
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 5

January 2014

Volume 19



FREE

REVIEW

Bray Arts Show

Mon December 2nd, 2013

Happy New year to one and all , from the Bray Arts. We would like to welcome you to the new **A5 Arts journal** remodelled by our editor Karen. This is a handbag sized journal. Artists, musicians, dancers, photographers, puppeteers, writers, actors who would like to showcase their work please contact Julie-Rose McCormick mobile on **087-2486751**

We look forward to an exciting year of performances and artists .We are also currently looking for a person who will attend the arts show once a month and photograph the night and upload photos to our face-book and website www.brayarts.com. We are also looking for a volunteer to help with the sound once a month .

Email . mccormickpuppets@gmail.com

As **Jack Latin** took to the stage to tune themselves up, I was both excited and intrigued as to what was in store for us. The four young musicians wasted no time in getting started and I found myself quickly tapping my feet along top their up-tempo original tunes. As I looked around the room, I noticed that the crowd were all moving their heads along to the music. Jack Latin showed such a high level of professionalism and musicianship with their wonderfully diverse range of original songs and unique sound. One can't help

but wonder what they will be like in 5 years time, if they sound this polished at the young age of 18, having practiced for the first time just over a year ago! Watch out for these guys - there's no doubt that the future for Jack Latin will be a bright one!



Jack Latin

Darragh O' Neill opened up his performance with a casual chat and a brief introduction to himself. He started off by playing a soothing original piece called "Clouds," which had the crowd completely relaxed and engaged from the get go. Darragh then went on to play a beautiful rendition of "Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas," which brought a won-



Darragh O'Neill

derful, magical Christmas feeling to the night. Darragh then played another original piece, the basis of which he described in a heartfelt story about a child's visual comparison of a ceiling and the squared-shapes of chocolate bars. Darragh also



Front Cover

"The Tree"

By Brigid O' Brien

See page 4

treated us to an original piece which he wrote as a tribute to Rory Gallagher as well as some wonderful classical pieces. We wish Darragh the best of luck with his new album, which is almost due for release.

Mary McNeil from Bray has been practising the craft of making silver jewellery for the last 3 to 4 years. She gave us a very interesting insight into how she goes about making her pieces which are inspired by art, nature and archaeology. Mary told us how silver pieces can be made with silver wire or sheets. However Mary's craft really took off when she discovered 'Silver Clay' from Japan. This



Mary McNeil

can be moulded into shape and embossed with such materials as lace and leaves. It is composed of silver, water and binder. As the finished piece dries, the water and binder evaporate and all that is left is the silver piece which is then sent to the assay office to get the .925 hallmark.

Mary's love of her work came across in the story of her journey to be where she is now with her craft and her belief in the Japanese philosophy of 'Wabi Sabi'- the acceptance of transience and imperfection -finding beauty in things that are not perfect and in things which are transient. In Mary's opinion perfection is the killer of creativity. Mary's passion for her craft

was obvious, her work reflecting her love of silver and a love of the craft. Her work on display reflected this passion and her experience. It was a very interesting and informative presentation and we wish Mary all the best in the future with her beautiful work.

By Olwen Dixon

"No Greater Love" by David Butler

All the stories in this compilation are wonderful examples of the Art of shorter fiction.

Dark stories of love in all its dimensions. In an Albert Camus style, we have the feeling that Hell is in this earthly life, it is shaped through a physical form, all



David Butler

these corpses that appear in Dublin, or through the sufferance of a woman who is serving a life sentence for the murder of her daughter.

It is touching and heart breaking to read these fantastic stories of life and love and pain and people. The emotions are acute and poignant. The stories deal with moments where the characters confront the loneliness, the disappointment or the wounds of their emotional lives. The impact can be quite devastating. If you haven't read David Butler before, this is a fine introduction to his sculpted, controlled, yet intoxicating writing.

PREVIEW

Bray Arts Night
Monday January 13th 2014
Martello Hotel, Bray

Everyone Welcome: Adm. €5 / €4
conc.

Shirley McClure - Writer

Bray Active Retirement Creative Writing Group will read from “**These Things Happen**” Members of Bray Active Retirement Association's Creative Writing group will read from *These Things Happen*, a collection of their writings. Included are memoir, short stories and poems, accounts of growing up in Bray or further



afield; crime writing, some fascinating stories and poems on the theme of travel, and thoughtful work inspired by art, nature and the imagination.

Classes take place on Tuesday afternoons in the Parish Centre, Bray, and new members are welcome to join, numbers permitting and once they are already part of Bray Active Retirement Association. For more information contact Shirley McClure (group facilitator) at 086-603 4481.

Brigid O'Brien - Painter and Graphic Artist

I love drawing, I love the problem solving of it and even when it goes wrong which is about as much as when it goes right,



there's a lesson in it. There's three of us involved, the subject to be observed and recorded, the materials, paper, pens, paints etc. and

there's me. If one of us isn't tuned in, the work fails. Alternatively, when things slide out of control, it can be a discovery of a more interesting method or means to an end. In other words, necessity really is the mother of invention. I always work better on my own. In the car, on the dart, in cafés and at home at the kitchen table at night.

Justin Aylmer - Actor and writer

Compares the great writers James Joyce and Nobel prize winner, John Galsworthy. Justin Aylmer is a professional actor, who trained at the Stanislavski Studio of the Focus Theatre with the artistic director, The late Deirdre O'Connell and then at the New Theatre with Tim McDonnell. He has made many stage and TV performances.

He is also a retired qualified drama teacher and has taught in both primary and secondary schools, and lectured at the Carlow Regional College. He holds a Di-



ploma A.I.B.S.D. Justin has performed regularly at the bray arts in short skirts with Frank O’Keefe.

Silent Footsteps

By Josephine Nolan

Clara Byrne - Jazz singer song-writer

Clara recently recorded her Album “ Just Stay “ At the sun studios for BIMM .

She has played backing vocals on The Late Late show with Cathy Davey , and also on the Album “ Dogs in Distress “ song “Oscar the Hypno dog “ with Cathy Davey and Neil Hannon .

She is an up and coming performer to be watched out for , find her music on sound wave and Facebook.



Her soft blond hair had been sleeked back into a long plait that reached to her waist. Her blue taffeta dress rustled as she quietly crept up the wooden stairs, creaking beneath her feet. She held her breath. She didn’t want to be seen tiptoeing into her grandmother’s room.

The blinds were drawn but the morning sunshine escaped through the bottom of the bay window, casting shadows around the room. The big bed was covered with a colourful silk eiderdown.

She crossed the room to the dressing table, and touched the perfume bottle, and the soft yellow attachment. It felt like a sponge. She couldn’t resist squeezing it and a soft spray of lavender evaporated into the air. She picked up the gold mirror on the shiny surface and gently lifted the brush to her hair to see her reflection. Opening the top drawer of the dressing table, she was disappointed it was empty, but a familiar smell met her nostrils, like mothballs, but something else. She could smell her grandmother’s embrace again, and feel her tenderness.

Short Stories & Poems from the Bray Active Retirement Creative Writing Group

My years in Telecom Eireann

By Jim Flynn



During my forty-seven year career in Telecom Eireann, my work area included Balbriggan, Howth, Dublin city, north, south, east, west; along the east coast to Newcastle, Co. Wicklow and inland to just outside Glendalough. The telephone service was very primitive at the time. There were rows and rows of switchboards with telephonists answering calls from what were then known as subscribers, now known as customers.

They worked in the manual Central Telephone Exchange, located in Exchequer Street, Dublin and manned twenty-four hours, seven days a week. Every Irish town or village had a manual Telephone Exchange. If a customer wished to make a call, they lifted the telephone handset, turned a handle a few times and sent an electric current which would drop an indicator in their telephone exchange. The telephonist would plug a cord into their socket, say, "number please?" and with the other cord connect to a local number and write a docket for this transaction. Calls to other places in Ireland or abroad were connected via the telephonist in Exchequer Street.

In the late forties, all the money that was generated by the telephone service was paid to the Department of Finance and very little was used to improve the telephone service. Only the wealthy or business people could afford a telephone. It could take up to two or three years to have one provided, but a phone was vital for the success or failure of your business. The Minister for Posts & Telegraphs was a Junior Minister. We had to draw up plans to modernise the system.

Around 1960, Standard Telephone & Cables, a U.K. company, was given the contract to install a step-by-step selector system in the Dublin area. Fortunately, Mr. Séan Lemass, T.D. and W.T.K Whitaker had teamed up to create employment in Ireland. We recruited and trained technicians who upgraded the internal wiring and installed dial phones in our customers' premises. We retrained our existing technicians to make sure

the electro/mechanical switching systems connected the customer to the right number. There were rapid changes in the switching systems in the seventies, first crossbar and then computerization. In the course of my work, I travelled around Dublin. I remember on numerous journeys around Gardiner Street, groups of young fellows standing at pedestrian traffic lights. One would stop the traffic and the other would rush over, open the door of a lady's car and grab her handbag. If the car door was locked he would smash the window with a spanner and grab her handbag. They were known as "Bugsy Malones." Many stories appeared in the newspapers about their activities, saying they spent a month or two in Spain every year, eventually becoming some of the city's notorious drug barons.

Jack Bannon's Forge

by John McCormack

Jack's forge was beside the main Dublin-Belfast road, about a mile north of Drogheda. It was a single-storey building with a hard earthen floor and a slated roof. At the side of the room, the fireplace was about three feet up from the floor. In the centre of the six feet by four feet fireplace, there was a constantly burning small coal fire. An enormous bellows was placed to one side of the fireplace with its nozzle projecting into the centre of the fire. The bellows was operated by pulling down on a leather strap hanging from the top handle. As children, we loved being allowed to pull down on the strap to send a blast of air into the centre of the fire. Coiled springs inside the bellows forced the top up after each blast of air.

To make a horseshoe, Jack would take a strip of iron about twelve inches long by an inch wide and half an inch thick, and push it into the centre of the fire until it became white hot. He would then take it out of the fire with a long pair of tongs and would hammer it into the traditional horseshoe shape on the anvil. Next he would punch holes in the white hot metal to take the long nails needed to hold it firmly to the horse's hoof.

Then he would crouch down behind each leg of the horse in turn, bend the leg up between his knees, and place the hot shoe against the hooves. He would then pare away the surplus hoof. Next he would take a handful of long nails to hold the iron shoe in place, and hammer a nail into the hoof at an angle so that the ends of the nails protruded through the side of the hoof. He would then cut off most of each protruding nail and hammer each small stub tightly against the hoof. Each hoof would be treated with a thick black liquid that would put a lovely gloss on it.

As a child I longed for the day when I might be able to perform Jack's marvellous task. Alas! It never came, and it is too late now!

The Taj Mahal

By Helen Mangan



Segregated queues snake to the turnstiles,
Indians to the left, foreigners to the right.
Dust, heat, noise come in waves,
the throbbing essence that is India.

Beyond the turnstiles they mingle
like a sea of noise and colour
flowing through the harems' gardens
towards the first glimpse of what all have come to see.

And suddenly framed in the massive gateway, there it is,
Shah Jahan's legacy to the world.
Oh, how he must have loved her, his beautiful Mumtaz Mahal,
to build this monument to her memory and to his broken heart

The sounds of the crowd recede,
I stand as if alone, breathless before its beauty:
white marble, tinged pink
shimmers in the fierce Indian sun

June Walk

By Helen Devitt

The sun had risen out there on the horizon, casting dancing gleams of light across the bay. I had witnessed this scene so many times from the DART and every time was entranced, differing shadows each day as the year went on and the sun climbed higher and then slowly descended after midsummer. I'd promised myself when I retired I would walk this shore, and so here I was on that glorious June morning.

Something glinted in the seaweed lying on the stones, and I bent to pick it up. I froze as I felt the shape of a finger with a ring attached. I pushed back the seaweed with the toe of my shoe, and held my breath, afraid of what I would uncover. A hand, an arm, there was someone lying there under the seaweed. Still afraid to touch and moving the bladder wrack gingerly with my foot, I could see it was a young woman – and, oh my God, she was dead.

The place was deserted at this hour, no one to call for help. I searched for my mobile – 999 answered right away and I explained what I had found. Patiently, as I must have been stuttering with fright, the girl at the other end asked me to stay on the phone to explain to the Garda where I was, but not to move. Don't move! I was frozen to the spot, shifting only to reclaim my dropped mobile.

It felt like an hour, but ten minutes later the Garda car and ambulance arrived. They were very kind to me and put me sitting in their car while they took my details – I would have to go down to the Station and sign a statement tomorrow. More Gardaí arrived and took photographs of the dead girl before the ambulance crew could move her. The next day's papers described a body being found on Sandymount beach by an elderly lady – “elderly”, are they really talking about me! I had been starting to think of myself as a Jessica, not a Miss Marple.

As I made my way to the Police Station the next day I thought of my first week of retirement, arriving home by squad car to the neighbours' wonderment. The event, though tragic and frightening, made me think of the people who asked if I would find retirement boring. Now, where will I go next week?



ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

By John Keats

Much have I travell'd 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-brow'd 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
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

A Bray Childhood

By Christina O' Moore

I am walking along Bray promenade with the gale force winds whipping up a tumultuous spray from the Atlantic-type waves. It is so good to live beside the sea, the Irish Sea, or as Americans say, “beside the ocean”.

When I think of Bray as it was when I was a child, it was magical. Born and reared on the Herbert Road, we had the best of both worlds. Our home was in the country then. We had sheep and cattle, pigs, hens, vegetable gardens, fruit trees, and even a river that ran through our land into the Dargle. My father's business was near the seafront so we knew the places intimately. Every afternoon was spent on Bray beach – making sand castles, running in and out of the water, and eating ice pops. There were diving boards for members of the swimming club, slips for the boats that did trips around the bay. Deck chairs were available to rent from a Mr. Mooney for the weary and the sun worshippers. The promenade itself had, and still has, seats all along.



Photograph's taken by Barbara Flynn

Our town centre was a great place with well-kept shops, famous names like Lipton's, Browns, Woolworths, Findlaters and Lochners. As Bray was a tourist destination for Northern Irish, Welsh, Scottish and English holidaymakers, there were fabulous souvenir shops, especially along the Albert Walk. What a joy to hear all the different accents.

Alas, I feel Bray is dying on its' feet – so many boarded-up businesses. However, our seafront is still alive, and long may it continue. I feel privileged to remember “Bray in the good old days.”

SIGNAL ARTS CENTRE

‘Colourfield’

An Exhibition of paintings

by Patricia Cleland-Clark

**Tuesday 21st January – Sunday 2nd
February 2014**

Signal Arts Centre is proud to present an exhibition of works by Patricia Cleland-Clark.

Patricia’s work is inspired by and builds upon, the vitality and energy of her Irish expressionist forerunners to produce sumptuous, gestural paintings. These arresting



works passionately interrogate the wilderness and blustery climate of the west of Ireland.

Preferring to work from the less picturesque, which suits her tendency towards melancholy, the landscapes she depicts usually appear sombre, isolated and almost always weighed down by the thick brush strokes with which they are drawn, yet feature a sensual and vibrant colour palette.

This freely handled brushwork and violent colour slashed on with a palette knife exemplify the freer more expres-

sionistic style. Her work explores intense emotion on canvas and with hastily applied brushstrokes attempts to capture the urgency and intensity of the landscape. Her fluid and expressive style expertly captures the atmospheric surroundings whilst her titles offer an intimate insight into her thoughts behind each work.

“The work is a response to light, land and sea. These become psychological



or symbolic and subjects in which I maintain a great interest. What happens in my paintings is not literal. My work is obviously concerned with seeing landscape and sea, but it is much more to do with the feeling that I am left with...in a way I get to make sense of my ‘yesterdays’, which enables me to move forward anew.”

Opening Reception:

Thursday 23rd January 2014

7-9pm

'Kick Up the Arte'

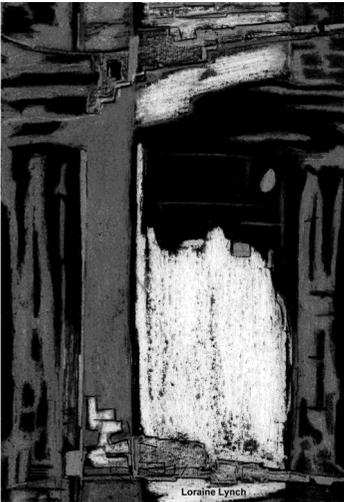
International Art Exhibition

Tuesday 7th January – Sunday 19th

January 2014

Signal Art Centre is proud to present an International Art Exhibition to start off the New Year!

This Exhibition will showcase artists from Ireland, Italy, Poland, and Denmark. From Ireland we will have Tony Clarke and Loraine Lynch; from Italy Roberta Fiano, Michele Grimaldi and Maria Grazia de Rosa; from Denmark Luke Kristoffersen and from Poland Aleksandra Zolich. Each Artist has exhibited widely and this exhibition brings their ideas together featuring new and interesting contemporary art.



No guidelines or brief were proposed for the show as it was to be fresh with ideas and a 'just go with the flow' attitude. The art on show will be 2d and 3d featuring painting, drawing, photography, sculpture and textile.

Tony Clarke will curate the exhibition with the help of the Signal Arts Centre and Skype. "Kick up the Arte" is the first exhibition of the year so let's all get behind the artists local and from overseas.



.Opening Reception:

Friday 10th January 2014, 7-9pm

The Signal Arts Short Film Fest 2014



Signal Arts Centre Short Film Fest is an annual event, now in its third year, showcasing independent short films and is a platform for the independent filmmaker. We are currently accepting submissions for the festival. All films will be judged by our in-house panel and the ten short listed films will be screened in **The Mermaid Art Centre** on **Friday 6th June 2014** and the winning short film will be shown on 3e later in the year, top 3 films will receive beautifully hand crafted trophies by Tony Clarke plus vouchers from Film base and Cine-Electric, see application details and entry form at: www.signalartscentre.ie

Master Guitar Class

Guitarists...**DARRAGH ONEILL** will be giving a Master Class/Workshop on all matters of 'finger styles' in Bray during January 2014. 30euro for class, audience 10euros. To book a place phone **0857029441**.

Art & Craft Workshops

Art & Craft Workshops in **Stencilling 35e. Decoupage 35e Block Printing 35e. Felt Making 35e Furniture Painting & Decorative Effects Workshops 90e** (full day) available in Bray. Most classes are half day. To book a place phone **0857029441**.

Lambert Puppet Theatre presents Cinderella

The Lambert Puppet Theatre will be performing on **Sunday the 19th January 2014** in the **Mermaid Arts Centre**. It is now widely recognised as the Premier Touring Puppet Theatre Company in Ireland and also internationally renowned for its many fine productions throughout Ireland, The UK and Europe. Paula Lambert was the 'Bosco' voice on TV for seventeen years and indeed BOSCO is still a firm favourite with the younger children and will make a nostalgic appearance in the opening part of the Show. This production of Cinderella is a beautifully produced show with large puppets, colourful sets and exquisite lighting and is suitable for an age group up to ten years of age.

Tickets are €10.



Yanny Petters



Please see below the painting days and courses I will be offering in January. You can see all the information on the Schoolhouse for Art web site www.schoolhouseforart.com where you can make enquiries and book, or just send me a mail if you've any questions. I will supply materials and tools and each artist will get plenty of individual attention. Most important, it's relaxing and encouraging, all levels are welcome.

Watercolour taster day Exploring Watercolours

Saturday 18th January 11am - 5pm

The session will be informative and fun, ideal for beginners as well as those who want to be inspired by trying something new.

Price €80

Drawing & Painting from Nature in Watercolours

Saturday 25th January 11am - 5pm

Yanny Petters will guide participants through a variety of techniques from Nature Print as practiced by Leonardo Da Vinci to Water Colour techniques used in modern times.

Price €80

Exploring Watercolours

Thursdays 9, 16, 23, 30, January 2 - 5pm

A four week course to explore a variety of water colour techniques coming away with useful tips and new ideas.

Price € 140

Further courses in February

yannypetters@gmail.com

www.yannypetters.net

Submission Guidelines

Editor : Karen Quinn - editor@brayarts.net

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
Copyright remains with the contributors and
the view expressed are those of the contributors and not the editorial board.

News from Bray Arts

From **January 2014** there will be a fee put in place for anyone who would like to advertise there services in the Bray Arts Journal.

For a full page spread, the cost will be €30
half page spread €20
&

For a few lines, the cost will be €10

Bray Arts Night Monday 13th January 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: 01 2864623

Shirley McClure - Writer

Will facilitate members of Bray Active Retirement Association's Creative Writing Group as they read from “**These Things Happen**”, a new collection of memoir, short stories and poems.

Brigid O'Brien - Painter and Graphic Artist

Will share her fascination with the art of drawing as a medium that she really loves and the journey it has taken her along with examples of her paintings from her recent exhibition.

Justin Aylmer - Actor and Writer

Will put on his literary hat and compare the great writings of James Joyce and Nobel Prize winning John Galsworthy bringing their great masterpieces to life for all to enjoy.

Clara Byrne - Jazz singer song-writer

Up and coming Singer from bray Will swing into her own interpretations of some new material and some standards from the great world of Jazz.