
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 2

October 2011

Volume 1



The Moon in September (extract)

How like the breath of love the rustling breeze
Is breathing through the fragrant sandal trees!
How sad but sweet the Bulbul sings above
The rose plucked off its stalk his withering love!
Like liquid silver yon soft-gliding stream
Wanders and glistens in the lunar beam,
Which like a modest maid, in love and fear
Shrinks, half reluctant, from the clasp so dear
Of frequent-heaving waves. But see! A cloud
Hath wrapt the Moon like Beauty in a shroud.
But now, she issuing shines with brightest sheen,
And tips with silver all the woodlands green.



Kasiprasad Ghose Engraved by J.Cochran
after a painting from J.Drummond and
published in London by Fisher, Son & Co in
1834.

Kasiprasad Ghose

Kasiprasad Ghose (1808-1873) graduated from Hindu College, Calcutta, in 1828, and went on to edit a weekly newspaper, The Hindu Intelligence. His only volume of poems, *The Shair and Other Poems*, came out in 1839.

Singer's Circle

On October 16, Bray Singers' Circle guests are Geordie singer, songwriter, multi-instrumentalist, composer and entertainer Johnny Handle, and his wife Chris Hendry, Scot-born folk singer and tutor. A lively and fun night's entertainment is guaranteed. **Free.**

Bray Singer's Circle meets 3rd Saturday of every month for Song-Sharing sessions in the quiet back lounge of the Strand Hotel on Bray Seafront. Any song, any standard of voice, acoustic self-accompaniment and LISTENERS all welcome.) Starts 9pm.



Front Cover :
"I asked you if you wanted chips"
Oil Painting on Canvas 32' x 26'
By Conall McCabe.

Review of Bray Arts Evening Monday September 12, 2011

The first meeting of the new season got under way to a flying start with **Fionn O hAlmhainn** on the Uilleann Pipes. Fionn is aged 15 and settled into twenty minutes of piping with the ease and grace

of a piper twice his age. His fluid style, intricate use of ornamentation combined with harmonious touches on the regulators displayed a wonderful talent that will surely lead to great virtuosity in the future. He began with a reel called "Banks of Ireland" which he learned from piper con Burton, following with "The Rainy Day". Then he went straight into the virtuosity piece "The Gold Ring", learned from Seán Óg Potts, demonstrating his mastery of the regulators and chanter.

The Slow Air, "The Bright Lady" gave Fionn a chance to show his sensitive skill with the chanter and the haunting sound of the pipes. He lifted the tune with a lively reel "Roaming in the Rye Grass" with striking use of ornamentation.

Two years ago, Fionn brought his mother's practice set from the attic and took lessons with Tim Doyle of Shankill. On holiday visits to Dingle, he was inspired by the pipe-playing of Con Durham. His whirlwind progress has taken in the Willy Clancy Summer School, Scoil Éigse in Cavan and continues with the enthusiastic support of the Roundwood Grupa Cheoil. We wish him every success in the future.

Ann Fitzgerald introduced the next guest, **Pauline Frayne**, a poet who picked up on the reflective mood with a captivating rendition of her own work. Pauline delivered short pithy verses highlighting

living moments, events and situations of human interest. On a woman crying at the bus stop, she drew a graphic picture of what "may be the last time she watches her man leaving; fear pulsing in her veins". In contrast, Pauline portrayed the control of feelings under the restraint of good manners in the "Lady's Tale".

Pauline evoked the strength of family in the child seeing her grandmother who "swept her mammy from the tenements" so



Fionn O'hAlmhainn



Pauline Frayne

that she might better the life of her child. Recalling her own “Family Outing to Bray”, in 1963, Pauline recalls the “odour of rotting seaweed and stale tea” as striking images of this momentous event.

There were glimpses of fear of friendship, artistic solitude, letters, debts, memories. In coping you “learned early to bury the pain” and “children learned, too, to edit the past”. Pauline evoked her dilemma in deciding whether “to shield or break the dreams” of Rachel, her daughter, filled with 5 year old optimism.

With masterful imagery Pauline drew to a close with emotional considerations and tweaking at life images “Seeding our dreams”.

Making a much welcomed return visit, **Aoife Hester**, photographer and graphic designer, presented a collection of her photographic work. Aoife loves the colour red! She finds that red has a fascinating impact on visual images. There were many examples of the effect created by this primary colour. The sun and the sea combined to give a play of light and contrast the red of the setting sun with the blue of the water. For greater effect Aoife plays with various lenses using them to distort images into intriguing patterns and unusual forms. She uses a "cheap little plastic camera" that gives her all the images that she wants and allows her the freedom to experiment. Viewing a building with a fish-eye lens gives it a strange shape and Aoife enhances this by judicious use of colour and exposure. Much of her creative work takes place at the processing stage where, for example, she has found interesting results from reversing the transparency before processing to give a new image. She likes to experiment with the unpredictable and see what results. The play of light intrigues Aoife and she finds silhouettes particularly evocative. Many of her images are taken against the sky to heighten the dramatic effect. Aoife chooses everyday subjects and turns them into an interesting artistic image. People, buildings, animals sea and sky all yield valuable material to her ever-observant lens.

After the break, **Jimmy Cullen** and **Joe Maguire O'Rafferty** took the floor. Joe started off the performance with a song of his own



Jimmy Cullen & Joe Maguire O'Rafferty

composition played on the acoustic guitar. Jimmy then followed with a lovely song “Isle of Inisfree” made famous in the film ‘The Quiet Man’. Joe provided a rich accompaniment in finger-style on the guitar. We heard interesting finger-picking from both guitars drawing out the colour of the steel sound.

Jimmy has just returned from a study trip to Italy bringing back the rich Italian interpretation of the mandolin and demonstrated his skill in his own composition exploring the mandolin sound. Relaxing into “The Cooley Waltz” Jimmy and Joe enjoyed the deserved appreciation of all as the piece came to an end.

Demonstrating his versatility, Jimmy sang the Ewan McColl song “Sweet Thames Flow Softly” rendered on two acoustic guitars. This was followed by a humorous song with a moral tale about a second-hand motorcar whose “beat up wagon creation honks my horn” which gave an opportunity to bring out the mandolin enhanced by Joe’s skilful guitar playing.

Jimmy likes to shape his presentation with familiar Irish reels and airs and turned to the reel, “The Merry Blacksmith” on the mandolin which blended nicely with the accompanying sound of the guitar. Carolan’s famous concerto followed. Rising out of the tune with “Madame Maxwell” brought an enthusiastic response from the audience.

Getting serious, Jimmy turned to the Italian roots of his mandolin sound with a gentle piece called “Vulcano” exploiting the use of tremolo supported to good effect by Joe’s good counterpoint on the guitar.

Finishing with “Those Were The Days” made famous by Mary Hopkin, Jimmy and Joe brought the performance to a close amid enthusiastic calls for more.

As a final encore, Joe led the presentation with a rendition of “Summertime”. His clever finger picking got everyone singing along. Jimmy and Joe closed the night with a rendering of “I Just Wanna Dance with You” enriched by further solo picking from Joe.

Cearbhail E. O’Meadhra

Guitar Sessions – Message from Eamonn Sweeney



Dr. Eamonn Sweeney

The Martello Guitar Session return for the 2011/2012 season and will be held, as always, on the last Monday of the month upstairs at the Martello, Bray Seafront, 8.30pm.

The format of each session is:-

First half: set-up; guitar ensemble/orchestra; open 'work-in-progress' performances.

Second half: Guest performer.

There is no charge; observers welcome. If you want to keep up-to-date with music notices from Eamonn, you can go to Twitter @essweeney

Eamon Sweeney

Thoth

by David Butler

The prints of a moorhen,
on the soft mud by a river,
(so the philosopher says),
form no more than the trace,
the purest absence,
the hollow cast of a creature
that, (we only suppose), laid them.

But the poet, if he can be believed,
says he sees a lost language,
regular, cuneiform;
a pattern of runes and glyphs,
no less the text, because we cannot read it,
than the testament of some lost race,
that awaits its Rosetta stone.

Undecided,
pulling between pure absence
and a silent alphabet,
these black prints,
set into the soft mud of the page.

**Thoth: the ibis-headed Egyptian God of Writing*

After the throat-crake
flight is an eructation:
a bowl of feathers tossed up
in a burst of inadequate wings
that haul the great tail, the
cumbersome bustle some twenty yards
before he falls back
amidst the stubble
into his strut –
where females flock to him!

The Silent People

by David Butler

It's an untold story, cast
into gaunt figures
on a bank
indifferent to their passage.

Those years the drills were
Famine stalked
the land expelled them
in dry retches.

With wind bellying
the hoar-canvas
of westward sails,
they made bare ballast

in the holds of coffin ships
in whose wakes
the throats of the harbours
Constricted.

*David will be reading from his work at the Oct Arts Evening .
See page 6 for further information.*

Personal Pronoun

by David Butler

I am the first person, singular,
a girder, an exclamation mark.
I am a bone, a yellowed femur.
Capitalised, in the Ionic style,
I have grown durable, the single column
that outlives the passing of empires.
I am a phallus, a stele,
a digit, raised in admonition.
In the literature of every age
my fine-honed identity is indispensable.
I am the nail driven through each text,
and my shadow stretches, like that of the Cross,
Into eternity.

Pheasant Plucker

by David Butler

That dappled wood-kerne,
ducking and diving, eking
an edgy living from briars,
thrusting through jagged hedges
a phthalic head, red-eyed
on coarse-grained clockwork,
cocky as Jagger and just
as cantankerous, would be,
you would think, fair game –
such pride is proverbial.

Life without Tony

by Mick Casey

When you left this world – my fall apart
I kept thinking – what will I do now?

As the days went by – the nights were dark
Everywhere I looked – you come to mind

Your first anniversary comes about
Couldn't believe you were gone a year
It has been a tough year – but I served it

Now four years has passed – I have to learn to live
But you are here in spirit

The memories I had of you – will see me through
And will stay with me forever!

Sold Here

By Barry Hazel

'You sell it here?', Harry said as he stepped inside the rather dusty poorly lit interior of the shop.

'That's what it says outside. Presume you can read and all'

'They told me you couldn't buy it but I knew if I kept looking, I knew it would be somewhere around here'

'Well it ain't cheap or should I say it gets more expensive as you go along'

'I don't get ya,' Harry said as he looked around at the very old fashioned store with its long wooden counter and shelves, sort of like those general stores you saw in Westerns. He could just make out the rows of tins. They were covered in bright white paper with stark black lettering that Harry was too far away to read from where he was. Row after row after row. No attempt to market them. No fancy pictures or cartoonish characters. The only thing allowing you to tell the tins apart was the different black lettering.

The shopkeeper took off his thin rimmed granny glasses. The electric light reflected on his almost bald head except for small holdout patches of hair, just over his ears and back of his head. He turned around towards the shelves and plucked down a tin.

He put it down on the counter and Harry cautiously stepped forward to read the lettering. It was just what he had hoped for.

'Well son ... when you buy your first tin it goes down great, swell but after that it takes more and more tins to get a hit ...you follow'

It irritated Harry to be called son. Not because of reverse ageism but because he felt it was condescending. A control mechanism. Something he read in a study?

'I also got something for that tetchiness you got going on there...son'

'What the..?'

'Ah don't worry I been in this business for fifty years. I pick up the facial signals pretty good. Often people walk in here saying 'I want X but I know they want B'

'Don't you mean Y?'

'No I meant B. People are so far from themselves they are practically strangers. Y is too close to X. But don't worry, you can buy some placidity later on. Anyway, that will be fifty Euros for a tin of happiness.'

'50 Euro for happiness? I thought you couldn't buy it!', Harry smirked. He was trying to lighten up.

'That's bull son. Of course you can buy it.,' the shopkeeper barked as he slapped the tin on the counter and swiftly took the fifty.

'Perhaps, I should take two? A hundred?'

'No second tin is a hundred so two tins is 150'

'Steep rise ain't it?'

'That's man my friend. He desires one thing, gets it, wants more of it or something else. No wonder the way the planet is'

'What if I just bought a tin a day?'

'Still goes up. I don't set the prices. Look at the back of the tin' Harry turned the tin around. Clearly printed to his astonishment was **100 euro Harry Murphy**

'How the?'

The shopkeeper turned and reached for a third tin. This time Harry watched him closely.

He put it down and turned the tin around. Nothing was printed on the back

'Now son –ask for a third tin'

'Ok can I have a third tin,' Harry said with a feeling of unease sweeping over him.

The shopkeeper turned it around and suddenly clearly printed was: **Harry Murphy two hundred Euro.**

'What's going on?,' Harry glanced around the shop and now he clearly could read the tin titles. SADNESS, PYCHOSIS, HUBRIS, DESPAIR, EXHILARATION, JEALOUSY

'I don't know the tins just adjust. Stops folks over dosing or being too greedy'

Who the hell would want to over dose on sadness?

'Poets in my experience. They just soak it up or Economists. Those folks would spread a damp spot if they sat on it.'

'And Hubris?'

'Ah a favourite of the Americans but I got some Chinamen in here lately. Seems to make a real quick buck you got to have Hubris to start with but the smart ones try this just before the end, makes them cash it in. He reached for another tin which had **Cowardice** on it.

'Though I hear politicians like that mixture too but I wouldn't advise mixing it'

'Could this just be a placebo affect?,' Harry stepped a bit back as he said this.

The shopkeeper leaned in over the wooden counter. His granny glasses fell onto his nose. He stared at Harry and Harry stared up at his six foot frame.

'Son –I know that annoys me calling you son-son life is just one big placebo when you think about it outside of food and sleep. You just fill your days with whatever you can. Some folks are too worried about food to need a placebo. They believe it or not are the lucky ones. Its folks like you looking at your navel and the wonderment of it that go round and round looking for stuff. Life is mainly bout farting around; don't let anybody tell you otherwise son'

'What about kids?' Harry was thinking of his son Harry jnr who was heading for two at a furious rate

'Wow –I gather you have one?'

Harry nodded slowly in reply

'Well, kids are the best form of farting around a man can do, I suppose. I have six of them or is it seven? Anyway, you get Parents who want to avoid the essence of their kids. What they are. They often come in here looking for a tin of 'Its nature not nurture' but some like this. He turned around and handed him a tin with the words 'Humble Pie' Harry smirked recalling the various mistakes he had made.

'Seems most parents need that at one time or another. Lord knows I needed it when my first boy went down for a fifteen year stretch' 'What'd he do, if you don't mind me asking,' Harry knew he shouldn't ask but he could not resist and in a way he hoped to annoy the shopkeeper.

'He was peddling Cocaine.'

'Wasn't he just peddling happiness like you?'

'Ah there's a difference son.'

'What?'

'His mark up was just plain greedy and all my stuff is in you anyway-the tin just gets it to the surface. Kind of like that stuff you use for wind or constipation'

'I think you should use a different analogy'

'Perhaps so. So one tin of happiness and I'll throw in a tin of Humble Pie for the parenting. Come back to me for the tetchiness when you're ready'

Harry handed over the cash and grimaced. Just as he was about to go he turned around

'Do you use any of your products?'

'I use moroseness from time to time. Happy people drive me nuts. Who the hell wants to change anything if you are happy?'

'I'm not so sure,' Harry replied reaching for the door

'I got a tin for indecisiveness somewhere too. Have a good day'

The End

Bary Hazel is a writer and teacher living in Bray. He is a member of Abraxas Writers.

Signal Arts Centre Exhibitions

Scarred Earth

by Christine De Poar

From Tuesday 27th September to Sunday 9th October 2011

Christine graduated from WIT with Diploma in Art. Since joining Signal Arts Centre in 2009 she has facilitated art classes with



children adults and rehab groups. She has participated in various group shows in both Dublin and Wicklow, including a recent show at NCAD, where she was awarded a prize for her body of work in print and mixed media.

Christine combines fine art printmaking with a diverse combination of art mediums including wax, gesso, bitumen, paint and gold leaf. She has a natural curiosity for life and this resonate in her work. Her influences arise from her natural surroundings, the organic and inorganic patterns, lines, and shapes. The process of time, aging and decay feature strongly throughout her work.

The inspiration for this body of work comes from the marks "scars" she observes daily. Christine works intuitively exploring and pushing the boundaries of her medium. A visual language is created by building up layers then scraping back thus creating a complex surface with depth and energy. A palette of subdued colours, are used to evoke the environment on which they are based. The final crescendo is an amalgamation of contradictions: light and dark, positive and negative, presence and absence, the seen and the unseen.

Opening Reception: Friday 30th September 7p.m – 9p.m

Waves and Particles

by Linde Fidorra

From Tuesday 11th October to Sunday 23rd October 2011

Linde Fidorra came to Ireland from Germany in 1979. She worked as a librarian and a translator before she became interested in self healing. She studied, practiced and taught various forms of energy work.

Preview of Bray Arts Evening Mon 3rd Oct 2011

Upstairs at the Martello, Seafront, Bray

Doors open 8:00

Everyone welcome Adm. €5 / €4

The Talking Drums - Music

Gabriel Akujobi and Segun Akano on the djembe drums.

Aaron Lennon -Artist

Aaron Lennon Ross studied printed textiles in The National College of Art and Design. Since graduating in 2004, Aaron has been working as an artist, illustrator and printed textile designer for the fashion industry. Much of his work is created in collaboration with his wife Sarah. He views art and design as complimentary disciplines- often using his drawings and paintings to create designs, and often using designed patterns within his artwork. His current passion is his popular drawing blog which is www.tinylittlegods.com

David Butler - Writer

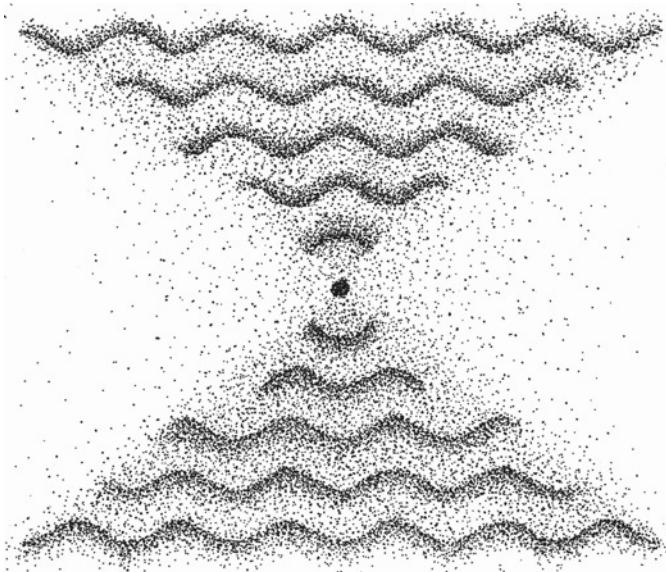
David's novel 'The Last European' was published in 2005 and his poetry collection 'Via Crucis' in May 2011. Poetry prizes include the Ted McNulty, Feile Filiochta International and Brendan Kennelly. The collection 'Via Crucis' was runner up for the Patrick Kavanagh award.

Hedda Kaphengst - Singer, musician, actor

is the Founder and Artistic Director of **Klawitter Theatre Group Ltd.** (formerly *Serendipity*) and was shortlisted for the prestigious David Manley Award for emerging entrepreneurs in the Arts in 2009. Hedda studied acting in Germany, Dublin and London.

Klawitter Theatre Group Ltd. provides interactive theatre and entertainment by professional actors and musicians to older people. Programme for the night: Love, marriage and the whole rigmarole.... Songs, stories and poetry.

Through her spiritual practice she reconnected with her creative expression and took courses in art and craft, followed by a Higher National Diploma in Fine Art at BIFE, Bray. This is her



second solo exhibition at Signal.

Linde's work is inspired by her explorations of new science and spiritual awareness. She is fascinated with the dance between energy and matter, between fields of possibility and appearance in form.

Her drawings are visualisations of the dynamics at this interface, contemplations of energy patterns and visual meditations.

Opening Reception: Friday 14th October 2011, 7-9pm

Temporal Decomposition

by Dennis Dunne

From Tuesday 24th October to Sunday 6th November 2011

Photographer/visual artist Denis Dunne graduated for D.I.T Temple Bar with BA (Honours) in photography. He has also attended courses in ceramics, screen printing, woodwork, metalwork, jewellery making and art history.

Denis' practice is multi layered. In it he seeks to represent and explore innocence, light, change and the transformation of the



human spirit. His subjects are collaborators in his practice: they are the force which inspires his imagination. Much of the work is autobiographical, the models play out fragments from the artists'

life, he also encourages the models to incorporate some of their own experiences from the past and present.

The body of work in this exhibition is an ongoing exploration of the subject of people and life. The buildings as with time fade till they disappear, the decay becoming its beauty. His fascination with decay and the passing of time stems from the questions that have arisen within him about his own maturity and mortality. The project is based around buildings that retain traces of energy, time and people that have passed. Denis has taken the subjects from their original history and placed them in a new environment in which they never existed, to evoke fictitious stories and to create new memories.

Opening Reception: Friday 28th October 7 p.m. – 9 p.m.

Via Firenze Gallery Bray

Congratulations to Joanne Bannon, founder of the Via Fiernze Gallary, for her latest exhibition 'Continuity'.

Joanne's mission is to present accessible and affordable art to the public. Her stylish gallary was packed at this recent exhibition of three arsts, Darren Nesbitt, Conall McCabe and Donall Murray. The exhibition was opened by TD Anne Ferris. who has always been a great supporter of the Arts in Bray. Bray Arts has reason to thank Anne for her practical support and encouragement over the years.



L-R : Frank O'Keeffe, Anne Ferris, Maureen O'Donovan and Joanne Bannon



L - R: Joanne Bannon, Darren Nesbitt, Conall McCabe and Donal Murray



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Submission Guidelines

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Email submissions to the above or post typed
submissions to :

Editor Bray Arts Journal
'Casino'
Killarney Rd.
Bray
Co. Wicklow

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Bray Arts Evening Mon 3rd Oct 2011

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

The Talking Drums : Gabriel Akujobi and Segun Akano on the djembe drums.

Aaron Ross: Artist, Illustrator and Textile Designer

David Butler : Award winning poet and novelist.

Hedda Kaphengst : Love, marriage and the whole rigmarole - Songs
stories and poetry.

Bray Arts is grateful for the ongoing support of Bray Town Council and Heather House Hotel.
Printed by Absolute Graphics, Bray www.agraphics.ie

If undelivered please return to:
Editor, Bray Arts Journal
'Casino'
Killarney Road
Bray
Co. Wicklow