
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 2

October 2010

Volume 16



Grace, Strength and Beauty World Champion Katie Taylor

Boxing has been described as the “Noble Art” and “The Sweet Science”.



Katie Taylor

It has been eulogised in literature by writers such as George Bernard Shaw, Jack London, Earnest Hemingway and, more recently, Joyce Carol Oates in her book *On Boxing*.

“Each boxing match is a story,” she writes, “a unique and highly condensed drama without words.”

“At its moments of greatest intensity it seems to contain so complete and powerful an image of life – life’s beauty, vulnerability, despair, incalculable and often self-destructive courage – that boxing is life, and hardly a mere game.”

Isn't it incredible that here in Bray, this small seaside town in a tiny country, we have the world's greatest exponent of “the noble art” in her weight class.

Katie Taylor, incredibly, for the third time, proved that she had the mental and physical capacity to triumph over all comers at the AIBA World Championships.

Katie is a shining light of commitment, self sacrifice, sheer brilliance and honesty in stark contrast to the tawdry and shameful activities of most of the establishment in this sorry state. She is a beacon of hope. Well done Katie Taylor, very well done.

Preview of Oct Bray Arts Evening

Oct 4th, 8:00 pm

Upstairs at The Martello, Seafront, Bray

Everyone is welcome: Admission €5 / €4

Bray Arts presents another exceptional evening of Poetry, Drama and Music. There is a special bonus this month, in the form of **Racker Donnelly** who will be the MC for the evening and no doubt will astound us once again with his unique and hilarious “Racking”. *The man is a genius with words* Irish Post. You can get the full SP on Racker Donnelly at <http://www.rackerdonnelly.com/About-Us.html>



Racker Donnelly

POETRY

Jay Ramsay is the author, co-author/translator and editor of over 30 books of poetry and non-fiction, most recently *Into the Further Reaches: an anthology of Contemporary British Poetry*



Jay Ramsay

celebrating the spiritual journey (PSAvalon, 2007) *Out of Time: Poems 1998-2008* (PSAvalon, 2008), *Anamnesis: the remembering of soul* (The Lotus Foundation, 2008), and *The Poet in You* (O Books, 2009) which publishes part of his Chrysalis poetry correspondence course for the first time.

“It took me quite a long time to figure out what my life was wholly about and that I’m essentially living three lives at the same time as a poet, psychotherapist and healer.”

Places for the Jay Ramsay Poetry Workshop on 2/3 October at the Esplanade Hotel, Strand road, Bray are still available at €160. To secure a place, send a cheque, payable to Shirley McClure, 9 Camaderry road, Bray, Co. Wicklow. Include your email & tel no

For further information email shirleymcclure2@gmail.com or phone 086-60 34 481

DRAMA

What am I Doing Here? is a one woman dramatisation of poems based on Liz Cowley’s wonderfully poignant poems from her books *A Red Dress* and *What Am I Doing Here*. It charts the pleasures, conflicts and frustrations of our daily lives from love found (or lost) to children and career conflicts. Performed by Cerena Hayes Byrne and directed by Derek Pullen.



Cerena Hayes Byrne



Derek Pullen

MUSIC

MacDara Ó Conaola is a charismatic singer deeply rooted in the sean-nós singing style of his home, Inishere. MacDara conjures up a stirring mixture of song and music in his own individual style. The result is a magical mosaic of sound, as refreshing and as unpredictable as a showery day in the Aran Islands. He performed at Bray Arts on Sept 7th 2009 and it was a memorable occasion. He delighted and enthralled the Bray Arts audience with his singing and his warm amusing banter.



Macdara



Front Cover

Reclining Nude

by Darren Nesbitt

Review of Bray Arts September Arts Evening

Zan O'Loughlin, MC, opened the new season of Bray Arts to a night of dance, painting, poetry and song. There was a good attendance of both regulars and newcomers.



Maire Dee

Maire Dee, a beautiful young dancer performed her own balletic choreography that won the hearts of all. Maire was accompanied by Michael Monaghan who delivered an incredibly versatile "beatbox" rendering of rhythmic oral sounds and vocalisation. Her last piece was a moving display of fast moving dancing in the fashion of a "whirling Dervish" to the music of "The Cave" by Mumford and Sons.

Next, **Darren Nesbitt**, painter and graphic artist, gave a Power Point presentation of his work.

With a foundation in drawing and draftsmanship, he began with animation under the direction of Dean Taylor. He then moved on to painting where he was strongly influenced by the work of Pat Macalister. Working mostly in oils, he prefers to work out of doors where the light is constantly changing as shown in his painting of a Bolivian Eagle and his rendering of an abandoned truck.



Darren Nesbitt

He prefers to produce large pieces that allow him to express himself more fully. He has practiced with still life works in acrylic - a medium whose quick-drying properties permit him to experiment with colours more easily. He displayed some of his portrait work in which he strives to capture the essence of the person in caricature.

After ten years in animation and painting he returned to life drawing. Working in compressed charcoal, he described how he attempts to capture the movement of the figure portraying their gestures and energy.

He has had success commercially and illustrated one piece which ended up in a bar in Barcelona.

After the interval, **Shirley Maclure**, poet, originally from Waterford and now living in Bray, read a range of poems from her new book: "Who's counting?". Launched only recently, this

is her first collection of highly accessible poetry. She began with humorous renditions of themes such as: "Ring Road" "Text Messaging" with such quips as: "I like your hair - do you dye it?". Her subjects ranged from Her impressions of Inishturk to humorous commentaries on love and life including "The 60 Second Date" and "Metastasis".

Shirley drew on her experience of breast cancer in "Mastectomy" and "Reconstructed". Clearly Shirley's strength shows in her own description of "her heart that has remained inviolate" closing with "Travelling Companions Wanted" and "Euro Green" to enthusiastic applause from all present.



Shirley McClure

Alistair Davis, bass baritone, closed the evening in dramatic style with a powerful voice that filled the air with many

favourites, from opera to popular classics including "Figaro" in flowing Italian. Changing to English, he sang John Ireland's "Sea Fever" following with "Moya My Girl". His love of singing showed through every item with such cracking old songs as "I'll Walk Beside You" and a breath of fresh air in his singing of "I Must Go Down To The Sea Again". His magnificent base baritone brought the evening to a dramatic close as he delivered the "Star Of The County Down": an encore that received tremendous applause.



Alistair Davis

Cearbhall E. O'Meadhra

“Your ambition as an artist is to give voice to the deep, inchoate vision of the world that resides dynamically in your unconscious.”

Robert Olen Butler

‘From Where You Dream’

WAYSIDE SHRINE

For all those who have passed through time
knowing what matters in time
this gesture from the silence
in a wayside shrine

This icon of St. John, surely a woman
cloaked, soft-skinned, standing
a small hand-held cross raised
a sky of gold behind him

These smaller icons hanging peeling beside
above a single vase of flowers

This lit red candlelight
in its white luminous glow
contained in the cupped palms of its arch
behind a little light blue metal gate

and in the shape of my hands I made to you
raised, as if in prayer, extended
as I left your pizza taverna
as you made as if to bow—and now ?

Who we really are and how we speak it
this essence, the *I am* in our shadow
louder than any car or passing radio

24.7.08

just below Abatis Hotel

Jay Ramsay

and the snow-stillness-calm
like love
holding, holding

the ground that was always in your mind
the one thing

as its chill slowly builds
stealing up through three layers from your spine

It could be a welcome numbness
it could make you want to close your eyes
(even as you do for these moments)

and the love would still be holding you

But you with your wordless reason
that may even be resistance of a kind
but is waking, too

and for the love of your life
decide it's time to get out of bed
and go on with the day

but not before you've turned and seen
the mark your lying down made:

the nothing that you leave behind.

6-7.2.09

above Hawkwood

Jay Ramsay

LYING DOWN IN THE SNOW

It must be like cloud, after all.
I wonder if it can be as soft.

No one else here, nothing between earth and sky
but the whiteness you long ago dreamt of waking in
its purity of silence.

Do it now.

And it is as soft momentarily, then firm
as the arms you fall backwards into
freezing into their posture, muscles tensing
legs, arms, torso at attention—
yours released now. Completely.

And it's so calm, now it's all over
so still.

And the stillness that stops your mind
is all around you and inside you.

Inside and outside, one breathing.

One living dying.

A tiny scrap of blue sky above you
through the cloud-mesh

FIVE DECADES

Once I was the peacemaker
now my words are spit on an iron.

Once I longed for cloistered quiet
now I seek out the muses of friendship.

Once I was the plain girl
now I want to be as pretty as she was.

Once I set fire to youthful verses
now I burn with unwritten poems.

Once I feared lightning
now I stand in the storm
and dare it to crackle.

Pauline Fayne

Twin Peaks

by Barry Hazel

'So have you your list of priorities for the week Robert?' Triona asked.

'Why won't you go out with me?'

'Robert-number one you are married and number two, I am your life coach not a potential date'

'I'm not sure my marriage is going to work out.' He sighed while closing his folder of plans and gazing into her soft blue beautiful eyes.

'Robert' she began with a hint of frustration in her voice and reaching to open his file, 'Priority number one is to work on a reconciliation with your wife - you cant do that while working on me.' Triona said this with a wry smile

'Perhaps I should look at those priorities again,' he said, left eyebrow slightly raised and with a broad attractive smile. She looked him over in much the same way he had been doing for an hour. Not bad. He ticked all the right boxes and the fact he ran an Organic Grocery Shop was all the more appealing

'Robert, I think you seriously need to think about your marriage and whether or not you want to save it or not. That's your decision. Mine is - I don't date clients, separated or married. Sorry'

His smile ceased as quickly as it began.

'Yeah I know you're right. It's just not easy you know.' He said this while putting his head in his hands in resignation.

'What's worthwhile is never easy Robert. Look give me a call during the week if you want to fix up another appointment.' Triona said this while getting up from Robert's desk at the back of his shop. He too got up and offered his hand which she gave a professional shake. He seemed embarrassed. Christ she thought, men are really horny teenagers underneath the aging edifice.

She walked outside and glanced at the sky over Navan. Rain was approaching. Typical 'outside Dublin' weather she mused. Her next appointment was back in Dublin but she had plenty of time to make it.

She got in her BMW sports convertible and drove off. She was about to turn into the Dublin road when her mobile rang. It was her Mother.

Twenty minutes later and she put the phone down. She viewed her Mother as her life coach. She was an only child and her parents were the centre of her world and vice a versa. They had fully backed her decision to leave the civil service and strike out on her own. Despite the difficult climate she was still doing well.

'Fuck where am I?' she shouted as she realised she must have got distracted while on the phone. She was on some minor country road that only those born on would know where it went. She decided to keep going and continued to curse as if that helped propel her forward. Surely, a sign would eventually turn up? What was it about Ireland that made us insist on no road signs - national security?

Eventually she reached a tiny village: Kilberry, Co. Meath the small green sign proclaimed without shame. The 'Village' consisted of one barely paved street without road markings of any kind. On one side lay a garage with two pathetic petrol pumps. She couldn't work out if there was anybody in the garage 'shop' as the window was covered in soot. On the opposite side of the street was a pub called Morans. She took out her map and eventually located the place. She was not as far off the Dublin Road as she thought. She decided she would grab a cup of coffee despite knowing that pub coffee outside Dublin was basically warm muck.

'How ya doing there,' a voice boomed from behind the wooden bar counter. It was so dark she could hardly make out whom or what said it. There were a few old men in clichéd tweed jackets sipping pints of Guinness and now arching their walrus like necks to view her.

'That's a terribly fine coat you've got on ya dere,' the voice boomed again. She located its source, a stout man in his fifties in a yellow shirt that looked painted on him, standing behind the bar in a manner that indicated he owned the place.

'I must be paying ya too much,' he laughed

'Jesus Rosie you've lost weight,' one of the walrus necks barked and looked her over like he was going to pay for her by the pound

'Excuse me I... I think you've mixed me up with somebody else!' Triona exclaimed trying to figure out what was going on. The men around her just blinked a few times and twisted their heads slightly.

'Can I get a coffee?' she asked. She really wanted a latte but thought better of it.

'Quit kidding around Rosie and get it yourself. ' The owner grunted shaking his head and drying a pint glass

'What? Rosie?' Triona queried. She swayed on her feet a bit and thought about leaving

'What are you doing anyway in that outfit? Interview?' One of the walrus necks asked

'This is my work clothes ... look, I don't know what's going on here but I just want a cup of coffee-is that too much to ask?' Triona looked towards the door and back to the bar. She was shaking slightly now in irritation. She was not used to being on the back foot. She decided to cut her losses and head for the door but just then it swung open

'Fuck,' Triona uttered as a woman entered.

She was dressed in a blue ill fitting jumper and a pair of crumpled chinos. It wasn't the appalling dress sense that caught Triona's eye though, it was the fact that this woman facially at least was her duplicate. A twin. She opened and closed her eyes but the image stayed the same. For some strange reason she recalled always feeling sorry for Twins because your beauty could have been yours alone.

Then the shock sunk in - she fainted.

When she woke her twin was standing over her. For a brief moment she thought she was dead and looking down at her corpse.

'Who are you?' they both said at the same time.

'Triona Bowditch.'

'Mary Murphy.'

They both stared and stared as if the picture would somehow clear and reveal the truth.

Triona noticed that all the inhabitants of the bar were standing in the background waiting. She sat up and rubbed the back of her head.

'Ya took a bit of a fawl there naw,' Mary said.

'yeah ... the shock. You're ...

'You're twin obviously. I knew I was adopted but they didn't tell me about you. They mustn't have known I suppose.

'Do you know who your real parents are?' Triona asked while rising from the floor and taking a proffered bar stool.

'Some pair from Dublin. Me mother said it was a young couple from Dublin. That's all I know now.'

'You're from here?' Triona questioned with a hint of distaste in her voice

'Lived here all me life'

'How interesting,' Triona replied trying to avoid being sarcastic

'You?'

‘Dublin – Sandymount,’ Triona replied looking away with unease.

‘Who adopted you? What do you know about our Parents?’

‘Well a couple from Dublin. I don’t know anything about her parents,’ Triona lied. She was the spitting image of her mother and had seen her birth cert. She knew her parents were quite young when they had her. Had they decided that two was too much? How had they decided?

‘What do ya do?’ Mary asked. Triona looked at her badly cut hair. The state of her clothes. The place she worked. She shuddered.

‘I’m a life coach,’ Triona replied while checking her pockets for her mobile phone.

‘What?’ Mary asked looking around to the others in the hope they might know.

Triona suddenly became conscious that her ‘family drama’ was being watched by a small crowd of bar flies.

‘Would you mind if we had some Privacy,’ she demanded in her best head girl voice.

The bar flies buzzed to themselves and flew off.

‘A life coach helps people achieve their goals,’ Triona declared while trying not to be condescending.

Triona began to feel guilty over her negative feelings towards her ‘sister’. Mary obviously had not the opportunities she had. It crossed Triona’s mind if there had been two of them there probably would have been no private education.

‘Sounds interesting,’ Mary said attempting interest but quickly moved back to the big topic.

‘So you know nothing at all about our real parents Triona?’

‘My parents ... my adopted parents said they died,’ Triona quietly lied again as if she wanted no one else to know. She needed to get home and get some answers. She didn’t dislike Mary. She didn’t know her. She wasn’t sure she wanted a sister.

‘They died! Jesus. I thought you said they knew nothing,’ Mary exclaimed while staring so intently into her sisters eyes that Triona felt her head would split open.

‘They are not sure. Look this is a lot to take in for me ... for both of us. Could I call you?’ Triona said this while getting up with intent. The bar flies looked over at the sudden flurry of movement. Mary got up too. Triona noticed they moved in the same way.

‘Do you want me mobile number?’ Mary asked.

Triona looked at her feet. She didn’t know what to do. Could she contain this situation. Should she?

‘Look I left My mobile in the car. I can contact you here at the bar. Can’t I?’ Triona suggested.

‘Yeah you can.’

‘Ok soon. I will contact you soon. Promise.’ Triona shook Mary’s hand and before Mary could say another word she strode out the door, hoping never to return.

Five miles up the road and she pulled over, sweat covering her face. She got out and looked all over the car. Fuck, fuck. Her mobile was not in the car. At that very moment Mary was calling Triona’s Mother to let her know she had her daughters phone. Mrs Bowditch thought it was Triona at first and when asked who it was - Mary was too honest to say anything but ‘her sister’. Their mother fainted.

THE END

Barry Hazel is a member of Abraxas Writers.

Painting in Oils



Self portrait - Conall McCabe

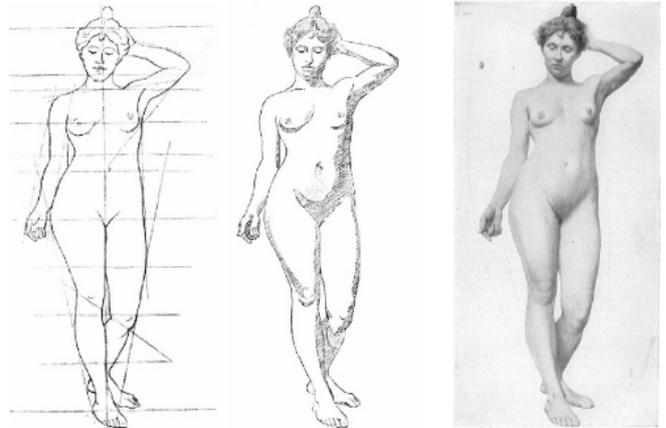
Expert step by step instructions by

Conall McCabe HND, BA, MFA (New York Academy)

Every Monday 7:00pm to 9:00pm – Nov 1st to Dec 20th
at Signal Arts Centre, 1 Albert Ave, Bray, Co. Wicklow
€150 (8 sessions)

Contact Conall McCabe at 087 9702173

Life Drawing (Long Pose)



Learn the techniques of life drawing from gesture to a fully resolved drawing.

Poses ranging from 2 to 6 hours over the course of study.

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Every Tuesday 7:00 - 9:30 pm - Nov 2nd to Dec 21st

Venue: Signal Arts Centre, 1 Albert Avenue, Bray
€150 (8 Sessions)

Contact Conall McCabe at 087 9702173

Signal Arts Centre Exhibitions

Within the Realm of Feelings

Exhibition of Paintings by **Derek Fitzpatrick**

From Wednesday 27th October to Sunday 7th November 2010

Derek says, "I see the figure and the landscape as the ultimate symbols to project my use of paint/material upon. They represent the most fundamental and basic struggles 'to be'. I am trying to preserve a moment in time and capture an instant of life in paint.



At the moment, I am concerned with the form and structure of the human body, especially the head as it encompasses the feelings and emotions that can be seen through the face.

His paintings do not aim to illustrate specific heads or landscapes rather they use the form of a "figure" or a "landscape" as a vehicle to allow for a looser more subjective exploration of the tactile quality of paint. The paintings do not represent real spaces but rather the work could be seen as an attempt to give the sense of a psychological state. He is interested in the medium's potential to portray feelings. The paintings sometimes include features which can be identified as belonging to the figure or landscape but often develop into something entirely abstract.

Opening Reception: Friday 29th October 7 p.m. – 9 p.m.

Art Sale Extravaganza

Wine Reception, Friday 15th October 7pm

Dear Friend

As you know Signal is on the road to fulfilling her long held ambitions and dreams. Part of that dream has been to buy and re-develop the site on which the Centre is currently housed. We began our fundraising efforts in earnest this year and have been helped by both Bray Town Council and Wicklow County



Council. The staff of Signal has also been working tirelessly to

raise extra income by organising film nights, table quizzes, and raffles.

Our next big fundraiser is on the 12th - 17th October and we would very much appreciate your presence on Thursday 15th October at the wine reception of our Art Sale Extravaganza at which donated original art works will be sold at discount prices. We would be delighted to see you there; knowing you support us is a part of what makes the work of staff and board worthwhile.

See you on the 15th

Signal Arts Centre

P.S. Bring your friends and family too!

Social Inclusion Week 17th – 23rd October 2010

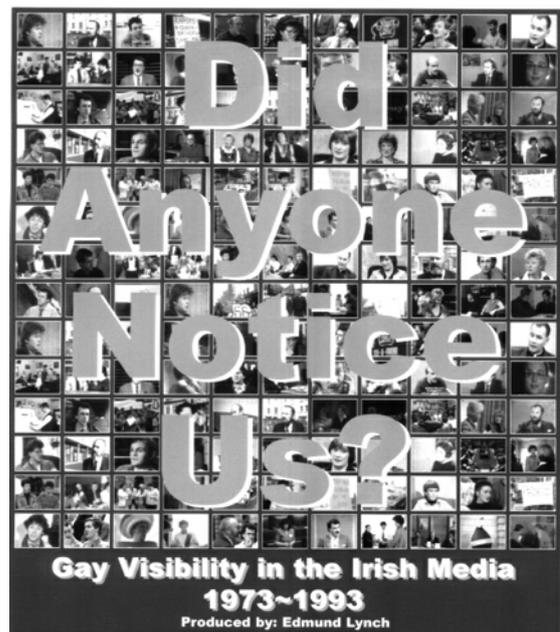
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Signal Arts Centre

Wicklow County Council's Social Inclusion Unit are delighted to present a showing of Edmund Lynch's

'DID ANYONE NOTICE US?'

Gay Visibility in the Irish Media 1973 to 1993 as part of Social Inclusion week which takes place from 17th to 23rd October 2010.



The screening is taking place in Signal Arts Centre on Thursday 21st October at 7pm. The film will be introduced by the filmmaker, Edmund Lynch.

On 15th February 1974, Radio Eireann broadcast the voices of two openly gay people speaking. This was the beginning of visibility for Irish lesbians and gay men in the Irish media

This documentary looks at 20 years of archival records of individual courage and campaigning from 1973 to 1993, culminating in the passing of the law decriminalising sex between men. It includes the Fairview Park protest against the queerbashing and murder of Declan Flynn (1983); the first interview with David Norris (1975), various clips from the Late Late Show (1980-1989) and The Diceman (Thom McGinty, 1987-1993) amongst others.

Cara O'Sullivan Masterclass- Audience Tickets

2nd Oct 2010 - 13:00 at Mermaid Arts Centre €10.00

Mermaid offers singers an opportunity to improve their craft through a masterclass on song interpretation with Cara O'Sullivan. One of Ireland's leading sopranos, Cara O'Sullivan will work with four singers who will each present one song to an open audience. Cara will also be performing at Mermaid with the Degani Quartet on Sunday 3rd October @ 8pm

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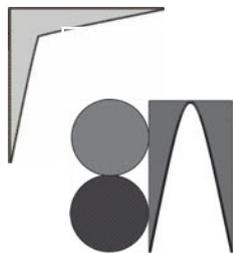
Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : editor@brayarts.net
Creative Writing Editor : Anne Fitzgerald :
annefitz3@gmail.com

Email submissions to the above or post typed
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Bray Arts Evening Monday 4th Oct 2010

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

Racker Donnelly MC: "This guy blew me away!" ARDAL O'HANLON

Jay Ramsay : "I'm essentially living three lives at the same time as a poet, psychotherapist
and healer."

What Am I Doing Here: a one woman drama performed by Cerena Hayes Byrne;
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MacDara : charismatic singer deeply rooted in the sean-nós singing style of his home
Inishere

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