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# Bray Arts Journal

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Issue 3

November 2011

Volume 1



## Bray Arts Phantom Galleries 2011

The Phantom Galleries will once again appear in the Main Street in Bray from the **24<sup>th</sup> of October until the 7<sup>th</sup> of November**. The windows of the unoccupied Totterdell's, the former Garden centre and who knows which other shops will exhibit the finest art and craft in Bray. The theme of the Phantom Galleries is "Freedom of Spirit in the Spirit of Freedom" in celebration of the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Amnesty International. Each window space will be arranged to look like part of an artists living studio. The aim of this style of exhibition is to provide the viewer with an insight into the working life of the artist, by providing visual information on the artists methods and choice of materials. Finished pieces by the artist's will also be on display.

The exhibition will open on Monday, the 24<sup>th</sup> of October with a walking tour of the Phantom Galleries assembling on the forecourt of the Holy Redeemer church on the Main Street at 6 pm. The tour will make its way around the Galleries to finish at the Martello Hotel on the seafront. Well-known artist Doug Ross will formally launch the Phantom galleries upstairs in the Martello Hotel at 7:30 pm. followed by a reception hosted by the hotel. The Phantom Galleries will run for two weeks and close with the Bray Arts performance evening upstairs in the Martello on the 7<sup>th</sup> of November featuring the Shed Poets and other artistes. All are welcome to these events.

Cearbhall e. O'Meadhra,  
Chairman, Bray Arts.

## Bray Arts Gala Variety Show

Bray Arts Comes to Mermaid for Christmas

On the Night of Sunday the 18th of December, at Mermaid Arts Centre, Bray Arts will present its Gala Performance, commencing at 8:00 pm. A wonderful array of acts will be introduced by The Racker Donnelly as Master of Ceremonies and will include: Wyvern Lingo; The Auld Codgers; Rose Lawless cabaret; Reuben the Entertainer and finish off with Blind Yackety. The whole production will be directed by Derek Pullen.

This is a wonderful opportunity to enjoy the peak of entertainment in a magnificent setting just before Christmas. We urge all supporters of Bray Arts to come along and bring your friends for the experience of a lifetime. Tickets are available at the Mermaid Theatre priced €16 and €14 (concession).



Bray Arts is on Facebook



Front Cover : Drawing by Brigid O'Brien - see details of her upcoming exhibition 'Allotment' on page 7.

## Review of October Bray Arts Evening (Oct 3rd)

The capacity audience enjoyed a rich and varied programme full of ideas and hidden meanings.

**Gabriel Akujobi and Segun Akano** from Lagos in West Africa opened with "The Talking Drums". They have been playing Djembe drums together for eight years with the aim of bringing people back to an understanding of this simple but profound instrument. They invited everyone to relax, listen to the rhythmic sound and clap along whenever they felt moved to do so. The drums began with a repeating four-beat rhythm with a strong bass sound marking the first beat of each bar. Gradually new beats were added in to overlay the basic pattern with intriguing effect. The secondary beats became more and more rapid, spilling over the bass sounds while remaining coordinated within the rhythm.



Gabriel Akujobi and Segun Akano

The next piece, "Ayo Mbe", added the voice to the sound of the drums. In this song both Gabriel and Segun joined together, singing in a Nigerian dialect from Lagos. The base involved a four-beat rhythm in double time with strong syncopation. The combination of vocals and rhythm was so effective that everyone cheered its completion.

The duo finished with a Lagos street song, "Erora", which was set to a fast three-beat rhythm.

The two vocal parts began by chanting together in a monotone and then separating into two part harmony drawing on audience participation to bring the song to a resounding climax.

**Aaron Ross**, artist, illustrator and printed textile designer, followed with an illustrated talk about his work and his future hopes and ideas. He told of his state of transition faced with a personal



Aaron Ross

"predicament". He worked for fashion labels all over the world creating something aesthetically beautiful rather than conceptual. This led him to realise that he wanted to find a way to make art really interesting for himself; in fact, to have fun rather than just create beautiful art. He presented slides of his excellent works in which he has

illustrated these ideas such as the case of the child who is just purely playful yet creative. He experimented with acting and with writing and found that he was channelling aspects of himself that are dormant and drawing from perspectives of people who are not himself. These reflections led him to a light-hearted, capricious look at life and his drawings and paintings reveal a quirky, playful rendition of concepts and taboos that he delighted in tweaking. Aaron makes incredible use of colour in his work even though he believes that images are secondary to words. His thoughts and musings reflect the fact that he is turning over stones and taking a refreshing look at all he has taken for granted up to now. His ideas can be shared on his web site: [www.tinylittlegods.com](http://www.tinylittlegods.com).

**David Butler**, poet and writer, engaged the entire audience with his unique skill in using sound, humour and rhythm. In his first poem, "Swallow", he tries to capture the activity of a swallow in flight through the rhythmic use of words. David believes that "Poems don't need to be difficult or complicated". As an example, a poem about a shaving mirror makes allusion to "sharp images" as a simple play on words. In his humorous writing he likes to put a little twist in the meaning that effectively surprises the reader.



*David Butler*

Reflecting on the fact that his mother is ten years dead this year David was struck by the "conditional" nature of life in which "Death wearing the mask of a surgeon is not to be trusted". Bringing a writing mind home, he read "Bray Head" remarking that the "rocks are nouns but the sea is all verb". His play on ideas was inexhaustible. In "glass blower" David sees the "dull red sun sets into glass". In "epitaph" David quips "these are not days they are changes of light". With such pithy phrases David enriched the evening to loud acclaim by all.

After the break, **Hedda Kaphengst** - Singer, musician and actor,



*Danny Weir & Hedda Kaphengst*

took the floor and, accompanied on the piano by **Danny Weir**, delivered a series of well-loved, romantic songs including: "This I love" and "If you believe in me". On marriage, Hedda sang: "I beg your pardon I never promised you a rose garden". This was appropriately followed by "It's a lesson too late for the learning" to resounding piano accompaniment as the audience joined in. Danny sang the next

piece "Hope I Don't Fall in Love with You" to his own accompaniment on the piano. Returning to the fore, Hedda sang "Lilly Marlene" in German with great feeling for those who have experienced parting. Hedda finished the performance with "Come dance with me" and received great applause from a truly satisfied audience.

Cearbhall e. O'Meadhra

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**Preview of next Bray Arts Evening**  
**Mon Nov 7 Doors open 8:00pm**  
**Everyone is welcome Adm. €5 & €4 conc.**

This month Bray Arts is celebrating the 50th Anniversary of Amnesty International with a double appearance of the shed Poets who are the driving force in Amnesty in North wicklow. The evening also marks the close of the Phantom Galleries festival.

**Bridget O'Brien**

Introducing her forthcoming exhibition '**Allotment**'. Referring to allotments Brigid says, 'Quaint, they looked, old fashioned and definitely part of our past. Enjoying the colours and patterns made by all the little gardens and the lines made by the rows of plants. Getting sweaty and mucky, using muscles and strength to great satisfaction. Having all the senses stimulated. Concentrating the mind on all these things rather than the frightening news that comes at us all the time.' More information in Signal Arts Exhibitions on page 7.

**Shed Poets**

The Shed Poets Society is a group of six women who meet each week in a terraced garden that overlooks Killiney Bay, Co. Dublin, Ireland. The poets have published a number of poetry books both individually and as a group. Shed Poets books include: Rising Tide, High Tide, Tidings And Strands Of Silk featuring Bernie Kenny, Carol Boland, Judy Russell, Maureen Perkins, Margarite Colgan AND Rosie Wilson

**Magdeejewellery**

MagDee, Magdalena Jaremko's in real life, has always done something artsy. Started with drawing in her note books in school and then moved to pencil and portraits. All through her childhood she would make little people and horses from play doh and she would often freeze them to make them keep their shape. She now works in polymer clay where she finds freedom in shapes, colours and textures.

**The Shed Poets (part II)**

**Close Of The Phantom Galleries And Tribute To Amnesty International.** More info. On page 2.

**Eric Noon – Singer Musician And Songwriter**

Erik has created a sort of musical chemistry that is unique in its style and variety. He is known for the quality and energy of his shows as much as the amount of fun and dancing that people would get at his gigs. He has become a must have on the festival scene and played Festivals such as Knockanstockan 08 and 09, Solas 08, Festival of world Culture 08 and 09, 3 gigs at The Electric Picnic 09, sharing the stage with bands such as Kila and the North Strand Kontraband Erik has become a driving force in the Dublin alternative scene and across Ireland.

## Five Poems from The Shed Poets

### November

by Bernie Kenny

In this morning's post  
I receive unbidden

the penny catechism of my youth,  
same blue-green cover,  
pages tissue-thin, numbered  
one to sixty-three,  
all asking, answering  
questions on the cosmic why  
of our existence

and I am a child again,  
uncomprehending,  
learning every page by heart,  
sing-song replies verbatim,  
big words, big lists, big sins  
– seven deadly –  
on the tip of my tongue.

Behind Killiney Hill the sun  
sets earlier each day  
and I am mindful of you,  
at peace when the end drew near,  
you simply said –  
We must believe.

### On the brink

by Judy Russell

I stalk the seashore like a hungry beast  
waiting to be young again,  
up to my ankles in the chill sea foam  
toes in the satin sand  
while others ride the surf and crest the wave.

Surely not long from now  
I will be lithe again and fleet of foot,  
run leaping down the rugged mountain side  
melt in the sweetness of fulfilled desire,  
put to sea in a shell and let the wind take me.

### I dream tonight

by Rosy Wilson

You are beside  
me in the bed

Turn over quietly  
not to disturb your sleep

Stretch a gentle arm  
around your shoulder

Hug empty air where  
your firm flesh should be

As though a hare  
has loped over the edge

A heron's flown from  
its familiar tree.

### She chose the rose

by Maureen Perkins

You live in oracle song  
arouse the wisdom of sages  
whose stories sing  
in the lilt of your pen.

Through your epics  
Cú Chulainn stalks  
in rhyme upon rhyme  
a hero of the Táin.

Maude Gonne at Howth station  
you knelt at her feet  
but her heart only listened  
to a marching beat.

### Fanning the Flame

by Carol Boland

I twirl him in a butterfly net  
as he circles my hair  
on multi-coloured wings  
of possibilities

until the strain of the last game  
snaps me like a string of worry beads  
scatters my alternatives  
bouncing them high  
and low  
on a stone cold floor.

The only time he visits now  
is on rumours of his wildness.

### The Little Skellig

by Marguerite Colgan

A sandstone cathedral looms.  
Storm carves pew-ledge, minaret, spire,  
drenches them, blows them dry.  
Rugged buttress arches into the deep.

Choirs of gannets rasp and bark  
congregate in family pews  
some hover overhead,  
black tips on angel wings.

High sunshine beckons the lacemakers.  
They take their places,  
stitch the island rock, row on row  
a tracery of white knots, grey picot,  
smudge guano for a backing veil.

With forward eyes, beaks needle sharp,  
The stitchers crosshatch, loop  
figures of eight, swoop to settle a knot.  
Another and another rises.

# New Beginnings

By Hugh Rafferty

‘It’s a bitch of a day,’ I said.

‘And...’ he enquired, not very welcoming despite my classy opener. It’s what they recommend back at the office. Get in close, they say. Identify with your customer and build a relationship with your opening words.

I tried a different tack.

‘This is your lucky day,’ I began...

‘It’s raining,’ he said as he pushed on the door trying to dislodge my foot. ‘Move your foot.’ That’s another tip from the office. Get at least one foot inside as soon as the door opens. They call it the critical first step that gives you a territorial advantage you will not easily yield

‘Just hear me out,’ I purred, ‘just for a minute.’ I reached over and touched him gently on the elbow. ‘It will be well worth your while.’ Office wisdom would suggest that I now had struck gold. Make physical contact. They call it the golden moment.

He shook my hand off but at the same time he stopped banging the door on my foot. ‘What do you mean worth my while?’

*Bingo.* I almost said it aloud.

‘If you’ll let me stand in I can explain it to you,’ I answered earnestly ignoring the water hazard of my now saturated hair.

‘You can explain right where you are.’

‘It’s raining.’

‘I know,’ he said. Not what I expected. According to the office he should now be agog, anxious to learn, ready to buy. He didn’t look agog.

‘Okay,’ I said mildly and, despite the rain dribbling down my face, projecting as the office suggested ‘corporate confidence and personal magnetism’, I handed him one of my gilt edged cards.

‘As you can see Mister....?’

‘Toner,’ he imparted, ‘Billy Toner.’

‘As you can see Mister Toner... or would you prefer Billy?’

He didn’t say.

‘Well, as you can see Billy I represent the firm of Hamilton and Briggs and I am...’

‘Never heard of them’ he said from the dry haven of his hallway.

‘Never heard of whom?’ I remained calm although the rain had penetrated the collar of my coat and I could feel it dampening my shirt.

‘Your bunch...Briggs and whoever.’

‘HB’ I smiled projecting more of that corporate confidence. ‘One of the major...’

‘The ice cream people?’ He seemed happily surprised.

‘No, no. Sorry,’ I said still smiling, ‘HB is just insider shorthand. Hamilton and Briggs is one of the leaders in market research and market development, now moving in to retail sales.’

‘You’re selling.’ He seemed surprised.

‘Well.... Yes, I suppose so,’ I replied, ‘but introducing a product is probably more accurate and I have quite considerable flexibility in pricing and terms which I can offer to you.’ Thank God for the office: this was a verbatim response to the tricky question about doorstep sales.

‘You’re selling door to door,’ he sounded somewhat animated.

‘Not really door to door.’ Quick thinking on my part. ‘Yours is the only door I have called to.’

‘But what sort of an outfit would doorstep. Any decent company would have web sales, a call centre, advertising, some sort of a shop window.’

‘Aah,’ I said, comfortably informed on this very point. ‘My company has done extensive research on sales and in particular on customer friendly sales. We believe that consumers are badly served by disembodied calls from foreign centres, by stock answers to frequently asked questions and by unproven advertising, however glossy. Our approach is to engage with our customer face to face through each step of his purchase. It’s an exciting development. The customer is in control and the emphasis is on purchase rather than sale.’

I must have sounded okay despite my sorry condition; the rain had breached my shirt and I could feel it cold and clammy on my back. He was not immediately impressed by my argument or his improved role in the transaction but he did seem to be thinking it through.

‘If I’m in control,’ he asked after some more miserable moments, ‘why is your foot in my doorway.’

‘I would be pleased to come in if you wish and answer any questions you have in the comfort of your most attractive home.’ Nice one, I thought, massage his ego and get myself in out of this bloody weather.

‘Hold it buster,’ he said, somewhat crossly I felt. ‘I don’t let just any door stepper stroll into my house. If you have more to say you can say it right here.’

Fuck it, I thought. None of the recommended approaches had worked. I felt like shit, perhaps this new gig was not for me, Arts

degree notwithstanding. How I missed my job at the undertakers (recession proof my arse).

Then I remembered what the sales manager had said as he wrapped up the HOW TO SELL session. Sometimes, he said, you will meet a thoroughgoing bastard who is impervious to our sales technique. Don't get disheartened, he had said, you may have to wing it but remember that it is at those times that a sales legend is born. Take the opportunity to shine; make the sale; become the legend. Inspiring stuff and all of us fledgling salespeople had been inspired but now, wet and miserable, a cramp growing in my dry leg I was finding it hard to summon up a shine let alone a sale. *Why*, I wondered, did I have to meet a thoroughgoing bastard on my first outing? I looked at him smug and dry in his hallway and I hated him; he had not even enquired what the product might be. *Oh shit. The product.* They said it would sell itself and I hadn't even mentioned it.

I smiled at him and little rivulets crested my chin to dribble down my neck.

'Billy,' I said. 'I can't very well give you a special preview of our incredible product while standing in the rain. Outside of the company you will be one of the first people to have that opportunity.' He looked sceptical. I went on. 'No more than thirty minutes to fill you in and give you a practical demonstration of something that *will* change your life.' Still sceptical but then I found inspiration. 'Listen Billy,' I said. 'It's not as if we are strangers...'

'We are strangers,' he said. 'I didn't know you existed ten minutes ago.' He began to push the door against my poor cramped foot again.

'Technically, Billy, I suppose you are right but we have been chatting for a little time now and I think we have developed considerable rapport.'

He stopped pushing the door. A good sign.

'Will you shut up,' he said, 'and tell me what the hell product you think you are selling.'

*Bingo!*

'I can do better,' I said. 'I have a demo in my car.' I pointed across the street. 'Why don't I get it? What do you say, Billy?'

'God almighty,' he growled and I sensed victory, 'why the hell not?'

I was across that street in jig time, wet to my underwear, sloshing through the puddles, but happy. It took a bit of lifting and dragging to get the House-o-Lator Mark 1 out of the boot, awkward bloody yoke, heavy as hell and some of the iron struts insisted on bending

the wrong way. I got it out and upright and dragged it across the street. My clothes were ruined, there was water in my shoes, but none of that mattered because I could almost taste my success, the birth of a sales legend.

The door was closed.

I waited. I rang the bell. I resorted to pounding on the door. I even crouched down and squinted through the letter box; there was movement, the sound of voices – perhaps a television - and I could hear laughter. 'Billy,' I called, gently because it is important not to goad a potential customer. There was no answer. I tried again and I must confess that eventually I took to shouting. Still no response.

Somehow I dragged the House-O-Lator back across the street all the time wondering why the sale had gone wrong. While I was trying to wedge the Mark 1 into the boot I realised where I had made an elementary mistake.

I had withdrawn my foot from the door and surrendered territorial advantage. I swore that would not happen next time.

The rain stopped but my face was still wet. I may have been crying.

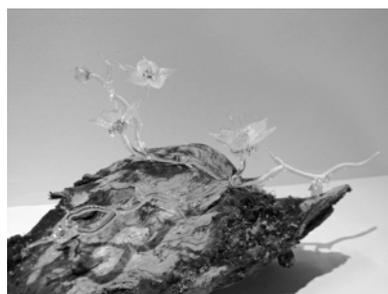
THE END

## Signal Arts Exhibitions

### Spontaneous Order

A Multi-Discipline Group Exhibition

*From Tuesday 8<sup>th</sup> November to Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> November 2011*



*Cherry Blossom by Emma Bourke*

Signal Arts Centre is pleased to present new work by ten female artists who have joined in *Spontaneous Order* to highlight their combined knowledge and skill in Irish craft.

Pulsing through the veins of the nation of Ireland is a

desire for the handcrafted. Our ancestors were surrounded by such items. Articles of function, form and decoration were skilfully constructed by hand - from the intricately carved eighteenth century Penal crosses to lofty tables and chairs. The contemporary work of the artists and craftspeople in *Spontaneous Order* was made with the same sensitivity and attention to detail as an Irish craftsman would have used centuries ago. Each represented artist



*Astound by Emer Lunch*

in the exhibition shows supreme respect for her medium and this is expressed in the quality of the pieces in the exhibition.

**Emma Bourke** crafts spectacularly intricate flame-worked glass sculptures. **Sabrina Meyns** creates transient jewellery and sculptural pieces. **Fiona Byrne** combines a mixture of fine art and glass. **Kim Murphy** works with ceramics, which are meticulously hand carved and high fired giving a translucent effect. **Maggie Cashman** is a glassmaker and designer from Dublin. **Paula Ilecka** creates sleek, contemporary ceramics. **Emer Lynch** etches words on sheet glass which are intuitively embedded in each composition. **Liza McGowan** is constantly expanding her knowledge of metals to create sculptures. **Laura McNamara's** interests are both ceramics and biology.



*Keepsake by Kim Murphy*

**Adele Stanley's** looks at everyday objects, mass produced images and the spaces they occupy and after interrogation, seeks to find new ways to represent these.

**Opening Reception: Thursday 10<sup>th</sup> November 7 – 9pm**

## Allotment

**Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings by Brigid O'Brien**

**From Tuesday 22<sup>nd</sup> November to Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> December 2011**

Signal is proud to present the exhibition of paintings and drawings by artist Brigid O'Brien. Brigid has exhibited widely in group



*Allotment 1 by Brigid O'Brien*

shows in Dublin, Wicklow and London. She has worked with other artists and people with disabilities, designing gardens and painting murals in places of long-term care. As an artist, drawings are her specialty, she has a unique quirky view of life which she portrays in her work.

Allotments were a feature of the earlier part of the last century. I recall observing the patterns left by them on railway banks around

Dublin in the nineteen sixties. Quaint, they looked, old fashioned and definitely part of our past. Enjoying the colours and patterns made by all the little gardens and the lines made by the rows of plants. Getting sweaty and mucky, using muscles and strength to great satisfaction. Having all the senses stimulated. Concentrating the mind on all these things rather than the frightening news that comes at us all the time.

**Opening Reception: Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> November 2011 3 p.m. – 5 p.m.**

## LETTER FROM CALCUTTA

Calcutta, September 22<sup>nd</sup> 2011

*Dear Anne,*

*I am so very delighted to get the September issue of the Bray Arts Journal. I missed it very much these days. So imagine my joy when it arrived, bringing with it more brightness of light autumnal light filling my small room and cheering it up to abandon.*

*I have enjoyed every feature of the journal and my special thanks for the fine cover illustration with the picture of tress on Sallygap. The moving quality of a sombre desolation with bony trees pointing upwards like some silent poignant supplication has been conveyed with great feeling and a rare emotional intensity that transports the mind with rare immediacy to a very fareway landscape where an unbroken silence and solitude reigns supreme.*

*I am so moved by the poem Autumn by Richard Le Gallienne. Autumn has indeed come here, thought it is of a very different quality. Yet, I always think of Keats' description of 'the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness' and my mind sails off to those misty isles.*

*As always, I have very much loved the poems, specially of course Pauline Fayne's poems, Fear of Friendship and Carol. And I am enchanted to read Shane Harrison's experiences in Madrid penned in a wonderful poetic prose carrying across to us a vivid impressions of that noble and floridly picturesque place bustling with the forever perpetual excitements of life with colours of all kinds erupting to a great abandon. That mirth and merriment so typical of Madrid infects the mind at once and one would wish one could visit it soon.*

*The ode of Padraig Hogan are stirring and one feels sad at the passing away of Mick Ryan. I am very saddened to hear of the death of Stan Regal whose brilliant stories published in this journal used to delight me a great deal. In sum, my all very special thanks for this brilliant September issue.*

*Your kind pleasure,  
Sebashis Sen*

## An Evening of Drama and Song

Featuring

**The Kings of Babylon**

by Margaret Maybury

Performers:

Margaret Bridge – Soprano

Richard Bridge – Tenor

Frank Lonergan – Britone

Maeve Rogers – Accompanist

**Sunday October 23rd from 6 to 8 p.m.**

**At the Esplanade Hotel, Bray Seafont**

**Admission Free**

**Collection in aid of Bray Cancer Support Centre**

## Alex Mathias & Jake Hertzog

Reuniting for the first time since graduating from Berklee College of Music in 2006, Irish saxophonist and composer **Alex Mathias** and New York based guitarist **Jake Hertzog** (Winner of Montreux Jazz Guitar Competition 2006) are on a 5 day tour in in Limerick, Wexford, Waterford, Sligo and Dublin from Oct 19 to Oct 23. The final performance on Sun Oct 23, 8pm, is at JJ Smyths, Dublin 2, Ireland.

For details of the other venues go to

[http://www.alexmathias.com/fr\\_hertzogtour.cfm](http://www.alexmathias.com/fr_hertzogtour.cfm)

## Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : [editor@brayarts.net](mailto:editor@brayarts.net)

Creative Writing Editor : Anne Fitzgerald :  
[annefitz3@gmail.com](mailto:annefitz3@gmail.com)

Email submissions to the above or post typed submissions to :

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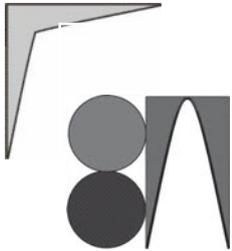
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Co. Wicklow

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## Bray Arts Evening Mon 7th Nov 2011

Upstairs at The Martello on the Seafront  
€5/€4 conc. Absolutely everyone is welcome.  
Doors open 8:00pm

**The Shed Poets** : This renowned group of poets always delight, entertain, and move their listeners.

**Magdeejewellery**: MagDee makes art objects from cake toppers to exotic jewellery.

**Eric Noon**: Musical chemistry unique in style and variety.

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