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# Bray Arts Journal

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## Battle for Messines Ridge 7 - 14 June 1917

Messines, near Ypres in Flanders, is where Irishmen, regardless of religion, fought side by side against a common enemy. One of the most moving memorials to all those who died in Flanders is Major John McCrae's extraordinary poem **In Flander's Fields**

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.



Cover : Warrior (partial) by Clíodhna Quinlan  
Clíodhna has an upcoming exhibition in Signal Arts  
see page 7 for details.

## Preview of Bray Arts Evening June 13<sup>th</sup> 2011

Upstairs at The Martello, Bray Seafront.  
8:00pm Everyone is welcome.  
Admission €5 /€4 conc.

The Bray Arts committee has lined up a very exciting programme for this final night of the 2010/2011 season.

### Storytelling

Philip Byrne has been telling stories for years and like all good stories the yarns get bigger and bigger! His telling doesn't fall into any neat category but rather moulds itself to meet the audience on the day. Some stories are about fairies, some about history some come from many different cultural and geographical origins. The emphasis is always on fun as Philip wants to enjoy the telling and hopefully his audiences will too.



### Film

'A Fistful of Diamonds' is a feature-length modern-day Irish Western movie. Written, directed and produced by David Keeling, the film was shot around the Bray and Greystones area last summer and is currently in the final stages of post-production. Made on a shoestring budget with minimal crew and low-tech equipment, 'A Fistful of Diamonds' seeks to prove that independent film is a highly adaptive



David Keeling Filming

medium, and that it doesn't take a multi-million-dollar budget to create a quality feature film.

David Keeling will be discussing his experience as a one-man production crew and talking about the film's journey from script to screen, as well as showing exclusive clips from this wholly unique and entirely unprecedented film.

### Dance

Zoryanna were one of the outstanding performances at the Bray Arts Festival Concert in Mermaid last year have kindly offered to end our 2010/2011 Bray Arts season with a flourish.

They are a Dublin-based Tribal and Modern Belly Dance Troupe, who perform and teach in Ireland and Europe.

Tribal Bellydance is a modern style of dance that draws inspiration from traditional bellydance, flamenco, North-African and Indian



dances, resulting in a unique style. Groups dances are improvised, based on a system of movements and cues, so every dance is different. Group interaction and a strong sense of communication between the dancers whilst dancing are exciting elements of Tribal Bellydance.

## Review of May Arts Evening

Amidst the hustle and bustle of preparations for the summer season, Bray Arts provided a gentle oasis of poetry, music, song and dance for all who were lucky enough to be there. Illness beset Darragh O'Neill at the last minute and he was unable to attend as advertised. However, Dagan Vickers, guitarist and singer, generously came to the rescue at short notice.

The decor was arranged by Zan O'Loughlin and her volunteer team and sound was provided by the intrepid Michael Monaghan so all was well.

Máiride Woods, poet and short story writer, winner of many literary awards, opened the proceedings. Celebrating her latest collection,



*Máiride Woods*

“Unobserved Moments of Time” Máiride read extracts that brought to life her images of past experiences with good humour and deep feeling. In her unique way she held the attention of all. With her “Fishing for hope” and looking for “starfish pointing the way to the moon” she swept us into an uneven but gentle sea glinting in moonlight. With personal glimpses of home and the poignancy of Christmas, she drew us deeper into the hopes and a sense of the spirit of those who have left us to rest in churchyards. Her use of imagery knows no bounds. With tiny phrases she brilliantly creates an image of space as in “men walk into long horizons” conveying the stillness and half-light as people walk away at such close times of family. Máiride was not serious all the time and brought out many a hearty laugh from her appreciative audience.

After the break, Dagan Vickers, singer, song writer and guitarist,



*Dagan Vickers*

took the floor. A leading example of the talent that we have seen

this year in younger artists who have come to Bray Arts, Dagan gave a masterful performance. Opening with one of his own songs, "Fly Away On Your Own" Dagan used a nylon-stringed classical guitar with a strumming technique that gave way to some elaborate finger-picking and hammering-on that hinted at a rich reservoir of technical ability. Remarking that he began with classical guitar Dagan expressed his relief in writing his own material and having the freedom to render his music in his own style. He demonstrated great versatility in “That's The Way Its Got To Be” with very adventurous rendering of finger style playing and percussive effects on the sound board of the guitar. Turning to more conventional material, Dagan delivered his own interpretation of “Raglan Road” in a manner reminiscent of Luke Kelly with a touch of Ronnie Drew as he sang in a strong bass voice to an arpeggio accompaniment.

Dagan varied his use of the guitar with unusual flair as he delivered soft fades, picado plucking contrasting with bass runs on the thumb in interesting strum pattern with a compelling rhythm. He finished his set with a fast strum accompaniment to “You Met Me On My Best Behaviour” to enthusiastic applause.

The evening closed with a beautiful, balletic performance by Barbara Donnelly and her dancers: Rhona Radford-Dodd, Yvonne Osan and Michelle Langton. Selecting pieces from her imminent show in the Mermaid, she warned everyone that they would have to get up and dance at the end. Barbara began with a



charlestonesque piece that moved on to “All That Jazz” with much bumping of swinging hips and graceful “kicking of legs” as the ladies demurely hid behind their black fans. A drum roll introduced “I Am What I Am” from the musical “La Cage Aux Folles”, as the dancers danced in a free style displaying how much fun they were having themselves. Despite the early warning, her charmed audience was caught on the hop as she called all up to the floor to dance the Charleston amidst much laughter and jocularly as new techniques were tried out and stiff limbs were spun into action. Barbara and her four sylphs lifted the hearts of everyone as they finished the evening with a flourish of movement and colour in their lively, uniquely graceful style.

Cearbhall e. O'Meadhra

## **Bedsitter in Brixton**

by Oliver Marshall

Stayed in Brixton  
That year.  
It was Summer  
I was nineteen.

The landlord  
Had everything itemised.  
Cups. Saucers. Plates.  
Afraid I would abscond with them.

In the morning,  
I took the tube  
Up to Billingsgate.  
The smell of fish

Saturated the air.  
At night, the landlord  
Played on the melodeon,  
Tunes of exile.

I wrote letters  
To my girl-friend.  
She wrote back  
On thin blue paper.

The weather is lovely.  
I hate studying for the examination.  
Give up the self pity.  
Rebuffed, I went out

To the chipper.  
Queued at the big counter  
For steak-and-kidney pie,  
A bag of oily chips.  
Washed down by tankards of ale.

## **Listening to Mozart**

by Oliver Marshall

You said  
The music poured out of you  
Like urine  
From a pig.

I think of beauty  
Walking down an avenue.  
Or sleeping all night  
In a woman's arms.

This is loveliness  
Amplified.  
Beauty singing,  
Helping us deal with sorrow.

Some say  
God gave you the gift.  
I think of sunshine  
On a thousand panes of glass,

Reflecting light,  
Giving us hope for tomorrow.

## **My Father's Clothes**

by Oliver Marshall

Some nights  
he sent me upstairs  
For the indelible pencil.  
He usually kept it

In the top pocket  
Of his jacket.  
Blue point.  
Blue circular sides.

He used it  
For re-addressing envelopes.  
*Gone away.*  
*Not known at this address.*

*He kept Post Office twine*  
*In one pocket,*  
*Coiled like a soft*  
*Rosary beads.*

*He did everything*  
*Thoroughly and conscientiously.*  
*Work and prayer.*  
*Work and prayer.*

*I never stayed long*  
*In my parents room.*  
*It didn't seem right.*  
*I was glad*

*To get back*  
*To the kitchen.*  
*He read the papere*  
*From page to page.*

*The days became*  
*The months.*  
*The years*  
*Became his age.*



Oliver Marshall was born in Clonmel. Although he graduated from UCD in 1966 with a BA and MA in English and American literature, it was only in 1978, on the birth of his first daughter that he started writing. Those writings were related to his own childhood. He wrote 3 Radio plays for RTE in early 1980's. It was only in 1984 that he began to write poetry. Oliver's powerful poetry speaks directly to the heart with, what Locan Byrne described as, "unflinching honesty."

## A Blackening night

Maire Morrissey-Cummins

At the close of day  
a veil shrouds the hills  
as rising fog drifts  
over tapering fields.

Rain falls softly,  
dimpling the river.  
It's sombre waters curving  
under a narrow bridge.

Rambling oak trees edge  
the steep grassy bank.  
Ferns furl  
their long slender fingers  
into tight fists.  
They recoil  
into rooted mouldy stone.

Moss carpets the woodland,  
the earthy air, moist  
as dusk slinks in.

A murder of crows  
sweep the sky  
smothering the twilight.  
Squabbling,  
they swoop to roost  
on tall tree tops.

Settling,  
a rustling murmur  
whispers softly, sweetly.  
They sleep  
under a saffron moon.  
silenced  
by a blackening night.



Born in Tramore, Co. Waterford, Maire Morrissey-Cummins now lives in Greystones, Co. Wicklow. Prior to this she has lived in Europe for many years and still moves between Ireland and Trier, Germany where her husband works. Maire is a published Haiku poet with the Irish Haiku Society and Haiku Ireland. Although a late comer to writing she has enjoyed a lot of success with her haikus. More recently she tells us that she is really enjoying her "attempts at standard poetry." Maire has published 30 poems with [www.staticmovement.com](http://www.staticmovement.com) and last month three of her poems featured in the Bray Arts Journal. The Journal is very pleased to showcase the work of this emerging talent.

## The Trials of Jaego Byrne : God's Gift

'She's tough, bit of a temper,' Rasher said, 'but she's ok; she keeps it under control.'

'OK me hole. Behind that smile there is the steely look of the fanatic. I just don't trust her.' Jaego was pacing up and down in the tiny



waiting room with its shabby formica table and chairs. Every now and then, he would take a packet of cigarettes from his pocket, inspect them as if he had never seen them before and then replace them in his pocket. He took out a small comb and delicately swept back the brylcreemed wings of black hair.

'Relax' said Rasher

'The sooner this is over, the better, but if she asks me about ...' Jaego could not finish the sentence.

'Just be honest Jaego; no need to get stroppy'

'I'm not being stroppy. I'll tell her what she needs to know. I'm not going to roll over like a puppy.'

'There you go again, even before talking to her, you're getting your knickers in a knot. Jesus, there's no need for a big drama.' Rasher, now seated, fiercely massaged his creased forehead with the finger tips of both hands.

'I'm not defensive. Just because you can't see what's going on around you, you think everything is cool. Well, I've news for you pal: it's not cool. Wake up Rasher, the world's a shit-hole. Not everyone and everything is nice.' Rasher stopped rubbing his forehead and glared up at his companion.

'Screw you Jaego, you think you're the only one that knows anything. Well you can do or say what you like, so long as you don't screw me.'

'What does that mean?'

'What does it mean. It's simple English, Jaego. Don't involve me. I'll speak for myself, right.' Jaego shrugged his shoulders.

'Ok, ok speak for yourself; it'll be a first.'

'Fuck you.'

'Very nice Rasher. You don't want her to overhear, do you? Spoil your 'nice' image.'

'As if you care ... Tossler.'

They both jumped slightly when the door to the waiting room opened and Miss Rhonda Baily stood casually surveying them.

'Well, 'she said, 'which one of you gentlemen is first?' She paused on the word gentlemen. The "gentlemen" looked at each other and, without any visible signs passing between them, Rasher said after a few moments,

'Oh all right, I'll go.'

The door closed and Jaego could hear the fading footsteps of Rasher's cowboy boots. He heard them slowing down and stopping for an instant, a faint swish of another door opening and closing, a few more steps and silence. *I should never have listened to Rasher* he thought. He took out his cigarette packet again, opened the pack, extracted a cigarette and placed it between his lips. He stared at the torn 'Strictly No Smoking' sign, rummaged around in his jacket pocket and retrieved the small red and yellow box of Maguire and Pattison matches. 'Fuck it' he said, lit the cigarette and slowly drew the smoke into his lungs with a moan of pleasure.

It was three cigarettes later when Rhonda Baily opened the door once more.

'There is no smoking allowed, did you not see the sign.' Jaego did not respond.

'One of those,' Rhonda Baily muttered under her breath and beckoned him to follow her. Jaego paused to stub his cigarette out on the non-descript lino floor with the pointy toe of his boot. He ignored the arched eyebrow of disapproval and ambled along behind Rhonda Baily, a smirk on his face.

But despite the feigned indifference, he could not help noticing how the contours of her body were discernible through the clinging fabric of her dress. He indulged himself, and began to assess her more closely. She wore soft leather shoes, a hint of athleticism. Her dress was made from a light velvety cloth that changed colour depending on the angle from which it was viewed and like water it almost appeared to flow and ripple down the length of her body. Her movements were strong and graceful. Jaego thought of the black panther he had seen in the zoo and remembered vividly its lithe muscularity under the dark fur that sparkled and shimmered in the sun. Her hair was also dark, and it glistened as they passed under the overhead skylights that illuminated the long drab corridor. It was tied neatly into a chignon revealing the nape of her neck where a few loose braids of hair adorned the pale skin adding that tiny irresistible touch of imperfection that says, here is flesh and blood.

He felt the urge to reach out and extract the shell comb that restrained the glistening tresses, imagining the abundance of her hair tumbling down like a waterfall. She held her head high and confident in a way that accentuated the graceful curve of her neck.

His gaze moved slowly and deliberately downwards and along the inward curve of her lower back and waist, the fulcrum of her body, about which point all other parts swayed in a harmonious, almost languid, motion. His breathing quickened, and he, somehow knew, that she was aware of what he was doing. He could not help himself, and his eyes now moved down taking in her hips and buttocks that tantalisingly only revealed themselves as the material of her dress swayed in to cling momentarily to her body and then fell away like a wave.

Jaego did not notice they had reached the next doorway in the corridor and bumped into Rhonda as she suddenly stopped to open it. Already beginning to feel aroused, this physical contact was like an electric shock that set his whole body alight. Even in that brief accidental contact, her body felt soft and pliable. *She knows*, he thought again. Rhonda turned and stared at him. Another shock to his reeling senses; those eyes, unblemished sea green. He blushed. He couldn't remember when, if ever, he had blushed before.

'Excuse me,' he said and awkwardly shuffled sideways past her to open the door.

'Oh ... thank you' she said. Why had he not noticed before. The voice was soft and sultry. *Yes, she knows*. As she moved past him he smelt the faint delicate odour of lavender and unconsciously glanced down at her breasts. *O sweet Jesus* he whispered to himself and followed after her. He was dizzy, heart pounding, already imagining how he would take her when they reached the privacy of her office. He would not rush things. No words would be necessary. He would remove the comb from her hair, caress her body with the most delicate of touches. They would not undress until the final act and then only partially. He imagined sweeping everything from her desk and laying her gently on her back and then the final beautiful heart stopping moment ....

And here it was ... the final door ... her office ... 'Oh yes,' he sighed to himself, 'oh yes.' He closed his eyes.

'Miss Sutton,' it was Rhonda's sultry voice. 'Miss Sutton this is a Mr. Jack no Jagger Byrne. Sorry what is your name?' He opened his eyes, the office door was ajar and a large bespectacled receptionist was staring at him. Something's wrong here, he thought. 'What is your name?' Rhonda's voice now sounded harsh and irritable.

'Jaego, j a e g o,' he spelt it out, 'Jaego Byrne.'

'Well, whatever. Miss Sutton give him an application form to fill out. We don't have time for you today,' she gave him a



mirthless smile. 'If you come back tomorrow I'm sure Mr. O'Leary will be able to fit you in. Goodbye.' Before he could even think, he was outside the closed office door holding a blank application form.

'Fucking bitch, prick teaser,' he said to the closed door.

'Wanker,' Rhonda Baily was saying at the same time in response to Miss Sutton's observation that Mr Jaggo or whatever his name was, looked very agitated.

J. W. Donlon

## Signal Arts Exhibitions

### Birds of a Feather

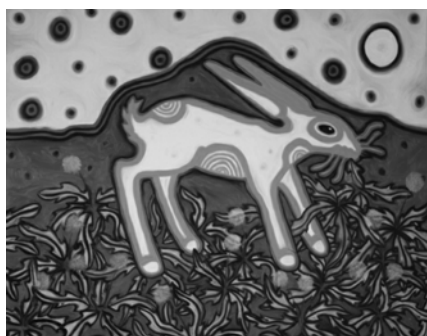
An Exhibition of Art Embroideries by Cliodhna Quinlan  
From Wednesday 8<sup>th</sup> June to Sunday 19<sup>th</sup> June 2011



Following five years of living and working in Mexico, and Guatemala, Bray artist Cliodhna Quinlan returns to The Signal Arts Centre, Bray, for her fourth solo show. She has become known for her embroideries of high artistic quality and her work is unlike any other artist working in the field

of textile art.

Quinlan sees her embroideries as paintings and works like a painter by experiencing the working process as it goes along and allowing the materials to dictate the path. She works in free style machine and hand embroidery using silks, satins, chiffons, satin threads and glass beads. Always seeking the beauty of the work and the image she is portraying.



This show entitled 'Birds' and there are birds of all shapes and sizes. Birds flying and sending messages to the moon, birds with the sun in their beak, and hanging birds, stitched and beaded to hang in a window or a corner.

Her online gallery is at [GreenBirdDreaming.com](http://GreenBirdDreaming.com) and also: [facebook.com/Green Bird Dreaming](https://www.facebook.com/GreenBirdDreaming). She is featured in the 2011 *We'Moon* diary and is also in their 30 year anthology coming out this year.

Opening Reception: Friday 10<sup>th</sup> June 7 p.m. – 9 p.m.

## What Lucy Found There

Exhibition of Prints by Jonathan Curran  
From Tuesday 21<sup>st</sup> June to Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> July 2011

Jonathan Curran holds a B.A. Degree in Fine Art from Dun Laoghaire Institute of Art, Design & Technology. His art practice combines the use of print and painting, creating 2-D and 3-D pieces. Jonathan's work is lyrical, fun and playful. He uses a variety of images or objects in his art practice from the sublime to the mundane. He has been working for the past number of years using and perfecting a copper rust technique to



print. This technique creates very abstract, free and dreamlike prints. He has been using blank rusted copperplates to create unreal, strange landscapes. These landscapes are worlds in which anything



and everything is possible.

Jonathan took inspiration for this show from the title of the second chapter of C.S. Lewis's book, *The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe*, *What Lucy Found There*. This strange world, which Lewis created, where mythical creatures live and animals can talk, is of great interest to Jonathan. For this show Jonathan works with both figurative and abstract pieces on this theme of augmented animals, like the fox, the badger and the owl by using his copper rust process to transform the everyday animals around us into something more unreal that we cannot control and that we only understand in dreams.

Opening Reception: Friday 24<sup>th</sup> June 7 p.m. – 9 p.m.

Congratulations to **Sarah McGahon** who designed and made Amy Huberman's hat for the recent royal wedding. Sarah's hats are very easy to wear and are designed to sit seamlessly on the head throughout the day. Her studio, McGahon Millinery, is located on Church Terrace. For more information contact Sarah on 082922699.

**Bloomsday in Bray 2011** A bigger and better Bloom's Day is on the cards for 16th June. Once again, the irrepressible Shane Rowan is organising this years Bloomsday which will commence at 9:15 am and finish 11:30 pm. Visit "Bloomsday in Bray" facebook page for details.

Dental Care Ltd (Mr. Joseph Coleman Adv. Orth.)  
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And Snoring Appliances.

20 Main Street., Bray, Co. Wicklow  
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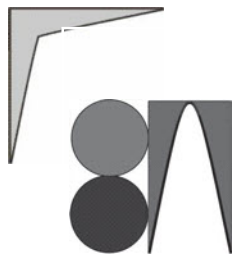
## Submission Guidelines

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## Bray Arts Evening Mon 13th June 2011

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

**Storyteller** : Philip Byrne weaves his storytelling magic.

**Film** : A Fistful of Diamonds - a full featured Western set in Bray  
Director (and everything else) David Keeling.

**Dancing** : The spectacular Tribal and Modern Bellydance Troupe Zoryanna

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