
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 1

September 2014

Volume 20



FREE

REVIEW

Bray Arts Show

Monday May 12th, 2014

A silvery evening was draped over the seafront for our belated May gathering. A particularly magical mystery tour took us to the Orient and Brittas Bay by way of the Botanical Gardens, to finish off in the south of Spain. The doughty Cearbhall E. O' Meadhra will deal with the foot stomping, hand clapping, guitar strumming finale, but first to more sober matters.

Fiona O'Farrell presented a personal portrait of Bali in her talk and slide show. A mere thirty minutes to bring to life that distant, determinedly exotic location. It was a tall order, but Fiona is a tall woman - perhaps in part explaining her observation that the Balinese were small, but beautiful. Her photographs were bursting with the myopia of the fascinated traveller. Over there, Gods peep out of the architecture while here a young woman twists simple craftworks for children from the flora. Fiona's patter was also brimming with detail, restlessly shifting between topics. Mopeds jostled with markets, temples teemed with statuary, people bustled in backstreets. There were ornate masks and colourful sarongs.



Fiona O'Farrell

Fiona posed with her grandchildren and we hear another has arrived. Then we're back in the land of lizards and volcanoes, and endless rain. Sounds like home? No, this really is wet, wet, wet and those volcanoes are alive. The fertile soil results in a rich bounty though their self-sufficiency is threatened to some extent by tourism. Fiona wisely doesn't point fingers; tourism can also be a boon. Yet, it is a sobering thought, that our fascination with the exotic and our need to touch it can dilute the very difference we crave.

Rosaleen Power is well aware of the appropriateness of her name. She is a botanical artist. More coincidentally still, her recent participation in Aibitir, a sort of alphabetical/botanical project, saw her given the Burnet Rose as her subject. The auguries were good so. Ros would not be one to disappoint in fulfilling a brief. As a botanical artist she can explore the minute details that distinguish each species



Rosaleen Power



Front Cover

By Nella Olao - See page 14

of plant with more exactness than a camera. She rendered the rose from samples collected in Brittas Bay - apparently the plant no longer

graces Bray Head. Did you notice this is all uncannily alliterative? Ros (herself) brought a couple of techniques to bear: watercolour, painting on porcelain, crewel embroidery and amazingly a pot of crocheted roses. I was not the only one who thought these were real. More than talent, Ros brings an infectious enthusiasm to her subject. That's the way it is, I suppose, your talent is most obvious when you love it dearly. "I am very excited about my work", she said. That much was obvious and obviously shared.

By Shane Harrison

Gypsy Rumba featuring Manuel Sanz Olivencia, bajo, and Salvador Andrades Santiago, guitarist and Maria Delgado singer stole the night! This unusual trio brought the real feel of pure Flamenco to Bray Arts as they played their own traditional music dance forms and songs. As a dedication to a personal friend and neighbour, the late Paco de Lucia – Spain's leading Flamenco guitarist - Salvador opened with the lovely "Entre Dos Aguas" (literally, "Between Two Rivers". This is a charming piece that requires



sensitivity with a powerful *Gypsy Rumba* technique to carry it off. Salvador delivered a masterful interpretation.

His rasqueado passages thundered out when required and were balanced by delicate tremolo and apoyando phrases that filled the heart and the ears. Maria followed with a powerful Bulerias sung in the rich, traditional Flamenco way using full power behind the voice even when singing softly. Next we had the well-known "Bolaros" given a Flamenco Rumba twist with the flowing apoyando of Salvador's guitar, the rising tones of Maria's singing and the deep beat of Manuel's bajo on the bass guitar. The audience responded to the temptation to clap along with the powerful rhythm. Gypsy Rumba were delighted to bring everyone in to the act and got everyone going with a vocal chant "tu – con pa-ta-tas" that had everyone in stitches but they succeeded in getting the rhythm going in spite of the strangeness. So ended an exciting evening.

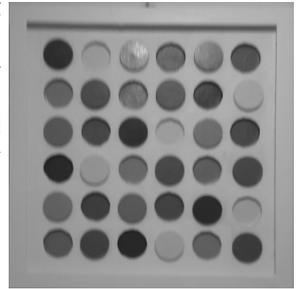
REVIEW

Bray Arts Show

Monday June 9th, 2014

The last show of the 2013 – 2014 season opened with a fine evening and a fine sprinkling of ladies dressed in 20's style in anticipation of the final act of the night. The AGM was quickly dealt with in the break and we welcome three new members to the committee. A substantial raffle added to the fun with many prizes generously donated by our many supporters.

Settling down the general clamour as friends greeted friends, Painter **Jim Mullins**, opened the performance with an entertaining presentation of how he got started when moved by the figurative artwork of the Beatles and in particular, the philosophical ideas of the late John Lennon. Making use of common building materials, Jim fascinated his listeners as he displayed his unusual two-dimensional artwork which becomes three-dimensional as you move towards it. This intriguing technique creates the effect of flowing visual movement in and out of the planes of the artwork. Jim is greatly inspired by musical sources, particularly the music of Joni Mitchell. Perhaps this love of flowing sounds relates to the movement which he captures in his visual interpretations. Jim would like all people to enjoy art and he loves to see children reacting to his artwork with its happy use of



Jim Mullins

colour. He would be happy to let the children touch the works but there is an intriguing philosophical tension in the fact that parents keep them back from enjoying the enticing object. Jim is happy to use simple materials and makes his own frames so that he can make the frame become a complementary part of the creative artwork. We thank Jim for a very cheerful and thought-provoking start to the evening.

O. R. Melling writes about fantasy and her own name adds to the theme! Not the name she was born with, she took the name O. R. Melling as a nom-de-plume and also her living name to reflect her love of writing. She publishes her own work, preferring not to deal with the machinery of commercial publication. She has published ten books to date and reckons that by doing so she has shaved two years off the time that commercial publication would have taken. Most of her writings are in the form of fantasies intended for young and old alike. O. R. Melling explained how she devoted many years to screen writing and this trained her to be really precise in her images, language and themes. She followed this



O.R.Melling

structure to guide her creative writing even down to developing everything on flip charts. She read some of her work, revealing mad stuff with paranoid characters making “heavy stuff”, as she puts it herself. But then she had everyone in stitches of laughter at her funny images which brought light relief to the work. This combination of light humour and serious emotional material lets O. R. Melling use real life sources while she explores the possibilities of spiritual perception and fantasy.

Jhil Quinn and her band brought the celebrations to a peak with their very professional renditions of the popular classics of the 1920’s to the 1940’s. The band made much use of the slide guitar combining amusing vocal sounds with pizzicato accompaniment to point up the humour.



Sweet Georgia Brown is set in a boogie style with strong pulsing notes from the double bass. In no time the dancers took to the floor for a swinging time to the shimmying sounds of Sister Kate with kazoo accompaniment. There were a good few doing the Cakewalk from America. In a whirlwind of dancers and musicians, the show came to a triumphant end with the unforgettable sound of the Charleston.

By Cearbhall E. O’Meadhra

PREVIEW

Bray Arts Night

Monday September 9th, 2014

Martello Hotel, Bray

Everyone Welcome: Adm. €5/€4 conc.

John Dunne - Artist



I was born in Dublin, Ireland but emigrated at age seventeen. I am self taught and I have a deep interest in the relationship between Art and Theology and hold a Degree in Theology. My art has been influenced by that of the Far East, especially by Japanese wood-cuts and Kabuki theatre. I have travelled widely to Singapore, Borneo and I have painted around the Mediterranean, from Gibraltar to Cyprus. I am a Figurative painter and I work in several mediums; Oils, Acrylic and Pastel. I have created a series of paintings based on children's games and the Celtic Legend of the 'The Táin'. Religious themes include 'The Song of Songs', 'The Dream of Gerontius' and 'The Seven Last Words of Christ from the Cross.' I have exhibited widely and have paintings in public and

private collections.

Email: dunnejohn65@yahoo.com or website: <http://www.johndunneartist.com>

Harbour - Musicians

Harbour is the name of a quartet of singers and musicians covering an eclectic mix of songs from Robbie Burns to Ewan Mac Coll; songs from Ireland, Scotland, England and America. "The group comprising two generations of McCabes: **Gavin, Una** and **Dermot** with **Isolda Heavey** also sing their own original compositions". The group formed in early 2014.



Daniel Roddy - Writer

Daniel Roddy is a retired civil servant living in Dún Laoghaire. He has had a number of short stories published over the years, including two in the long-running New Irish Writing series.



He has also been published in the Journal of the Oscar Wilde Autumn School. His book on The Irish Derby was published by Gill & Macmillan Ltd. “A Wanderer Out of Time is his first novel”.

Jimi Cullen - Singer, Songwriter, Storyteller

Jimi Cullen is a musician from Wexford, Ireland. He is a songwriter, singer, storyteller and much more; a blender of Folk, Pop, Rock and Country, a poet of a thousand words and a performer of pure energy. An uplifting experience.

Allow Jimi to take you on a journey from protest songs through love songs to those that squeeze every drop of emotion out of you. You'll laugh and cry as he sings about everything from hangovers to homelessness, always with a catchy hook and a positive message. It all began in 2004; armed with just his guitar and his songs Jimi set out in the world on his musical journey. Since then he has covered the length and breadth of Ireland many times over, clocking up an amazing 1500+ gigs. He has also toured all over Europe.



He has released two albums and two EP's, selling over 5,000 copies combined and has shared the stage with some of Ireland's best known musicians, such as Damien Dempsey, Declan O'Rourke, Paddy Casey, Aslan, John Spillane, David Kitt, Sharon Shannon, Eleanor McEvoy and countless others. In 2013 Jimi had his first chart success when his cover of The Cranberries song *Zombie* reached No.2 in the Irish iTunes charts. The song was released as a charity single in aid of Amnesty International.

Jimi has just finished work on his highly anticipated third album "Life" which will be released on the 4th April 2014.

TOO LATE

Each on his own strict line we move,
And some find death ere they find love;
So far apart their lives are thrown
From the twin soul which halves their own.

And sometimes, by still harder fate,
The lovers meet, but meet too late.
Thy heart is mine! True, true! ah, true!
Then, love, thy hand! Ah no! adieu!

By Matthew Arnold

DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm tonight.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand;
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Agean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant Northern sea.

By Matthew Arnold

A Wanderer Out Of Time

(Novel Extract)

It was a starless night. There was no breeze. The stillness of the black night unnerved me. I walked quickly along the narrow country road. The only sound was the echo of my footsteps. I had set out when there was still some light in the western sky. It was the first evening of my holiday and I had been looking forward immensely to the break. I intended to relax and enjoy every moment of it. I recall, as I started out, the feeling of warm pleasure that I experienced in finding myself back again among the mellow fragrances of the countryside. I was not enjoying the walk now, however. I had ventured further afield than I had planned and the late August evening had closed in on me. A cool damp mist had descended and it had penetrated my bones. I felt cold and as I walked I tightened my clothes around my body. The experience reminded me of similar evenings in my youth when, with my brother and sister, we used to be out late and occasionally a starless night, like this one, would scare us. I recalled how we were periodically startled on our late night walks by a sudden swoosh of one or more bats as they winged their way past us, glancing off us on occasions. Where had all the bats gone, I wondered? They seemed to have disappeared from the countryside. The road appeared endless. What perturbed me above all else was that I could not recognize where I was. I looked around in vain for any tell-tale landmarks or sights that I knew. When had I last seen a house? Or, for that matter, any sign of human life? I quickened my pace and suddenly thought that I heard some movement behind me, as if someone were following me. I stopped and listened. There was nothing to be heard. Had I imagined it? Was it simply the echo of my own footsteps? It had to be, surely. I resumed my walk. I cursed myself for getting lost like this. I could not understand it - I had taken one of my normal routes. I had, admittedly, taken a turn down a laneway I only dimly remembered now and shortly after that I had gone badly astray. I told myself that I would, at any moment, come upon some landmark with which I was familiar and that all would be well but in truth such ostensibly sensible reflections failed to reassure me. I just could not understand why I now found myself on such a deserted stretch of road and why I not seen any sign of life. My ruminations ended there as I again discerned distinct sounds of movement behind me. I felt suddenly so overcome with fear that I could not bring myself to turn around. My walking took on an even more urgent pace. I was almost running - whatever was behind me was keeping pace - or was it? I stopped. I could hear nothing. I turned around. I could see nothing other than the dark outlines of the trees and bushes that lined the road.

Suddenly there was a sound that I had not heard for many years and at that instant a large bat flew past so close to my head that its wings or talons actually ruffled my hair. I stood transfixed momentarily as beads of sweat broke out all over my body. I wiped my brow. I walked on, now fearful of what might follow, and then, to my delight, in the far distance, I saw a light. As I drew nearer the source of illumination I saw that it emanated from what appeared to be a rather large if distinctly gloomy old house. There was but

one dim light shining out from one of the ground floor windows. I paused at the entrance to the long avenue. Should I walk past or should I go in? I was undecided. Eventually, with a considerable feeling of apprehension, I started up the avenue towards the house. Hesitantly approaching the building I saw that it was a three storey grey stone structure, quite extensive, with two wings to either side of a slightly projecting central porch. Still uncertain as to what I should do, I walked cautiously towards the ornate, oak-panelled door, the main feature of which was a large knocker in the shape of a lion's head. I hesitated, balancing my fear of the dark night against the unknown dangers that might lurk within. I made a sudden decision and knocked on the door. A dreary silence ensued as I waited. Then abruptly and unexpectedly the dark oak door creaked open and I was confronted by the hideous figure of a tall, gaunt man of late middle age wearing a long, lavishly decorated gown. In his right hand he carried a flickering lamp. He peered out at me.

"Welcome to Raynham Manor, Sir," he intoned, "Won't you please enter?" I felt queasy in the pit of my stomach, but did not feel able to decline his invitation. I stepped into the gloomy hallway. "I apologise for the inadequate lighting", my mysterious host said suavely, "My eyes have long been unable to stand the strain of harsh light". I muttered something in reply, and followed the imposing figure in dismal procession. Once inside the confines of the house I detected a malodorous smell which issued from the stranger's body. He led me into a large drawing room or library where bookshelves stretched up to the high ceiling on every wall. A mahogany table stood in the centre of the room and on it a meal was set for one. A handsome fire blazed in the open hearth. The room was lit by means of a great chandelier fitted with candles. Little illumination was thrown into the darker recesses of the room. The owner of the house, for so I supposed him to be, then addressed me. "I am sure you must be hungry, Sir, having travelled so far. Please be seated." He pointed towards the table.

"But, surely," I protested, "the table is set for yourself?" "Oh, no, I have already dined," the stranger replied. "It is for you. Please take a seat". His grave and formal manner did not invite refusal. I sat down, as bidden. "I should have introduced myself", my bizarre host continued. "I apologise for the oversight. My name is Melton - Dr. Roger Melton." I noticed that he did not extend his hand to me and I also noticed that, strangely, he wore white gloves. "And mine is Ruthyn, Edward Ruthyn," I said nervously, as I pondered his name which I felt sure I had come across somewhere before. Melton gave me no further cause for immediate discourse as he bowed, excusing himself, and left the room.

For some minutes I remained seated. As an uninvited guest I felt inhibited in exhibiting any undue curiosity about my surroundings. After some minutes, however, I was on the point of venturing from my chair when Dr. Melton returned carrying a silver tray bearing a most lavish repast. "I take it that you will find roast duck to your liking?" he said in a measured tone. "But, of course," I replied, amazed and astonished and added: "I can't think why you've gone to so much trouble." "You are my guest". said Melton, as if that explained everything. My meal was of a quality that I have rarely experienced. I was not especially hungry but I ate with relish and, when finished, sat back replete. The only jarring note during the meal was that Melton chose to sit at the opposite end of the

table and stared at me while I ate with a silent, expressionless gaze. He made a bizarre and sinister picture. His grey golden hair hung down around his shoulders. His cheekbones stood out in a bony face, his nose being distinctly aquiline in shape. “That was satisfactory?” he asked, when I had finished. “It was superb. Thank you very much”, I replied. “Would you like some wine?” Melton asked. I signified my assent. He retired from the room. I thought it odd that Dr. Melton had not offered wine to me to accompany my meal but I had by now become inured to a certain eccentricity on his part. He returned promptly, carrying again the silver tray on which rested a decanter of red wine, along with two glasses. He fastidiously placed the glasses at our respective ends of the table and proceeded to pour the wine, first filling my glass and then his own. I picked up my glass. “May I drink to your good health, Dr. Melton”, I made bold to say. “I do not know you well, but you certainly know how to lavish attention on a weary traveller”.

I raised my glass, and Melton lifted his, with a brief nod of acknowledgment. I drank a full mouthful and instantly was assailed by a barbed, raw, nauseating taste. The liquid was not cold, it was lukewarm! I looked at Melton and saw that he was eyeing me closely. With a great effort I swallowed what was in my mouth and knew as I did so that my gloomiest forebodings had not encompassed the full extent of the horror which had now overtaken me. I was quite certain that the drink that I had just imbibed, which was so repellent to the tongue, was undiluted human blood!

By Dan Roddy

IT'S SEPTEMBER

It's September and the orchards are afire with red and gold,
And the nights with dew are heavy, and the morning's sharp with cold;
Now the garden's at its gayest with the salvia blazing red
And the good old-fashioned asters laughing at us from their bed;
Once again in shoes and stockings are the children's little feet,
And the dog now does his snoozing on the bright side of the street.

It's September and the cornstalks are as high as they will go
And the red cheeks of the apples everywhere begin to show;
Now the supper's scarcely over ere the darkness settles down
And the moon looms big and yellow at the edges of the town;
Oh, it's good to see the children, when their little prayers are said,
Duck beneath the patchwork covers when they tumble into bed.

It's September and a calmness and a sweetness seem to fall
Over everything that's living, just as though it hears the call
Of Old Winter, trudging slowly, with his pack of ice and snow,
In the distance over yonder and it somehow seems as though
Every tiny little blossom wants to look its very best
When the frost shall bite its petals and it droops away to rest.

It's September! It's the fullness and the ripeness of the year;
All the work of Earth is finished, or the final tasks are near,
But there is no doleful wailing; every living thing that grows,
For the end that is approaching wears the finest garb it knows.
And I pray that I may proudly hold my head up high and smile
When I come to my September in the golden after while.

By Edgar Albert Guest

SIGNAL ARTS CENTRE

‘ALIVE AND KICKING’

International Art Exhibition

Monday 8th – Sunday 14th September 2014

Memories: The ability of the mind to store and recall past sensations - Collins Dictionary.

“Alive and Kicking” is an International Art Exhibition and a direct follow-on from the successful earlier exhibitions ‘Kick up the Arte’ parts 1 and 2. Each invited artist was set a challenge to create a piece of art in any 2D medium based around the concept of ‘Memories’. All the work on show has never been exhibited before and will include drawing, painting, print, mixed media, poetry and graphic design.



All the selected artists have one thing in common, in that they all have a passion for participatory engagements with other artists while also cementing friendship. The impetus of the exhibition is to create a natural meeting point for artists from different backgrounds. The curator and exhibiting artist, Tony Clarke, is from an interdisciplinary background most notably the Jingobox fashion brand.

The exhibition runs for only one week and the opening reception will feature live music from the Jingobox band and friends.

The International Art Exhibition is run in conjunction with Roberta Fiano and Aradia Arte Management Italy. For more information about this event and future events contact Tony Clarke.



Email: tonyclarkeperforms@eircom.net or Facebook: tonyclarkearts@gmail.com

Opening Reception: Friday 12th September 7 – 9 pm

All welcome!

‘The Light of Day’

Exhibition by Gary Kearney

Monday 15th September - Sunday 28th September

Gary Kearney's work reflects his interest in architecture, perspective and natural lighting and explores how these change our emotional connection to our City. “The City appeals to me because it contains vast amounts of information infinitely being altered through the effects of weather conditions and Man’s constant obsession with construction and progression. The environment changes our emotions towards the way we look at certain aspects of our lives and surroundings. I try to capture these emotions and encase them within my paintings”.



Born in Tipperary and based in Cork, Gary graduated from the Crawford College of Art & Design in 2005. His work has been exhibited throughout Ireland, including most recently a solo show at the Sirius Arts Centre in Cork and group shows in the Wandesford Quay Gallery in Cork and the Source Arts Centre in Tipperary. Gary is a member of Backwater Artists Group in Cork.



Opening Reception: Thursday 18th September 7 - 9 pm

All welcome!

News from Bray Arts

From Jan 2014 there will be a fee put in place for anyone who would like to advertise their services in the Bray Arts Journal.

AD OPTIONS	COST
Full Page Spread	€30
Half Page Spread	€20
Short Ads per line	€10

Submission Guidelines

Editor: Karen Quinn - editor@brayarts.net

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

Deadline date for all submissions is the 18th of each month

Late submissions will not be guaranteed publication

Text in Microsoft Word

Pictures/Logos etc Jpeg preferably 300 dpi

Proof Reader: Deirdre Flannery

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Bray Arts Night Monday 8th September 2014

Martello, Seafront, Bray

Doors open 8:00pm Adm: €5/€4 conc. Everyone welcome.

More on Bray Arts on Facebook and www.brayarts.net

For more information call: Julie Rose - 0872486751

John Dunne - Artist

On his travels and his creative paintings as a figurative painter in Oils, Acrylic and Pastel, influenced by Japanese wood-cuts and Kabuki theatre.

Harbour – the McCabe family quartet of singers and musicians

Will bring an eclectic mix of songs ranging from Robbie Burns to Ewan MacColl, songs from Ireland, Scotland, England and America.

Dan Roddy - Writer

Will read a selection from his short stories appearing in the New Irish Writing series and his published book on The Irish Derby together with his first novel, “A wanderer Out of Time”.

Jimi Cullen – Singer, Songwriter, musician

Sings an emotional blend of Folk, Pop, Rock and Country in songs of protest and love from hangovers to homelessness with a catchy hook and a positive message.