
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 3

November 2007

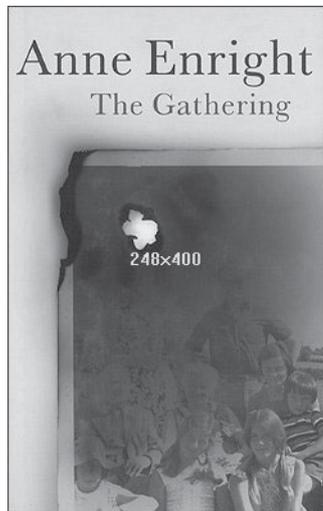
Volume 13



EDITORIAL

CONGRATULATIONS

Anne Enright won the Man Booker Prize, one of the literary world's most prestigious awards, on Tuesday 16th Oct. for "The Gathering." Her book tells the tale of the nine surviving children of the Hegarty clan who gather in Dublin for the wake of their wayward, drink-fuelled brother Liam and relive a dark secret from his boyhood.



"Reckless intelligence, savage humour, slow revelation, no consolation: Anne Enright's fiction is jet dark – but how it glitters. Her prose often ravishes and sometimes repels: reading her can be like staring into the lustrous surface of a lake, trying to discern the dangers lurking beneath. " Paul Majendie (Reuters)

"We found it a very powerful, uncomfortable and even at times angry book", chairman of the judges Howard

Davies said after picking one of the outsiders from the short list.

"It is an unflinching look at a grieving family in tough and striking language," he told reporters after the judges spent 2-1/2 hours closeted together picking the winner of the 50,000 pound prize.

Jonathan Ruppin of British bookstore Foyles called the judges' choice "a welcome boost for serious literature." "Not everyone will be comfortable with this bleak account of conflict and despair, but the writing is undeniably exquisite," he said.

Dublin-born Enright, 45, has published three previous novels as well as short stories and the non-fiction book "Making Babies: Stumbling into Motherhood."

Congratulations Anne from all at Bray Arts and thank you for your past contributions to our endeavours.



Anne I'm sure you would be delighted to hear that on the night you received your award a group of writers from the Bray based writers group ABRAXAS were having their usual 'after meeting' drink in the Vevay Inn. And instead of the perennial soccer match there you were 'our champion' on the big screen;

ole, ole, ole , ole
ole, ole

Come on! Sing up everyone.

MARIA CALLAS ANNIVERSARY

The end of September 2007 marks the 30th Anniversary of one of the greatest sopranos of the 20th century, **Maria Callas.**

Each decade has produced its own operatic legacy:

1902 -1921 Caruso

1918 - 1950 Gigli

1950 - 1960 Bjoerling.

There were also technological improvements with the long playing record in 1948 and stereophonic sound in 1958. During the Callas era there was stiff competition between La Scala in Milan and the Rome Opera. Callas was not alone; that era also saw Renata Tebaldi and Victoria de Los Angeles. The recording companies vied with one another to produce one outstanding recording after another and so did the great opera houses.



La Scala was also fortunate in having the services of a beautiful baritone **Tito Gobbi** and a wonderful tenor **Giuseppe di Stefano** plus a maestro conductor **Tullio Serafin.**

All came together to produce an operatic legend between 1949 and 1967. For more than a decade the scene was dominated by Callas, di Stefano and Gobbi.

Callas was a perfectionist and did not take kindly to anyone who was not up to her high standards. Besides the voice she had great acting skill so that she absorbed the role she was portraying. This pursuit of perfection naturally led to the legend that she was a tigress in both her private and very public life. In 1953 the three great artists recorded Tosca for Columbia Records. The demand has been so great that it is still in the catalogue.

With Callas one either loves the voice or can't stand it. There was a sharp edge to it as well as gentleness. Towards the end there was a pronounced wobble which could be irritating but it was her acting skills that carried her through.

In both the 1953 and 1964 recordings of Tosca she can make your hair stand on end, especially in the scene where she stabs Scarpia, the head of police, to death. She also portrays Carmen with perfection though many of the critics did not like it. In all she recorded some fourteen opera's as far as I can remember. Long may she remain as La Voce.

Front Cover : Expectant by Jean Doyle see pg 6 for details of her upcoming exhibition at Signal Arts.

REVIEW OF OCTOBER ARTS EVENING

Biddy Scott and Noreen Casey read James Henderson Scott's (1913 - 1970) poetry accompanied by a presentation of Biddy's own drawings which although not directly illustrative of the poetry evoked the spirit of the poems. Commenting on her beautifully crafted drawings Biddy said: "In this collection of work I have investigated the recurrence of images in the words of a significant speaker. The re-working of personal impressions, symbols or memories is something everyone plays with from time to time. With these images I have tried in a limited way, to re-ignite the original intentions of the Poet." Poems beautifully read by Noreen and Biddy.

Justin Almer performed a monologue written by Nicola Lindsay and directed by Frank O'Keefe. The monologue is called 'A Little While Longer' and is set in a nursing home where Justin, a retired army man reflects on his life and present situation. This is beautifully played by Justin. He portrays a military man who faces the neglect and loneliness of old age with dignity and quiet courage. Justin's performance is restrained and understated which matches perfectly the mood of the piece. Nicola Lindsay must be well pleased with such deft handling of her fine work. Congratulations also to the director Frank O'Keefe. It takes great skill in writing and acting ability to capture an audience within the constraints of a Bray Arts evening and this trio certainly did just that.

Derek Pullen brought along some of the cast from his Sondheim Musical called **Company**. This show was scheduled for Wed 24th to Sat 27 October in Mermaid

Theatre. The Bray Art's audience loved this taster of the show and were shouting for more at the end of three very lively numbers. Derek, quite wisely, left us longing to hear more and of course suggested the perfect solution; book for the full show in Mermaid.

MERMAID EXHIBITION

TIMELINES CURATED BY EILÍS LAVELLE 12 OCTOBER - 3 NOVEMBER

A group exhibition exploring the concept of time. Perceptions of temporal disruption and complexity are investigated through the theme of memory, and devices such as narrative and movement. Featured artists include Deirdre Ambrose, Aoife Desmond, Clodagh Emoe, Fiona Hackett, Atsushi Kaga, Paul McKinley, John O'Connell and Philippa Sutherland.



Films

A screening of films and animations co-curated by Orla McHardy will accompany the exhibition exploring the same theme. This will take place on:

Friday 19 October @ 8pm. Admission is free.

Everyone
Welcome

Bray Arts Evening Nov 5th 8:00pm

Spectacular night of entertainment at Heather House Hotel

Admission
5 Euro 4 conc.



Francisco Garcia (*Paco Arrastro*) & Friends

"Peace, that is some wicked playing...let me talk to the Edge...Wow" BONO

"...by far the best flamenco teacher in Europe"
John Walsh

"This guy is from another Galaxy" Mel Simpson

Mary Fogarty & Louisa Porter

will sing some all-time favourites from:

Mamas & Papa,

Simon & Garfunkel

Bob Dylan



Films

Ruairi O'Brien's 1st Prize winning short film at the Galway Film Fleadh &

Adam Ozmin's - Lost Souls and a Live Performance Video featuring 200 gallons of paint.

Dappled Shadows

Dappled shadows slyly cross
along walls shyly twist
around huddled rows where
other shadows stand near
the old bent outskirts,
obscure in lines as low hills.
And by the last bend of the path,
wide but illegible not tracked,
lost by tracks, tarmac roads,
old detours where the sun peeps
up, then dips and dips again.

Debashis Sen

Fianna Fail Prayer

Our Bertie; who is our Taoiseach,
hallowed be thy name
Finna Fail's utopia has come,
thy will be done in the Dail as it is in all constitu-
encies.
Give us this day our meagre tax cuts,
and forgive us all moneys we have accepted.
As we forgive those monies given to you.
Lead us not into defeat,
but deliver us from all bad press.
Amen.

Stanley Regal

Potential

The waiting is the worst part
Flat out next-in-line.
Time matters not to you, but to me
life starts and ends in a click.

There is no way of knowing,
of turning any tide, influencing any whim.
Have you ever once thought what it's like
To be White, A4 and unfulfilled?

In theory.

One could alter minds
Call lovers together
Bring an end to war.
Be the next page you can't wait to turn to.
Be the winner of a Nobel Prize.

Equally.

One could be the terms and conditions that
apply

A Corporate Vision Statement

A CV binned without a second glance

A PS or a MS.

Or the small print

Shush.

Start Print has been pressed.

It was for this I grew tall in Norwegian woods.

I could be a poem.

Brendan O'Brion

A South-Indian Retreat

By Carmen Cullen

Fishermen in crescent-shaped boats trawl offshore. Indians stand about in groups or sit cross-legged and stare out to sea and ice-cream vendors call out their treats. The Arabian Sea heaves and glints in shades of blue and white. It is mid-September in Kerala, a province in the South West of India and tumultuous rain and hot sun follow each other in quick suc-



cession. There are grey days too, cooler and easier to move around in and good for sight-seeing. I am a guest in the Raheem Residency a beautifully

restored hotel where both Ghandi and Nehru stayed. Owned by Bibi Baskin it stands back from that timeless scene and peace and tranquillity reign in our oasis of good taste.

I am here on a two week stay as a writer; Bibi offers a special rate for Irish writers. My friend Sarah also staying, is included too as a special part of that deal. This is my first time in India and I realise straight away I am barely scratching the surface of this vast continent. It will never be possible to see it all and I enjoy my unique, small window on a complex, vibrant and very different world. India heaves with life. There is heat and colour and noise, -confusion and beauty everywhere. Poverty is not so evident in this part of India, it is a fishing and rice-growing region; but when you travel by boat into the backwaters, wandering through lake and canal you can see how simple life is for the locals. Sheltered under coconut, cashew-nut and jackfruit tree houses are small, often only shacks with a few rooms and the water they are built beside means everything. It is used for washing, a livelihood, transport and irrigation. Even so the young people are ambitious and the standard of education is high, Kerala boast a ninety-seven percent literacy level and boys aim to work in offices and computer-related industries. A full working life for girls is not so certain. They are equally well educated and employable but very few stay working after getting married and women have marginal participation in public life. Arranged marriages account for ninety-five per cent of those in this rural district and the dowry system is a huge strain on family finances. Usually the boy's family begin to look for a wife for him when he is between twenty four and twenty seven and the girl is in her early twenties. If when they are introduced to an intended, neither party is happy with the choice they can say no and another selection is made. Arranged marriage is an accepted tradition and although there are dissenters, this custom is very embedded in the Indian way of life and difficult to change. One indication that there are inequality issues was a women's rights march I watched in Alleppy. Organised by the communist party, the ruling party in this state, at least five hundred women took part. The usually chaotic

traffic became bedlam but it did draw to a halt and happily the rows of marching chanting women were joined at the back by a good sized bunch of supporting men.

There is plenty to do in the immediate environs of the Raheem Residency. It is right beside Alleppy, a modest town, crowded with small shops, plain, poor and often very bare but with courteous smiling people, only too eager to chat and try and sell. You will get silk and jewellery in these little huckster shops and note the shoe menders, clothes menders with sewing machines and fruit and flower sellers plying their trade. Every shop is overstaffed and items are for a few cents. Tourists are a rarity in this, the off-season and your presence is noted and your passing watched. You get around mostly in a tuk-tuk, a three-wheeled mechanised rickshaw and these, together with most vehicles on the road obey no rules whatsoever. Added to that horns are constantly blown so that your journey resembles sitting in a bumper car at a carnival, as your driver barely avoids others, moving relentlessly crazily ever onwards.

The nearest city, Cochin, where your flight will bring you is more cosmopolitan. It boasts a tourist district with extremely enticing embroidered and embellished rugs, silks and throws as well as jewellery, all beautifully made and guaranteed to send your luggage weight spiralling upwards. Within a few hours driving you can also visit the famous Amma Ashram, an elephant Orphanage and many temples or even stay overnight in Periyar National Park. Walking safaris are conducted to see elephants, tigers, deer, wild boar and other rare creatures in their natural habitat.

Bibi's place is a perfect refuge when you want to retreat into coolness and quiet for some time, from the intensely human world without. It is cheerfully non-colonial but you are looked after so well you immediately feel special. Raheem Residency is a restored bungalow with seven bedrooms, airy spacious places; a wedding hall of old is being converted to add three more and there is a large central room through which breezes blow from the sea. Peace pervades and we are all having a deeply contented time. The restaurant is reached by a wrought-iron spiral stairs and everywhere there are touches of elegance, antique

furniture on the verandas and in the bedrooms, a suite for ayurvedic massages, polished terracotta flooring, thoughtfully stocked antique bookshelves, lounging chairs and blossom-decorated pots. The ayurvedic massages are an unrivalled means of restoring your balance and preparing you for the stresses of modern life and are also part of the local health system. With its roots in Sanskrit the word

Ayurveda is derived from aye(life) and veda(knowledge). It is the knowledge or science of life. The principles of Ayurvedic medicine were first introduced in the Vedas 2,000 years ago.

To crown it all, the Raheem Residency boasts a delightful swimming pool, blue as the Arabian Sea beyond letting you



gently while way some time, perhaps observing a kite bird flying overhead or watching the climbing yellow almanda nod in the warm air. This province had many temples where visitors are welcome and has a strong tradition in spiritual thought. If you hear the call of the Muslim Mosque from your bedroom you know too that this is one of the most tolerant states in India and that Muslim Hindu and Christian faiths happily co-exist.

Look up the Raheem Residency on their website: www.raheemresidency.com and plan a visit. You won't regret your choice.

NOVEMBER

By Tim Smyth

Through the window, he could see a sweep of brassy sunlight pick out the treetops two fields over. They were illuminated in mouldy shades of grey and orange. The navy silhouette of a hill was just behind them, making the colours seem all the more obvious. The saplings planted in the centre of the housing estate's green did not look much healthier. In that thin, late November light, their branches seemed worm-purple, their trunks a blotched flesh-tone. They looked like cold, measling shins.

The remaining leaves were a flat lightbulb-yellow. Strewn across the lawn were darker, larger leaves that twitched like stunned brown trout when the wind raked over them. It had rained the night before. Dead leaves were pasted to the tarmac in a greasy litter.

His wife hadn't come home yet, so he'd started eating alone. Her dinner was on the sideboard. He hadn't eaten for about a minute now. His eyes were fixed on the plate. Although his back was turned to the photographs, the images were as clear in his mind as if he were facing them. The front door crunched open. He didn't move. He waited until she bustled through the kitchen door before he went to help her with her bags - even though she would want to take care of them herself. "Don't bother," was her cross response. While she unpacked, he brought her dinner over to the microwave. "I'll get it in a second," she snapped. He ignored her and switched on the microwave. He then moved his plate so that she was the one sitting with her back turned to the photographs.

She slammed food into presses. Then she took her place opposite him at the table, briskly forking food into her mouth. All that could be heard was her harsh breathing, the staccato click of her fork on her plate and a pinched grating of metal on ceramic when it slipped. Outside, the sun had become obscured once more. Mauve stormclouds congealed in one corner of the sky. A few small needles of rain rapped the windows.

He ate with his face turned towards his food. It was already cold, but he still ate. For the few seconds as he swallowed, he didn't feel the three-week-old, icy-cold hardness in his stomach. But his pace slowed. His mind kept conjuring up sickening comparisons between his sauce-covered food and lost sailors. Yet he couldn't bring himself to look away from the plate. He swallowed a hard mouthful and sat back in his

chair, hand to his mouth as he forced it down. The exertion of swallowing allowed the steam-hot sorrow he'd been holding back to break loose and scald his eyes. It was becoming too much: his wife's robotic eating, the wind in the air-vents. He spoke. "Which one of us is getting Sarah from the creche?" he said.

That seemed enough. It was as though a crucial wire in a dynamo had snapped. Her fork dropped from her hand and flew to support her forehead. Her breathing sounded like the wheeze of an engine running out of fuel. When what she had been chewing was gone, she gave vent to a choked sob and said: "You know it's three weeks today." And then she drew up her other elbow and rested her head on her other hand. The sobs ratcheted as if gears inside her somewhere were trying to re-adjust.



He stood up and crossed the room. His embrace and his apology were equally automatic. "I'm sorry; I just meant it was as if she was still - " But he couldn't say the last word, because the hot clouds of tears he had to keep back billowed up again.

He could feel the hard bones of her fingers straining at his back, her head driven deep into his chest as though she would smother herself. Most of what she was saying was too drowned by her weeping to be understood, and he tried to deafen what he could understand by repeating the words "I know; it's okay". He kept telling himself that it was good for her to cry like this, to release all this sorrow, and that that justified what he had done to set it off. But he could not convince himself. He knew that he had only wanted her to cry like this so that he didn't have to dwell upon his own grief.

There was no partition between their kitchen and their living room. Over on a tall shelving unit, where their stereo was kept, were six photographs - three Christmases, three birthdays. The date was visible in red on the birthday photographs. All had been taken before that day in November. The storm-clouds blew over. The cold sun glared from the sky once more. Even though her sobbing had subsided, he kept his back turned to the photographs.

'Icham of Irlaunde'

Icham of Irlaunde
Ant of the holy londe
Of irlaunde

Gode sire, pray ich the,
For of saynte charite,
Come ant daunce wyt me
In Irlaunde

Anonymous 14th century

*I am of Ireland
And of the holy land
Of Ireland*

*Good sir, I pray thee
For the sake of charity
Come and dance with me
In Ireland*

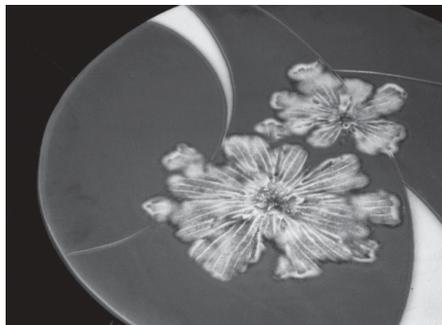
SIGNAL ARTS EXHIBITIONS

TWO MINDS, ONE VOICE

by

Alan Boyle and Grainne Watts

From Tuesday 23rd October to Sunday 4th Nov



Alan Boyle qualified as a graphic designer from the College of Marketing and Design in Dublin in 1986 and is currently working towards a Diploma in Psychotherapy and Counselling. After working in advertising for many years he began studying ceramics, which led

him to focus his creative talents on his own unique ceramic art.

Alan's work combines his graphic design background with influences from ancient art and the Irish landscapes along with influences from Japan. His work is constantly evolving as he experiments with new techniques.



Grainne Watts is a ceramic artist living in Newcastle Co. Wicklow. She graduated from NCAD in 1982 whereupon she began an apprenticeship with Geoffrey Healy Pottery in Wicklow. Grainne taught for some time at the VEC in Stillorgan, Co. Dublin.

A lifetime of holidays on the Connemara coastline has provided Grainne with numerous "found" treasures including wood, metal and bone in various states of decay. The visual and tactile marks of erosion and time are elements Grainne tries to capture in the decorative techniques she has been developing.

Opening Reception Thursday 25th October 2007 7PM-9PM

IN THE DREAM TIME

an exhibition of new work by artist Jean Doyle

From Tuesday 6th November to Sunday 18th November

Jean has also just completed an Honours Degree in Fine Art

at NCAD Dublin. During this time she studied in Accademia Di Belle Arti in Bologna, Northern Italy where she participated



in a six month student Erasmus programme.

Jean is a visual artist working in the area of Fine Art but also works with collage, sculpture, installation, performance and photography. Jean has exhibited her work at many group exhibitions throughout Ireland and Italy.

Childhood memory and the reluctant journey from childhood to adulthood have been a constant theme in Jeans work. In The Dream Time is about transformation, survival, love, life and acceptance.

Opening Reception Tuesday 6th Nov 7pm-9pm

Gallery Opening Hours: Tue-Fri 10a.m. -5p.m.

Closed for lunch 1pm.-2pm.

Sat/Sun 12p.m. - 5p.m. Closed all day Monday.

Video Voyeur

by

Harold Chassen

300 is an animated film based on a graphic novel which is based on the 1962 film the 300 Spartans. This film does not have a great script and has a very simple plot; a small Greek army holds back the Persian king's army at the battle of Thermopylae. The thing that makes it very watchable to me is the lifelike animation all done by computer. It's so good that sometimes it's hard to believe that you aren't watching real actors on the screen. The film even uses a few lines of dia-



Short Film for Nov Arts Evening

Teeth

Two men in a boat. A fish. Plenty of water. How to tell a story in two minutes in black and white. **Ruairi O'Brien's** script is full of the language of film, a lifted eyebrow, the flick of wrist, some tension and some water.

The Actor's **Niall O'Brien** (father of the afore mentined) and Niall Toibin, make a wonderful duo. No wonder it won first prize at Galway Film Fleadh, Shorts section. And it has developed legs. Japan, the USA, Spain and Germany have also recognised it for the gem that it is. Come and enjoy it.

Adam Ozmin is another young Irish Film maker who will be showing a Live Performance Video involving 200 gallons of paint and a short film called **Lost Souls**, a story about two socks that get separated and find each other again

See full prgamme below for Nov Arts Evening.

Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : bacj@eircom.net

Creative Writing Prose/Fiction Editor : Anne Fitzgerald : afitzgerald3@ireland.com

Poetry Editor : Eugene Hearne : poetrybray@yahoo.ie

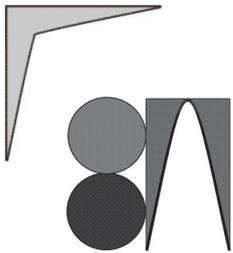
website : www.brayarts.net

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

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

Visual material: Photographs by Post. Digital Images by Email or CD in JPEG format.

Deadline 15th of each month.



*Arts Evening Monday 5th November 2007
at the Heather House Hotel Strand Road 8:00 pm
5 Euro / 4 Euro Conc. Everyone is welcome.*

Ruairi O'Brien : Short fim called Teeth - First Prize winner at Galway Film Fleadh

Adam Ozmin : presents his short film called SOCKS and a Live Performance Video involving a lot of paint.

Mary Fogarty & Louisa Porter: Great songs from the 60s including Mamas & Papas, Simon & Garfunkel and Bob Dylan

Paco Arrastro & Friends: Exciting, exhilerating Flamenco from "...the best flamenco teacher in Europe..."

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