather took turns to pose for the camera. The rock, unchanging, defies their human frailty.



In contrast in the poem the benefits of transience, change and loss are redeemed. The author began to fade early in Biddy’s life, but his last years, she remembers as a gloriously defiant and creative disintegration. That defiance against the odds holds, she thinks the best of humanity. This is high and windy stuff which her struggling efforts so far, don’t seem to be adequately addressing, but she hopes that some readers will come to the exhibition, read some of the text and argue about the content!

Opening Reception: Sunday 23rd

February, 3-5 pm

'Insideout'

An Exhibition of paintings

by Sofia Bury

Tuesday 4th February – Sunday 16th

February 2014

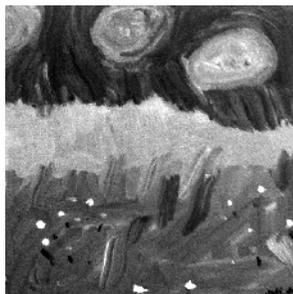
Signal Arts Centre is proud to present an exhibition of works by Sofia Bury who has been painting for approximately 30 years. During that period she has moved from realism to more abstract work seeking to communicate thoughts, feelings and ideas rather than portray external realities.



Having an interest in comparative religions, the meditational aspects of Christianity and Buddhism particularly attract her. Sofia's interest in Zen leads her to seek to paint with an immediacy and vibrancy as she seeks to capture the richness of the 'now'.

Many of her paintings show the moon representing feminine mystery and a watchful eye viewing from the heavens. At its most profound it is a symbol of the divine presence. Also using the symbol of the sun, it likewise symbolises a watchful eye, but without the attendant depth.

Sofia's paintings reflect her creative response on an intuitive level to the world around her. She takes no photographs and does not sketch, but rather allows each painting to evolve from a fragment of colour and inner memory. Her paintings are in collections in Canada, USA, Australia, England, Ireland and the Isle of Wight.



Opening Reception:

Thursday 6th February, 7-9pm



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

Email submissions to the above or post to :

Editor Bray Arts Journal,

14 Dwyer Park, Bray, Co. Wicklow, Ireland

Text in Microsoft Word

Pictures/Logos etc Jpeg preferably 300 dpi

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Wilde at the Strand

On the 11th February, 8:00pm, **Abraxas Writers** and **The Strand Hotel** host the second Wilde at the Strand evening. **Admission is free** to this cornucopia of Words, Music, Song and Poetry. The very special guests for the night are **Aidan Coleman**, singer, musician, composer and **The Racker Donnelly**, word conjurer, poet and playwright.

Come early to secure a good seat.

Strand Hotel, Seafront.

Bray Arts Night Monday 3rd February 2014

Martello, Seafront, Bray Doors open 8:00pm Adm: €5/€4 conc.

Everyone welcome.

More on Bray Arts on Facebook and www.brayarts.net.

For more information call: 0872486751

Bray Arts Drama Group – “Just Passing”

Fresh from the bray One act drama Festival, Will present a play with an intriguing story of a man and a woman meeting on a park bench, apparently to say goodbye. But who is leaving and why?

Charline Vidal Dancer

Will perform a contemporary dance piece inspired by the work of dance practitioner Merce Cunningham Who broke away and expanded pure movement within the genre.

Bray Swing Band

Will play the great music of Cole Porter, Gershwin and more from the 30's and 40's with some more modern pop music added for good measure and an unforgettable swinging night.