
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 2

October 2013

Volume 20



FREE

REVIEW

Monday September 9th, 2013

The new season opened with poetry, crafts, historic writing and music – what more could you ask for?

Dermot McCabe, writer, opened the programme with a beautiful tribute on behalf of Bray arts to the late **Seamus Heaney**.



Dermot McCabe

Dermot spoke of his personal relationship with the great poet in 1972 when he and his wife were able to help him and regaled us with stories of washing machines that blew a gasket and flooded the kitchen along with other instances that brought the two families together. Dermot found Seamus to be a fascinating, thoughtful man despite his greatness who was ready and willing to share his views with the fledgling writer. He was a courteous man for whom everything was interesting. His poem "**Giant Earthworm**" reflects his penetrating thoroughness with each theme as he "chewed up the clay, masticated and threw it up again to rework it". He had a powerful intellect, consuming all around him. His much quoted "Digging Turf" further develops this approach and the poem "**Death of a Naturalist**" reflects his deep love of life and nature in all its forms. Even with his deep spirituality, Seamus, like Antaeus, was rooted in the earth and no-one was able to lift him off the ground! Seamus spent his life fashioning a "hawser of words" for us to reach into that other world.

Nicole Keating of Rejuv Designs, creates and rejuvenates new and used textiles in her own unique designs. She explained that her interest in textiles began at a very early age when she worked a small sewing machine alongside her mother's large, professional machine and looked forward to the day when she could migrate to the full operation. After winning a sewing competition for a children's programme and a brief digression into hairstyling and horses, Nicole realised that sewing is her passion and Rejuv Designs is the result. She brought along some samples and two slide shows showing how she creates her bags. She only uses materials that have been used and are passed their sell-by date. She begins by deconstructing all of the seams so that the essential fabric can be seen without its original form. She prefers to make bags and arranges the various fabric around and sees what kind of bag will evolve. Parts come from anywhere – shirts, tea towels, curtains, skirts.



Nicole Keating



Front Cover

"Aston Martin DB4"
by Irina Kuksova
Upcoming exhibition at
Signal Arts see page 7

Improvisation is the key. Sometimes she adds pieces of leather from book binder scraps which are of no other use. Nicole likes to let the combination of fabrics create their own patterns. Materials come from everywhere and people often give her unwanted items that might provide useful materials. Only the thread is purchased new. The selection of materials is very personal and takes time. Often, the beauty of the material makes it hard to hold herself back from keeping the resulting piece for herself. She makes a point of Wearing the original item first in order to become familiar with it before deconstructing it. The samples on display created much interest during the break. The compositions that resulted looked well and provided a colourful visual image and an interesting tactile effect topped by excellent stitching. Nicole's work can be seen at the weekly market in Kilrudeary.

Jane Stanford - Historian and Author presented her recently published book, "**That Irishman**", on the life and times of John O' Connor Power (13 February 1846

– 21 February 1919). He was an Irish Fenian and a Home Rule League and Irish Parliamentary Party politician and also an MP in the UK. this controversial figure has dropped out of sight over time and Jane felt that "If his story is not told now it will be lost forever". She loves research and happily delved deep into what turned out to be a very complex and varied story of the productive activity of a highly influential individual. His story involves the Fenian movement, the radicals in the Liberal Party and the Irish Republican Brotherhood. Jane Read a brief synopsis to give us a sense of the work and how she describes the great man. Her description gave a rich feel of the writing in the book. She makes good use of epic and dramatic form to illustrate his story and reflect the turbulence of his life. Curiously he never kept a diary and effectively "wrote himself out of history". Finishing her presentation, Jane invited everyone to read more on her web site: thatirishman.com.



Jane Stanford

Sonny Condell and Robbie Overson - This was a wonderful musical presentation by two highly skilled masters of their art. They kept the capacity audience enthralled while they painted sound picture after sound picture with breath-taking ease! Their opening piece had a swinging beat and was mostly instrumental with vocal effects over tricky guitar work. Retuning for the next item, "Cold night", written during gigs in Belgium some years ago. Sonny explained that the weather was Very hot but with no sun and jet planes screaming as they approached the nearby airport. The bass opening set the sombre mood under the vocals: The clever use of droning effects and sliding guitar illustrated a busy city background competing with leading melodies highlighting movement. Vocals reflected the cold and unhappy experience "raining here for three months now!" Sonny and Robbie instinctively balance instruments and voice to produce a rich blend of sound. Their chuckles and banter between pieces helped to create an intimate atmosphere which enriched the performance. They have an unending range of technique sometimes Sliding notes other times close vocal harmony and quick runs of scale passages that create a multi-dimensional effect in the sound image. The piece, "driving", used Soft shuffling sound



Sonny Condell

suggestive of car movement in an eight-beat rhythm. The use of diminished chords added to the busy effect. Lead passages from Robbie were blended with elongated words to beautiful effect. The next piece, "Swallows and Farms", employed softer sounds with arpeggio and murmuring melodic tones. Set to a four beat rhythm, tiny, suggestive touches of the guitar with emotive minor chords gave a Latin American sound to the piece. Closing with "Picture in a Frame", Sonny and Robbie made fascinating Use of harmonics, treble passages and soft backing that focussed the attention of everyone and led to tremendous applause and loud demands for more. Responding warmly, this amazing duo delivered Sonny's landmark work, "Down in the City". Displaying, once again, their stunning range of dynamic and musical effects.



Robbie Overson

Cearbhall E. O'Meadhra

PREVIEWS

Bray Arts Night

Monday Oct 7th 2013

Martello Hotel, Bray

Everyone Welcome: Adm. €5 / €4 conc.

Grace Downes O'Reilly - Young Writer

Grace is originally from Bray but is living in Gorey now. She will be reading several pieces of her work including a poem about her new-born baby, Ben, called "Ben" and also a short story entitled: "Private No. Calling".

She had works published in "Irish Parent Magazine", "The Echo" newspapers, "Space Inside" magazine, "U" magazine and online on writing.ie and travelmag.com.



She was also a runner up in "THE RTE GUIDE/PENGUIN IRELAND Short Story Competition 2012" and am a member of "The Gorey Writer's Group".

Christien Van Bussel - Pottery and Woodturning

Christien van Bussel is inspired by her surroundings and makes and sells a unique line of pottery and woodturning. She specializes in designing a distinctive line of table ware made using a technique called slip-casting. Over the years Christien has gained wide experience in teaching both adults and children, not only in pottery making, but also in wood turning.



Her courses are held in her own spacious studio in Aughrim, where the quiet and rural atmosphere encourages the creativity of her students. Her website is: www.turningthistle.com

Antje O'Toole - Dance artist, Maker and Teacher

Antje takes a socially inclusive approach to sharing her love for dance with people of all ages through her company Rocking-horsedance. Some of her recent performance projects include: "Flock", directed by Aoife Courtney, which was performed with 20 youth in a meadow at Castletown House, Dance Ireland 21 film commission "Spilling Bodies", directed by Katrin Neue, and her own dance video "Sink".



"From far away" is a contemporary dance solo reflecting what autumn evokes: the richness of fertility and decay, the embrace of beginnings and endings and how one person relates to this in her very own way. More info on rockinghorsedance.wordpress.com

Wyvern Lingo - Folk/RnB Trio

Wyvern Lingo are a Folk/RnB trio from Bray with influences as diverse as Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young to Aretha Franklin. Karen Cowley (keys, vocals) Saoirse Duane (guitar, vocals) and Caoimhe Barry (drums, vocals) are three songwriters that have been playing together for over five years. Within the last



two years, they have released their debut EP, played at countless Irish Festivals. The girls have spent the last 6 months preparing for their debut album, which they started recording this August in Bow Lane Studios in Dublin. As the album is being funded completely independently, Wyvern Lingo will be on some gigs in order to raise funds to complete the album. The first of these gigs will be in **Bewley's Café Theatre** on the **1st of November**. They hope to release the album early in the New Year.

Death of a Rock Star

by James W. Corcoran

Knocky opened the door and let himself in. I was sitting at the kitchen table slurping my way through a bowl of corn flakes and browsing through the paper when he entered. He held a small travel bag in his hand and had I not known better, I might have assumed he was arriving for the week end. Knocky wasn't my favourite, a tall lank of misery with a face that resembled a battlefield, full of bumps and craters, interspersed with the occasional active volcanic 'zit'. He was wearing, as he always did, his beloved paka jacket, (all of two quid from the 'army surplus stores') thick and green, filling him out, padding his skinny frame, making him look more like a man.

'How's it going' he asked whipping a fag from his mouth and placing it on the edge of a saucer.

'What's up' I replied, surprised to see him so early in the morning.

He grabbed a chair and placed his bag on the floor. 'Fancy a spin to Dunmore East' he asked?

'Wha?'

'Dunmore East! Whaddya say?'

'When?'

'Now!.....' It's a beautiful day, come on, get off arse, it will do you good!

'Jaysus I'm not so sure Knocky!'

'I've got the 'Yamaha 125!'

'Oh yeah' I said, slightly more enthused!

'Ya didn't think we were going to hitch there, did ya?'

'I wasn't sure!'

'Don't be so stupid, stick on the kettle, will ya? I stood up and went to the kitchen sink. It was cluttered with pots and plates lying like battleships scuttled on a sea of lifeless suds.

'I thought you worked on Saturdays?'

'I took the day off, I'm sick of fucking hairdressing!'

'What about the birds' I asked, plugging in the kettle?

'Birds me bollix! Auld wans, blue rinse brigade! How would you fancy having to listen to some fat faced 'Biddie' talking shite, while all the time you're secretly hoping she'll fry her brains out beneath the dryer!

'I listen to shite every day in school. At least you're getting paid for it!'

Knocky's 'Woodbine' had fallen from the saucer and scorched the pine table. 'Watch your fag will ya' I said handing it back to him!

I tried to imagine my grandmother's reaction. 'Did you know' she used to tell me over and over, 'that table came from the old bridge in New Ross!' At the time I thought she was losing her marbles, but she later explained; 'They knocked the old bridge when the new one was finished. Your grandfather bought some of the wood and made that very table with his own hands.'

It was still a sturdy piece of work despite being well worn from the constant washing and scrubbing. As a child I used to run my fingers over the grain, gently caressing its withered shapes, reading its past like Braille with my fingertips. Somehow it now evoked images of the protruding veins on my grandmother's thin arms as she lay clasping her rosary beads upon her death bed.

'Sorry' said Knocky stubbing the remnants of the cigarette out on the saucer. 'Are ya coming or not?'

I grabbed the cleanest mug on the dresser and poured him some tea. 'I haven't got a fuck'n penny Knocky!'

'Don't worry. I can lend ya a few bob, but I'll need it back next weekend!'

'Ah no, fuck it, I think I'll give it a skip!'

'Come on don't be such a spoil sport. Wait till ya see what I have!' He reached for his travel bag, unzipped it and pulled out a wig. At first I hadn't a clue what it was and stood dumbfounded as he placed it on his head.

'Well wha'ya think' he asked excitedly! It was a miracle. The lanky drip of a Knocky I knew had vanished and in his place sat a rock star with long flowing hair. His gaunt pock marked face only heightened the illusion.

'That's..... fucking..... brilliant' was all I could muster!

'Robbed it from the salon' he sniggered, 'I have another one for you' he said reaching into the bag. Sure enough he pulled out a second lighter coloured wig.

'Go on, try it' he said! I put it on my head.

'Ya fucking eejit it's back to front!' He stood up. 'Here let me do it!' When he was finished he stepped back.

'Ah man..... you look absolutely fucking..... amazing!'

'Really' I said?

'Yeah! Go look at yourself in the mirror!'

I hurried out to the hall to take a look. I couldn't believe what confronted me. I was shocked. I recognised the clothes but that was about it. Staring back at me was a rocker who would not have looked out of place in the company of Jagger, Hendrix or Morrison. The transformation was utter and complete. I had unlocked one of 'rock and rolls' greatest secrets. 'Hair!' That's what it was all about..... 'Hair!'

'Whadya think' asked Knocky? I didn't know what to say. The hall door opened and in walked my mother laden with shopping.

'Take that stupid thing off your head' she said giving me an admonishing glance as she passed on her way into the kitchen.

'I couldn't comprehend it. How could she have possibly recognised me, I wondered?'

'Are ya comin' or not' asked Knocky feeling perhaps the time was right to make himself scarce.

'Think about it, the birds will be chatting us up!'

'Yeah, sea gulls', said I!'

'No ya eejit, gorgeous women!!!!!!'

'Were talking Dunmore East, not the Far East' I reminded him.

'We'll wear the wigs and tell them we play in a rock band in Dublin. Are ya on or not?'

'Ah come on now Knocky, for fuck's sake be real. What if somebody tries to pull them off?'

We won't let them!

'Easy for you to say' said I glancing up, 'they couldn't reach that high!'

Later as I sat on the back of Knocky's Yamaha 125, God fearing people stared. Old lady's lifted their hands to their mouths in horror as we passed, hair flaying in the wind, faces concealed behind our dark shades. I was having fun now, we had left the village and nobody was going to recognize me anymore. I had become my alter ego 'Buddy Baxter' blues guitarist extraordinaire. We were a fleeting image, a scary glimpse of the Ireland yet to come. We were the John the Baptist's of Rock and Roll, spreading the word across the land. As we entered New Ross, pedestrians stopped in their tracks open-mouthed, unsure as to the 'life form' they now encountered. To my horror Knocky whistled at a nun. She blessed herself before scurrying to the safety of a haberdashery shop. I remember catching a glimpse of our reflection in a window pane as we passed. We looked wild and dangerous, rebel youth on the rampage, hero's to the kids who gazed in wide eyed envy as we spluttered past. Crossing the bridge in New Ross, my thoughts drifted back to my Grandmother and I wondered what she would say if she could see me now?

Soon we were on the open road again, free spirits on the deserted by-ways of

Co. Waterford. I listened to the engine whine as we struggled up the hills and rejoiced in the silence as we free wheeled down the other side in an exercise of frugality. We hit a long straight stretch of road and Knocky leant forward on the handlebars and opened the throttle. Much to my amusement the bike scarcely altered speed.

'How fast are we going?' I yelled in his ear!

'Nearly sixty' he roared back.

'I knew in my heart of hearts, he was bullshitting. 'Forty' was nearer the mark.

'Wow' I shouted acerbically 'this rocket sure can go!'

Up ahead a car appeared on the horizon. Slowly we reeled it in. As we closed, I could see it was a blue Ford Anglia packed like a sardine can with kids. One knelt on the back seat playing with a beach ball gazing out the rear window. He began to wave frantically as we approached. Soon other heads were popping up and staring in disbelief. We inched our way up and past the kids who were fighting for a better vantage point. Soon we were level with the driver, a big red faced man with rolled up shirtsleeves and an elbow resting on the window. I could see his fat wife with her stony face and cheeks squeezed by her red headscarf, trying to chasten the children as she cast disapproving looks in our direction. Slowly we nosed in front of the car but he was not yielding. Now we were a foot ahead then a, soon we had gained enough distance to complete the manoeuvre. Then it happened. A sudden gust caught the wig and it lifted it from my head. I turned in horror and watched it fly in slow motion through the air towards the windscreen of the Anglia. The driver swerved instinctively.

'Stop Knocky' I shouted. 'I've lost me fuck'n wig!'

The car was still swerving as we came to a stop. At first, I was scared and thought he had lost control but soon I realized he was laughing, the whole car was laughing. They were laughing at me and the demise of possibly the greatest rock star

never to grace the stage.

THE END

Ben

By Grace O'Reilly

A teenchy little baby.

His head as furry as a peach,

With dainty little hands

And dainty little feet.

A set of piano fingers.

A set of footballer toes.

A set of tiny ears listens when we talk or sing.

Dressed in blue our Benjamin,

Our tiny baby King.

Suckling on his bottles,

His baby royal feast,

Lots of milk, here and there

to feed our royal beast.

He is always hungry

And wakes up in the night

I wish I had a glass of white

Yet he gets his bottle of white!

Your older sister adores you

And so do Mum and Dad

Your sister and you are so precious

The best things we ever had.



Puppets in Slovenia

The puppet tradition in Slovenia goes back to Milan Klemenčič, an artist and amateur performer in the 1920s. In 1948 the Ljubljana Puppet theatre was set up and occupied rather limited premises for many years, but in 2006 moved into a disused monastery in a historic building which has been adapted to house a 300-seat theatre, a small theatre, extensive workshops and next year a large open-air theatre.



The Biennial of Slovenian puppet artists took place here from September 12-15th.

The festival opened with *Bestiaires*, a rather quirky look at Greek mythology mixing dance and puppetry and directed by Duda Paiva, himself a celebrity of the international experimental theatre. The overall prize-winner was an adaptation of Kafka's *Trial*, deconstructed and mixing puppets and live performance by two actors gifted with exceptionally high energy. The centrepiece was a large box/cupboard that functioned as setting and was often handled to become itself an actor. Beautifully carved wooden heads placed on the index finger of hands in black leather gloves provided the specific puppet component and emphasised the general tone of the piece. *Salto Mortale*, a piece based on a medieval fresco of the Dance of Death explored the subject of death in a way that both condemned contemporary materialism and presented death as benevolent rather than threatening.

Shows for children (age 2 upwards) were all of very high quality. One of the most generally popular was a Polish Jewish story, *When Schemil went to Warsaw* – the tale of a simple man who sets off for the big city but has his shoes turned round when asleep and so returns to his village, and is convinced it is a clone of his original one and that even his wife and family are not the ones he had left. This was presented in a naïve style with three musicians/manipulators.

Today Slovenian puppeteers generally perform with the actor onstage with the puppet and in many cases the narrative rather than the dramatic mode is the preferred one. In one case, *the man who planted trees*, the solo actor managed to combine story-telling with the theatre techniques of Eugenio Barba (Odin theatre) and Jerzy Grotowski.

An additional event was a retrospective of the work of the great Croatian designer, collaborated on a number of productions with the Ljubljana puppet theatre, most notably with an internationally celebrated production of *Ljysistrata*.

Today there are many small independent companies, but they often have combined projects with the larger ones in Maribor or Ljubljana which still boast of ensembles that include a group of puppet actors, designers, technicians and often their own dramaturg, as well as a director.

By Dr John McCormick

Painting from Nature

Painting from Nature in watercolours with Yanny Petters at the Schoolhouse for Art, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow.

Botanical illustration began for the purposes of recording medicinal plants in the Middle Ages and before. Nowadays it is a popular genre gaining recognition in the art world.



In this **4 session course** Yanny will present a brief **history of Botanical painting**. The course will cover experimentation with a basic range of **watercolour techniques** from 'nature print' and watercolour to gouache.

You will be given the opportunity to **explore** different methods of **botanical illustration** giving you a taste for a variety of styles and techniques applied in this traditional art.

Working from life you will be guided towards achieving a representation of your chosen plant going through stages of drawing and mixing colour. These specimens will be locally sourced from the Bog Meadow in Enniskerry, giving the opportunity to **study the subject in its environment**.

Each session will include demonstrations of techniques by the artist. The purpose of the course is to give you tips and advice in a combination of watercolour techniques so you can **further develop your own work**.

The course is suitable for all levels and participants will be given plenty of individual attention. You will **come away with a selection of experimental works** from which you can develop your technique further.

Yanny has been working in watercolours for at least 25 years & is a member of The Watercolour Society of Ireland and the Irish Society of Botanical Artists.

Paper will be supplied. Participants should bring a selection of watercolour paints & brushes, a pallet, HB and 2B pencils and a selection of water soluble pencils (Derwent ink-tense/Faber Castel/Caran D' Ache).

For further information on brushes and paints please contact the tutor.

Yannypetters@gmail.com

4 Sessions Saturday afternoon

2pm to 5pm

Date: 5th, 12th 19th, 26th October

Price for 4 week course €140

50% deposit required in advance

Contact: schoolhouseforart@gmail.com

Neil Condron 087 234 2026

www.yannypeters.net

yannypetters@gmail.com

Yanny Petters 087 311 1620



SIGNAL ARTS CENTRE

'A portrait of a car'

An exhibition of paintings by Irina Kuksova

October 8th – 20th 2013

Signal Arts Centre is delighted to host an exhibition by Irina Kuksova, a Russian-born, Italian trained and Dublin-based artist specialising in highly detailed automotive oil paintings.

Irina explains, "There are two things I am inspired by: travelling and art. In my artwork I celebrate the former through the latter: I paint highly detailed classic automotive oils on canvas.



IRINA KUKSOVA 'Alfa Romeo 159'
oil on canvas 65x80 cm

Unlike contemporary cars we see every day, classic cars have a very distinct character and often a unique pedigree. Painting classic cars is a constant process of enquiry and evaluation: how is this built? Why this shape and not the other? What are this material's properties?... The answers are amazingly diverse despite this serving the same simple task:

create a means of travel. All the little car details and the thought behind each of them are a true sensory feast for me. This appreciation of a car's personality and the time I dedicate to study the story of it



IRINA KUKSOVA 'Australian Ford Falcon'
oil on canvas 40x60 cm

falling a little bit in love with each car I paint.

In the days of mass-culture there is more joy than ever in the genuine uniqueness of classic cars. I hope to share this joy through my artwork."



IRINA KUKSOVA 'Racing Green E-Type Jaguar'
oil on canvas 100x80 cm

Opening Reception: October 13th 2013 7-9pm

'Exhibition of Paintings & Ceramics'

An exhibition by Michelle Fullam & Noel Cleary

October 22nd – November 3rd 2013

Signal Arts Centre is delighted to host an exhibition by artists Michelle Fullam and Noel Cleary.

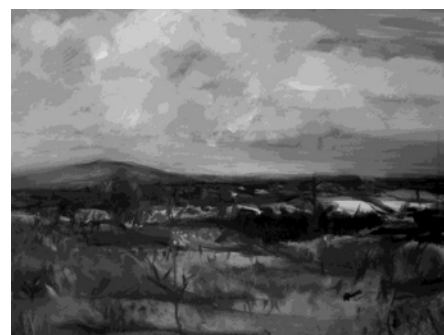
Michelle Fullam

Michelle is a painter who has recently been exploring ceramics as a medium. Michelle is interested in the sculptural use of clay. Her work is a quirky collection of figurative pieces, spanning subjects from historical reference to more playful figurative work. Colour and surface texture play a major part in her work.



Noel Cleary

This exhibition of new work comprises of paintings and drawings both urban and rural. Using a range of mediums and exploring their tactile qualities, the work captures a sense of place and mood of the dramatic Irish landscape.



Opening Reception: October 25th 2013 7-9pm

Available now to buy

Submission Guidelines

Editor : Karen Quinn - editor@brayarts.net

Creative Writing Editor : Anne Fitzgerald -
annefitz3@gmail.com

Email submissions to the above or post to : Editor Bray Arts
Journal, 14 Dwyer Park, Bray, Co. Wicklow, Ireland

Text in Microsoft Word

Pictures/Logos etc Jpeg preferably 300 dpi

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Sarah Power - By Love Inspired

The album was recorded this summer in Calary Church in Roundwood and was launched in July at the Mermaid Arts Centre. It features a mixture of classical songs and arias, including a number of Irish songs, inspired by the theme of love. It is now available to buy in hard copy or as a download from www.sarahpower.com/store.

Furniture Upcycling with Down at the Gate

Workshop - Sun 13 Oct 2013

Time: 10-4.30pm

Price: €90



Down at the Gate presents a one day Furniture Upcycling Workshop. In this workshop you will learn the skills to paint, decorate and finish your own piece of pre-loved furniture and give it a new life. Liz and Sharon will encourage you to bring out your artistic side and create a unique piece that no-one else owns, using interesting paint effects and decoupage. Paints, papers, glue, brushes, varnishes and wax will be supplied. Please bring your own small-medium piece of furniture, i.e. a chair, small table, step stool, bedside cabinet, etc. You can contact us beforehand to check the suitability of your piece.

Liz 086 3894907 Sharon 087 2020560

Bray Arts Night Monday 7th October 2013

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

More on Bray Arts on Facebook and www.brayarts.net. For more information call: 01 2864623

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She will be reading several pieces of her work including a poem about her new-born baby, Ben, called "Ben" and also a short story entitled: "Private No. Calling".

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