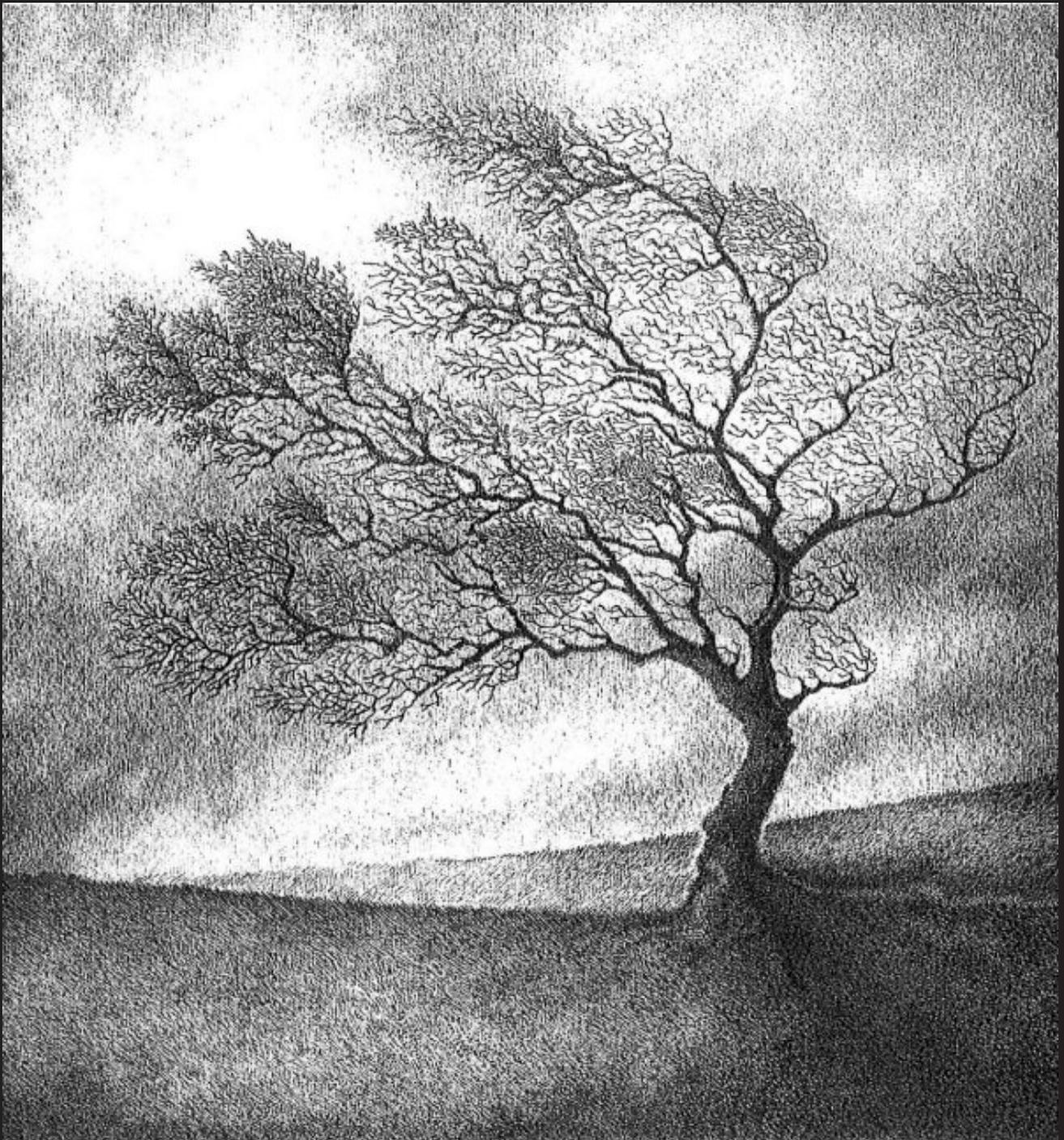

Bray Arts Journal

Issue 2

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EDITORIAL

Although it was not intentional, this month's journal celebrates a number of artists who are no longer living in this world. They are:

**Luciano Pavarotti
Milie Purwin &
James Henderson Scott**

Depending on your own beliefs in matters of life and death you may imagine their souls or essences existing in some spiritual realm beyond our comprehension and beyond our reach. Whatever we believe, it strikes me very forcefully that artists in particular do survive in a very powerful and special way through their art.

*Time takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous
To the soft long sleep, to the broad, sweet bosom of death,
But the flower of their souls he shall not take away to shame us,
Nor the lips lack song for ever that now lack breath...*
Algernon C. Swinburne

In the extreme moments of life and death, we know with great clarity what is important and what is not important. And always art in one guise or another offers us our greatest consolation and inspiration.

There is no theology, no religion and no philosophy that penetrates the innermost recesses of our hearts with such a profound force as, for example, the exquisite singing of Luciano Pavarotti. If there is a divine being, essence or life force then surely his artistry was and is the most palpable manifestation of it.

Likewise Millie Purwin and James Henderson Scott leave behind their own unique artistic declarations of the living world and what they discovered in their voyage through life. We honour them this Autumn and all artists everywhere.

See Pavarotti by Gerard Thomas - Pg. 3
The Poems of James Henderson Scott - Pg 4
Millie Purwin - Pg 6



Front Cover
The Twisted Tree by Bidy Scott

Illustration from "We Seek with Words to Find a Resting Place"
by James Henderson Scott
see Pg 4

Further Thoughts on James Elkin's "Why Art Cannot be Taught"

By **Alex McKay** - Artist and Visual Editor of The Windsor Review (Windsor, Ontario)

Reading the article about James Elkin's Why Art Cannot be Taught brought back amusing memories, as I studied under James Elkin at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, completing my MFA in 1992. He is a man with a wry sense of humour, often at his own, the Academy and the art world's expense. He is also, ironically, passionate about teaching, or learning, or ideas, and has influenced my own teaching profoundly. Art is a strange endeavour as it is one of the few

professions to have been 'democratised' through egalitarian notions of liberal democracy.

We do not think of calling ourselves Philosophers because we talk about the human condition over a pint or the back fence, nor would we call our selves Physicians because we offered a successful cold remedy (time, mostly), a Carpenter because we bang together a garden shed, a Stone Mason because we arranged some rocks into a passable garden wall, etc. etc., but everyone who dabs a bit of paint, turns a pot, shapes some clay, engraves a plate, or weaves or knits is an Artist. In a world where the hand-made has all but disappeared we find many of us have a deep need to make stuff. In the past most of us made stuff, mostly for consumption/use by those willing to pay or trade for it. As hard as life may have been one romantically imagines there was also deep satisfaction in making stuff. I believe this myself - but I am told I am a bombastic romantic.

As one who also, on occasion, teaches art in the Academy, I have reconciled myself to the fact that few of my students are really gifted thinkers but many of them are very talented makers of stuff. Some of the gifted thinkers are also gifted 'operators' and, through hard work, perseverance, and a good deal of luck, some of them - a very slight minority- will go onto to be professional artists. And there will be a very rare bird who really makes it in the international art world. I have met scarcely a hand-full of these so far.

Most professions are elitist in some way. You may need a formal education with the degree/diploma proving your completion of the programme, you will certainly need recognition by your peers and by adjudicating bodies to be allowed to carry the formal title. Not so with artists. In fact it is a badge of honour to have 'made it' without a formal education, to gain recognition without a diploma, to rise to the top in spite of your peers. Or so our romantic mythology tells us. In fact art, as most of us practice it, is community based and prospers from mutual support. But the art Elkin talks about is, I believe, the art that exists on the international level of the contemporary art world, is something more. It is business (perhaps a bit ruthless) and the needed business acumen is something that perhaps cannot be taught. It certainly cannot be taught if it is not named and described. And its audience is in part, elitist, as with any profession with specialized research and terms, but it needs to be so obscure that most cannot understand it.

I think Elkin is also talking about genius, and we know genius cannot be taught. Early hints of it can be recognised and nurtured. It may then develop and it may not. Anybody who teaches will tell you they have seen glimpses of it, only to be less than gratified later. As for myself it is a rare day that goes by that I don't hope for that bit of luck. But perhaps that is the difference between those who buy lottery tickets and those who don't. I for one, have taken enough of a gamble choosing this career - or having had it choose me.

Alex McKay Visual Arts Editor, The Windsor Review
University of Windsor amckay@uwindsor.ca

The Windsor Review is always looking for submissions of art & magazine-based projects.

Have you seen the Claude mirror website? The Claude mirror is a pre- photographic optical instrument used for viewing landscape. See the Live Claude mirror webcam installed at Tintern Abbey, Wales. <http://www.uwindsor.ca/claudemirror>

PREVIEW OF ARTS EVENING ON 1ST OCT 2007

8:00 pm Heather House, Strand Road, Bray
Admission Euro 5 / Euro 4 conc. Everyone is welcome.

Biddy Scott presents the poetry of her late father **James Henderson Scott** accompanied by her own beautifully expressive drawings (see front cover). This is an opportunity to get a sneak preview of Biddy's upcoming exhibition in Signal Arts; see page 7 for details and see pg 4 for a selection of James Henderson Scott's poetry.

Justin Aylmer, directed by **Frank O'Keeffe** will perform a monologue called

A LITTLE WHILE LONGER
by **Nicola Lindsay**.

Justin Aylmer trained at the Stanislavski Studio at the Focus Theatre under the direction of Deirdre O'Connell. He has toured professionally over most of Ireland and has had parts in programmes on RTE, Sky and ITV.

Frank O'Keeffe another very distinguished actor trained at the Webber Douglas School of Drama in London, played Shakespeare with the late Anew McMaster and worked for the Abbey Theatre. He has toured extensively in Ireland, Scotland and England and appeared in many TV and Film productions.



He is also an award winning playwright (radio and stage).

Nicola Lindsay has written a collection of monologues, some of which she has performed on stage and radio. She has also written and performed in revue and read her work on television in RTE's *Open House* and on BBC radio, also on RTE 1 and 2 radio

programmes. She has recorded many of her scripts for *Sunday Miscellany* on RTE 1 radio and has also contributed to Lyric FM's *The Quiet Quarter*. An abridged version of *Diving through Clouds* was broadcast in 2004, read by the author.

Derek Pullen, director and some members of the cast of **Firststage** will perform a selection of songs from the Stephen Sondheim musical **COMPANY**. This is one of Sondheim's best Tony award winning musicals.

Set in New York, **COMPANY** tells the story of five couples and their mutual friend Robert. Robert, turning 35 at the beginning of the show, seems to have everything: good looks, charm, and a great sense of humor.

Nevertheless, he is still single. In **Company** he watches and learns from the various couples. He sees both the wonders and pitfalls of relationships. In the end though, Robert realizes that while relationships rarely turn out like they do in fairy tails, life is still better when you have someone to share it with.



Firststage will be performing the full musical at Mermaid theatre on **Wednesday 24 October to Saturday 27 October @ 8pm Euro 18 / 16 Conc**

PAVAROTTI

by **Gerard Thomas**

The death took place in Modena, Northern Italy on Thursday September 6th of **Luciano Pavarotti**. He was without doubt the greatest tenor of the twentieth century. His career spanned forty five years. He began singing with his father in his local church choir in 1955 and began to travel immediately. That year the choir took first prize at the Llangollen International competition. After his appearance there he began training professionally back home in Italy. He made his operatic debut singing a role that he made his own, that of **Rudolfo** in **La Boheme** by Puccini in 1961.

In 1963, as a young Tenor at the beginning of his career,

Pavarotti performed the role of the Duke in **Rigoletto** with **Opera Ireland**. In 1964 he came again to Dublin and sang the part of **Alfredo** in **La Traviata** with **Margarite Rinaldi** as **Violetta** and **Giuseppe Taddei** as **Germont**. No one who was in the Gaity that night can ever forget that performance. It was wonderful and its memory will remain a lifetime. It was made that much sweeter by waiting at the stage door afterwards to meet with the cast and get his autograph on the programme.



Pavarotti 1963 Dublin Opera Festival

After Dublin he went on to make his debut at **Covent Garden**. The rest is stuff that legends are made of. He believed that his voice was a gift from God and as such should be given to the people in extensive concert tours along with his operatic performances. In his career he sold 100 million operatic albums. From Summer 1990 he collaborated with Jose Careras and Placido Domingo in the famous Three Tenors Concerts at the world cup in Rome. Who can forget what became his signature tune *Nessun Dorma*?

What can we say of his voice? It was dramatic, able to reach beyond high C. In fact in one recording of Berlioz's Requiem he reaches F above High C. However it could also be lyrical as it was in the opera's of Bellini and Donizetti which were rejuvenated by his partnership with **Dame Joan Sutherland**, especially **Lucia diLammamore**.

Dear Luciano, go take your place in the heavenly choir. I am sure there is one for you, near the front.



“WE SEEK WITH WORDS TO FIND A RESTING PLACE”

Poems by
James Henderson Scott 1913 -1970

Faughart

This is a God-knowing country
Where a woman minding cattle
Can contemplate in seldom Summer days
Metaphysical mysteries without benefit
Of learning.
Here faith grows strong.
Knowledge of how to get from hill to stream
Through woods where good pastures lie
Eliminates doubt.
Tides flow and in the morning
Clouds tell where winds blow.
Such certainties move strong minds
Towards great decisions.
Brigid, having meditated upon Trinity,
Departed for Kildare.

Ambulance

The hay still lay in the fields the day he went away
A wretched season after a long hard winter,
Heart could not stand it,
After nearly seventy Septembers,
Ventricles dilated and for a minute ceased
Their pumping.
He must go into hospital at once
And rest
Who had never known any life but hard unyielding toil,
A continual battle with the stubborn soil
Among the Antrim hills.

He lay flat on his back as they drove
Carefully towards the city
Which he had never loved.
They were taking him away from his work,
His farm, his familiar fields,
His people,
To some strange and unaccepted place.

He was afraid
And that also was a new experience.
It was like the first day he went to school

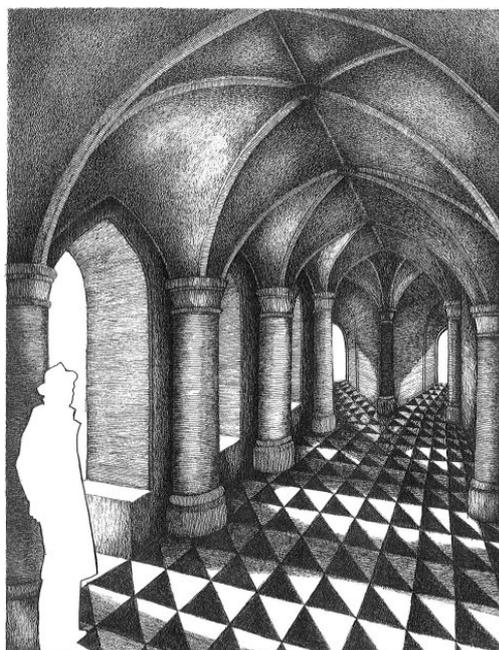
In a new pair of boots that hurt his feet.
He had turned back to see his mother at the door
And had waved to her.
He had not seen her now for twenty years,
May God have mercy on her soul,
She too had died
Outside the hospital gate
Her great grey eyes filled with unaccustomed tears.

Dark Journey

My mind wanders sideways and awaywise,
Moonwise along skyways,
Along circumferences
Whose centres spiral beyond day and darkness.

Wherever I go myself goes
Into what depths?
Does death blast off
Mind from burnt-out body?
After that what wild messages
Return?

Or is there only silence?



Drawing by Biddy Scott

SHANE HARRISON'S COLORADO

The light is fading over the freeway as we head towards Denver. Way out west the sky is painted with improbable exuberance, attempting to distract from the serene, serrated silhouette of the Rockies. Denver rises from the undulating mid western prairie - the mile-high city. With our luggage still somewhere between Dublin and Dubai we are travelling light and running on empty.

On the second floor of Earl's Place (that's one above ground over here) there's a sports bar and a restaurant which is practically *al fresco*, the outer wall is somehow removed and we are of a height with the city trees, swaying balmily in the breeze.

American waitresses are programmed to attack. Relentlessly cheerful and equipped with the true anorak's grip of every nuance of the cuisine. Each order is answered with a question, you know the basics - how do you like your steak? your eggs? American or Italian cheese? Oh, Oran says, surprise me. Yet their enthusiasm is infectious. Maybe it's the altitude but we are infected with a tendency to mirror their smiles and echo their repartee, and then find that it comes naturally.

The 16th street mall is Denver's main drag, a pedestrianised street a mile long, lined with trees, restaurants, cafes and bars. A free electric shuttle bus operates along the street or you can take a horse drawn carriage if you fancy something more grand. The atmosphere is laid back, quiet and friendly. At one end of sixteenth street is the State Capitol, typically neo-classical, with a high burnished dome of twenty four carat gold. The high rise financial district is relatively recent, gleaming like an extrusion of giant crystals through the red brick fabric of the nineteenth century cow town. Even more unlikely is the teetering sharp edifice of Libeskind's Art Museum. A sudden jolt from the classical lines of the Civic Centre the multi faceted structure seems to have made an unplanned landing at the plaza from some distant and bizarre planet.

We return to the airport for our car and to leave instructions for our wandering luggage. We're pencilled in for a Buick but at Davin's insistence we upgrade to a Cadillac. This is still shrink wrapped, a white panther for our west coast prowler. Out on the freeway I am engulfed in a stampede of pick ups piloted by laconic maniacs in Stetsons. Home on the range rover, if you like. We make for the maw of the Rockies. It's a relief to get off the freeway and snake up silent curved roads to the mountains.

Leadville is a gem cunningly concealed in its base metal name. Here on the continental divide Colorado's highest peaks rise snow topped over the purple sage and the scent of columbine spices the scarce air. At two miles above sea level Leadville is America's highest incorporated city.

The discovery of silver brought the boom times here. There are fifty buildings from the 1870s when Leadville was a boomtown of 30,000 people. The Tabor Opera House and Grand Hotel remain even if the population did not. The ghosts of gunslingers are caught reflected on the fine frontage of the grandly named Harrison Street where Doc Holliday, Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack once strutted, and no doubt caused plenty of lead to fly.

I enter Leadville's legendary Silver Dollar Saloon which dates from 1879 and is the perfect synthesis of the Irish pub and the wild west saloon. It's all aged woods and bottled beers, a louche ambience enlivened with the crackle of conversation. All roads lead here. The woman tending bar tells me she's of Indian, German and Scottish stock and that the McMahon family has run this place for nearly seventy years. I fall in with two Canadian truckers and with the mixture of alcohol and altitude everything suddenly seems hilarious. Later I float up the sidewalk as the night sky bursts above me, just two miles nearer heaven and the view is perfect. Mind, on those echoing raised sidewalks I keep an eye out for a phantom gunslinger, for Doc Holiday or Texas Jack; not that I'm sure I can shoot too straight right now.

After Leadville the Collegiate Range - Princeton, Yale and Harvard - guard the horizon to the west. We pass through Granite and Poncha Springs towards Gunnison while Davin has an eye on the whitewater rafters on the Arkansas River. The premonition of an impending showdown is emphasised by Gunnison, still resplendent in its indelibly western clothes. There's a fleeting Irish connection at the Gunnysack Bar which serves Harp lager on draught - but you won't hear the cry of the curlew out here.

Davin determines that I risk life and limb to ride through a raging torrent in a tub. They don't call it brown trouser rafting, but they might. We book in with Scenic Tours for a two hour raft down the Taylor River. Their advertising doesn't deceive and shows people plunging headfirst into boiling waters and clinging desperately to rocks. The starting point is an hours drive up a wooded gorge which could once have teemed with hostile Indians. Instead, thirty or so enthusiasts full of foolish and youthful optimism await the flotilla of six rafts.

Greg is our guide and tells us the hidden dangers of rafting, as if the obvious ones weren't enough. The paddle is the source of most grief. The leading hand should keep the top of the handle covered so it doesn't get waded about in rough water. Otherwise, according to Greg, "Franklin here could have a case of summer teeth." Summer teeth?

"Some are in the boat, some are in the river and some are in Franklin's head."

In fact Franklin and his wife Liz are well experienced with the great outdoors and cede pole position to us on the helter skelter of the Taylor. They have a hike planned later. They want to live.

After a short practice run of about ten seconds, we drop over a mini Niagara and enter a world more suitable to fish, bears and what's left of the Mohicans. Greg has a deep knowledge of the river and of the helpful names of its most frightening features. There is the Tombstone and the Toilet (don't ask) and more besides that I was too busy to commit to memory - why attempt to memorise something that could kill you? The Tombstone is the only one to claim victims as a rookie guide and four teenage girls get upended. There is a brief frantic scramble amongst the flotilla but all are dragged quickly to safety.

To add spice to the quieter lower reaches, as I begin to enjoy the scenery while starting to shiver from the soaking, Davin is allowed to 'ride the bull'. Greg positions him on the prow and there are a few good plunges on the last stretch to give him the soaking he so richly deserves. He enjoys it immensely. What the heck, so did I.

MILLIE PURWIN

by Zan O'Loughlin



Millie Purwin & daughter Zan

It is with deep sadness my mother Millie Purwin passed away July 12th. She was three days from her 90th birthday. A woman with a full and creative life. She gave to many her deep love of the arts. Her love of film was very special. She travelled the country giving workshops and lectures. Many young filmmakers were given her knowledge and direction to enrich their careers. She taught at one of two film schools in the U.S. at the time. Northwestern University were very fortunate to have her there. Millie loved jazz. Especially Sidney Bechet and Louis Armstrong, Stan Getz and Miles Davis. We would put old records on a gramophone she bought especially to play the records. We would light candles and dance the night away. A wife devoted to her family, support to her artist husband and her three daughters. She went to college at age 67 to get a degree in Child education. A very intelligent woman.

But her greatest creative ability was in her writing. Her poems have been published in various literary magazines. She has had some of her poems and prose published in this journal. Millie also gave a talk about her husband Sig Purwin's work at one of Bray Arts performance evenings.

Our mother was a great lover of nature and gave that love to us. She was always ready to assist us in our various interests in music, sport etc. I am here in Ireland now because Mom gave me the opportunity and support to study in Ireland. I insisted my family come to Ireland before I returned home after my studies. My whole family fell in love with Ireland in their visit.

Millie was ahead of her time in many ways. She had wonderful style and dressed well. Our parties growing up were full of people from all over the world, artists, musicians and just fun loving friends. Millie has given many her gifts during her life and now leaves us with many gifts to share for many years to come. She wanted to live her last years of life in Ireland in our home. I brought her to jazz festivals, music concerts, garden walks, film weekends, lunches at the Mermaid, and the Bray Arts Evenings. There is so much more to say about a woman who shared her life with so much and so many. Her poetry, journals, and other writing will continue to live for us. Our family is so blessed to have Millie as our mother who gave us so many gifts and a wonderful life to give

our families.. She has three daughters Zan, Sara, and Katy; eight grandchildren and three great grandchildren. We will miss her so,
Zan

Some poems by Millie Purwin

The Garden in Winter

1998 Nov.

The first flakes of snow
fall on the leafy palms;
only wave in the wind.

The wind blows
the leaves of all
the flowers, bushes, trees,

the margaritas
are not afraid
as they lift
snow white blossoms
to the snow
and the wind

the sky so white
full of snow,
wind playing
with the snow flakes

plummeting and dancing
in the winter garden.

If you were here I

If you were here
Would you tend the fire
And smile at me?
Would you sometimes
Make the tea?

And when the wood was gone
Would you go for a walk with me?
And gather wood
And while it burned
Remember - our
walk?

If you were here II

If you were here
And I was tired
Would you be very quiet
So I could sleep?

And tell all the cars and planes
And noisy things
To hush
Because your love is sleeping?



Millie Purwin

SIGNAL ARTS

Recent Work by Damien Byrne

From Tuesday 25th September to Sunday 7th October 2007

Damien says his main influences and inspiration is Irish Folklore and the Book of Kells and the Book of Durrow. Damien sees his work as a celebration of Irish culture, colour and passion, working with various media; oil pastel, ink, printed stencils, acrylic, gold and silver paint.

Attention to detail and colour is illuminating, and a clear understanding of the amount of time taken is clearly evident. The passion and almost obsession for the Irish legends, both mythical and once living, is central with the span of Damien Byrne's preoccupation as an artist.

Damien was born in Dublin, where he lives and works today. Damien studied at the Ballyfermot College of Further Education and graduated with a Higher National Diploma in Computer Animation in 2004. He then turned his attention to painting, self-taught, he studied in the galleries of Spain and Holland, but mainly the Hugh Lane Gallery, Dublin, where he is a frequent visitor.

"My approach to painting is from a long period of research and reading in galleries and other places of solitude, then to almost catapult myself, chasing the paint brush around the canvas in an attempt to bring my thoughts to a formal conclusion"



Aifa Queen of Skye

Damien's work maybe viewed at:

www.thestreetgallery.com/DamienByrne

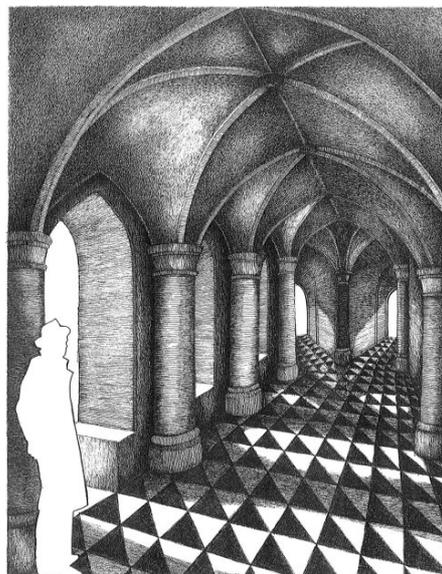
Opening Reception: Friday 28th September 7pm. - 9pm.

"We seek with words to find a resting place"

by Biddy Scott

An exhibition of images based upon the unpublished poetry by the artist's Father, James Henderson Scott. From Tuesday 9th October to Sunday 21st October 2007

The images are related to the poetry but not directly illustrative, working through the medium of pen/ink, egg tempera and oils.



"In this collection of work I have investigated the recurrence of images in the words, the poetry 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."

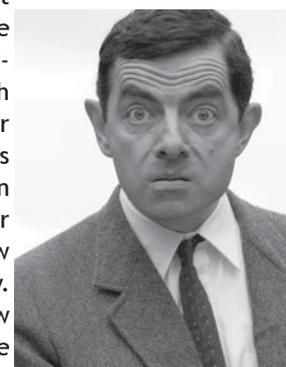
Opening Reception: Friday 12th October 7pm. - 9pm.

Gallery Open:
Tue to Fri: 10 - 1pm and 2 - 5pm
Sat to Sun: 12 - 5pm

VIDEO VOYEUR

Harold Chassen

I didn't like Mr Bean's Holiday. I found the comedy to be forced and most of the time just not funny. In the past I have found some of his sketches to be slightly humorous but a full-length film is a bit much to swallow. Mr Bean himself is a poor copy of the French actor Jacques Tati's character Monsieur Hulo. Even the title is a rip off of Monsieur Hulo's Vacation as if we didn't know who Rowan Atkinson is trying to copy. I've seen Jacques Tati's work. I know Tati's films and Mr Atkinson you're no Jacques Tati. One to avoid.



REVIEW OF SEPTEMBER ARTS EVENING

The artist Joanna Boyle's presentation was interesting. She explained that she has no pre-conceived ideas of what she is going to paint before she steps into her studio. She does not title her works because she does not want the viewer to be directed in any way. Her interest is in the medium itself and what other people think of her creations.

The novelist Joan Conway read a short story about a traumatic family day out in the Devil's Glen. The story was captivating and Joan is an excellent reader. She has a great sense of humour. Reading from a novel she wrote 7 years ago she asked 'who do you ring when you find a dead body in your garden?' Answer : Your Mother.

Liam Young gave a terrific performance of Arlo Guthrie's Alice's Restaurant and for good measure threw in a few great old protest songs. Nostalgia; I thought I was 17 again.

T. C.

Submission Guidelines

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

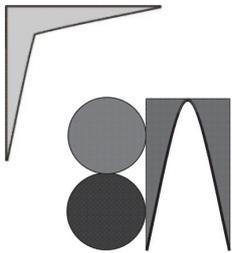
Poetry Editor : Eugene Hearne : poetrybray@yahoo.ie
website : www.brayarts.net

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 1st October 2007
at the Heather House Hotel Strand Road 8:00 pm
5 Euro / 4 Euro Conc. Everyone is welcome.*

Biddy Scott: View the beautifully crafted drawings of Biddy Scott accompanied by the poetry of her late father.

Justin Aylmer: Justin performs Nicola Lindsay's Monologue
'A LITTLE WHILE LONGER' : Director Frank O'Keefe

Firststage : a selection of songs from the Stephen Sondheim's
Tony Award winning musical '**COMPANY**'

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