
Bray Arts Journal

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Review of September Bray Arts Night

by Shane Harrison

This is the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness and September also ushered in a new season for Bray Arts. Upstairs at the Martello was still picked out in the glow of fading evening as we welcomed a quartet of varied talent to the stage. Harp, flute, wet felt, writing quill and guitar were the creative implements called upon, more or less.



Amy Richardson

First up was **Amy Richardson** with a musical recital spanning the years from O'Carolan to the present. The first part of her set was suffused with the music of the blind harpist, with Amy plucking carefully at her small Irish harp. She transferred to whistle and flute for the later part of the set when she also introduced some of her own compositions. The music was now flowing freely, the modern folk idiom being a more natural ground for her musicianship than the formal constraints of the medieval pieces. The final song was her own composition, Colette's Echo, inspired by her boyfriend's account of his late mother. This perfectly married the breathy notes of the instrument and the melancholy of theme. The audience was suitably impressed. Mellow flutefulness, you could say.

Orla Callaghan is an Arts regular. Her presentation featured a detailed, step-by-step examination of the technique of wet felting. As the meticulous craft emerged from Orla's photographs, so her craftwork also magically took shape. The audience was charmed, knowledgeable enough too to ask detailed questions of the artist. Her presentation complete, she invited people to examine the real thing, with a viewing of many fine examples of her work. There's little doubt that the mark of a true artist is the patience to apply difficultly acquired technique to the impatient vision of beauty. A fine balance is achieved and is brought to fruition in the work of Orla Callaghan.



Orla Callaghan

Dermot McCabe has been a mainstay of the Bray Arts group since its inception. A talented baritone singer and visual artist, he can write a bit too. His first novel, *The Reluctant King*, was recently published by Axletree Press and is the first part in a Medieval gothic fantasy trilogy featuring a colourful cast of characters. Dermot outlined the chief elements of the story, illustrating it with well chosen vignettes that brought to life the imaginings of a world lost in the mists of time. The world of Dredgemarsh which Dermot has drawn is indeed a myth, full of intrigue, corruption and conflict. It couldn't happen now, of course. But the world is also pitched at a more personal level; star-crossed lovers are at the heart of the story, while the narrative is driven by the experiences of those that dwell beneath the ivory



Dermot McCabe

towers of the great and not so good. Verm, candlelighter of the caverns beneath the city and the oddball collection of cooks and scullery workers who slave in the kitchen, provide insight into the eternal theme of good versus evil. It is this common touch that gives the novel its humour and appeal. At some point, the writer must stop and invite the reader to take over. Dermot judged his moment well and no doubt many will be intrigued enough to investigate this impressive debut.

Gavin Coleman was the closing musical bracket for the evening. A lively personality provides the power behind his playing, with witty asides on the foibles of life, love and politics. A Bray head, he proclaims himself a natural protestor, being unimpressed with McDonalds at the Town Hall, beach nourishment schemes and the like. Not that his repertoire is a catalogue of earnest political maxims, he has an eye for the personal in his choice of music. Hallelujah was a brave opener, Cohen's masterful song can sometimes be diminished by the maltreatment of many minstrels. Not so here, Coleman's strong voice providing the right tone for complex and moving material. Other covers included U2s With or Without You. Many people balk at making a solo version of the stadium rockers, but Gavin carried it off well. There were originals too, a necessary spice in a creative set. Nothing Can Pull Me Down was a good number, it spoke of a confidence that was echoed in his projection. Gavin Coleman can cluck like a chicken and stomp like a bluesman, but it's his singing and playing that shine through - talent will out. When there's a feelgood factor at work, a genuine bond forms between audience and performer. It was deep and dark on the seafront as the performance drew to a close. You know a true natural, and a truly felt ovation at the end of the night.



Gavin Coleman

Amy Richardson is a member of the National Advisory Board of Downes Syndrome Ireland. She has set up a group called The Rambling Sunshines (Mother, Sister and Friend). They will play at The Mill Theatre Dundrum as part of Social Inclusion Week.

Have Your Say

The journal invites you to express your views on any art related topic of your choice. Would you like to see some changes in the arts world? Would you like to critique an exhibition or artwork. What do you really think of the contemporary art scene? Do you understand it? Do you care? We want to hear your voice. Contacts on back pg.



Front Cover
by Tony Clarke

Upcoming Exhibition at Signal Arts
see Page 7

Preview

Bray Arts Evening 1st Oct. 2012

at Martello Hotel, Seafront, Bray.

8:00pm Every one is welcome. Adm. €5 / €4 conc.

It must be the sea air that invigorates the artistic spirit of Bray because once again the Bray Arts Evening programme for Oct promises a night of wonderful entertainment: a play *Going Home* by Hugh Carr, art and melting glass with Anna Felton and great music from singer/songwriter Evelyn Campbell.

DRAMA

Going Home:

Written by **Hugh Carr**, this short drama is set in a nursing home and explores the relationship between a 92 year old Mother and her 66 year old son.

Hugh Carr is a well-known writer whose plays have appeared in the Abbey Theatre and the Gate, and have travelled widely through London Chicago and New York. It is really exciting that Hugh is bringing this play to the Bray Arts audience. Can't wait.



Hugh Carr

The actors:

Frank O'Keeffe trained at the Webber Douglas School of Drama in London. He has played Shakespeare with the late Anew McMaster and worked for the Abbey Theatre. He has toured extensively in Ireland, Scotland and England appearing in many TV and Film productions. He is an award winning playwright who has written for both radio and stage.



Frank O'Keeffe and Mairin O'Donovan

Maurín O'Donovan, Actress, and Singer comes from a famous theatrical family. She started her professional career as an actress in the fit-ups playing in Theatres throughout Ireland. At the same time, Maureen featured as the lead singer with the Neil Kearns dance Orchestra and other musical combos over the years. After a break to rear her family, she turned to film work, TV, and plays. Maureen humorously describes herself as "Playing "Small parts in big movies and big parts in little movies" and is Currently working on "Moone Boy" with Chris O'Dowd and Touring with Carmen Cullen's "I live till I die".

ART

Glass Bead Maker

Anna Felton shares her creativity in melting glass into tantalising beads fashioned to her own designs.

'I've loved beads as long as I can remember. A chance encounter led me to a studio where I started seriously melting glass. This was the beginning of a love affair which has stayed strong for four years and more. I now have a studio of my own where I can indulge my passion.'



Anna Felton

MUSIC

Singer / Songwriter

When **Evelyn Campbell** began gigging with SOULONG SISTER in 2008, the positive reaction to her own songs encouraged her to take her songwriting more seriously. A prolific few years gave her enough original material for an album 'OVERDUE REVIEW' which



Evelyn Campbell

was produced in 2011. The topics range from 'socio-political commentary to deeply reflective songs that touch on universal emotional experiences. The music explores a range of genres that is best described as contemporary folk rock.

Visit www.evelyncampbellband.com to sample the unique talents of Evelyn Campbell.

Botanical Drawing with Yanny Petters

This is an intensive weekend course in Botanical Drawing with emphasis on Autumn fruits. You will be working with wild flowers and plants at The Art Hand (Waterford) and surrounding area.

Arrival and Registration is on Thursday October 11th at 7pm and the course runs for three full days from the Friday morning at 9am until 5pm on Sunday 14th October 2012.

The Cost for this course is €295 which includes your evening meal on Friday and Saturday and lunch on Sunday. Accommodation is not included but can be arranged nearby. Numbers are limited so booking is essential. More details at <http://theartand.wordpress.com/>

Let Us Easter ...

by Rosy Wilson
from *The Keeper of the Creek*

Our druid priest of Liscannor
tears up up sheets of the Clare Champion
passes them to parishioners
who share the news

we each carry a piece outside
where a fire burns in the brazier
throws shreds, each one a thorn
or a sin, into the flames

a woman's chorus leads us in song
Be Thou my Vision, Lord of the Dance
sun sets crimson in Atlantic sky
we light candles in the embers

the altar is dressed, cascades of green
coloured with wild flowers gathered
on hedgerows, verges, Paddy Nestor's
Easter garden lit by our candles.

With the Paschal candle our Celtic Father
blesses water, sprinkles the congregation
we chant baptismal promises
although I wonder

whether, in good faith, I can still
make those promises but, borne up
by neighbours, the community,
the evening that's in it

hope of renewal, resurrection,
my voice mingles with the others
renouncing the devil, all his works
wherever, whoever he may be.

Last Rites

by Rosy Wilson
from *Keeper of the Creek*

Bury me under
 the weeping willow
green leaves tickle
 my wrinkled brow
a tree planted
 on the shallows
our children dancing
 in and around.

Bury me under
 the weeping willow
stretch branches
 so they brush the ground,
sweep sandy soil
 where daffodils yellow,
colours of early crocus
 are found.

Bury me under
 the weeping willow
dig my grave
 in a grassy grove,
build a mound

of earthe for my pillow,
remember me
with words of love.

The two poems above are from Rosy's latest collection *Keeper of the Creek* published by lapwing Publications.



Rosy Wilson

"This poet's gift of imagination and insight draws us in, causes us to breathe with synchronicity, to share conversation, keep her secrets. The honesty of her allegorical words, inlaid with love, is a testament to the use of language in her poetry."

Carol Boland

August Air

by Máire Morrissey-Cummins

A gentle sea breeze
through the Maple
beneath a freckled sun.
Clouds comb
threads of ribbons and lace
across a cyan sky.

The cat circles
lukewarm shadows
yawning in the shade.
The day is young
in her kneading paws
pink pads on a fleece blanket.
She dips her claws into a wet flannel
wiping her sun soaked eyes,
smoothing her soft fur coat.

Flies rest on daisy centres
nibbling spongy yellow suns.
A posy of pink roses
lean long against the fence
under an awning of honeysuckle jasmine
the August air
scented with a tinge
of Autumn.

Máire Morrissey-Cummins



Máire Morrissey-Cummins

Máire is Irish. She lives between Greystones, Co. Wicklow and Trier, Germany due to her husband's work. She has spent most of her married life working abroad in Holland and Germany mainly but recently retired, she has found love in creativity, in writing and art. She has been published in journals, anthologies and e-zines over the past three years and with an empty nest now, she is enjoying her new found creativity to the full.

The Pick Up Line

by Stan Regal

Chance watched the two women enter the bar. They could have been models for Burberry. One was a brunette the other wasn't quite a blond nor a brunette. Her shoulder length hair was nearly the colour of Burberry tan. He wondered of it was naturally that colour or if the company was branching into women's hair dye. Both carried the Burberry plaid accessories.

Chance watched them for a while. When he saw them order their second drink, he called the bartender over and whispered in his



ear. He nodded and Chance slipped a fiver under a beer mat which the bartender deftly slid off the bar and into his pocket.

A Bicardi Breezer was set in front of him. Chance waited till the two women got their drinks then he slowly walked towards them. The brunette noticed him and flashed him a quick smile. He ignored her and stopped behind the tan haired woman. He stood there holding the drink not saying anything. The brunette's eyes glanced up at him. The other noticed and turned around.

"I don't fancy you."

"What?"

"I'm sorry. I don't fancy you."

"Are you drunk?"

"I didn't drink. I'm driving. Really. I'm just here to meet someone." He handed her the Bicardi Breezer. I really shouldn't accept this from you."

"You are drunk. I didn't send that over."

He paused for a moment. Then he half smiled. "Oh right, sure you didn't. But I still can't accept it."

"Give it to someone else."

"I understand. I don't like rejection either. But sometimes you just got to live with it." He set the drink on the table and started to walk away.

She grabbed his arm. "Hey, I didn't buy you this."

He pulled his hand free and whistled to the bartender. "Hey Harry?" He pointed at the woman. The bartender nodded then disappeared out the back.

The woman stood and pushed past Chance and strode up to the bar. Chance saw her looking for the bartender but knew she wouldn't find him. He was off duty and probably on his way home. He saw her looking around then she pointed to him. She stomped back towards him. "This is some kind of practical joke isn't it? Who set this up? Sierra was it you?"

The brunette shook her head vigorously. "But if you don't want him..."

"If it isn't a practical joke then it must be a pick up line."

"Some pick up line. Do the words 'I don't fancy you' turn you on. What are you, some kind of masochist?"

She tried to slap him but he caught her arm before she connected.

"There's no reason to get violent. I'm sure you're a good person, but I just don't fancy you. I mean I can't help who I fancy. I am here to meet someone, honest." He started to walk away.

She grabbed his arm again. "Why?"

He looked puzzled. "Why?"

"Yes, why. Why don't you fancy me?"

"I don't really know. It...it's chemistry or pheromones or something. I don't understand how these things work. There must be some men you don't fancy." He put his hand up to his mouth in mock embarrassment. "You two aren't a couple, are you? I'm so sorry."

The brunette stood. "I'm not putting up with this. I'm off to the loo. Come and get me when this fool is gone Sierra."

They both ignored her.

"No, we're not ... together and yes there are men I don't fancy but I don't walk up to them and tell them."

"Neither do I ... not usually ... but when they start sending me drinks..."

"I didn't send you that drink."

"Someone did..."

"Not me..."

"Whatever... it isn't fair ... that whoever sent it over ... was under some false impression..."

"Okay. I can understand that ... I think. Come to think of it is kind of gallant."

"I know woman who would just keep accepting them all night."

She glanced towards the loo and then at him. "So do I. No hard feelings?"

He looked at her for a second. "No hard feelings." He stood to leave and looked at her again. "Let me buy you a drink ... as a kind of apology...for being so direct."

She smiled and held up the Bicardi Breezer.

"But I didn't buy ..." He started to laugh. "We don't want to go down that path again, do we?"

She joined his laughter and shook her head. "No we don't." She turned her head to the side and stared at him. "You know you're not bad looking."

"Neither are you. Now that you've calmed down."

"Thanks ... I think." She poured the drink into her glass and took a sip. "You know many times first impressions are wrong. Sometimes you need to give things time to develop."

He thought for a second. "That's true. That's very true. I really hated the first serious girlfriend before we got together ... and that lasted three years."

"What happened to her?"

"She became a nun ... we were eight at the time and the first time I met her she stole my ice cream."

Sierra looked at him then burst out laughing.

"That's a true story."

"You're funny."

Chance's mobile phone beeped that a text was coming through. He pulled out the phone and looked at the message.

'U O me a 10er 4 dis, H.'

"Oh no," he said. "I've got the wrong pub. I've really got to go."

"A serious relationship?"

He shook his head. "An old friend. Worried about her husband possibly having an affair. He isn't. I was supposed to meet her to tell her he was with me when she thought he was with another woman."

She gave him a sceptical look.

He held up his hand. "Truth. He's planning a surprise birthday party for her. We've been working out the finer details. But I can't tell her that. It'll spoil the surprise."

She smiled. "Aaaaa, that's sweet."

"I really have to go."

She slid a piece of paper across to him. "In case you think your first impression is wrong."

He glanced at it and smiled and put it in his pocket. He walked off without a backward glance. Outside he saw Harry leaning against his car having a smoke. He took out the paper and handed it to him. "Don't say I never gave you anything."

Harry whistled. "I've got to hand it to you Chance. You really are good."

Chance smiled, waved and drove off.

THE END

Stan Regal (1947 - 2011) Stan first saw the light in Carbondale City, Lackawanna County, Pennsylvania (population 8,800 and falling). He lived just a mile outside the small city in a tiny village called Simpson (population tiny) on the banks of the Lackawanna. After college he joined the American Airforce Veterinary Service. His duties brought him to Ireland where he retired, married and lived the best part of his adult life in the rolling green hills of Wicklow; a total contrast to the grey dusty coal mining district of Carbondale, Pennsylvania.



Robert Hughes 1038 -2012

Robert Hughes, the eloquent, combative art critic and historian died on 6th Aug 2012. He was 74 and had lived for many years in Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. He was one of the most admired critics of the 20th century though not particularly by the art establishment about whom he wrote: The art world is now so swollen with currency and the vanity of inflated reputation that it is taking on some of the less creditable aspects of showbiz. Hollywood doesn't want critics, it wants PR folk and profile-writers. Showbiz controls journalism by controlling access. The art world hopes to do the same, though on a more piddly level.

He was a great admirer of Lucien Freud. He wrote, in reference to one of Freud's paintings, "Every inch of the surface has to be won, must be argued through, bears the traces of curiosity and inquisition — above all, takes nothing for granted and demands active engagement from the viewer as its right. Nothing of this kind happens with Warhol, or Gilbert and George, or any of the other image-scavengers and recyclers who infest the wretchedly stylish woods of an already decayed, pulped-out postmodernism."

He looked on the contemporary art market with a mocking scepticism. Here he is on the American artist Jeff Koons:

"Koons really does think he's Michelangelo and is not shy to say so. The significant thing is that there are collectors, especially in America, who believe it. He has the slimy assurance, the gross patter about transcendence through art, of a blow-dried Baptist selling swamp acres in Florida."

Signal Arts Centre Exhibitions

'Medley'

A Group Exhibition
from Tuesday 25th September to Sunday 7th October

Signal Arts Centre is delighted to showcase a collection of work by their two resident Rehab Care groups.

'Medley', is the culmination of ongoing weekly art workshops / classes led by staff artists in Signal Arts Centre. The eight participants meet on Tuesday and Friday mornings, and have done so for over ten years.

All of the work on display is of an intimate and endearing nature



involving hours of toil and dedication. This exhibition was created. The participants drew inspiration from a number of sources during the past few months which have enabled them to achieve such impressively unique results.

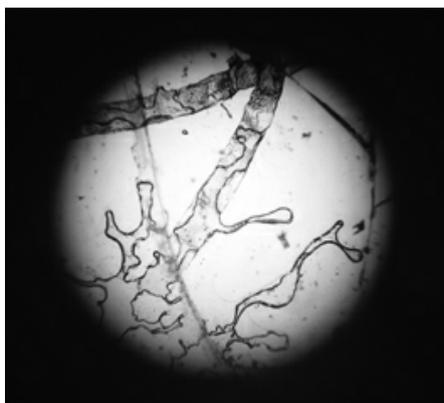
Deciding on the pieces for the exhibition was the hardest task for everyone involved, with the exhibitors making the final selection from their portfolios of artwork. There was so much artwork we could easily have had three more exhibitions. Congratulations and every success to all the participants.

Opening Reception: Friday 28th September 7pm – 9pm

'Hidden Beauty'

An Exhibition of Ceramics and Mixed Media by Frances Brosnan
From Tuesday 9th October to Sunday 21st October

'Hidden Beauty' is an exhibition based on a visual response to a series



of photographs taken through a microscope. Slides of plant cells were placed under the microscope and then photographed. The works in

this exhibition are an interpretation of these images using ceramics and mixed media.

Scientific equipment has given us the opportunity to explore the hidden beauty and mystery of plant cells. With the aid of a microscope the hidden minute structures of plant cells can be exposed to reveal a world of great beauty and complexity.

The intention was not to 'reproduce' what was viewed under the microscope as the artist believes the beauty and complexity of nature cannot be replicated. The artist's love of texture and colour was a major factor in her interpretation of these images.

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

'Confessions of a Process Hound'

An Exhibition of work by Tony Clarke
From Tuesday 23rd October to Sunday 4th November

Tony is a multidisciplinary artist working and teaching in Bray. This exhibition will showcase new work in various mediums including fashion and will feature a large sculpture commenting on Irish society today. Tony's work has developed through many years of study and experimentation and the art produced is distinctive and current with an art for all ages, approached with a sense of humour.

Tony has exhibited widely over the past few years including Spain, Germany and London. The large sculpture to be featured in Signal



is to take part in the Copenhagen Sculpture Biennale later this year. Mediums featured in this exhibition will include sculpture, print, fashion, ceramic, painting and mixed media.

Opening Reception: Sunday 28th October 3pm – 5pm

It is futile to utter words which the intellect could not possibly follow, ... and it is absurd for anyone to preach to others a thing which neither they nor those whom he sought to teach could comprehend.

Peter Abelard

Mermaid Theatre

Amongst the many great offerings coming up shortly at Mermaid are the following:

Sensual Africa by Tavaziva Dance Company

Thu 18 Oct 2012 8:00pm

Choreographed by Bawren Tavaziva, a lifelong dancer from Zimbabwe and a dominant talent within the African dance



diaspora, Sensual Africa is a sublimely crafted work of art. Inspired by Tavaziva's trip to one of Africa's most beautiful countries, Malawi, the piece is almost hedonistic in its passion and physicality. Pure, raw and natural, the mysterious country epitomises sensuality. Be seduced as the outstanding dancers pay homage to the Tumbuka and Chewa Tribes, and perform their own interpretations of the coming-of-age rituals that boys and girls go through to become men and women.

The Nualas: One Night of Dignity

Fri 19 Oct 2012

Ireland's top all-female comedy singing sensation, The Nualas, are back guns a' blazing with their fabulous new show One Night of Dignity. Come see them perform your favourite classics such as 'Manolo' and 'Girl with a Cabbage for a Head' as well hilarious new material with titles to tease your appetite such as 'The Sexy



Farm Song' and 'Mummy Why Am I So Fat?' Expect scintillating vocal harmony, ambitious choreography and a night packed solid with craic!

'With writing as funny as theirs, these small-town Irish girls could sing about watching someone watch paint dry and we would still be riveted' – The Independent, London.

Bray Arts Evening Mon Oct 1st

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

Going Home - Play by Hugh Carr with

Cast: Frank O'Keeffe and Mairin O'Donovan

Glass Bead Maker : Anna Felton will share some of her secrets.

Singer/ Songwriter : Straight from the heart with Evelyn Campbell

Submission Guidelines

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Email submissions to the above or post to :

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Co. Wicklow

Text in Microsoft Word
Pictures/Logos etc Jpeg preferably 300 dpi

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