
Bray Arts Journal

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MARCH

"When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the waterside. But as we went along there were more and yet more and at last under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a county turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew about the mossy stones about and about them, some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow for weariness and the rest tossed and reeled and danced and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake."

- Dorothy Wordsworth

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

- William Wordsworth, Daffodils



Front Cover

Ian Keaveney
Upcoming Exhibition -Signal Arts
28th Feb to 11th Mar
See Pg 7

Bray Arts Evening March 5th 2012

Martello, Bray Seafront, Bray
Doors Open 8:00 pm Everyone is Welcome
Adm. €5 / €4 conc.

Great line-up in anticipation of St. Patrick's Day celebrations.

Coddle Traditional music
Kerrie O'Brien writer
Lorraine Whelan painter
Cloak and dagger contemporary music

Coddle

Coddle are an upbeat three piece band from Wicklow. Combining an array of Irish traditional instruments with vocals, Coddle present an energetic and spirited twist on traditional music, ballads and pop music. Coddle have performed locally and nationally and will next headline the St. Patrick's Day Festival at The Irish Village, Dubai.



Lorraine Whelan



Lorraine was born in Canada but has been based in Ireland for more than 20 years. Her family originally hails from Bray, and it is in Bray that Lorraine has developed her art career. Lorraine has participated in both group and solo exhibitions in Ireland since 1989, but most recently her work has travelled to Beijing to be part of the Irish Wave festival in March 2012. Lorraine's work is included in both private and public collections, including the OPW, Microsoft Ireland, the HSE, and Europol.

Cloak and Dagger

'The wind may torment the bleak landscape, making corpses of the trees and battering its cliffs with savage black waves, but still it scatters the ash of Cloak and Daggers fire, floating melody and burning flecks of Dirty grey fiddle through the sky, filling the emptiness with song.'



Kerrie O' Brien is a recent Art History graduate from Trinity College. Her poetry has been published in such publications as Revival, Crannóg, Ropes, Icarus, College Green, The Cathach, Wordlegs and Minus 9 Squared. She currently lives and works in Dublin. Kerry's poetry deals with intimate human emotions in a disarmingly simple way. She has that ability to use the poetic form to evoke feelings that could not be expressed in any other mode of communication.

Sample Kelly's poetry on pg. 4

Review of February 6th Arts Evening

We were sorry to hear that Frances Brosnan was unable to join us due to a family bereavement. We were delighted to find that Laura O'Hagan was able to step into the breach and deliver a wonderful show of monumental sculpture and mosaics. More anon.

The evening began with a visit from cork-based poet, **James O'Sullivan**, who drove all the way from the southern capital to be with us on the night and drove all the way back to Cork after the evening's entertainment ended. James presented a series of very well-constructed short, pithy poems from his latest book *Kneeling on the Redwood Floor*. He very kindly donated several copies of the book to Bray Arts to aid in the urgent fund-raising effort. James spoke with ease of his various experiences and scenes that lend a background to each poem. In developing a poem he picks out short phrases and carefully chosen individual words to convey the essence of the background story. The poignant theme of "The Rose - well fed, never wanted" is a good example of this technique. James talked easily and comfortably of his appreciation of his native city of Cork where his Studies of modern Irish literature led to two poems featuring such landmarks as the famous



James O'Sullivan

stained glass window "Cain and Abel" and "Father Matthew Street" with its "keepers of that fleeting myth" and "forgotten pater of forgotten feet". A visit to Venice stimulated "The golden cloth" in which he celebrates the triumph of Byzantine architects in the wonderful creation of the "Pala d'Oro" and its power to overcome those who would criticise or destroy it. James paid special tribute to Lapwing Publishers whose collections are produced at the lowest cost possible in order to support new authors.

Laura O'Hagan, ceramic artist, presented examples of her sculptural ceramics, murals and mosaics in which she has been working for 26 years now. She is influenced by sea and water and the lovely lime greens of Kilpeddar. The presence of rusty leaves, blown in on the ceramic floor she was creating, became a feature to include in the design. Laura manages to express real humour in some of the work. She recounted her efforts to persuade corporate clients to commission her with much success and some amusing



Laura O'Hagan

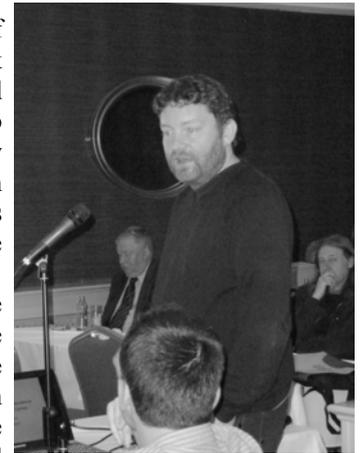
failures. Adventurous and exacting in her creativity, she showed a small section of the back of a house which she designed in mosaic hand-painted and refired. Intolerable rental costs compelled her to move from Bray to Kilpeddar where she found a quiet beauty and more room to develop her ideas and her craft. Ever practical, all her tiles are hand-painted and then cut. They are fired at 1199 c with an earthenware base so that they can be cleaned with ordinary washing methods. Laura does not let geographic boundaries restrain her. Her work can be found in Jervis Street in Dublin, two communities in Belfast, and then in corporate locations around Ireland and abroad. She can be seen in Denmark where she had to cope with deeply freezing temperatures and China where she is still working today. As she advanced through her work she gave technical explanations that exemplified the reason for her success in the mastery of the artwork and its brilliant expression in sculptural form. Her presentation was greeted with deep appreciation by all who heard it.

Ciaran Taylor Theatre Artist presented his own work and his ideas as Artist in residence at the Mermaid Arts Centre. He explained that his appointment is part of a national scheme, now in its second year, to allow artists to work creatively with the community in theatre buildings. He spoke of his own work as creator of a new theatre piece in collaboration with performers.

The piece is based on improvisation to allow it to develop organically into a finished play. He demonstrated his use of clowning with Masque work techniques which has toured around Ireland. The audio dimension is created by contemporary classic music with a live singer and player. He brings food into the mix with real-time cooking.

Ciaran likes to work in live situations with full audience participation. He gave an example of a newly opened fire station where he brought the audience through the station and had musicians playing cellos in the showers. He provided an exotic musical experience on Rock guitar and violin while firemen ran up ladders and put fires out. Again, in a ferry terminal, six actors were involved; playing 20 characters. Interaction with the audience was key. Each member of the audience was required to Exchange their theatre ticket for a ferry ticket. The Characters arrived by car and DART. Telling "Ferry tales" actors featured would-be passengers sprinting up to the terminal - One with only One shoe after a hen party- giving a playful take on the whole experience.

While fun is the essence of the work there is a serious purpose that provides real training. Ciaran is now setting up a new experience involving puppets and masks. He remarked that 90% of people think puppets are only for young children. He wants to show that puppetry is, in fact, also a powerful form of adult theatre by adapting some grand theatre horror thrillers. His work is based in the Mermaid Theatre in Bray and reaches out to community and artistic groups throughout Wicklow County.



Ciaran Taylor

MacDara Irish speaker, singer and musician closed the evening with some of his favourite songs in Irish from the traditional singing of Inis Oirr – the smallest of the Aran Islands off the coast of Galway. Accompanied on guitar by Gerry Anderson and by his own bodhrán, MacDara sang "Cúnla" and "Bean Pháidín". Gerry provided a softly resonant backing to the lyrical tones of MacDara's fluent flow of Irish words. Prefacing each song with a tale of a life sit



Macdara

uation that gave a background to each song, MacDara demonstrated his professional ease with his favourite art form, finishing off with a moving rendition of "Bimse Fein Ag Iascaireacht" a solo song accompanied by the bodhrán alone.

Cearbhall E. O'Meadhra



Gerry Anderson

Flakes

by Kerrie O'Brien

never saw you in the snow
wonder if it makes you blush
against the whiteness
things are the same here
the days aren't so rough
but it's always dark
think it's making me
strange, I'm a bit
distracted lately
chaotic
like I'm tumbling
and it would be good if it snowed
if things stopped for a while
and I could breathe
think it all through
I hear
it's snowing where you are
tell me
how it feels

Memory

by Kerrie O'Brien

I hold it like a wounded thing
Too close and breathing
An old story
That will not hush
We are made of such things –
I carry it
Because it happened, it happened
And what am I without it

Cleanse

by Kerrie O'Brien

I heard a man talk of it once –
At the end of every mission
They order them into the sea
Where nothing is forgotten
In salt light
Stripped bare
Going in slowly –
Shy, almost
After the filth of war
The heat
All of it caught
In their eyes
And stand
Facing the light
As if for the first time



Kerrie O'Brien's poetry collection, *Out of the Blue* is available on Amazon in ebook format.

Eurydice

By Ben Curtis

As a breath, so soft was her step, did Eurydice pass over the sodden earth, and on the lambent breeze rode Eros' apostatic charm, rushing, whirling, perning, twining itself about her limbs in ecstatic whorls and rings. Etesian sighs ached to soothe the ruddied skin, as Atê's kiss burned on her cheeks.

The world turned with her as she purled across its face, gilding leaves and twigs, scrawling sonnets in their midst. Her amorevolous dance gave shape to subtle passions, drawing colour from the soil, scions bursting from out their interment like Aristaeus' alms.

Sirius glared above, as the gloam beat like a heart, flushing, filling and spilling back into the dark amidst the hymenopterous din. Thrust onward in her amatory throes, light and sound melded to form a deliquescent stream that rushed through her mind, sweeping away the Dikê that bounded her modesty. Her robes sang in the air, dewy beads pearling on her frenzied crown, as the darkness bayed and wept.

She hurled herself at Anankê's barred door, but the keeper, an adder warming his cold heart in her light, was unmoved by her assails. He struck at her with his maw, and as she fell venomous coils wound themselves around her slender wrists like myrtle wreaths, wedding her to necessity's senseless heart. The lupine dark rushed her maiden flesh, obfuscating, annihilating to a shade, what once shone as the morning sun. All fell still but for the lonely Orphic trills.

Ben Curtis is a Bray based writer and a member of Abraxas.



Orpheus and Eurydice by George Frederick Watts



Jerry Ring

Mokum Legacy (Extract)

by Jerry Ring

Nemesis – Amsterdam, March 1945

The soldier crouched on the roof of the clockmaker's shop in the Spiegelstraat was no longer recognisable as a G.I. He was clad in a barge worker's black trousers with his feet wrapped in strips of torn blanket. Burnt cork darkened his face

to reduce him to no more than a shadow. A black bandanna trapped his breath in the extreme cold of the long Dutch winter.

He looked across to the Rijksmuseum, the home of Rembrandt's Night Watch, framed against a cloudless sky. His bright blue eyes were more interested in the arrival of the German scout car skidding along the cobbled quay in front of the ornate building. The military grey vehicle carried two soldiers from the barracks near the concert hall. It turned over the Museum Bridge toward the Prinsengracht, the longest of the horseshoe canals encircling Amsterdam. The changeover of sentries was about to take place and for a short time the narrow street he wanted to cross would be unguarded. He needed to reach the General Hospital on the other side.

On the frosted bridge below, the black and white chevrons of a German roadblock denied him ground access. To by-pass the checkpoint he had taken a dangerous journey across the rooftops. In the past hour he had picked his way along the ice-covered tiles of the quayside houses.

The reason for his journey was a three-day-old baby tied onto his back in a home-made rucksack. A potato bag with a cocoon of layered newspapers insulated the baby from the piercing cold as they waited.

On the icy tiles of the clockmaker's shop he grew more anxious as he was so close to his goal, the hospital skylights on the opposite roof. He needed someone to help him cross over. That person was the curate from the Catholic Church on the Prinsengracht where, for several months, he had been in hiding. But the young priest was late.

The clatter of clogs echoing along the frozen canal alerted Gene. He crawled to the corner of the roof and watched the curate hurrying towards the checkpoint. But time was slipping away. Gene clenched his fist to urge him on. The newly arrived German sentries talked to their comrades and stamped their feet on the ground, paying little attention to the priest. They allowed him through. The new sentries took a last puff on their cigarettes and then manned their posts.

At the hospital entrance, the Unterfeldwebel, an elderly sergeant, checked him in.

The sergeant picked up the phone and dialled.

"The chaplain is here Herr Major."

The Major was standing by the window on the first floor watching the arrival of the sentries. His uniform was open. A nurse was lying back in an armchair watching him.

He looked at the nurse then back at his watch.

"Tell him to wait."

The sergeant put the phone down. "Important business going on up there. He'll call you when he's ready."

The priest laughed, nervously.

"Work vital to the war effort. Ja? That's fine. It gives me time for a hot coffee. I'll be back in a few minutes."

The sergeant waved him through. Around the corner he ran quickly up the three flights of stairs to the third floor. A waiting ward sister beckoned him through a low doorway that she secured

behind them. She unlatched the skylight windows and held them open. He slipped off his clogs and in stockinged feet crept along the inside of the parapet to the roof of the pharmacy.

Gene Carey looked down and groaned with frustration. The sentries had taken up their positions. He had missed his opportunity. The crossing would now be far more dangerous. He waved to the priest to wait as he timed the sentries' movements. After three passes he began the most important phase of the plan. He leaned back from the edge. From around his waist he uncoiled a plaited rope that had come from the bell tower of the church, and rested it beside him. It had been prepared specially for the task to come.

He looked across to the gable wall opposite and the hook protruding from its topmost point. Every narrow Amsterdam canal house used this hook to access the upper floors with furniture or heavy loads. He knew the distance from measurements calculated by the priest. The pharmacy was directly opposite. He balanced the rope in his hands and checked below for the sentries. He signalled to the priest, who leaned over the parapet and stretched out his hands. Twice the priest missed the rope. On the third cast he held it and placed the loop onto the gable hook. Gene leaned over and did the same on the hook below him.

The rope now joined the two sides of the narrow street, and he slid his body on to the parapet. He had done this exercise many times in his army training, with the shouts of instructors and his buddies urging him on. Now there was silence and the white face of the young curate on the other side. He stretched out and gripped the rope with both hands, twisting over as he locked his feet, and hand over hand began his journey across. Beyond halfway he heard a sound, looked down suddenly and unbalanced himself. To restore his equilibrium he kicked his legs, but in doing so unhitched the rope from the clockmaker's hook, and started to free-fall. He was out of control, and swung violently toward the gable of the pharmacy. The priest watched, powerless.

Gene could avoid the collision and turned himself to protect the baby. His shoulder hit the fast-approaching wall with a sharp crack, and he smothered a scream. He hung helplessly against the wall of the pharmacy. The priest tried to pull him up but one of the sentries turned into the street below and he dropped back against the roof. Paralysed, Gene Carey watched beneath him, afraid that the baby might cry as the second soldier turned into the narrow street. Ponderously they made their way along the slippery cobbles toward each other. They made no attempt at conversation, just turned around and retraced their steps without looking up. As soon as they reached the corner, Gene stretched out his injured arm to his black-frocked helper. They made contact and the priest clasped his other hand to Gene's wrist and hauled him painfully onto the stone ledge.

He slumped into the gutter behind the dwarf wall, and regained his strength while the priest recovered the rope. He then undid the rucksack and took it to the waiting ward sister.

In the medical office the Major buttoned his uniform, and then lifted the phone.

"Send the chaplain up."

"Yes, Herr Major." The sergeant got up awkwardly and slowly climbed the stairs.

The sister moved quickly to the nurse's station and opened the rucksack. She took off the baby's shawl to find a silver rosary around its neck. She lifted it off and slipped it into her pocket. She washed the baby in warm water and the infant stirred. She turned to the priest.

"The sedative worked. He's fine."

She smiled at the child and laid him down. Now she frowned as she looked at another infant lying naked beside it on the table. The

child was stillborn. She wrapped the dead infant in the shawl and put it into the rucksack.

The priest looked behind him. "Quick. I think that's the Major."

The ward sister was unruffled. "He's otherwise engaged. I arranged that earlier. It must be the old sergeant. Don't worry I'll take care of him. You make sure the soldier gets away safely."

The young cleric grabbed the rucksack. The ward sister closed the skylight behind him as the old sergeant started the last flight of stairs.

The priest returned to the injured Gene. "How badly are you hurt? How are you going to make it back to the church? You can't get to the other side. What are you going to do? I'll be missed soon."

"Calm down. I don't have any choice. I'll drop into the street. I'm a paratrooper. Remember? I'm faster going down than up. Connect the rope again."

The priest hooked up the rope as Gene checked the street below. Then he waved him away and awkwardly slid down. He ducked across to the steps of the sous-terrain opposite and hid in the shadows of the basement steps. The priest pulled up the rope and hurried back through the skylight. On the landing he almost knocked over the sergeant who was talking to the ward sister.

"Ah, Fr. Koos. Herr Major has called for you." The sergeant puffed.

"All in God's time. There are more important things in this world than the Major's wishes. Take it easy sergeant. This running up and down stairs is not good for you."

On the Kerkstraat, trapped between two sentries, Gene lay undetected. As they met half-way and complained about the bitter cold he took his opportunity. He inched along the ground around the sand box, placed near the bridge to grit the slippery cobbles, and hugged the wall until safely out of hearing.

Back on the ground, he made better time returning to the church. The humpback bridge leading to the church had no roadblock, and he slipped across to the back entrance of the church. He was almost home. Taking one last look behind him, he finally relaxed. There was no one following. His luck had held. As he turned in the darkness to find the entrance, he crashed into a soldier sheltering in the rear doorway of the tall church. The man, in common with the bulk of the German garrison in Amsterdam, was a veteran, but experienced enough to unshoulder his rifle to cover the unexpected arrival.

Gene Carey sank to his knees on the cold ground, raising his right hand in appeal.

"Alarm!" The man croaked, too nervous to shout properly to alert his colleagues.

Gene immediately took the initiative and in faultless German, answered back. "Comrade, please don't turn me in."

The trooper was surprised and dropped his guard long enough for Gene to take the advantage he was looking for.

His begging hand whipped up powerfully at an angle, the heel of it striking the man's Adam's apple. The key to the deadly attack lay not in force, but in accuracy. He ruptured the larynx, suffocating the unfortunate trooper. Drowning in his own blood, he made painful attempts to breathe. In excruciating pain the soldier lost his balance and fell forward, dropping his rifle. Gene caught it with his good hand and swung it with all his force to the side of the soldier's head. He crumpled in a heap. To make sure, Gene kicked him onto his back then placed his foot on the neck of the prostrate body and twisted it as he brought his entire weight to bear on it. The unlucky trooper twitched his last involuntary movements and lay still.

Gene grabbed one leg and dragged the corpse up to the edge of the canal. The soldier's helmet scraped the rounded paving stones of the laneway. He bundled the body over the quayside on to the ice between a house barge and the quay wall. Voices came

from inside the boat at the sound of the fall and he scrambled back to the shadows of the back street.

He knew he could not return to the church and endanger the mother of the child hiding there. A search for the dead soldier was inevitable. To get clear of the neighbourhood he lurched towards the river. At the end of the long narrow street he could see the white frame of the Magere Brug, the Skinny Bridge, enduring symbol of the old city. He remembered where he had landed on his arrival in Amsterdam and knew there were barges up river where he might find refuge. It was a slim prospect. Behind him, the clamour of voices, shrill whistles and the howls of pursuing dogs cut the dead night air.

In the hospital on the Prinsengracht, the ward sister looked out of the window into the blackness and listened to the sounds of shouting and dogs barking. She went to a young blonde mother with the rescued baby in a cot beside her and took out the silver rosary beads. A distinctive cylindrical cross hung down as she tumbled the beads into the palm of the young woman in the hospital bed.

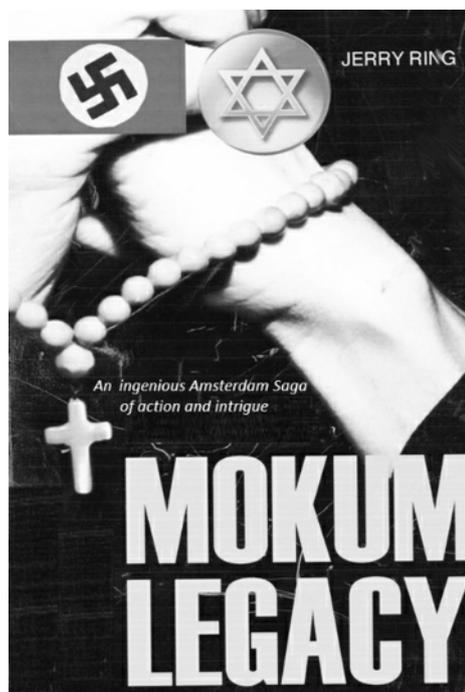
"These beads belong to the child. So all we can do now is pray for a quick end to this dreadful war. You get some sleep now. You've been very brave."

"Father Koos said that if God meant me to lose my baby then it must also be his will that I should help to save this little one. How long do you think I'll get to keep him?"

The ward sister looked towards the window and said. "God alone knows."

END of CHAPTER ONE

Mokum Legacy is based on a true incident during World War II in Occupied Holland. The story traces the lives of two individuals. An Irishman affected by the Irish War of Independence joins the US Army to liberate Europe. A young Jewish woman has her family torn apart by the Nazi invasion of the Netherlands. **Mokum Legacy** is an ingeniously plotted thriller/roots saga.



Mokum Legacy can be purchased in eBook form from Amazon or Smashwords.

Theatre Of Ghosts

An Exhibition of Paintings by Ian Keaveny

From Tuesday 28th February to Sunday 11th March 2012

Ian Keaveny. Ian graduated from Winchester School of Art with a BA (Honours) in fine art painting and print making. His work has



been shown in various group shows in England and Ireland. De Chirico said “one must find the demon in everything” and “one must discover the eye in everything”. Ian collect’s old toys, discarded things, and listens to what they have to say to him, trying to find the demon and the story within them, the process of collection triggering themes based on his childhood and experience of growing up with the feeling off being an observer and outsider disconnected from the mainstream of society, a feeling which stays with him to this day.

Keaveny makes stage sets on which he allows his imagination and the objects collected, to act out their dramas based on an enquiry into his own past or that which the objects suggest , the paintings are a record of these plays.

Opening Reception: Thursday 1st March 7p.m – 9p.m

Paperwork

Exhibition by Paul Bokslag

Tuesday 13th March - Sunday 25th March 2012



Paul has a BA in Art Therapy and is a co-founder of KCAT Art & Study Centre in Callan, Co. Kilkenny.

For this solo exhibition, Paul will exhibit a number of contemporary papercuts in various sizes. The pieces are held between two sheets of glass and set away from the back of the frame, casting a shadow and creating a sense of floating and depth.

Paul’s fascination with papercuts evolved from cutting paper snowflakes with children. Being a very accessible medium, papercuts are deeply rooted in folk culture around the world. In his own work he tries to move away from direct representation, with often not more than the hint of a horizon or the title of a piece as a reference.

The making process is that of drawing with a knife. It is intuitive, labour intensive and at times meditative. He works with ideas but without elaborate preliminary sketches and mostly not more than a single pencil line as a guide. Working freehand with a knife allows him to move away from the physicality of the line and to focus on the language of gesture, movement and form.

Opening Reception: Sunday 18th March 3pm - 5pm

Travelling Resident

Exhibition of Mixed Media by Ilona Doufrain-Madden

From Tuesday 27th March to Sunday 8th April 2012

Ilona has a B.A in Fine Art from the Dunlaoghaire Institute for Art & Design. This will be her second solo exhibition to be showcased in Signal.

As a tour guide she constantly conveys her interpretation of heritage sites and landscape to her tourists and she is very much



aware that this will influence the way they in turn interpret these and how and see this country.

In 2006 Ilona decided to use her work as a tour guide as a subject matter for her art and has since then collected hundreds of photographs and sketches from her tours. This resulted in a “travel diary” showing each night she stayed in various hotels around the island together with small art work or sketches and some thoughts about that day. She gives us a very personal insight into thoughts on travelling, work, art, creativity, photography, gathering memories etc.

Opening Reception: Friday 30th March 2012 7pm – 9pm

Viennese Dreams

Sarah Power (Soprano) & Andea Linshauer

Songs by Mozart, Strauss & Lehar

John Field Room, national Concert Hall

Friday 2nd March, 1.05pm

Tickets €15 (concession €12)

Submission Guidelines

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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 Mon Mar 5th

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

Brilliant line-up of Irish talent in Art, Poetry and Song

Music : **Coddle** - Upbeat Irish Traditional Trio

Art: **Lorraine Whelan** - Bray based Artist

Poetry: **Kerrie O'Brien** - Poetry of intimate human emotions

Music: **Cloak and Dagger** - ... filling the emptiness with song

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