
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 9

May 2009

Volume 14

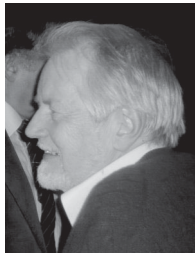


Home Sweet Home by Piia Rossi (see pg 7)

Preview of Bray Arts Evening Mon May 11th

Heather House Hotel, Strand Road, Bray
Doors open at 8:00pm
Admission E5 / E4 conc Everyone is welcome

Derek Pullen and cast members will present a preview of **Side by Side with Sondheim**, a musical revue featuring all the favourite songs from the prolific Broadway and film composer, Stephen Sondheim. The show itself will be in **Mermaid** on Jun 3rd - Jun 6th 2009.



Bray Arts will hold its AGM during the evening. This necessary interruption in entertainment will be short and sweet with a brief report on finances (what finances?) and the Chairwoman of Bray Arts, **Zan O'Loughlin**, will give her annual report. It is an opportunity for those attending to input ideas, ask questions and maybe even get a little more involved in the running of Bray Arts.

If you like contemporary country music in the style of Jimmy McCarthy and Kieron Goss then Bray Arts guest singer for May, **Brendan Glennon**, will totally delight you. Brendan, was born in Edenderry, Co. Offaly and has been playing his guitar since he was twelve. He was big into music in the



70's but it took a back seat to his career in pharmacy and raising a family.

On the death of his life-long friend and fellow musician in 2001, Brendan was spurred on to write his own material. In 2006 he collaborated with the well known producer Pat O'Donnell resulting in a beautiful album called **The**

Final Bell. If you want a taster of Brendan Glennon's music then log onto

www.myspace.com/brendanglennonmusic

Once you hear him, I guarantee you will not be able to resist coming to our Bray Arts Evening to listen to a live performance of this talented musician.

Bray Arts wishes to thank **Colm Jones** for his very generous gift of two speakers for our PA System. Colm has a long career in music (played with The Sands and The Roly Daniels Band) and is back performing in local venues. Colm and Deirdre run the beautiful and distinctive guesthouse, Ulysses, which the Jones Family have run since 1966.

Colm is also a Sound Production Engineer and has his own recording studio. Thanks again Colm. We hope to see you performing at Bray Arts during our new season starting in September 2009.

Review of April Bray Arts Evening

Elis Taves, a Brazilian photographer, opened the April Bray Arts evening. She has been living between Brazil and Ireland for the past 10 years and is now living in Bray. She opened the arts evening with an intriguing presentation of her work. Loving the process of camerawork and the feel of the shutter action, resisting the use of digital technology, she sees the camera as a surprise box as she aims it, opens the shutter and hopes that what she sees is what will come out. Preferring to work non-digitially presents its own difficulties, but she has managed to find someone to process her films.



Elis delighted her audience with a series of photographs showing an attractive view of ordinary features of Ireland, pointing out that she is intrigued with the colour of "green" that is so astonishingly different from that found in Brazil.

Concerned with promoting the creativity of woman, Elis organised a symposium in 2004, for International Women's Day. Her latest book of photographs was launched in 2005 at the Oscar Wilde House and moved around the country before going to her native Brazil.

Elis showed a centre-piece of her recent exhibition in Brazil where she used light boxes made of perspex sheets on which her photographs had been printed. The light shone from within throwing the image onto the surrounding floor where people were walking. Other themes presented were "The City of Children" and "beautiful with dignity". She is now starting a new project called "Irish woman" and invited anyone interested in taking part to contact Zan of Bray Arts.

Elis closed her presentation to a delighted audience with a short video of IRELAND seen from a Portuguese point of view.

Susan Lannigan, short story writer, living in Bray, followed with an invigorating exposé of three pieces of her work. She declared that she is Trying to reject being Irish although born IRISH. She spent some time abroad and had forgotten how potent images are in this country.

Susan has been shortlisted for the Hennessy New Irish Writing Award in the Sunday Tribune. and for the Fish Competition.

She opened with a reading of one of her stories entitled: "not an Irish story" showing sharp insights and using



clever use of language delivered with pace and energy. Her writing is at once humorous and poignant.

Her second story, called "Dead Money" was about a woman incarcerated in a mental hospital delivered with punch and verve, hounding her listener with words.

Susan finished to rousing applause with extracts from "The Loan", set in boom-time Ireland.

After the interval, **Jimi Cullen**, songwriter, guitarist and multi-musician, took the floor and sang a number of his own compositions, opening with "you Know I'll Always Love You", a reminiscent piece accompanying himself on the harmonica.



He then sang "A Messed Up World", followed by "Boundaries Made by a Man" about getting back to a simpler time with an interesting accompaniment and "A Realistic Love Song". He followed this with "Small-minded people in Small Towns",

a Bluesy riff about growing up in Gorey.

Jimi Finished on a high note with a "Last Goodnight". In appreciation, the capacity audience refused to let him go without an encore for which he sang "By My Side" accompanying himself with the guitar and harmonica.

Cearbhall E. O'Meadhra
Photographs : Peter Growney

Bray Jazz Festival returns for 10th year

Bray Jazz Festival returns on the May Bank Holiday weekend (May 1st-3rd) to celebrate its 10th birthday. The festival will once again serve up a richly diverse programme of international musical talent - featuring top name jazz and world players from the US, Europe, together with bands from Asia, South America and Africa, and a rich serving of top level home-grown talent.

Bray Jazz Festival headliner **Mathias Eick** added to his burgeoning reputation as one of Europe's hottest young jazz talents, when he picked up the top prize at the prestigious By:Larm Music Festival in his native Norway, last month.



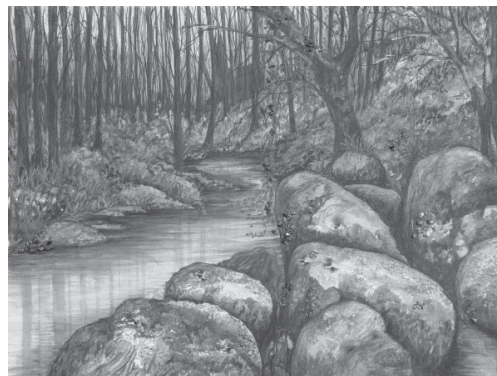
Mathias Eick

Details available on the internet at www.brayjazz.com

'Eye Wood'

An exhibition of paintings by **Kerensa d'Arcy Barr**
Opens in Dalkey Castle, Castle St. Dalkey
Wed 6th May to Sunday 10th May

This is the artists first solo show, comprised of mainly forest studies, where dryad-draped tree silhouettes and watching eyes accompany the viewer on a sensuous jour-



ney through a dreamy 'Midsummers' heartland.

Kerensa is a committee member of Bray Arts. After an entertaining and informative presentation of her work at a Bray Arts Night in June 2008, Cearbhall O'Meadhra, Bray Arts Reviewer, wrote:

"Her descriptions were so entertaining that I was captivated and felt drawn into her world."
Good luck with your exhibition Kerensa.

Mermaid Gallery

the disjoined and the morphological
by Aideen Barry Thurs 23 April - Sat 23 May

the disjoined and the morphological explores the contemporary and future creatures of Irish Gothic. Drawing, film, animation and objects feature in this gallery exhibition, which extends to a specially commissioned online animated work. Barry creates works that comment on the Gothic in the every day and a hypothetical evolution of the familiar into the absurd and obscene. Using this theme she explores the influence of hysteria in post Celtic Tiger Ireland.

Recently Aideen Barry completed a residency at N.A.S.A. Kennedy Space Station where she underwent official astronaut training in zero gravity to create new work. This is



the first stage of Barry's new work funded under the Arts Council of Ireland's New Work Award 2008-2009. The work examines current technology and space age advances.

A Kind of Silence

by Sean Ryan

They seat
On Spring grass
Slowly
 Slowly
with
solipsised sighs;

In the field below them
a cacophany of astonished butterfly dance
Here and There.

but above,
songwriter birds
fl-
 fl-
 float around
 and down around
and up and down
 around.

Meetin On A Bus

by Oliver Marshall

I am glad you sat beside me
On the bus, when you
Met me again, unexpectedly.

You were like a stranger
Who had once been a friend,
Befriending me again,

Because of an old connection.
I asked about your life,
You showed interest in mine.

Our minds moved
From topic to topic, like a bee
Wondering which flower

It was safe to land on.
I thought we were like characters
In a novel we had written

For ourselves. We were
Both authors of our own happiness,
Authors of our own pain.

We got off at the same stop.
You went back to your place.
I went to mine.

Doing my best to cope
With loneliness. In the morning,
I woke into a warm light.

The sun was like a wedding-invitation

Edged with gold. I thought of you,
And the places where we knew

Happiness. I wished that the sun
That was blessing me,
Would also bless you.

Looking for Einstein

By Shirley Jane Farrar

On a ravenous sky
deep January moon
chases the horizon.
At the swimming pool,
breast deep in water,
I watch the swimmer
tearing complexity,
wrapped, wrestling,
caught in the rhythm of waves,
kicking at the heels of Poseidon.

A singularity of energy-
his dark energy
threshing through hot chlorine.
Stroking,
elegant stroking.
A series of curves,
the perfection
of repetition
devouring the distance
of water.

Breathing, rhythmic breathing.
Timing.
Fierce water rocks:
mind, body, arms, legs
tumble.
Stroke on stroke,
heartbeat on heartbeat,
mesmerising water wraps me.
Time advances and retreats
filling my mind with light.

Poemlets

by Hugh Rafferty

Heart and brain and breath
All still working fine and yet
Lonliness is death.

Undone things distract
Make it difficult to act
Leaving more undone

Money is a curse
But having an empty purse
Is probably worse.

RECESSIONAL

by Hugh Haffery

I was...out of sorts, floundering in relationships, almost drowning in the newly thin air of society...and I had no idea why until one Saturday morning when, as I plied my face with the razor, inspiration struck.

It's always the way with inspiration; it happens, it sort of appears, it's called a 'flash', so passé, and yet there is no doubt that it is a sudden thing and to be grasped or... it's gone. At least that's how I found it and I grasped.

Things have changed, I was thinking, and then came the Archimedean moment.

'No,' I cried, 'I have changed.' And I knew it to be true. A rare smile wreathed my features causing me to nick my upper lip but I didn't care. That's the way with inspiration, it takes charge.

'I have changed,' I said again to the bloodied image in the mirror. 'I am older.' My thoughts ranged on. That's what it is. I am an old soul. That's why I am so out of step with people, with politics, with music, with the arts, with...everything. It explains my isolation.

'I have outgrown society,' I said to myself. 'I am too grown up for Ireland.' Another smile, another cut and still I followed the train. 'It's time I left.'

And there it was...the answer, 'the flash', staring back at me through the eyes in the mirror.

So I went.

I went to England, they jeered at me.

I went to France, they sneered at me.

I went to Greece, they leered at me.

I went to Italy, they feared for me.

Not Europe then, I thought. Obviously I had grown much older than I realised.

I went to Nepal and no one cared.

I went to Tibet and it was gone.

I went to Thailand and they smiled at me

and smiled and smiled and smiled at me.

So, I thought, further afield it is.

I went to China and they threw me out.

I went to Japan and they were polite.

I went to Australia and they laughed.

I went to America and failed to get in.

Bloody Hell, I thought, I must be very old indeed.

So, where to go? I could go north or south but no, once again inspiration kicked in. Go home it said, go to Ireland. With your worldly experience you have matured and must have much to impart. Go to Ireland... but as a leader, not a joiner, let Ireland embrace you rather than you slowing down to keep in step.

'Yes,' I shouted certain at last that I had things in perspective.

I went to Ireland... it was closed. There was no one there. Someone had switched off the lights.

So, what to do?

Wait.

I'm waiting in the dark for inspiration, for that blessed light, for even a spark. I'm not choosy, even a spark of desperation will do.

Paul Allen
Waiting for the Last Bus
 (independent)

"It's not a surprise to learn that Paul Allen is an English professor and a published poet, because the real strength of his latest album is in the lyrics. There's gold in practically every stanza of all 11 original songs. The man is such a master at painting a picture with words, it's safe to assume he's been around the block a time or two. ... Thumbs up." So says Doug Walters.



Well, it's no surprise to us that Paul should elicit such praise. Last October Paul came to Bray Arts to recite and sing. It was a most enjoyable evening and he delighted the audience with his mixture of wit, fun and tenderness. Great to see he is getting such great reviews for his latest collection of songs. The album is called *Waiting for the Last Bus* (Independent). You can find Paul on the internet at www.sonicbids.com/paulallen and he is also on **Utube**.



Paul Allen singing in Bray Arts on Oct 6th 2008

"Is this the new John B. Keane?"

This was one of the comments expressed after Frank O'Keeffe's play *The Curse of Josey Ward* was staged by **Athea Drama Group** to great acclaim.

The play was originally a P.J. O'Connor Radio Drama award winner. Frank is well known to the audience at Bray Arts for his and Justin Aylmer's comic playlets "The Old Codgers". At present he has a number of plays currently being read by the Abbey.

Frank O'Keeffe, a professional actor, has a very impressive acting career having trained in Webber Douglas School of Drama(London) with Terence Stamp and Steven Berkoff. He has played opposite Penelope Keith as her husband in Noel Coward's *This Happy Breed* and he has worked with Andrew McMaster, Abbey Player and Cyril Cusack Productions.

Recently I had the pleasure of reading one of Frank's short storie called **Regression** which I hope Frank will read/perform for us at Bray Arts Night in the not too distant future. To whet your appetite and give you a taster of Frank's very engaging style the opening of Regression is as follows:

REGRESSION (extract)

"So,tell me what you know about regression." Dr.Grossman absentmindedly scratched his crotch as he gazed myopically down my cleavage. I'd half expected him to patronisingly add "my dear". I was tempted to reply "sweet F.A.",but instead answered with a coy smile-"very little,doctor," I admitted.

"That I like,"he said, making an attempt at a smile as he flashed his one gold tooth, a veritable beacon in a haze of halitosis and tobacco."Yes,I like it," he repeated. "May I be so bold to suggest you are a sceptic?"

"Be bold,"I politely replied-telling the truth. A sigh rattled from somewhere deep within the medical man's chest.

"I love sceptics." He cleaved the air with a blue veined claw. "You are so ... so ..." I chipped in with

"unbelieving?"

He beamed in a twisted rictus.

"The very word, my dear." I wasn't his dear and didn't like it. I also noticed he dressed to the left. Funny the little things one subconsciously observes.

"You came to me recommended by ..." He consulted a dog eared sheet of paper, "ah, yes, ecommended by Lucy." He looked seriously, deeply into my eyes and continued, "I'm sure she told you she was an Egyptian princess in another life"? Told me ! Lucy had dined out on the story for months. She'd been regressed back to the time of Rameses II, had an unhappy affair with her brother who then married his mother and on becoming her stepfather had her horribly tortured and buried alive.

"She still comes to me for post regression therapy," he continued. ...

(if you want to hear the rest of this story, keep an eye on upcoming Arts Evenings or if space allows and Frank is agreeable we may be able to fit it into the Journal.)

DMC

Signal Arts Centre

**‘Yes, But What’s INSIDE It?’
An Exhibition of Multi-Media Art Works
by Maura Ryan
From Tuesday 12th May to Sunday 24th May 2009**

Maura is originally from Dublin and has been living in Bray for 8 years. She has studied various artistic forms during the past 20 years both in Ireland and abroad. She has also studied Person-Centered Art Therapy in Sussex and Art Therapy in Crawford College Cork. She has been teaching



art, sketching and ceramics for 3 years to various groups in the Community.

“Yes, but what’s INSIDE it?” refers to a question Maura asked repeatedly as a child. Her enquiring mind has taken her on a lifelong search and journey to explore both her inner world and the outer landscape and the connections therein. Her love of and deep connection with the earth and organic forms have always led her to poetic and artistic explorations and expressions.

Opening Reception: Thursday 14th May 7 p.m. - 9 p.m.

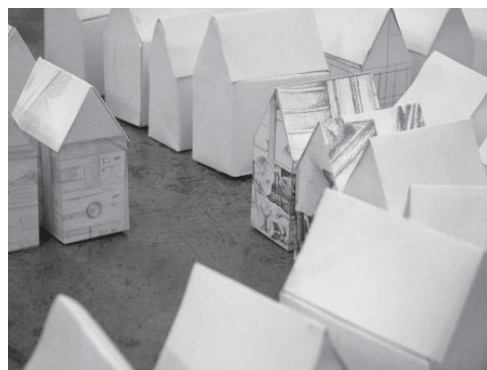
**Home Sweet Home
Installation and Workshop
by Piia Rossi**

From Tuesday 26th May to Sunday 7th June 2009

Piia is a printmaker and an installation artist originally from Finland. Having moved to Dublin in 1992 to study at NCAD, she has been teaching visual for ten years and has designed and run art workshops for numerous organisations.

The theme for the installation in Signal Arts Centre addresses the subject of home as a place of refuge and safety. Piia’s own family history has influenced her work as she grew up listening to stories told to her by her grandparents who lost their home and their country during the war. This installation, made of miniature paper houses arranged on a floor, takes a shape of an imaginary village or a town. A number of the houses have images drawn onto them by the artist; these drawings are images of objects and things that symbolise the idea of **home** for her. The rest of the houses are devoid of any drawing

allowing the participants in the workshop to project their own feelings, thoughts and memories of a **home** onto these houses. This paper house will then replace one of the blank



houses in her installation until eventually all the blank houses have been replaced by those drawn and decorated by the audience. This workshop is aimed at audiences from diverse backgrounds, nationalities and age groups who will work directly with the artist who will assist them with their art work.

Opening Reception: Friday 29th May 7 p.m. - 9 p.m.

Watch out for The CUJO Family

The Cujo Family whose core was originally Bum Lazy who played in Bray Arts are really kicking up a storm everywhere they appear.

“THE ROOF was lifted off Greystones Theatre by Bray bluegrass outfit The Cujo Family last weekend.

The local band has been making some serious waves on the music scene in the north of the county in recent months”
Bray People

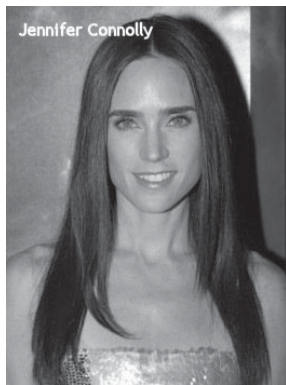
The Cujo Family are a five piece Country Soul band from Wicklow. Over the past year they have been covering in a ramshackle studio located in Meadow Gardens, Greystones, to drink, play music and thrash out their ideas while the town sleeps. Their songs can both nurse a broken heart and send your feet into spasms of joy. Mixing bleary-eyed tales of loss and longing with high energy calls to the dance floor, they have built up a hardcore following of fans over the past few months. They are primarily a live act, both raucous and sweetly melodic, a vocal harmony group with lyrical sensibilities and attitude. They have become a family, a tight-knit gang of reprobates ready to play at the drop of a hat.

Recently the Family cobbled together a few shillings to record some tracks in Ennistymon, Co. Clare and in the past have recorded with Gavin Glass, retaining their raw sound and energy on both occasions. They are not polished or watered down and wish to remain this way, a rare discovery in today’s indie scene.

Check out their music at
www.myspace.com/stoneymoany. It’s electric.

Video Voyeur

Harold Chassen



“Michael Rennie was ill the day the earth stood still,” is the opening line from a famous film song and I felt the same way after seeing the remake of *The Day The Earth Stood Still*. I wonder what was in the mind of whoever decided to remake this film. It did not have any of the tension of the 1951 original. At the time the original had the connotation of reds under the beds but either the world has moved on or the makers failed to

understand the concept. This is one to miss. It isn't even worth watching to make a comparison. Get the original either from a rental store or from ebay.

Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : editor@brayarts.net

Creative Writing Editor : Anne Fitzgerald :
afitzgerald3@ireland.com

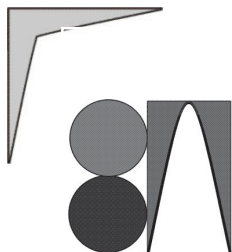
Email submissions to any of the above or post typed submissions to

The Editor BAJ 'Casino',
Killarney Rd. Bray,
Co. Wicklow

Deadline 15th of each month.

Bray Arts website : www.brayarts.net

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*Arts Evening Monday 11th May 2009
at the Heather House Hotel Strand Road 8:00 pm
5 Euro / 4 Euro Conc. Everyone is welcome.*

Side by Side with Sondheim: A preview of the upcoming show at Mermaid Theatre presented by Derek Pullen

A few nibblies, an agm and a chat about Bray Arts

Brendan Glennon: This man will pull at your heartstrings with a sweet voice, great songs and wonderful guitar playing.

Bray Arts is grateful for the support of Bray Council, Wicklow Council, CASC and Heather House Hotel.
Printed by Total Print Design

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