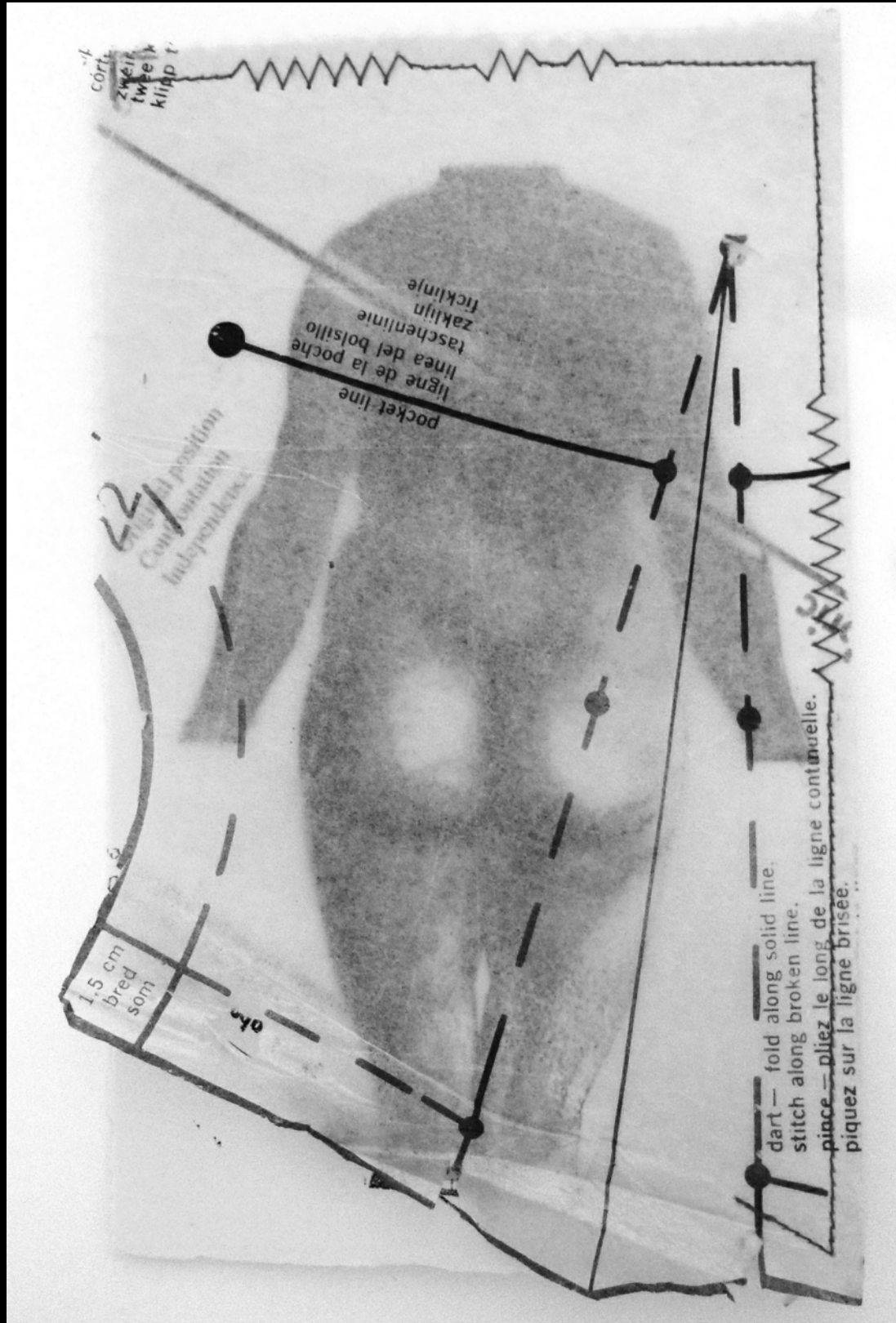


Bray Arts Journal

Issue 9

May 2013

Volume 18



FREE

REVIEW

Bray Arts Night April 9th

by Shane Harrison

Spring has sprung and the clocks leapt forward to allow a long evening illuminate the upstairs room at the Martello. Writers, artists and musicians fill the bill, a case of WAMA chasing away the NAMA blues.

Anne Ffrench and **Brian Harte** were first, presenting an account of their little adventure off the south coast. Our dynamic duo determined to string a bridge between two rocky islets at Oyster Bay, just off the Cork coast. The two crags resemble the Skelligs on a smaller scale, with twenty metres or more of boiling sea separating them. Why bridge that gap? Well, I suppose because it's possible. A sense of adventure is excited. There's a hint of the epic. Brian and Anne are much taken with the process, both a strength and a failing in work of this sort. The process weaves a narrative itself. At times in the narration, Brian namechecks James Bond and Oscar Wilde. Slightly misquoting Oscar indeed, claiming that all art is pointless. Not quite what he had in mind, I'm sure.



Anne Ffrench Brian Harte

It is incredibly shortlived in reality, a mere sixty minutes of existence. Yet, it may spin a legend to last much longer. Perhaps it really is poetry in space. Certainly admirable in its craft and execution, daft in its conception. Difficult, therefore, to cast them out of the definition of art.

Eoin Dixon Murphy has competed in the Voice on RTE, supported by no better mentor than Bressie. Still, all our chairs swiveled as soon as he came on stage, Eoin possessing the sort of voice that commands attention. His repertoire covers a broad range of contemporary Rock, much of it familiar enough to get heads nodding and toes tapping. His version of Right Away stands proud beside Amy Winehouse's, the vocals clear, with a controlled passion and simplicity. Recognition is important in getting an audience's attention and, for me, the Jeff Buckley cover lacked that. One of his RTE audition numbers, it came across more as a wall of sound than anything recognisable or worthy of note.



Eoin Dixon Murphy

Eoin was quickly back on an even keel, his muscular strumming conjuring up an imaginary backing band - it was sometimes hard to believe that this was a solo set. He finished with some style, Save Tonight is crowd pleasing because it's good, and he does it so well. More, please!

Padruig MacFarlane picked us up after the break and took us on a round trip to Rome, back in the 1950s. This was an account of Padruig's epic Holy Year pilgrimage which he made with his sister. Setting off on bicycles, they needed their wits and a good bit of sympathy to survive. Those were different days. Padruig's narration was suitable retro, with the odd musical interlude on harmonica providing the colour. There were photographs to follow, though perhaps it would have been better to interweave these with the body of the talk. Nevertheless, Padruig's narration itself provided a shimmering visual of a vanished world. It is not that a bicycle safari would be impossible now, just so different. The casual and comradely nature of it all embodied a yearning for simpler times, when the world seemed more homely, almost edible. These were also the post war years, so there was a cautionary tale hidden in the landscape too. It is never always plain sailing. There are always times when you must click your heels together and recite: "There's no place like home." That's when you dictate your adventures.



Padruig MacFarlane

Tambourine have travelled in the other direction. This ensemble has entertained us before and are now well established in the Bray area. Their music is a synthesis of ethnic influence, drawing heavily on the folk music of Italy. Antonella leads on the tamburello and vocals, exhorting music from the band and movement, eventually, from the audience. She is well supported by Gerry Anderson on guitar and mandolin, Karina on flute and Onagh McFarland on violin. The music tours the Italian peninsula, going to places even bicycles cannot reach. At times we were transported back to a richly mythological past, at others we followed personal tales of love and longing. We visited Trieste, Sorrento and Naples, each conjured up in a unique sound picture. My favourite was from Calabria in the south of Italy. It told a tale of love which, if the language of its words was strange to us, the language of its music was not. Poetry intertwined with dance, vocal harmonies were arranged in a subtle blend of tenderness and power, so the emotions were completely engaged and the imagination allowed to flower. After that, the bulk of the Bray Arts audience got up to dance, and I'll draw a veil over that.



Tambourine



Front Cover
Dark at Back
by Aisling Noone
Upcoming exhibition see pg 7

PREVIEW
 Bray Arts Night
 Monday May 13th
 Martello Hotel, Bray
 Everyone Welcome Adm. €5 / €4 conc.
 by *Cearbhall O'Meadhra*

George Burke, actor, producer and director

from **Square One** theatre group, will read his own poetry and a selection from a forthcoming publication by St. Killian's artist in residence Donie Dempsey star of RTE's "Nighthawks".



Exponential - mickmon/AH "



Michael Monaghan and Aoife Hester collaborate to depict the end of non-digital music in live electronic performance and stunning photographic visuals.

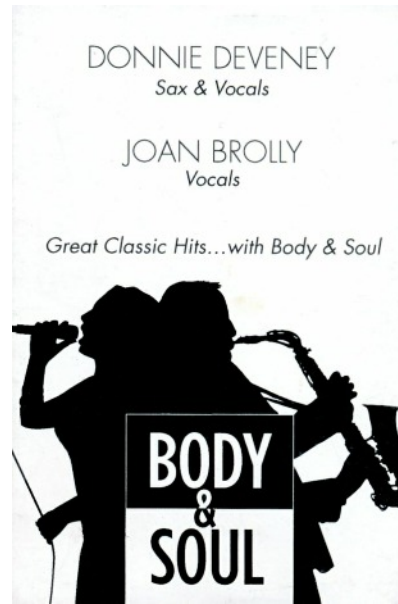
The Zoryanna – Tribal Dance troupe



bring the mystery and beauty of American Tribal belly dance from the ancient traditions of the East, North Africa, Spain and India with vibrant costuming, music and improvisational choreography.

Body and Soul – Jazz and Blues

Donie Deveney Sax and Vocals, and Joan Brolly, Vocals, will ease the mood with a choice of classic songs, jazz and blues to round off the evening.



MERMAID ARTS CENTRE

Dance Magic:
Barbara Donnelly Ballet Academy, Greystones
Sun 26 May 2013

The Barbara Donnelly Ballet Academy returns yet again with another show not to be missed:



Barbara Donnelly

Dance Magic.

Pupils ranging from tiny tots to adults are sure to dazzle with their dance and performance skills. Displaying a range of classical ballet and modern dances featuring music from classical scores and Broadway hits, something for everyone is guaranteed!

TICKET PRICES

€17 FULL PRICE
FAMILY TICKET €60 (2 ADULTS AND 2 CHILDREN)
CONCESSION

The Boardwalk at Glendalough

by Eugene Hearne

Thundering engines, hissing steam,
Singing, and somewhere, far far back,
Nests, wind.

At last the native oak
Completes the long return trip
To Glendalough—
What do the songbirds call it? —
To make our own Inca Trail.

An old railway lifted
From where?
To make a boardwalk
Banded and stapled
To keep us tight from the edges,
Springy underfoot
As the moss
That barely takes a hoofprint
From foraging deer
Startled into graceful movement
By footsteps
Climbing or descending
The railway stairs
At Glendalough Station.

The deep breathing of the heroes
Who hauled all this up here -
May it bring them long life-
Now a sigh of the wind.
Their sweat filtered into the lakes
Has come round again as rain.

From distant woods,
Whoops of children
Like old locomotives,

The sound of water falling, falling.

The Legacy of the Princess Maud

by Maria Hyland Carey

Blare of rap music, swishing cars, leering drivers
Reluctance to concede to the streaks of morning
Breaking over the London skyline
With the promise of the sorrows of another day
The mutilated statue of the deconsecrated chapel,
Contra posture position, raised arm,
Describes an arc in the grey dawn,
Profanes the sanctuary of the night given to hedonism,
without conscience,
Erosion grinds away with impunity rasping and peeling
the
Reproachful stone which speaks of an irrelevant past,
A monument to calm power.

The Man Who Said He Could Paint Squares

by Maria Hyland Carey

A jaded character indeed,
No one knows the trouble he has seen and no soul knows
The places he has been,
But all of us alive have seen as much
Rancour resonates from received authority,
No judgement.
Manipulation and amelioration,
Truth is short and lies are long.

One square oblong leans towards the other,
(Like the conspiracy of a secret society)
Greys and primary colours, Defined spaces,
Only my front door separates me from the other,
Irish vagrants of the London Park,
And now the rain is falling heavy as a man in chains,
Life and death is not such a tidy business,
And ah! Time takes no time at all, not in a story,
It is mysterious business which can never be properly
understood
Or controlled.

An April Radiance of White Light Dances

by Mervyn Peake

An April radiance of white light dances
From the long silver pasture under Pendle,
Dances from grasses, glances
Among the uncurling leaves I'd fondle
Were my hands moth-soft, slight
And light as a petal:
But they are heavy bone and blood and clay
And are too clumsy for this faery day
Of exquisite and shimmering
Foliage and tremulous wing.

Too course, my hands among the delicate marvels.
Too course my brain while the deft day unravels
Coiled april's foliate thread: too course my heart,
For as I tread the immaculate lakes of dew
I know it to be rotten as the lung
Of an old miner; yet, the pitman's throat
Cages the Cambrian thrush, and through
My turbid heart it may be I can fling
Across the face of war this song for you,
Of naked spring.

On Poetry

Wildfig rives the marble, headless muleteers
Deride the busted steeds of bronze
But verse no decrease knows, time adds to verse
Deathless alone of monuments.

Martialis, Letters to Juvenal, Book X

The Kings Shilling

© James W. Corcoran

Sal Doran a 'traveller' in her early fifties could have passed for a woman ten years her senior. A life of hardship on the open road had furrowed her copper coloured brow. She hunkered down warming herself by the open fire, her shawl wrapped tightly around her shoulders like an old grey haired Indian squaw. Her son Johnny, a strapping lad in his mid twenties, a tinsmith by trade, was perhaps one of the best in the counties of Kilkenny and Wexford. Johnny senior had died shortly before Christmas leaving poor Sal bereft. Now all she had in the world was her son, but 1940 was about to bring further hardship. Tin had become a precious commodity and without it, Johnny couldn't ply his trade, or turn an honest bob.

'Stick another spud on the fire like a good woman' he said to his mother Sal.
'You're loosing the run of yourself, Johnny', she grumbled? There is no more!
'We don't even have a lousy spud' he grimaced, as he cupped his hands round the billycan and sipped his warm black tea.
'There's nothing left', she sighed.
Plucking a cipeen from the fire, she placed her duidin firmly between the gap in her teeth and sucked hard. Sal's clay pipe was broken at the stem so when she held it in her fist you couldn't see it, and smoke appeared from her mouth as if by magic.
'Where did you get the money to fill your duidin then', asked a disgruntled Johnny?
She pulled the pipe from her thin lips and lifted he shawl above her head protecting herself from the chill March air.
'Surely ya wouldn't deny your poor mother one of the few pleasures left in life, now would ya?'
He shrugged, 'I suppose not Ma!
'You're a good boy Johnny and 'tis better you deserve than the likes of this!
'Whist woman, 'tis you who deserves better!
He stood up and tossed a few more branches on the fire. Bright sparks danced skyward.
'There's something I've been wanting to tell ya' he said, gulping his tea.
'What in God's name are you on about 'she asked, wafting the smoke from her face.
'I'm going to join the British Army!
'What? Have you lost your senses? What are you going to do in the army Johnny? Make tin guns?'
'I'll fight, like every other man!
'Arrah whist and stop your nonsense! Ya mean you'd leave your auld wan to fend for herself?'
He bent down and poked the fire with a stick.
'One mouth is easier to feed than two!
'Please Johnny don't. I'll go begging. We'll survive somehow. I'll even give up the baccky!
'Tis too late Ma, I've already signed up, I'll be leaving in the morning!
'Jaysus Johnny, tell me you joking' she said clambering to her feet. He watched her silhouette appear and disappear behind a veil of smoke.
'Tis no joke,' he said doggedly. The British Army pays well. I'll have a job and you'll have some money!
'Ah Jaysus Johnny, not the King's shilling!
'The King's shilling beats going hungry any day Ma!

She walked towards him, tears welling in her eyes. 'But you're me only boy, I couldn't bear to loose you!
'Ah, will you stop your fretting woman!
He placed his arm across her shoulder, 'I'll write to you every day!
She smiled and wiped a tear. 'That's rich coming from a young fella who can't even spell his own name!
'Somebody will know how to write. They can pen me words for me!
She took a deep breath and gazed at the stars above 'and I'll have to find somebody who can read!
She turned to him sighing. 'Jaysus Johnny, we're a right pair aren't we!
'Come' he said, leading her to their caravan, 'help me pack me stuff!

A week went by and Sal heard nothing. She was angry. Johnny had vanished off the face of the earth and she apparently, had vanished from his thoughts. Every day she pestered the post mistress, hoping for news of her son. It was close to two weeks before a letter finally arrived.

'Would ya read it for me please?'

Miss Wall, a spinster in her fifties, small fat and bespectacled was the town gossip and opened the letter gleefully.

Dear Ma'

I hope this letter finds you in good spirits. I have not had a moment to write.

We were shipped directly to France on our arrival in England. I have met some good Irish lads over here and we're looking after one another. The Hun has invaded Denmark but don't fret we're safe behind the 'Maginot line'. You should have some money soon, it takes a few weeks you know, when it does arrive buy yourself a new pipe and some plug, courtesy of King George. You're in my thoughts day and night.

God Bless,

Johnny.



Sal wiped her nose with the back of her hand, took the letter and carefully placed it back into the envelope.
'Excuse me' she said looking to Miss Wall who stood gazing back at her through the brass railings on the counter.
'Could you tell me, what's a Maginot line?'
Miss Wall began to stutter an answer of sorts, 'it must be French for 'imaginary line!
The telephone rang and she was gone.

For the next few days Sal relied on the kindness of the locals. She was a colourful character and people were fond of her. She was stronger now, it was the first time she had received a letter from anybody, not to mention her own son Johnny. Even if the writing was not his, she was sure that the words were. She was in his thoughts and that gave her great comfort. Another week passed and another mud stained letter arrived to add to the one that came

before. Finally the big day arrived. Miss Wall held the envelope and read the name; 'Mrs. Sally Doran.'

She slipped the letter between the brass railings. Sal held it excitedly in her hands. She gazed at the king's coat of arms from whose government she now received this very letter. Somehow, she felt important. Carefully she opened the envelope. Her eyes popped. Her heart jumped. Fearing she might be mistaken she handed the cheque to Miss Wall.

'Twenty two pounds, fourteen shillings and nine pence, well that's a tidy little sum Sal. Do you want me to open a savings account for you?'

Sal laughed, exposing the gap in her yellow stained teeth.

'Me.... with a savings account, I'll look after me own money thank you very much!'

Later that day, Sal packed the bowl of her new dudin with the finest plug tobacco.

She strolled down the street in her new boots puffing away and smiling at the locals. She was now a woman of substance, not someone to be pitied or ridiculed.

She owned a fine horse and a caravan and owed not a penny to a solitary soul. Her life was changing and things were looking up. The weeks went by and Johnny's letters now made a tidy bundle. She bound them neatly with a rubber band and placed them on a side shelf of her caravan. The cheques arrived every fortnight and despite Miss Wall's attempts to open an account for her, Sal declined, preferring to hide her money in an old sock and stash it among the tattered clothes stuffed beneath her small bed. Some local resented the fact that Sal now had money, especially when the money came from the 'Crown'. One day she entered Doyle's with her ration book to buy some tea and butter. Mrs Doyle a large red haired woman stood behind the counter talking to a friend. 'I'm sorry to say the King's shilling is no longer welcome in my premises Sal Doran, you'll have to take your custom elsewhere!' 'But why, she asked, what have I ever done on you?'

'You have a very short memory Sal Doran!'

'What are you talking about woman?'

'Who was it, who shot our boys in Kilmanham in 1916?'

'What's that got to do with me, for God sake!'

'Those bastards wore the same uniform your Johnny wears today!'

'Jaysus, you can't begrudge the poor boy a living?'

'Traitors don't deserve to live' she said bitterly.

The words crushed her and Sal turned and left in silence.

Though Sal was now financially secure, she was forlorn. She missed Johnny and dreaded the long lonely nights. Soon she took to drinking and would visit O'Driscoll's Pub for a night cap. It helped her sleep. It was only a short distance from her campsite and O'Driscoll never made her feel unwelcome. Women were rarely seen in a pub and when one was, she was usually hidden away in the privacy of the snug, but not the bauld Sal. She sat at the counter holding court and puffing contentedly on her duidin. To the locals she was a form of amusement, a diversion from the drudgery of everyday life. She loved a brandy and took to it, like cat to cream. On this particular night the pub wasn't busy, just two auld lads drinking porter at the counter and two young men sitting discreetly in the corner. Sal had been drinking and was in fine fettle. She looked around and raised her brandy glass in a toast.

'To his Majesty King George!'

Her toast was greeted with a deafening silence. She shrugged her shoulders and sipped her brandy.

'Ah now Sal, I can't accept that kind of remark on the premises' warned O'Driscoll trying to defuse a potentially unpleasant situation!

The young men stood up and donned their coats and caps.

O'Driscoll fidgeted nervously.

'Twas meant as a joke boy's, she means no harm!'

Sal turned on the stool. 'Arrah Christ, can't ya see I'm only pulling your leg. Where's your sense of humour?'

Her words were countered with a cold silent stare.

'Sal, you'll have to quieten down, or else I'll have to ask you to leave.'

She turned to the older old men sitting at the counter

'What's wrong with the lot of youze, can't youze take a joke?'

The auld boys shuffled silently on their stools. Sal turned to O'Driscoll.

'The same again and whatever them gentlemen is having!'

Figures crossed the campsite. A match was struck and an oil lamp lit. The two entered the caravan.

'I know it must be here somewhere', said the taller of the two. He pulled the rubber band from the bundle of letters quickly flicking through them before flinging them to the floor.

'Search beneath the mattress!'

'Nothing!'

'Try beneath the bed!'

Reluctantly the smaller one knelt down and began searching.

'Jaysus the smell would kill a horse!'

'Shut up and keep looking!'

'I think I have something' he said standing up and handing over a woollen sock.

'Christ there must be at least fifty pounds in here' said the taller one.

'Ya know, when ya think about it, 'tis crazy?'

'What is?'

'We object to everybody else receiving the King's shilling, but we have no qualms about spending it!'

'Tis for the cause! Now let's get out of here' he said smashing the lantern against the floor. Flames engulfed the caravan. Sal's letters shrivelled then burned to cinders in the blaze.

In a Belgian church tower a German sniper slowly raised his rifle, a figure within his sights.

O'Driscoll pulled the cork from a bottle of stout.

A shot rang out.

Pop, another cork was pulled.

With a sickening thud the bullet hit its mark.

O'Driscoll plonked the bottles on the counter.

Johnny's lifeless body crashed face down in the mud.

The old men raised their caps. 'God bless you Sal Doran!'

Sal raised her glass in salute.

'Jaysus', she beamed, 'if this be war..... may there never be peace!'

END

James W Corcoran is a novelist and short story writer. He is a member of Abraxas Writers. His novels *The Bull in the Bowler* and *Chocolate Flamed Venus* are available on Amazon.

The Bull in the Bowler is a hilarious look at Ireland of the 1950's. Nigel arrives to promote artificial insemination, much to the shock and horror of the decent folk in the village of Ballinafad. Some 'cute 'hoors' perceive it as a threat to their conjugal rights. Willy, sent to eradicate the warblefly sweeps Eileen from the arms of her childhood sweetheart, in a tale of love, manslaughter, betrayal and revenge.

Chocolate Flamed Venus. Set in Ireland and spanning the years between the Second World War and the recent past, this is the story of Pat, an eight year old orphan and his struggle to survive the austere regime that is St. Joseph's and his genuine efforts to comply with the wishes of the nuns in whose care he finds himself.

SIGNAL ARTS EXHIBITIONS

'ELEMENTS'

An Exhibition of Ceramics and Glass by Mide Quinlan-Reddin

From Tuesday 7th May to Sunday 19th May

The Signal Arts Centre is delighted to present an exhibition by ceramic and glass artist Mide Quinlan-Reddin. Mide trained in Ireland, France and Scotland, attaining a BA in Ceramic Design from the Glasgow School of Art. Her work has been showcased in juried and non juried exhibitions in both Ireland and the UK.



The magical process of transforming soft pliable clay into durable ceramics has constantly fascinated Mide. The combination of ceramic techniques

available continuously intrigues and stimulates her. She writes, "I will never tire of working with clay. The accidents and disasters - some pleasantly surprising - others not so, constantly present me with interesting challenges which in turn encourage me to explore and experiment with new methods and techniques."

This solo exhibition is a collection of a lifetime of experience of working with clay and, more recently, glass fusing. "I am drawn to the translucency of the clay and glass and have attempted to marry the two together" says Reddin.

Opening Reception: Friday 10th May, 7-9pm

'4 JOURNEYS'

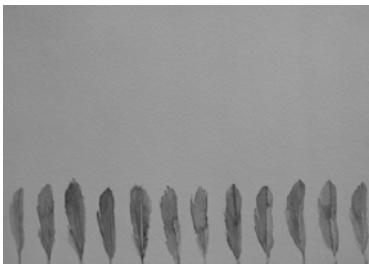
**A Multimedia Group Exhibition by Ella Flanagan, Aiseling Noone,
Pat Burnes and Yvonne Robinson**

From Tuesday 21st May to Sunday 2nd June

Signal Arts Centre is proud to present a diverse group exhibition by Ella Flanagan, Aiseling Noone, Pat Burnes, and Yvonne Robinson demonstrating a wide range of media and subjects.

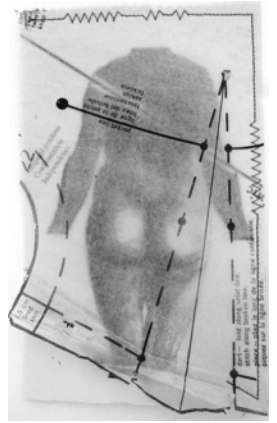
Ella Flanagan:

It was whilst getting to grips with living alone in a new country, grappling with a new culture and circumstance, that Flanagan was forced to look within and re-examine preconceived ideas about her work and role in unfamiliar surroundings. Previously working in oil the restricted workspace there prompted the artist to experiment with watercolour, a new departure for her. Flanagan's paintings became ongoing meditations on the light and sounds of her new environment. With this she wishes to convey her feeling of privilege in experiencing this light and in particular the song of the nightingale.



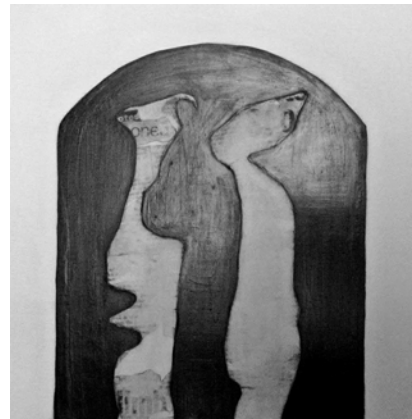
Aiseling Noone:

The emphasis of Noone's art practice is in close relationship with contemporary art and the apparel industry working with a range of disciplines such as printmaking, photography, fabrics and garments in a metamorphic way concerning social, cultural and gender issues. The artist applied the notion of the clothing trade with its many facets, isolating them from their familiar context in order to give them different meaning. These components act as a metaphor for suppression, domination, concerned mainly with human subjugation from a social and cultural context and in particular with female inequality.



Pat Burnes

Burnes' obsession with the environment and history of Bray drives the inspiration for her artwork. It is through the varied processes of art-making, i.e. painting,



printmaking, and photography that she seeks to express her strong kinship with the land wrought through the experience of memory, separation and exile. This new work melds the Quattrocento tradition of egg tempera on gesso and figural cut-outs from the

Bray People newspaper and offers the viewer a contemplation of 'the other.'

Yvonne Robinson

Robinson's work in general is about her response to the world as she has seen and experienced it and to create something from her subconscious. Robinson's early work concerned her alter ego reflecting her coming to terms with loss through death and dealt



with its emotional experience. Some of the work is figurative and emotes a psychological undertone to consider the masks we all wear. This recent work is the artist's response to her personal journey through life. It involves looking to the child within and embracing life with hope.

**Opening Reception:
Saturday 25th May 2013 7-9pm**

**A PARISIAN STYLE CABARET
IN THE FAMOUS 'PARIS BAKERY'
ON DUBLIN'S MOORE STREET.**




ROSE LAWLESS
ACCOMPAGNIED BY JULIE CRUICKSHANK

Paris Bakery
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DUBLIN 1
BOOKINGS : 01 44 80 112

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PRICE : € 10 www.twitter.com/parisbakerydub

'Flying the flag for the true spirit of Cabaret'
Irish Independent

'Blends Cabaret and Comedy seamlessly.
This is a fabulous feast of grown up fantasy'
in Dublin

LATE NIGHT CABARET
EVERY SATURDAY FROM 23RD MARCH
Vintage Dress Optional - Prizes for Best Dressed!

CREATIVE DESIGN MARTIAL joethai2000@gmail.com

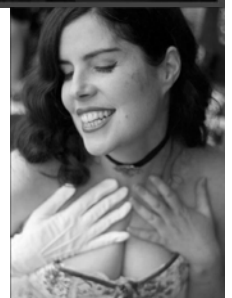


"ROSE WOULDN'T BE OUT OF PLACE IN A 1940'S MONTMARTRE SALON. IF ELEGANCE AND ROLICKING CAN GO TOGETHER THEN NO BETTER WOMAN THAN ROSE LAWLESS TO MARRY THE TWO."

LORNA KEATING, WWW.ILOVESATURDAY.IE

'IF JACQUES BREL WERE ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN DUBLIN, HE WOULD BE ROSE LAWLESS.'

OSCAR-NOMINATED, KATHLEEN O'ROURKE



Bray Arts Night Mon May 13th 2013

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

More on Bray Arts on facebook and www.brayarts.net. Information 2864623

George Burke, actor, producer and director

from **Square One** theatre group, will read his own poetry and a selection from a forthcoming publication by St. Killian's artist in residence **Donie Dempsey**

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