
Bray Arts Journal

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Autumn

Third act of the eternal play!
In poster-like emblazonries
"Autumn once more begins today"—
'Tis written all across the trees
In yellow letters like Chinese.

Richard Le Gallienne



Front Cover :Photograph of trees on Sallygap.
Photographer : Aoife Hester
Aoife will be showing more of her work at the September 12th Bray Arts Evening. See page 3 for details.

Annual General Meeting of Bray Arts 13 June 2011



Cearbhall O'Meadhra

The Chairman, Cearbhall O'Meadhra, thanked the outgoing committee and all who volunteered their time to help make the past year a milestone in the work of the Bray Arts Club. He also thanked Dermot McCabe for his continuing work as editor of the Bray Arts Journal and the Bray Arts Web site. We are also grateful to Peter Gowney for his unstinting attention to the visual record of each of the performance evenings and for making

his photographs readily available to the public.

The activities this season began with the tremendously successful Bray Arts contribution to the Summer festival in 2010. The events featured comedy, workshops a children's parade, a gala performance in the Mermaid Arts centre and the highly acclaimed Phantom Galleries in six closed shops in the centre of Bray. The ten performance evenings were a great success artistically. Many new and younger artists were given the opportunity to showcase their talents. A new event for Halloween featured a special cake sale and children's workshops with the committee and children in fancy dress. We are grateful for the regular attendance of Anne Fitzgerald on the door throughout each performance assisting all the members to enjoy the evening. Niall Cloak as our first younger member ensured that we had a regular supply of younger talent for performance evenings.

Our newest and youngest committee member, Michael Monaghan, took charge of the sound and technical production for every performance evening throughout the year. Michael took the initiative of organising the Sonic Love Project which was an unprecedented success.

Bray arts members dressed in costumes played a key role in the bloom's Day celebrations organised by entrepreneur, Shane Rowan by dressing in costume evocative of the early nineteen hundreds and performing Joycean readings and songs in various locations around Bray.

Many shops supported Bray Arts with contributions of goods to three fund-raising raffles which took place throughout the season. Significant financial contributions came from our patrons, Tom Costello, Hilton's Pharmacy and from Bray Partnership, Wicklow

County Council Arts Office and Ann Ferris TD who gathered contributions from individual Bray Town Council members. We are particularly grateful to Carmen Cullen for keeping an eye on the funds on behalf of Bray Arts and to Ger Thomas for his contribution as General Secretary.

Finally, Bray Arts thanked all the members who have regularly attended the performance evenings and maintained the momentum of the club by their enthusiastic support. Zan O'Loughlin ensured that the performance space was enhanced with suitable decorations for each time of the year and we are indebted to her for unstinting dedication and effort in her role as compére and Bray Arts Ambassador throughout the year.

Bray Arts are grateful to the following members of the outgoing committee; all of whom are staying on in the role for the coming year: Zan O'Loughlin, Ger Thomas, Anne Fitzgerald, Peter Gowney, Carmen Cullen, Darren Nesbitt, Niall Cloak and Michael Monaghan.

Cearbhall O'Meadhra

Review of Bray Arts Evening

Monday June 13, 2011

The last performance of the season opened with the AGM of Bray Arts and followed with an evening of story-telling, exotic dance and unusual film-making.

Philip Byrne opened the entertainment with a witty remark about



Philip Byrne

the speed of reinstatement of the outgoing committee. Continuing in a humorous vein, he regaled Bray Arts with funny incidents and turned them into captivating listening that kept everyone enthralled. Some of his stories were about fairies and their relationship with man and others drew from actual historic events. Philip went further to reach out to take his tales from mysterious cultural and distant geographical origins. Clearly enjoying himself, Philip swept his audience along as time slipped away under the spell of his unique style of story-telling.

Next up, The **Zoryanna**, a troupe of five dancers including: Ronelle Tibaldi, Natalie Dwyer, Deirdre Fitzgerald, Elena Garcia, Mary Bushe and Ailiah Farragher, dressed in rich exotic robes reminiscent of Eastern Moorish styles delivered a rich tapestry of dances that drew cheers of adulation from the very large gathering. The first dance of the evening was "Bounce" By Solace- a contemporary world music group from America. The theme of the dance was an African beat, with dancers clapping out and dancing the rhythm in a fusion of American style tribal dance and African movements.

The beautifully attired ladies in their belly dancing costumes continued their performance with a sequence of wonderfully executed routines of technical brilliance. Their Sword dance



Zoryanna

certainly captivated the entire audience leaving the patrons demanding many encores.

David Keeling drew the evening to a close with an illustrated talk on the making of his film "A Fistful of Diamonds".



David Keeling

He recounted the story of how he set up as a one-man production team forced to work within a tiny budget. The audience found the result intriguing and sought more details of how it had been achieved. The final version is now nearing completion.

Seasons

By James O'Sullivan

It was winter when I saw his feet –
white at centre; black at their edge –
made bitter by that relentless frost.
On Henry Street, he rocked, defiant,
but hope, if ever there, was surely lost.
The red of Cruises Street is too enclosed,
even in early spring when the air is fresh;
just as fresh, wafts the scent of bread.
Beset by that aroma, he held a sign –
“I am hungry. Help me,” it read.
It can be just as cold in the summer,
out on The Promenade off the Strand,
where, deaf to the laughter, a mother
gives the only thing she has, in one
silent and brief everlasting rupture.
Only leaves stain the ground in Kildare’s
most touted village come autumn,
where none need worry about
unwanted calls for investment from
the nation’s most familiar quorum.
Each season brings me down to the
South Mall, where the suits are worn.
Behind protected buildings, where
thieves count taxes, lie those overlooked
by charity, being too close to home.

James O'Sullivan is a native of Cork city. He studied literature at University College Cork, and is also a graduate of Cork Institute of Technology. His first collection of poetry is due for publication later this year. James also writes short fiction and is involved in various projects whose focus is on the advancement of scholarly electronic literature.



Fear of Friendship

by Pauline Fayne

I surround myself with tokens-
the chains around my neck,
carefully framed photographs,
stones and crystals
glowing in a blue bowl.
Hesitate to leave
the safety of their proof
for the easy banter of the bar
or harmonies hummed
in the limbo hours of dawn .
Feel the failure
of my poor offerings-
belated gifts
occasional visits,
the rare dedication of a poem.
Allow fear to flourish
in myths of artistic solitude-
too many unspoken words,
too many unfinished letters
too many deaths.

Carol

by Pauline Fayne

You haven’t left us .
A woman in the ‘God help us’ shop
Wears your turquoise stones
A stranger on the bus
Has your knowing eyes
The caller to a radio chat show
Has your dirty laugh.
You taught me
To listen for the whisper
Of an owl’s wing at midnight,
The mannerly way
To salute the fairies
And the antibiotic properties of rum.
You are with me still
As I sprinkle your sayings
Into conversations and poems
Soon and very soon indeed
in a bottle girl,
We miss you.

Pauline will be reading from her work at the September Arts Evening. See page 3.

Three Haikus by John Jennings

Rainfall

Window wet with rain

Drops fall from the cloudy sky

Distracting weather

Sunshine Cat

Cat atop my wall

Cosy in the summer light

Milk demands come soon

Morning Birds

Morning tweeting birds

Dancing on a nearby tree

Alarm clock for me

*You can learn more about John at his website
<http://sites.google.com/site/johnjenningsgalwayart/>*

Shane Harrison in Madrid

The Irish Celts are supposed to have come from Spain, the Milesians setting out from that land of the dead to the fabled isle of destiny in the western ocean. It would not be the last time a great voyage of discovery initiated in Iberia. It is in a state of constant change, sending voyagers outwards, receiving the insanely talented too. Columbus, the Italian, sought out Spain to back his ambitions. El Greco found acceptance for his otherworldly paintings here. There were the Conquistadors, the doomed Armada of King Philip, poets, artists, and the ubiquitous Spanish student.

Madrid is central to this country, this fulcrum between Europe and Africa, stepping stone to the new world. The joining of the thrones of Aragon and Castille under Isabella and Philip brought Spain into being and the King chose Madrid as the capital for its central location. What had been little more than a small town on a bleak plateau became the capital city of the greatest empire of the early modern world. The city is built in overlaid layers, medieval lanes merge into grand boulevards, spacious squares are hidden amongst warrens of tiny streets, there are regular, elegant streetscapes in the European mode and sudden eruptions of art deco highrises in the American style. The stroller is rewarded with interesting shops and intimate taverns and the city plan is sufficiently confusing to make walking a pleasant adventure.



In terms of fine art Madrid ranks with the best. The Museo del Prado at the edge of is the most famous with an enormous collection of art from Spain and its colonies. The exuberance and hot colours of Spanish art are immediately addictive as is the passionate, baroque take on faith. The Cretan immigrant, El Greco, most captures the heart. Sinuous figures wave upwards like flames flickering in adoration. A more cautionary take on life is embodied in the work of Hieronymous Bosch, it is also more fantastical than one would think possible. My fevered teenage brain had been captured in a pocket-sized book on El Bosco, how great it is to stand before the original triptych of the Garden of Earthly Delights. Goya also spanned the worlds of horror and sumptuous wealth, his truth and disturbing vision reaching deep into the soul. To simply enumerate the other artists would fill this article and the Prado could sustain a whole week's visit, but there is more too see.

The Centro de Arte Reina Sofia is the place to see modern art. The collection includes Dali, Juan Gris and Miro. Picasso's Guernica is understandably a powerful magnet; passionate, rough hewn, it appears incomplete, as if it were an emergent apparition

about to engulf us. He is otherwise not my favourite, I must say, but this is the real thing. That other Catalan, Salvador Dali, moves us in a different way, the landscape of madness that he depicts is within us, his stunning technique inspiring awe and making the impossible certain.



The Museo Thyssen Bornemisza is a private collection bringing both strands together. Eclectic and extensive it spans five hundred years of Western art, ricochets amongst cubism and surrealism, explores Russian graphics and dazzles with the American Hyperrealists. So, here I stand in a gallery in Spain looking in through the reflections in the window of a New York diner conjured up by Richard Estes.

There are other theatres of art. At the Santiago Bernabeu stadium we bear witness to the stoic resistance of Real Madrid to the wizardry of Barcelona FC. One hundred thousand passionate Spaniards are packed to the rafters, a sea of banners waving to the beat of drums, chants and songs. The great masters of the game, Messi and Ronaldo supply a goal apiece, honours are shared, the war goes on.

At night La Latina is the place to go. Narrow winding streets are packed with revellers, there are ornate bars and fragrant restaurants. We searched for Flamenco but found the blues instead at a hopping little club on the Calle de los Huertas. There are other delights to dip into. Deli food and wine are an excellent start to the evening at the lively Mercado de San Miguel. The Plaza Mayor is a signature for the city, but everywhere you emerge into magical plazas - Sol, Angel and Santa Anna thronged with diners, buskers, performers and hustlers. Art Deco architecture draws the eye upwards in delight. The Circulo de Bellas Artes is a particular gem - a slice of 1930's New York containing a cultural foundation with a beautiful café. On our last morning we enjoy the ambience and watch the bustle of Gran Via and Calle de Alcala pass by.

Our Easter vacation started with the sombre gaiety of Holy Week. Processions redolent of medieval intensity mark the days, the bond of spirituality runs deep. Religion, art, sport and society are entwined. This is the land of Death but so full of life. You can be seduced to look at reflections in the glass of a shop window and pass through into a hyper-realistic vision and see the possibilities of the whole world.

Photography : Shane Harrison

Wonderful Photography Exhibition

Photography Exhibition by local Photographer Des Byrne will run for the Month of September in Bray Public Library Eglinton Road featuring Images of Bray & Wicklow, all are very welcome to attend or if you cannot make it you can visit my Website at www.desbphotos.com



This exhibition is well worth a visit. Bray Arts wishes Des every success with it.

Drawing from Nature 4 week drawing course with Yanny Petters.

Mermaid Arts Centre Tuesday 13, 20 & 27 September and 4 October 2.30 – 4.30pm

Yanny Petters presents a series of four workshops in drawing from nature, exploring the techniques of charcoal, pastel, pencil and watercolour.

Participants will be introduced to a variety of skills including scaling up and creating an illusion of 3D.

The sessions will be relaxing and fun, suitable for complete beginners as well as those with experience. Materials included. €85

Contact: 272 4030 or visit: www.mermaidartscentre.ie

Signal Arts Centre

Don't Look Down

Exhibition of Paintings by Deirdre Kearney

From Tuesday 30th August to Sunday 11th September 2011

In 1990 Deirdre gave up a career in law to become a professional artist. Largely self taught Deirdre has retained a loyal following and continues to attract new interest. Her works form part of many private and public collections such as AIB, Fergal Quinn and Delaney Locke Thorpe. She has exhibited mainly in Dublin and Wexford.

Her show will focus on the transitional period between boyhood and manhood particularly in the years from 18 to 25. It will try to portray the conflicting issues that drag at a young man; the desire for freedom; the pull of society; the mother's need to hold on and her inability to protect. The works acknowledge the transitional; the chasm that must be crossed between boyhood and manhood; the reluctance factor.



This series has been developed initially in a formal way. The Artist has taken one of the works and transferred it through the use of technology to form the basis for a series of images. These transformed images are a layering of realities; the malevolence of the mask that must be worn; the moving forward; the release of the grip on the door jamb of adolescence. This is the expectation of society versus the fear of failure; the crossing of bridges; the longing glance back.

There is one piece which was developed to allow the transfer of these fears. It is entitled "Tell me your secrets". It has been used by young men as a repository for their secrets and it is hoped that it will continue to do so throughout the exhibition. The hope is that the physical act of confessing might provide relief to the participants and a transfer of energy to the work.

Opening Reception: Friday 2nd September 2011

Exhibition by Roisin Verdon
From Tuesday 13th September to Sunday 25th September



Roisin Verdon is an artist from Bray, Co. Wicklow, who has exhibited in both her home town and in the city centre over the last few years. She is a graduate of Dun Laoghaire Institute of Art, Design and Technology with a BA Hons in Visual Arts Practice.

Since leaving college her work has focused mainly on paintings of film stills chosen in order to convey particular concepts and ideologies. She uses films

as a source for reference and imagery. She has also recently expanded into writing film reviews.

Following on with her love for film and content, "Femme Fatale" is a collection of work based on the modern day deadly women of the screen. In homage to the classic Film Noir of the 50's, she has produced a personal selection of painted scenes from films demonstrating the continuation of the legacy that is inherent to the alternative woman.

Opening Reception: Sunday 18th September 3 – 5pm

The following Ode was composed by **Pádraig Hogan** to record, at their request, the shenanigans of a bunch of turf cutters and friends of Pádraig. Their greatest passion was to cut the black sod on the slopes of the Dublin Mountains. This Ode was recited by Pádraig at the grave of Mick Ryan, one of the aforementioned crew whose passing was deeply mourned by his family and many friends and companions,

Tales of the Bog Comhlúadar (with a few apologies to G. Chaucer)

The Prologue

Beneath Kippure's fair bosom'd slopes
A landlord thought he owned
A bog of more fecundity
Than ever yet was known.
But Kerry eyes from nearby Bray
Surveyed that same terrain,
Anticipating Winter warmth
High spirits to sustain.

Person the First:

There was Ciaran astute, who never wore boot,
As befitted a man of his standing
Soft leather on Sleán sought sleek slender sods
With finesse that surpassed understanding.
Well-schooled in fine tongues, he discoursed with aplomb
To peasant and gentry and regent,
En Francais for the tourist, *as Gaeilge* for Musing,
Bog English for fooling the agent!

Person the Second

Then came Sullivan Dan, omniscient the man,
Alert to all wiles of the landlord,
Against planter's greed he put Kerrymen's needs
And forestalled the advent of much discord.
He drew up such a contract, still unequalled for impact,
From Kippure to fair Knocknagoshel,
Giving to the comhlúadar, turf now and forever,
With all rights of *Promissory Estoppel*.

Person the Third

Mick Ryan joined from Scarriff, called in Irish *áit garbh*,
But beware such misnomers I wean,
With smooth sucking sweeps his sleán ventured deep
Ever seeking for Heaney's Bog Queen.
Buried oaks and slight fossils and the odd *béic an asail*
Were all such work gave of variety
Yet such plain buried treasure supplied endless pleasure
To the Bannerman's modest bog piety.

Person the Fourth

John Michael the Wise, as you may surmise
Decreed to all the majority
That no turf should be saved between dawn and mid-day
Without his specific authority.
"The bog has its rhythms, beyond anything ye'd fathom"
He'd utter by way of announcement
The comhlúadar so dear observed with much fear
Such *ex cathedra* forms of pronouncement.

Person the Fifth

From the clan of O'Connor came Martin with honour
Welllearned in Munster bog lore
Where to dump the Bárfhód, where to spread the soft fóid,
He had endless suggestions in store.
But to venture such knowledge, sure it bordered on folly
Where wisdom prevailed in abundance
Far from efficacious, it proved disputatious
And was promptly consigned to redundancy.

Person the Sixth

The bold Roddy Day, cantor of Tralee
Graced the bog with his talk of football,
Between verses of song, and "We'll do it this year John",
The comhlúadar he held in his thrall.
Full many a fine session of turf-saving passion
Was inspired by his shrewd cogitations,
And then at work's end his fine voice he would lend
To everyone's pure delectation.

Verse the concluding

Then came a commission, with no hope of remission,
Some verses to pen in a hurry:
"Pake, you know the score, three decades to record,
You won't let us down, we won't worry."
So this bard from the West, the poor hoor did his best,
Seeking aid from the slopes of Parnassus
To catch in fair measure, for posterity's treasure,
These tales of bog deeds so impressive.

Dr. Pádraig Hogan is Senior Lecturer in Education at the National University of Ireland, Maynooth. Mick Ryan was a very fine traditional singer from Clare. May he rest in peace.



Stan Regal died on July 6th 2011 in St. Vincent's Hospital. Stan was a writer who contributed many brilliant short stories to this journal. He also wrote a column Video Voyer for the journal under the pseudonym Harold Chassen.

Stan was an American from Pennsylvania who married and made his home in Wicklow. He served in the American Airforce and at his funeral service members of the American Legion draped his coffin with the American flag. He is sorely missed by all his friends. You can listen to Stan reading one of his most moving stories, *Shed No Tears*, at www.turoe.ie. Stan's unique imagination and sense of humour is shown in the following flash fiction :-

'Hurry, send a pigeon,' Captain Patton screamed. 'We need reinforcements.' Everyone in the trenches watched the bird fly.

"Leg or breast," corporal Hitler asked

Photograph courtesy of Margaret Connolley

PS.

A new website www.brayphotoarchive.ie has been set up to preserve and capture a pictorial record of Bray, its culture, people and environment. All material will be stored in digital format and will be accessible for viewing on the Internet.

This is a long term project which, over time, will engage with individual people and bodies to capture material past and present for the archive. To learn more see website and feel free to comment or get involved in this project.

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Email submissions to the above or post typed submissions to :

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Bray Arts Evening Mon 12th Sept 2011

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

Poetry : Dublin Poet **Pauline Fayne** will read from her highly regarded work..

Photography : Some beautiful photography to delight the eye from **Aoife Hester**

Music : Noted musicians, singer/songwriters **Jimmy Cullen** and **Joseph Maguire O'Rafferty**

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