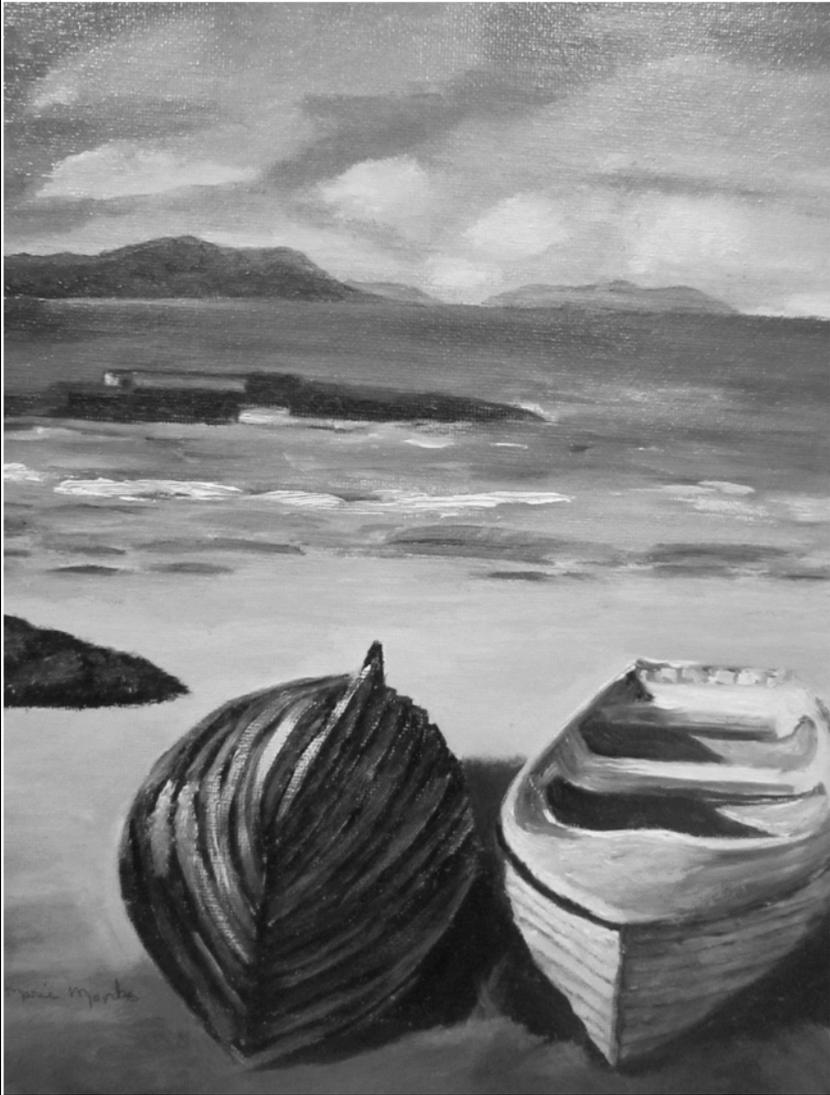

Bray Arts Journal

Issue 7/8

March/April 2014

Volume 19



FREE

REVIEW

Bray Arts Show

Mon February 3rd, 2014

February's Bray Arts Show promised music, drama and dance. It delivered something slightly different. Sadly, Bray Arts Drama were stricken by a cast withdrawal through illness and the performance of *Just Passing* was postponed. Troupe members, Martin Davidson and Derek Pullen did appear in different guises and, once more, enthusiastic artists filled the gaps on stage. So we got storytelling, poetry, film as well as the promised music and dance. Everything was alright on the night, indeed, more than alright.

A writer and broadcaster she may be, but what **Catherine Brophy** brought to the Bray Arts stage was the art of the storyteller. It's in the breeding, or the blood, apparently. Brophy comes from a large family of storytellers in Dublin, just the sort of background to nurture that hardy flower of narrative humour for which the Fair City is renowned.



Catherine Brophy

Dipping into the rich vein provided by the heady mix of Catholicism and gynecology,



Front Cover

"Boats"

By Marie Monks (Bray Artist Circle)

See page 13

Catherine spun her first yarn about unlocking the sweet mystery of life. Religion still loomed large in her next account of the terrors of the confessional. All in the best possible taste, of course; sort of. The good humour was maintained in more structured vein with a reading from her latest novel, *Burning Bright*. This only went back to the days of the Celtic Tiger. Still, seems like a bygone age. At least we can laugh about it now.

She's written film, T.V. and radio scripts and short stories. Her previous novels are *The Liberation of Margaret Mc Cabe* and *Dark Paradise*. She lives a blameless life in Ireland but travels whenever she can. She's been rescued by a circus troupe in Serbia, had breakfast with a Zambian chief, ate camel stew in the Sahara, and was kicked by a horse on the Mexican plain. Watch out for her story "**THE DAUGHTERS OF LEININ**" in the **May Bray Arts Journal**.

I reckon solo dance is probably the most daunting form to attempt on our Monday night. The performer is acutely exposed, minutely observed, and armed with only movement by way of explaining their excellence. Charline Vidal was together, all alone, and fired up to boldly go where few have gone before. She draws inspiration from the work of Merce Cunningham, evolving a choreography that eschews meaning in favour of movement for its own sake. Performed to the music of John Cage; a collage of contrasting sound segments including piano, pipes and heartbeat rhythms were the backdrop



Charline Vidal

to Charline's body poetry. It was fascinating but, being something of a cold call, difficult. I really didn't get to grips with it, largely due to its brief slot. I could have done with more, but that's not a bad thing.

A refugee from the abandoned theatre slot, Martin Davidson weaved a vivid



Martin Davidson

enough drama with the silken words of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The Sicilian's Tale is pure, narrative poetry at its best, drawing the audience under a spell



Brigid O'Brien

of words, their music and meaning. King Robert of Sicily was the main protagonist, marooned in a nightmare world where he, the great king, has been transformed into the court fool, his throne usurped by an angel. Martin could have held the world in his palm,

quietly evoking a bygone era while delivering a timeless moral. Great stuff.

Bray is such a great film town that it's a pity we can't have more of it on the Arts

stage. When we do it's a guaranteed treat. Brigid O'Brien introduced this piece, featuring her late, great love Niall, alongside another Niall - Toibin that is. Brigid credited Dermot Tracy with the original shaggy dog story - or is it shaggy fish? - given full cinematic treatment in *Teeth*. Shot in dramatic black and white in the Vikingless



Bray Swing Band

upper lake at Glendalough, it was good to see our Niall again, smiling for the most part, though any more comments would merit a spoiler alert. It was a hoot!

The second half was devoted to the very fine sound of the Bray Swing Band. This twelve piece set fingers snapping and toes tapping as it took us on a time warp back to the jazz era. Here was the music of the 1930s and 40s, evoking Art Deco streetscapes, silver screen lovers and oodles of style.

All this and Derek Pullen too! Cole Porter, George Gershwin and Glen Miller featured strongly, songs for swaying bodies and swirling cigarette smoke. We at least got the former, as that scandalous group of gyrating women, the Brayettes, stormed the stage once more, turning the volume for the night up to eleven. The String of Pearls was jangling and the Bugle Boy of Company B was boogying, everywhere padded shoulders were moving in unison - or so it seemed.

PREVIEW

Bray Arts Night

Monday March 3rd 2014

Martello Hotel, Bray

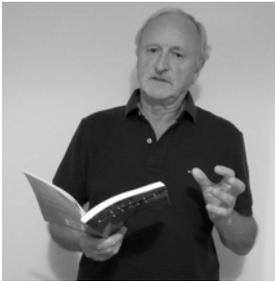
Everyone Welcome: Adm. €5 /€4
conc.

Ceoltus - Youth Irish Music

Comhaltas in Bray caters for over 240 members learning traditional music, song and dance each week in Coláiste Ráithín, Florence Road Bray. The branch provides expert tuition in a variety of traditional instruments from beginner to advanced level and also encourages musicians to perform in groups and participate in Fleadh competitions at local County and National level, as a result a renewed interest and awareness about traditional music song and dance has been fostered in the area. We are performing in concert in **The Mermaid Theatre on Sunday 16th March** as part of the St Patrick's Festival in Bray.

Phil Lynch - Poet

Phil Lynch lives in Dublin. Recent publications in which his work has appeared include: Revival Literary Journal, Bare Hands Anthology, The Poetry Bus, Circle Time, Census 3, Outburst, Boyne Berries Series, Word-legs and Words & Whatnot. His work has



also been featured on national and local radio in Ireland, most recently on RTE's Arena Programme. He is a regular reader/performer at spoken word events in Ireland and has also performed his work in Belgium, Paris and New York. Phil is a member of the Dalkey Writers' Workshop and participates in the Dublin Writers' Forum. He is currently working towards a first collection.

Sofia Arteaga - Singer

My Name is Sofia Arteaga, I am a French-Uruguayan residing in Shankill for nearly 10 years, I've been a singer of Latin American Repertoire for 20 years, been a facilitator for children's musical activities for 9, and am currently studying Music Production in BIFE, St Tomas.



For the last year or so, I have felt the need of singing without lyrics, I want to work with vocal sounds. I will show for Bray Arts 2 prepared pieces, with samples of my vocals that I will trigger with a MIDI keyboard to build up the songs. And I will attempt to improvise one, with sounds suggested by the audience, a bit like when we ask children to give us words to create a story.

Birds - Band

BIRDS are a three manned, calypso driven, melody drenched, fuzzy based band

from the seaside resort of Kilcoole, County Wicklow. Taking a holistic approach to their music aiming to nurture



the listener spiritually and emotionally. With biting riffs and curvaceous liquid baselines that crystallize into staccato off-beat stabs that flirt with the intricate drumming. Hiding among ever-changing instrumental sections are vocals that share their intent between two voices that finish the colourful sonic picture that is BIRDS.

PREVIEW

Bray Arts Night

Monday April 7th 2014

Martello Hotel, Bray

Everyone Welcome: Adm. €5 /€4

conc.

Square One - Theatre Group

Square One presents PVT Wars a One-Act Play by James McLure.

By arrangement with Dramatists Play Service Inc., And directed by Rosary Morley McPhillips. The play is set on the outside terrace of a US Army Hospital where three recuperating Vietnam War veterans while away their time.

Cast:

Gately.....Keith Cooper

Silvio..... David Butler

Natwick..... Denis Dwyer

Voices..... Martin Davidson / Roy Beatty

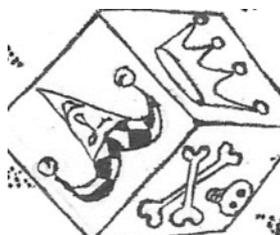
Stage Crew..... Pat Dunne / Fergal Holmes / Roy Beatty / Gerry Gill

Master Giselbertus - Dungeons and Dragons!

From the humble peasants , a hero will arise this night .Dungeon Master Giselbertus has delved deep in the arcane tomes to weave a world of magic and surprise .But once the hero steps in ,what happens in that world will depend on him , her , or maybe you !Fasten your seatbelt and prepare to be wonder-shook as the hero's cunning , resourcefulness and imagination, plus the rumble of the dice , take the story where no story has gone before .

Giselbertus tel. 01 -2854438

Plays D&D Regularly in Bray, and would welcome any new players. No experience needed



Pattanga - Musician

Pattanga is the instrumental creation of Trevor Ledwidge with influences from



Rock, Acoustic, Roots, Flamenco, Jazz, Blues and Dance. With a combination of all technical playing styles from Andy McKee to Tommy Emmanuel, Pattanga is a cacophony of

sound resonating from a single guitar. Transient Trial eases you in like a psychedelic trip and takes you off on the journey of Pattanga and then Death on the Wind brings you crashing back to earth like the mythical Icarus.

If you wish to hear any of his music, you can do so here: <https://soundcloud.com/pattanga>

BIFE Festival March 2014

Bray Institute of Further Education is delighted to announce its inaugural Arts Festival to take place throughout March 2014. BIFE has long been a centre for excellence in learning, particularly in the area of the Arts. Each year, BIFE presents a series of events which showcase the hard work, dedication and success of our staff and students. This year, we have decided to present each of these events as part of an overall Arts Festival.

The festival kicks off with a special Gala performance of Jane Eyre in Bray's Mermaid Theatre on March 4th and continues with our Dance students performing their

graduate show 'Escape to Dance' on March 20th and 21st. BIFE's TV & Film students will present their graduate showcase 'Shortcuts' on March 26th.



In addition to these events, BIFE will host a number of national seminars exploring employment and progression opportunities in the areas of TV & Film Production, Acting, Dance, Game Design and Music Production. For these seminars, we invite leading industry professionals in each field to come along and discuss current opportunities in their industries. These seminars will also have interactive components, giving visitors the chance to sample their chosen craft.

BIFE's Music Department will close the festival with their Feis event which takes place on March 30th in BIFE. Our own Radio BIFE - Notch FM will be broadcasting from March 3rd to 7th on 97.3FM. For further details check out <http://www.bife.ie/p/home>

HIDDEN TREASURE

By Phil Lynch

Everywhere I look
there are treasures
some left, some lost.
I see them in places
where others see
only useless things
if they see
anything at all.



KAY

By Gavin McCabe

Kay, eighty three years old now, is propped up in front of me on three pillows, her eyes harbouring that luminous, inner calm that comes with heavy sedation. We look at each other, at least, I look at her but she fails to recognise me. I want to say *you look wonderful Kay, you are wonderful* but I'm too conscious of things around me, of life perhaps.

'It's Gavin' I say, quietly, playing with my buttons, fastening, unfastening. 'How are you?'

It feels strange asking her how she is. She had always been 'grand'. She had always been my godmother. She pressed copper coins into my palm and closed my fingers tightly around them, she remedied my childish greed with bottles of cheap fizzy orange, dressed me in strange doctored coats from the second hand stores, and often, we played cards together, snap or old maid, on the floor of her pokey pink bedroom. I remember these things. Sitting, I fold my denim jacket across my knees, remembering.

Kay has thick, white woollen socks pulled up over wine tracksuit bottoms. She is balding. Her face has shrunk. I could take her entire head in my fist. Her unruffled silence does not bother me so much as I know she is somewhere else now, in her mind or out of it. This tiny body has been abandoned. There is truly nobody home.

Time passes. Her mouth opens, bites at air, clicks and closes as if it is mechanised or doesn't belong to her. She half-smiles, sort of. Someone has come to see *her*. To our left there is a window, a sad, pink geranium on the sill. Light swells, recedes and pans out, filling half the room. We sit in perfect daylight, godmother on couch, godson on stool. There are seventy years between us and we wait as the minutes of both our lives flutter past.

Why have I come? Why now? She will die soon. I want to see her before they put her in the ground like her sister. This seems valid. But why should I need a reason? I am here. That is enough. People must be there for other people. That's what we do.

She sits with her knees pressed together, slightly angled to one side, as if she is wearing a skirt. I begin to wonder if limbs hold memories long after the mind has forgotten. Her mind was always sharp. She preserved life in her thoughts. Once she told me a story about the Black and Tans.

It was a summer's day, lovely and warm with a breeze. They came in the afternoon and dragged him out onto the front lawn, three of them, mean sorts, she said. One struck him from behind with the butt of a rifle and he fell awkwardly onto his elbows. They stood around laughing, passing a cigarette carton, vindictively relaxed. He owned a garden centre, loved to grow things. It was a mistake. One of them kicked him full and hard in the stomach and he didn't know what to do, where to crawl, what to think. He was squeaking like a rubber duck she said and his hair, his long, straight black fringe clung to his forehead in dark strands as he lay on the grass, terrified among the daisies and dandelions. She observed from the front garden of her family home, unable to move. They kept beating him until his shirt turned red all down the front and he fainted.

One of the nurses comes in. I know her well, perhaps too well. We wrestled once in a strange bed after a party in Ranelagh.

'Hi' she says, pausing, a little flushed. I shift about a bit.

'How's it going?' I say. She looks at Kay and then back at me.

'Grand, grand' she says.

I suddenly feel proud. My godmother and the nurse have some history, a chat or two, or perhaps just a few silent moments when both felt empathy towards the other. I'm not sure how I know this. Sometimes I just sense things.

'Kay's my godmother' I say. She passes between myself and Kay and I breathe her in. The same aroma.

‘You’re joking’ she says. Kay’s eyes remain impassive, looking into a space that is uniquely her own.

‘No’ I say.

‘Wow. That’s funny’ she says.

I nod, sheltering my eyes with my left hand. I feel like I want to be alone with Kay again so I clear my throat and shoot a look towards the window. I may never come back here.

‘She was very beautiful when she was young’ the nurse says. For some reason I’m taken by the way she says beautiful. She makes the word emerge and sort of sparkle. I see what she means, rather than simply understand. She doesn’t really need to elaborate but I want her to. She looks to Kay.

‘Remember the photo’s you showed me Kay?’ No answer.

‘You were lying in the grass reading a book. Your hair was down remember’

Kay looks at me and then the nurse. Her chin quivers uncontrollably with age and I think, this is what happens, every tie is severed and all you do is observe yourself dying. Does she remember anything at all? What use would these memories be to her? She sees the two of us mooning over her, our mild young faces contorted into shapes of sympathy, driving home the one terrible fact that she, Kay Dodd, has had her share and soon must give in.

Every time I turn my back on something, I am leaving it behind me; a cigarette tossed into the evening before I enter the house or my mother, in her dressing gown, sitting at the kitchen table, alert with a mug of tea in her hands ‘see you later. Take care’. I turn, walk. The morning takes me. I transcend all stillness on the dual carriageway, my motor bike roaring into motion, devouring space.

GUERNICA

By Phil Lynch

With the pounding Atlantic
still sounding in my ears
I sit and listen to the local sounds
and hear waves of children's playground voices.
From an open-air café, the constant crackle
of their mothers' conversations
ebbs and flows like interference
between competing foreign stations
on an old transistor radio.
In the background, sharp and urgent whistle blasts
as the red-bereted policeman clears the way
for the rush of a local cycle race.

To my regret I understand nothing
of these spoken sounds
except the odd quick burst snatched from
occasional passing French tourists.
But whatever the dialects
such sidewalk scenes have a
universal language of their own,
local gossip

last night's television
schools reopening soon
the price of clothes and books
the choice of subjects.....

It was probably much the same
the day the other noise came
unheralded by any warning whistle
business as usual
streets uncleared
children and mothers and fathers alike
barefooted, bareheaded and unprepared
an instant and innocent sacrifice;
in striving for life
they paid an unearthly price.
The shock, like the cries
in the silent after-noise,
has long subsided
but it has and it will
happen again.

SIGNAL ARTS CENTRE

'The Way We Art'

Bray Artists' Circle

**Tuesday 4th March – Sunday 16th
March 2014**

Just as an author uses a full stop to catch a thought, likewise a painting can represent the end of a mysterious and unique personal journey taken by the artist. It is of a time, a place, an experience, a memory. This can be a private process for some, but the sense of being able to share the journey is what has brought members of the Bray Artists' Circle together every week since 2003. Each pursues their own style, technique, medium and subject matter in a very relaxed and friendly atmosphere, sharing with friends the progress they have made over the week.



The group of thirty plus members vary in age, experience and skill, but the enjoyment and learning within the group brings the members back again and again. Many have showcased and sold their work, but that is not the motivation. Sharing time and ideas is what generates the enthusiasm of the novice and professional artist members alike.

Ever innovative and eager to learn, the group holds two workshops per year which are run by guest artists! This is a very important part of the Bray Artists' Circle agenda as it enables the members to work alongside professional artists.



They see not just the special techniques used but more importantly they get an insight into the philosophy that underpins the work of the guest tutor. Having the opportunity to exhibit in Signal has presented another target for the group. Knowing that the public will have the opportunity to view and discuss their work will challenge the members to define where their art comes from and what it represents about who they are.

Another part of the artist's journey!

Bray Artists' Circle meet in St. Cronan's B.N.S., on the Vevay Road every Monday night from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.



The Exhibition will be officially opened
by Patrisha O Farrell

Opening Reception: Friday 7th March
from 7-9pm

'B.A.R.A 5'

An Exhibition by

Bray Active Retirement Association

**Wednesday 19th March - Sunday 30th
March 2013**

Signal Arts Centre is delighted to host an exhibition of paintings by the Bray Active Retirement Association (BARA). The association was founded in 1988 and provides a wide range of activities for its members. One of its most popular activities, are weekly art classes which are geared to develop each individuals particular interests along with the artistic skills to express them.



BARA artists have achieved national recognition over the years, as exemplified by Annette Reddan (prize-winner) and Patricia Fallon (special commendation) who both exhibited in the Golden Years Exhibition in Waterford in November.

The current exhibition in Signal provides the artists with an opportunity to showcase their work to the local community and is another step in their artistic development.



BARA 5 will be officially opened by well-known local artist Peter Growney.

Opening Reception:

Friday 21st March, 7-9pm



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Bray Arts Night Monday 3rd March

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

Comhaltas Ceoltóirí - Youth

A selection of talented young musicians from Comhaltas Bray with solo, duet and group renderings of the richness and beauty of the best of Irish music.

Phil Lynch - writer and poet

Reader/performer at spoken word events in Ireland and abroad, will read a selection of his recent creative work published in many literary journals in Ireland and featured on local and national radio.

Sofia Arteaga French - Uruguayan singer

In an unusual experience singing without lyrics in a creative improvisation of vocal sounds triggered by midi keyboard and audience suggestion.

The Birds - three-piece band

In a calypso driven, melody drenched, fuzzy based flirtation with intricate drumming and curvaceous bass lines that crystallize into an amazing experience.

Bray Arts Night Monday 7th April

PVT Wars - A One-Act Play by James McLure

Square One Theatre Group in a lively comedy set on the terrace of a US Army Hospital where three recuperating Vietnam War veterans while away their time.

Master Giselbertus - Dungeons and Dragons

Delves deep in the arcane tomes to weave a story of magic and surprise as he invites all to live dangerously in a mythical world where what happens will depend on him, her, or maybe you!

Pattanga - Trev Ledwidge

An instrumental creation with influences from Rock, Acoustic, Roots, Flamenco, Jazz, Blues and Dance resonating from a single guitar.