
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 10

June 2010

Volume 15



Final Bray Arts Evening of the 2009/2010 Season

Monday 14th June, 8:00 pm Upstairs at the Martello, Strand Road.
Everyone is welcome. Admission €5 / €4 conc.

Apart from the AGM which will form part of the evening the entertainment will be up to its usual high standard.

Mary Coughlan



"Sure, there's no price to be paid for honesty - only for telling lies."
So says Mary Coughlan who will read from her autobiography, 'Bloody Mary : My Story' at the final Bray Arts night of the 2009/2010 season. In a country that has institutionalised deceit, mediocrity, greed and criminality, Mary Coughlan stands out for her magnificent artistry and fearless honesty. Mary's book will be for sale on the night.

Music on the night will be from **Swing Gitane**. Some members of Swing Gitane were at the May Bray Arts Evening and offered to play at our June Arts night. We readily accepted the offer from this renowned group. The name should give you an idea of the music they play.

The AGM will be neatly fitted in around the entertainment. Zan O'Loughlin, the current Chair Person will be stepping down but not leaving the committee. We believe we have at least one very worthy replacement for Zan. That will all be taken care of on the night. This is your opportunity to volunteer some of your time to act as a committee member. The committee meets once a month for 10 months.

The current committee members are Zan O'Loughlin, Cearbhall O'Meadhra, Carmen Cullen, Anne Fitzgerald, Peter Growney, Gerard Thomas, Brigid O'Brien and Dermot McCabe. D. McCabe will be standing down from the committee but continuing as editor of Bray Arts Journal.

Raffle

A raffle will be held on the night. Lots of good prizes as usual.

Bray Arts Summer Show in Mermaid

Monday 14th June is the final Arts Evening of this season. Bray Arts Committee normally take a break for July and August. However, this year the committee decided to reintroduce its **Summer Show**. This is a variety show which will be held in Mermaid Theatre on 18th July. The show will form part of the Bray Festival. There will be dance, drama, comedy, theatre and great music. All the performers have associations with Bray Arts. They include FRANK O'KEEFFE and JUSTIN AYLNER (comic theatre), OLTRE MARA (Dance and Song), INDIVAARA (Exotic Dance), BRAY GOSPEL CHOIR and the CUJO FAMILY. The show will be hosted by THE RACKER DONNELLY and behind the scenes DEREK PULLEN will be ensuring that everything runs smoothly.



The Cujo Family

PRISM

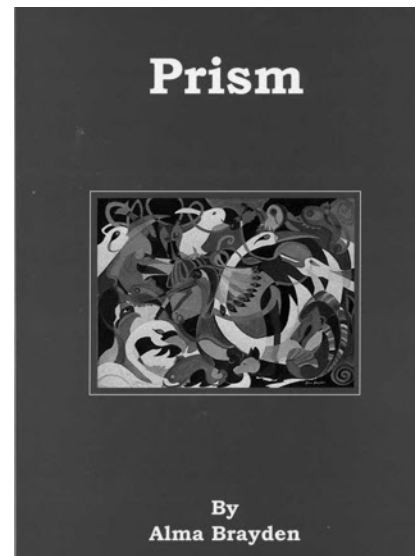
On Wednesday 19th May Alma Brayden's Poetry Collection was by Launched by Billy Hutchinson of Dalkey Writers.

Alma Brayden's poems paint colourful and vibrant word pictures which merge into a rich tapestry of experiences and poetic forms. Wide and varied in theme, this, her debut collection, reflect a depth and power of insight that makes for evocative and memorable collection.

Alma Brayden is a well-known Dublin poet and artist. She is a member of Dalkey Writers' Workshop and has been published in many anthologies and magazines. She has read her poetry on Abraxas Writers' CD and DVD, and broadcast on East Coast Radio and Lyric FM. She is still a member of Abraxas Writers.

Alma has also read her work at Bray Arts and we will be inviting her at the earliest possible occasion to visit us once again.

Prism is a Seven Towers publication



SUMMER

It is impossible not to feel the burgeoning life in the woods and the hills, on the river and by the sea. Inside there is a strange elemental joy that conjures up the timeless words of Mathew Arnold's poem *The Scholar Gypsy*:

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill;
Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,
Nor the cropped herbage shoot another head.
But when the fields are still,
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green.
Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest!

Here, where the reaper was at work of late--
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use--
Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn--
All the live murmur of a summer's day.



Review of the May Bray Arts Evening

by Cearbhall O'Meadhra

In the midst of the chaos of volcanic eruptions and looming economic ruin in the outside world, The May meeting provided an evening of tranquility and boisterous humour.



Aoife Fitzgerald

Aoife Fitzgerald, painter, opened the event with a presentation of her latest work which was about to be shown in SIGNAL ARTS in the days following.

Choosing cityscapes as her theme, Aoife described how she explores the colour and light of the subject in search of its underlying poetry and history. She is interested in the energy underneath the subject of her painting and is not so concerned



A Cityscape

with the look or how the subject is posed. Rising to this challenge, she finds the "liveness" of human beings and tries to express this quality in her work.

Padruig MacFarlane-Barrow, photographer, painter and musician, launched his presentation with a nautical tune played quietly and simply on the mouth organ to the air of "Up She Rises!". Focusing on the nostalgia of his childhood experiences with boats in Loch Eil in the Scottish Lowlands, Padruig displayed a rich tapestry of photographs and paintings of boats, scenes, people and mysteries. Padruig told of his father's fascination with boats.



Padruig MacFarlane-Barrow

Showing a photograph of his father's boat, the "Good Cheer", moored in the Bay of the Strangers, Padruig recounted stories of the many years spent on this and other boats in the area including being hoisted up the mast to the sound of "Up She Rises" played on the accordion.

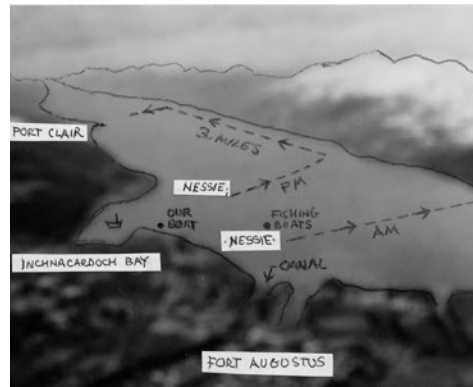


Scenes from an idyllic childhood

The "Oighreag" was a vessel of 25 feet that was not very seaworthy and so was beached ashore to be used for storage and lodging for guests. It served as a handy chapel for a number of priests who conveniently came to stay.

Like all children at the age of 9, Padruig and his sister

explored the rich Scottish landscape and even tackled Ben Nevis despite the inclement weather, reciting an old saying: "They climbed the Ben to see the view they viewed the mist they missed the view". Nothing daunted they made it to the top and had the photograph to prove it!



Record of Padruig's sighting of the Loch Ness Monster.

There were plenty of examples of the mysteries and dark secrets of the area extended through the multitude of inland and coastal waterways. Padruig made a convincing case for the existence of the Loch Ness monster, proving its veracity by means of his own camera and that of his predecessors with images of the actual monster and convincing evidence of its nearness.

Taking his mouth organ to lighten the mood, Padruig rounded off his intriguing story with the Irish tune "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms" to rousing applause from an admiring audience.

After the interval, **Anne Lillis**, in the character of "**Rose Lawless**", shattered the tranquil mood with her bright, sharp-tongued and witty cabaret performance. She declared herself to be "kind of a rich girl gone wrong!" With cries of "vivre la liberte", unaccompanied she sang an irreverent song about going to the temple followed by some derisive remarks about living.



Rose Lawless seducing the Bray Arts audience

Moustaches were next but definitely no beards! With a declaration of her adoration of men "with moustaches" which she offered as a "song for all the men I ever loved in my life".

After giving other derogatory remarks about her first boyfriends she declaimed that she would do "less philosophising and a bit more sinning"!

Next came a rip-roaring cant of Rose's love song for someone called "Dan" whose identity was never revealed but constantly queried.

Rose's feeling about the "love moment" was confessed to be an "excuse for one-night stands". Refrains such as: "just do what you've got to do" and "I took you to a speakeasy where you hardly spoke", had the audience rolling in the aisles with laughter and brought the show tumbling to a rousing end.

Carol

by Pauline Fayne

You haven't left us.
A woman in the 'God help us' shop
Wears your turquoise stones,
A stranger on the bus has your knowing eyes
The caller to a radio chat show
Has your dirty laugh.

You taught me
To listen for the whisper
Of an owl's wing at midnight,
The mannerly way
To salute the fairies
And the antibiotic properties of rum.

You are with me still
As I sprinkle your sayings
Into conversations and poems
(‘Soon and very soon indeed’) –
God in a bottle girl
We miss you.

The Poem That Got Lost

by Oliver Marshall

Some poems
Never get written
At All.

They fall
From the mind
Like leaves from a tree.

They die in their own fragility.
So the verb that strikes us
As exactly right, or the noun

We think we can apply like brown
Paint to a wall,
Break up on close examination.

We are left with little consolation.
It is like saying goodbye
To someone we never knew.

In the meantime, a new
Poem keeps on trying
To be born. It takes patience

To unravel its essence
The words. The rhyme.
Each brightly-polished sentence

Coming into view,
Like a friend coming back again,
A friend we always knew.

Stamp

by Oliver Marshall

Suddenly, like that,
Waiting for evening to come on,
My hand fumbles on the wooden chest

Beside my bed. A stamp,
Torn from an envelope,
because it showed no sign

Of postmark, thinking
How I might use it again.
The kitchen at home,

Where you placed stamps
In a saucer of water,
To remove them from the envelope.

My father watching in amusement.
The stamp-album where you put
Them carefully, on pages

Under the name of countries.
The letters I wrote to you,
From different places.

The year in the language school,
I bought stamps in a tobacconist's
Un francobollo per l'Iranda.

Ireland was a small map
In the sea, a chameleon
That as yet had not changed

Its colours. My postcards
Travelled in mail-bags
Through the night,

Like pigeons coming home
From a match. They fell
Through the letter-box
On the mat inside the front door.

Having a nice time.
Weather warm.
Greetings from Italy

The Heart Holds Memories Older Than The Minds's

by Mervyn Peake

When beauty rides into the hollow heart
It is as something that comes home again
As though for anchorage; or like a reckless
Prodigal returning to his father
Up dappled aisles of immemorial cedars.

When a great beauty silences the heart
And holds it spellbound, it is recognition
Of something half remembered, long before
Atlantis was, when love was the wild fruit
We fed upon in golden climes forgotten.

TRAINING WHEELS

By Stanley Regal

Edward was in lust with the blond woman from the third floor, even though he didn't know her name. It was love at first sight. They entered the elevator together. She got off on the third floor, he went up to the fifth.

Every day since then, he spent his lunch hour in the park across from his office. It was an oasis in the centre of the city. The duck pond was his favourite spot. He would walk around the path that circled the pond used by walkers, cyclists and joggers.

He sat on the bench and watched as the blond girl walked to the edge of the pond and carefully put her jacket on the ground. She sat daintily and quickly ate her lunch. About ten minutes before the end of the lunch hour she took out her mobile phone and made a call.

On Tuesday he was sitting watching the blond. He spotted a woman riding a child's bicycle with training wheels. The woman's feet touched the ground without her getting off the seat. She stopped to take a drink of water from her water bottle. She finished drinking and turned towards him. She stared at him and waved, gently at first then wildly. He ignored her. Then the woman rode off.

Next the girl was parking her bike next to his bench. He thought that she was attractive with long red hair. She passed in front of him and sat on the ground, then stood up so that her head was equal to his height. She gazed at him for a time, especially noticing his tie. Then she stared at where he was looking. He was annoyed that she was invading his space and his special time with the blond girl.

She nodded, "Ah, the blond bimbo."

"What," he yelled?

"It's that woman you're staring at, the blond bimbo. I saw you drooling at her from the other side of the pond."

"She is not a bimbo." He lowered his volume, but he was still annoyed at her.

"You've talked to her then. You know she's a rocket scientist."

He shook his head.

"Has she got a PhD then, in something difficult and brainy like astrophysics."

Edward sighed. "I don't know exactly what she does, but she works in my office building, third floor."

The red haired woman stared at the blond for a long time. "She looks like a bimbo. I'm called Jane. In case you're interested."

He shook his head but she didn't know if he meant that he wasn't interested in her or that he was disagreeing that the blond was a bimbo. She's not," he finally said.

She tilted her head to one side. "She has all the classic bimbo signs, she has blond hair, from a bottle I'd guess, she wears tight clothes, she isn't reading any of the classics and..."

He was about to comment, but she spoke again. "Do you even know her

name?"

Edward said nothing not wanting to admit that he didn't know.

She kept staring at the blond and offered him her hand?

He got a bit snippy. "And are you a rocket scientist or have a PhD in astrophysics

She stared at him for a few seconds then glanced down at her watch, which was pinned to her jeans. It was worn upside with the 12 closer to her feet. "I'm your guardian angel Edward."

Up till that moment he thought she was just some kind of nut, but when she mentioned his name, and he knew he didn't tell her what it was he was a bit shaken.

She saw the look of fear flash on his face. For a second he thought she might be telling the truth. Then she started to laugh. She pointed to his tie. It was a design of a quadruple mirror image of his name. He blushed. "It was a birthday gift from my mother. She said no one would figure out what it meant."

"I did," she shrugged, "but then I'm your guardian angel."

He looked at her, then at her bike.

"Okay, so I'm only a trainee angel, hence the training wheels."

She saw him smile. "What? Do you think angels come fully trained? It takes years of hard training to become one."

"And I suppose you get a certificate or a diploma when you finish your training."

She stared at him but said nothing.

"Wings maybe, if I get good enough grades. But only other angels could see them. Ordinary humans can't. It's so we can walk around the general population without attracting any attention. It's easier to do good work if we look like ordinary humans."

His grin was getting bigger. He reached over and rang the bell on her bike, then looked at her back. She didn't quite understand what it was supposed to mean.

He laughed. "It isn't true then. That every time a bell ring, an angel gets his wings."

She stared straight at him. "I've seen that film too and the line is: 'Every time you hear a bell ring, it means that some angel's just got his wings.' But that doesn't mean me."

With that comment she got on her bike and rode off. Edward went back to staring at the blond and was horrified as Jane rode her bike up to her. They chatted for a few second then the blond turned and stared at Edward. Jane waved. The blond stood and walked back to work.

Edward was furious. He got off the bench and strode straight towards Jane. He felt his anger growing as he neared her. She stood there with her hands on her hips waiting for him.

"Her name is Viridiana," Jane said before he could say anything.

Edward stared at Jane for a second.

She shrugged. "I didn't believe it either but she does have green eyes. We're all meeting up for a drink after work, the pub on the corner. At six." She smiled. "I'll have you two together before the end of happy hour." Then she cycled off.

He was a bit hesitant at meeting her especially if Jane was going to be there with them. He wasn't sure exactly what she would say to her.

Jane waved as Edward entered the pub. She handed him a pint of Guinness and guided him to a table. Viridiana was already there. Jane introduced him. "It's amazing that you two work in the same building and have never met."

Her laugh sounded like a horse. She downed her pint and stood. "Going for a slash as the men say, my shout next? Pints all around?"

"I'm on white wine," Jane said. "Can't stand the taste of stout."

"I'm still on this and tomorrow's a big work day."

She slapped him on the shoulder. "So what? A bird never flew on one wing." She burped and walked off to the loo.

"What do you think," Jane asked?

He took a sip of his pint. "I'm trying not to."

"The bird with the brightest plumage doesn't always have the sweetest song."

Viridiana returned to the table with a pint in each hand and a pub sized bottle of wine under her arm. Edward drank his pint as quickly as he could and stood. "I've got to be off."

"Hope to see you 'round the campus," Viridiana said.

Edward half ran half walked off before either could say anything else. He stayed away from the park for the rest of the week. The following Monday was a lovely warm sunny day. He went to the park but walked around the circling path. He noticed that the blond bimbo as he now also referred to her, was not around the park. He sat on his normal bench and watched the people wandering around during their lunch hour. He saw Jane riding her bicycle on the other side, though this time she was riding without her training wheels. She rode up, parked her bike and sat next to him. They both sat in silence for a bit. Finally he said. "I see you've got rid of your training wheels."

She nodded.

"Does that mean that you'll be getting your wings soon?"

She shook her head. "I'm afraid I'm a failure as an angel?"

"Oh?"

"I failed to get you and...what's her name together."

"So what happens next?"

"I have to spend more time on earth, with humans...to get more life experience."

He nodded but said nothing.

When she spoke again it was just above a whisper. "Shall we meet up again...the corner pub, at six."

He stared at her. "You weren't a trainee angel, were you?"

She smiled. "Of course I was, am. And now I have a last name. Now I'm Jane Tevlin, and if it wasn't for me you'd still be lusting after that blond bimbo, wouldn't you." She looked around. "Where is she anyway?"

He shrugged. "Haven't seen her since that day." He smiled. "Maybe she was my guardian angel."

Jane laughed.

"Can we make it half six," he said?

THE END

An Alien in Japan

On 13th April Pauline McLynn launched **Angela Cook's *An Alien in Japan*** in The Gutter Bookshop. There was a great gathering of friends, acquaintances and admirer's of Angela.

Angela is a member of the Bray based Abraxas Writers. Her book is a memoir of her time in Japan.

"To her children's alarm, armed with little more than expectation, fifty-something Angela takes off for Japan on a 'last' adventure, determined to master a fiendishly difficult language whilst living with a variety of Japanese host families in that beguiling and mysterious country.

This is the very personal story of someone who takes life by the horns - an absorbing, moving account of one woman's quest for self realisation."

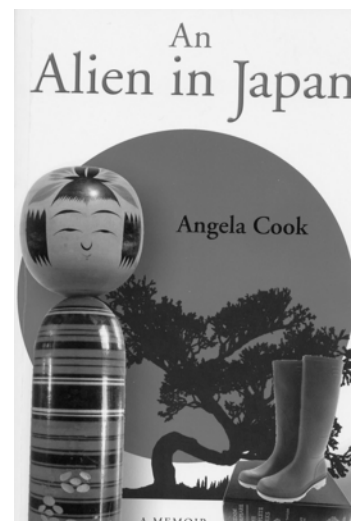
On Monday 2nd April 2007, Angela read a short story called ***Jacob's Party*** at Bray Arts. Her performance that evening is memorable as the review in the following issue of Bray Arts Journal records;

"Angela Cook read her own short story ***Jacob's Party***. I would be prepared to bet that anyone who heard Angela's performance will not forget the experience for a very long time. When Angela finished reading, there was complete silence as if every single person was holding his/her breath not wishing to break the spell."

We will be inviting Angela to Bray Arts in our new 2010/2011 season starting next September. Hopefully she has not departed on another adventure and will grace us with her presence.

An Alien in Japan is available in all good bookshops and for more information you can go to

www.ashfieldpress.ie



Signal Arts Centre June Exhibitions

Glow

Exhibition of Paintings by Carole Cullen

From Wednesday 9th June to Sunday 20th June 2010

Carole's work in the past has portrayed the landscapes, roads, ancient monuments, beaches and cottages of mainly the Beara Peninsula.



Working in oils, Carole favours the large format canvas and derives the greatest pleasure in using plenty and plenty of paint. Her teachers have included two influential painters namely Henry Healy and Brian Maguire.

This show entitled 'Glow' is a departure from her landscapes. There are two sections, one depicting fireplaces and armchairs and sometimes a glowing fire. The other section

is portraits of children, their faces glowing with health and outdoor activity. The portraits of the children were the result of admiring the rosy-cheeked light-radiating Renoir portraits, seen on a recent visit to the Musee d'Orsay, Paris. The idea behind the sometimes glowing fires is to depict the curves of period fireplaces and armchairs high-lit by the flickering fingers of the flames. Hopefully in the heat of June, the glow from these paintings will not be too hot to handle.

Opening Reception: Sunday 13th June 3 p.m. – 5 p.m.

The Art of Fashion

Exhibition of Fashion Designs by Bébhinn Flood

From Tuesday 22nd June to Sunday 4th July 2010

Bébhinn graduated from the Limerick Institute of Technology with a BA (Hons) in Fashion Design in 2004. After qualifying, Bébhinn gained experience of couture fashion, working with noted designers such as John Rocha, Joanne Hayes and Carol Smith. Subsequent to that Bébhinn worked in the mass market side of the trade as a designer at Max Pierre. While there she gained greater exposure to the industrial aspect of fashion and was involved in designing garments, selection of fabrics, travelling abroad to purchase fabrics and maintaining strict levels of in-house quality control.

With this first-hand experience of the fashion industry, Bébhinn was inspired to strike out on her own and established her own label (B Fashion Design) in 2007. She primarily uses the Loft Market in the Powerscourt Townhouse Centre in Dublin to showcase her work. You can purchase garments off the rail or commission a special one-off piece designed to your own specifications. All of Bébhinn's pieces are exclusively designed and limited in number. Her designs have featured in various magazines and newspapers and on television for Exposé and The Afternoon Show.



Her work could be best described as modern vintage chic, integrating classic craft techniques with modern fabrics to create unique modern pieces that are fun, wearable, practical, quirky and unique yet still graceful, elegant and definitively feminine.

Through running her own label Bébhinn saw the correlation between creating one-off couture fashion pieces and other artistic forms such

as painting, sculpture etc. This exhibition aims to explore the notion of fashion as an art form. It displays how fashion is in many cases a highly skilled art form, by showing classic craft techniques with a new fashion twist in a beautiful, sophisticated and timeless way. The show incorporates unique handmade beaded garments, textural wall pieces and knitted works with display mannequins placed looking at the pieces but wearing garments inspired by them.

Opening Reception: Friday 25th June 7 p.m. – 9 p.m.

Other ART News

Yanny Petters has launched her new website .

www.yannypetters.net



Beginnings

Local artist **Roisin O'Farrell** will be packing up her paintings and making the trip from Wicklow to Kerry for her first major solo exhibition.

The show entitled "**Beginnings**" will open on Valencia Island Co. Kerry on June 20th for one week before being shipped by ferry to the mainland to the Killarney Art Gallery in Killarney where it will open June 27th for a further week.

Róisín's show entitled "Beginnings" offers a selection of bright vibrant paintings, fresh contemporary still lifes and colourful interiors. They are the kind paintings that stop, both the arty and the ordinary person alike, in their tracks.

A native of Bray, Roisin was in her own words "steeped in art" from an early age, coming as she does from a family of talented and successful artists. She is also a daily painter, a growing international movement of artists who paint every day and blog their work.



Róisín paints in oil, using a strong palette and mainly synthetic brushes with a bright finish that give her work it's distinctly vibrant brushwork.

Her style is both contemporary and painterly. She posts her daily paintings on her blog at

www.roisinofarrell.com

which has built up a substantial following and her larger work is exhibited at the Killarney Art Gallery in Co. Kerry.



Front Cover :
Painting by
Carole Cullen

Carole's solo exhibition is currently showing in the Signal Arts.
See page 7 for details.

Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : editor@brayarts.net
Creative Writing Editor : Anne Fitzgerald :
annefitz3@gmail.com

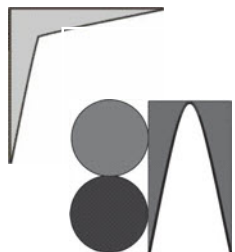
Email submissions to the above or post typed submissions to :

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Bray Arts Evening Monday 14th June 2010

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

Mary Coughlan : Reading from her Autobiography *Bloody Mary : My Story*

Swing Gitane : All the way from United States of America.

AGM and Raffle

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