
Bray Arts Journal

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ARMISTICE DAY 11 NOVEMBER 1918

In Flanders Fields

by Colonel John McCrae

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.

PREVIEW FOR NOVEMBER ARTS EVENING

Nov 2nd 8:00 sharp - Heather Hse Hotel, Seafront (see back page)



Youth Spot

Ruth O'Mahony Brady is an up and coming singer/pianist from Co. Dublin.

Her passion for playing music started at a very young age and she wishes to pursue it as a full-time career.

Currently in her second year studying a B.Mus

degree in UCD, Ruth plans to devote more time to writing and performing as she finishes out her college years. Recently she recorded her first ever demo tracks in Salt Studios, Sutton, and is due to have her first E.P. out before Christmas. Ruth was to be with us last month but due to unforeseen circumstances was unable to come. We are delighted we could reschedule her for November.

Poetry

Oliver Marshall, born in Clonmel, but living in Bray is a poet whose work has an emotional intensity that at times is almost unbearable. Ted Nulty once said that great poetry makes the hairs on the back of your neck tingle. Oliver's poetry has that intangible quality: his words written with uncompromising clarity slice straight through to the heart. Michael Coady commenting on



Oliver's book 'Father's Day' said 'this is work which shows you why we need poetry for sustenance'. It is an honour to have Oliver read some of his new work at the November Bray Arts Evening.

Visual Art

Gislebertus was a 12th Century French Romanesque sculptor. He was one of the great geniuses of medieval art. His name has survived only because he carved his signature—*Gislebertus hoc fecit* (Gilbert made this)—beneath the feet of the central figure of Christ in the tympanum of the west doorway of Autun Cathedral in Burgundy. The tympanum represents the Last Judgement; it is a huge work (over 6 m (20 ft) wide at the base) and a masterpiece of expressionistic carving. Bray Arts is presenting a modern day Gislebertus (AKA Aodh McLochlainn). This Gislebertus like the original visualises stories but instead of carved



stone he makes comics. His 'Na Naoi bhFuath (The Nine Phantoms) is a wonderful illustrated comic of the high deeds of Fionn Mc Cumhaill Mc Treamhor. Gislebertus will present some fascinating illustrated stories to Bray Arts using an Overhead projector.

Music

Pedro For President was formed on April 30th 2009 (Katie Keane; Vocals, Guitar Darragh Cullen; Vocals, Guitar,

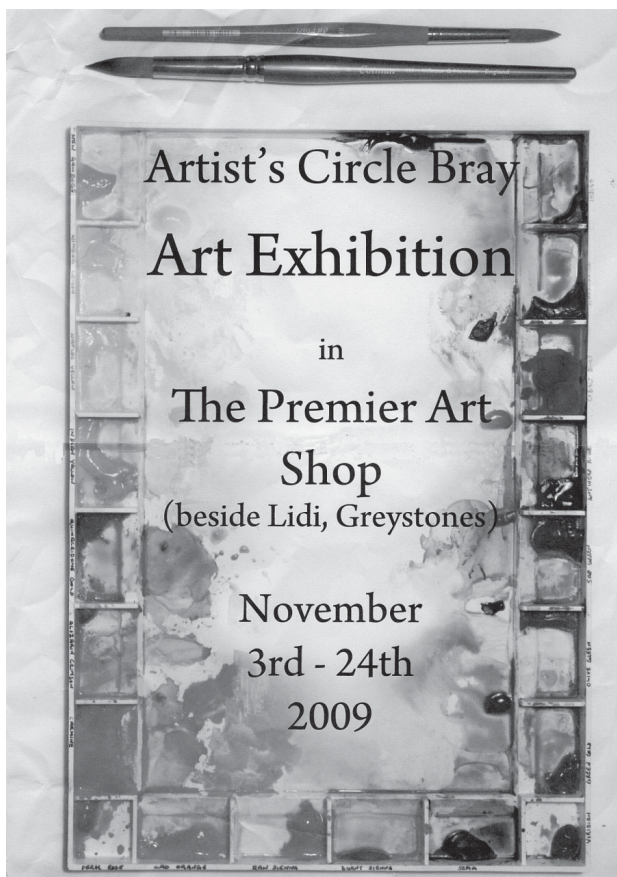
Drums, Bass.) They have been rehearsing/gigging/writing ever since. They made a 4-song demo in June at Silverline Studios with Ivan Jackman rocking the producer's seat. One of those tracks is 'Found Out', an original song which you can



hear on Myspace at <http://www.myspace.com/pedroforpresidentmusic>.

"Keane's vocals are a real treat"... (Jackie Hayden Hot Press)





transported his listeners into the theatre of his own mind where a regression into other lives created justification for a crime about to be committed and we felt the “dead weight” and the heat of the “fire lighters” as his heroine sought to destroy the evidence of the dastardly deed.

Maura Ryan, painter, with a background in Sussex, Brighton and Artane, now living in Bray, described herself as starting



late in art. She witnessed the transforming effect of art on people’s lives as she taught in a Rudolph Steiner kindergarten and continues to experiment with the effects created by painting on different media. From painting wet on wet with big brushes she showed examples of watercolor and dyes on fabric. Objects were passed around and admired as Maura wove the story of her creative journey through a rich tapestry of experimentation

with the free expression of powerful emotions at home and abroad.

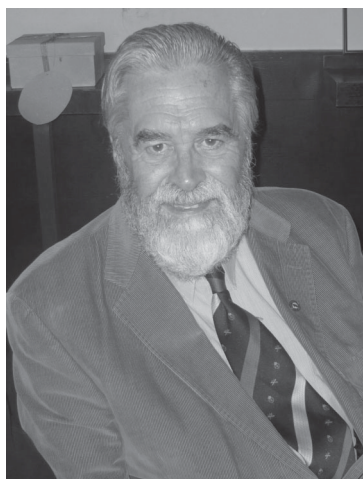
Not content with painting alone, Maura came back to live in Ireland, the home of her soul, and moved into the tactile world of ceramics and the textures of Batique. She found that she loves textures and the associations people make with objects. As illustration, Maura presented a little girl’s shoe that was left on the beach in Bray, now worn and tattered. She found herself wondering what had happened to abandon such a very expensive shoe and how the mother must have felt leaving the shoe behind. Maura closed her presentation with an invitation to her audience to come and reach into closed forms to enjoy the tactile experience of contrasting textures.

REVIEW OF OCTOBER BRAY ARTS EVENING

By *Cearbhall O’Meadhra*

The Bray arts moved downstairs for this month’s performance to the Koo Bar with a different dynamic and challenging acoustic properties. Nothing daunted, the occasion was well-supported by an enthusiastic following.

Frank O’Keeffe, well-known actor and short story writer opened the entertainment with a short story entitled: “Regression”. Frank enthralled his audience with his skillful use of imagery and his rich enactment of each character as he read. He brought to life the eccentric, fussy Dr. Grossman “trumpeting” into his handkerchief in a manner “that would do justice to an African elephant” and dramatically characterised the wife seeking to rid herself of a loathsome husband. Frank



After the interval Dr. Eamonn Sweeney, guitarist and luthier,

presented a rich panorama of Baroque music. Living and teaching in Bray, Eamonn opened with some well-loved Irish samples of the music of Turlough O’Carolan. Staying in the 1600’s, Eamonn turned to La Guitar Royale of 1671 and played a Chaconne demonstrating how much music could be created from a simple structure based on only four chords by the rich use of melody. Similarly, the Guitar Español and the early music of Mexico were brought to life under Eamonn’s skillful hands. The performance drew to a close with a wonderful rendition of the music of Gaspar Sands.



WASHING - DAY (Extract)

by Anna Letitia Barbauld(1743 -1825)

Come Muse; and sing the dreaded Washing- Day
 Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend
 With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
 Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
 To soon:-for to that day nor peace belongs
 Nor comfort:-ere the first grey streaks of dawn,
 The red-armed washers come and chase repose.
 Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
 Ere visited that day; the very cat,
 From wet kitchen scared and reeking hearth,
 Visits the parlour, - an unwanted guest.
 The silent breakfast meal is soon dispatched;
 Uninterrupted save by anxious looks
 Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.
 From that last evil, O preserve us, heavens!
 For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
 Remains of quiet: then expect to hear
 Of sad disaster,- dirt and gravel stains
 Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
 Snapped short, -and linen-horse by dog thrown
 down
 And all the petty miseries of life.
 Saints have been calm while stretched upon the
 wrack
 And Guatimozin smiled on burning coals
 But never did housewife notable
 Greet with a smile a rainy washing day.

Anna Letitia Barbauld received an unusual education from her father, a nonconformist minister and schoolmaster, which enabled her to read English when she was three, and to master French, Italian, Latin and Greek while still a child.

As well as poetry she wrote political pamphlets, hymns for children and a prodigious fifty volume canon of of fiction writing called 'The British Novelists'. 'On the Origin and Progress of Novel Writing' is her pioneering statement on the educational value of novels.

To a Little Invisible being Who is Expected Soon to Become Visible (extract)

by Anna Letitia Barbauld

Haste, little captive, burst thy prison doors!
 Launch on the living world, and spring to light!
 Nature for thee displays her various stores,
 Opens her thousand inlets of delight

If charmed verse or muttered prayer had power,
 With favouring spells to speed thee on thy way,
 Anxious I'd bid my beads each passing hour,
 Till thy wished smile thy mother's pangs o'erpay.

Writing is hard work
 by Stanley Regal

"I killed a man this morning." I said it a bit too loud and my wife heard me. She scowled.

"No wonder this place looks like a mess. You were out messing around." I could hear the scorn in her voice. She was very good at that. I frowned.

"Did you hear what I said?" She looked down her nose at me.

"Yes." I thought I heard her starting to laugh.

"How?" The question took me by surprise.

"What do you mean, how?"

"I mean how did you kill a man? You don't exactly look like an international assassin, a soldier, or even someone who caused the death of one who was killed by accident." I had to think fast.

"I shot him." This time she did laugh.

"You don't know anything about guns. You wouldn't know which end of the gun to point." I was annoyed.

"I do about guns. I used..." I had a quick search through my memory. "A Walther PPK. It's the same gun as James Bond uses."

"You saw that in the movies."

"So. I still used that gun."

She stared at me for a few seconds.

"Okay. Why?"

"Why?"

"Why!" "Yes why. Why did you kill the man? I mean you must have had a reason. Did you know him? Had he cheated you? Had he robbed you of some money or property?. You must have had some reason to end a man's life in a brutal way?" She was annoying me with her asking all those questions.

"I shot him just to watch him die." She burst out laughing. She did a bad Johnny Cash imitation and sang.

"I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die. So, you're not really a killer, you're a bad Johnny Cash song." I slammed the keys of my laptop.

"What do you want?"

"You said you wanted to write a thriller once you retired. I just wanted to hear what you wrote. Read dedications on those crime novels you read. They always thank their wives as one of the first readers and critics, or at least the power behind the writer. I thought I could be yours."

"You did nothing but criticise. I only read you the first sentence and you criticised it right from the start." She got serious.

"I'm sorry you're right. Go on. Read me something else. I promise I won't say anything till I hear the whole chapter." I saved the page and shut off the computer.



"No. You'll only make fun of what I wrote. I know you. I know what you're like. You just can't help yourself. It's just your nature."

"Okay don't, but there's no need to be nasty to me. I mean, if you can't take criticism, from someone who loves you and cares for you. From someone who shares your bed, then how can you expect to handle criticism from book critics?"

"I can handle it fine." She smiled at me.

"You haven't written anything else, have you? You've spent all morning in front of that computer and all you wrote was, I shot a man this morning. Isn't it?"

"No," I lied. "I wrote I killed a man this morning. Besides it's quality rather than quantity."

"Well go on read me something else, something of superior quality."

"I've been plotting out the book. Trying to get the story set in my mind. I don't want to start on some track and find out it's a dead end. There's a lot of work to writing a novel."

"Well go on tell me about it."

"If I tell you about it, my mind will think it's written already and I'll struggle getting it down on paper." She stared at me thinking of what I said. She nodded but said nothing. She headed for the kitchen.

"Cup of tea?"

When she left the room I quickly headed out the door. I walked around the town trying to get the story set in my mind. I walked past an art store. I stared in the window for a long time and wondered if I might be a better painter than an author.

The End

VANCOUVER

By Shane Harrison

Vancouver is on the same latitude as Ireland and suffers nominally the same marine temperate climate. It rains, man, it pours. The city is set on a peninsula against a dramatic backdrop of snow capped peaks. Not that we can see them on the first day as it lives up to its sodden image with a welcoming downpour. By the next day however the clouds have lifted to reveal the highrise city and the Coastal Range across the bay.

Vancouver's population density is said to be second only to Hong Kong and has all the rich and varied hum of city life which that implies. It is very modern and preserves only isolated scraps of its heritage. Even the landmark monoliths of the early twentieth century are dwarfed amongst the skyscrapers, they're still impressive though. The Fairmont Hotel is in the signature Canadian style with a steep bronze roof like a French chateau. The Marine Building is an exuberant art deco building from 1929, designed to appear like a 'great crag rising from the sea.'

Something of a coherent urban heritage survives in Gastown. The area takes its name from English adventurer Jack Deighton who established the first saloon here in 1867. Deighton earned the nickname Gassy Jack for his voluble espousal of any worthy cause in the growing city. He died in 1875 and his body lies in an unmarked grave but there's a statue to him on Water Street standing atop a beer barrel.

Gastown remains a picturesque enclave of late nineteenth century buildings with a good concentration of bars, restaurants and clubs.

Chinatown is nearby. The second largest Chinatown in North America after San Francisco, Vancouver's is more downbeat and edgy. Tens of thousands of Chinese arrived in the eighteen eighties to build the Trans-Canada railway and formed a shantytown here. The Chinese community was ghettoised for decades but, as builders of Vancouver, they cleverly constructed a network of tunnels allowing them quick access to the city from which they were forbidden. An ornamental, traditional gate now marks the entrance to Chinatown but it is the streets between here and Downtown that have developed into a modern ghetto. The area is reminiscent of Dawn of the Dead, with crowds of those who have fallen through the bottom of society congregating, zombie-like, in the streets and squares.

While much of Downtown gleams new, Granville Street remains a shabby but seductive slice of fifties Americana. Glorious old film theatres jut into the street which is low-end shopping by day and thronged with rough edged nightlife after dark. Where the street crosses False Creek Granville Island is an oasis off the city grid, a maze of markets, restaurants and cafes. There are art galleries and buskers



and along by the Creek is a great place to admire the city skyline.

Modern Vancouver is more than highrise Condo heaven. The library at Robson Street resembles Rome's Coliseum, but its nine floors are devoted to more intellectual pursuits. Entrance through an outer spiral arm leads into an impressive concourse with several cafes. Light pours in through an atrium six stories overhead. The library itself is airy and spacious, creating an overall effect of calm within a busy maelstrom of human traffic.

After feeding your head you won't need to go far in Vancouver to feed the body. The rich ethnic mix means there's no shortage of variety and, not surprisingly given that it is the Pacific out there, there's plenty of Chinese and Japanese cuisine. Davie Street is Vancouver's Castro and lined with restaurants and clubs. It's friendly and unapologetic, self-contained to an almost parochial degree.

Granville Street at night is more hetro and there's an even more butch option at GM place which is home to the Canucks ice hockey team. Canada's national sport is incredibly fast and skilful, but there's more than that, you're guaranteed a night of beer, loud music and regular punch ups. Unfortunately the Canucks lose to the Anaheim Ducks

on penalties but at time of writing are still going strong in the playoffs for the Stanley Cup, hockey's premier prize.

More natural and timeless pleasures can be found in Stanley Park to the north of the city. The thousand acre expanse of parkland is in sharp contrast to the metropolis looming over it. Vancouverites and visitors flock here for sport and recreation and its many attractions include a vivid reminder of the areas origins. The Totem Park is a startling collection of totem poles by local Indian tribes. The Canadian term is First Nation, after all, they were here first. They're still here, and the timeless visual narratives of the totem poles is a fascinating counterpoint to the exclamation mark of modern humanity, the two facing each other across a short stretch of grass and water.

The End

VIDEO VOYEUR

Harold Chassen

The problem with the films made from Dan Brown's novels like Angels and Demons is that he packs way too much information in his books that cannot be translated to film, unless you like 10-hour films. The films seem disjointed



and all over the place. You need to have read the novel before you see the film. At least with the DVD you can pause the film and look through the book. The film does follow the novel fairly faithfully. Tom Hanks does an adequate job but there is not much for him to work with, as the book is plot, rather than character driven. Watch this if you've read the book. Otherwise don't waste your time

"There is no use our mounting on stilts, for on stilts we must still walk on our own legs. And on the loftiest throne in the world we are still sitting only on our own rear.

The most beautiful lives, to my mind, are those that conform to the common human pattern, with order, but without miracle and without eccentricity."

Michel de Montaigne (1533-1592)

BRAY SINGERS' CIRCLE

Promoting the tradition of Impromptu Singing



Just a quick reminder to be here early for our guest **Bob Davenport**. We look forward to seeing you and your friends for what promises to be a very special night.

- Saturday October 17
- Strand Hotel, Seafront, Bray
- 9.30pm
- (Late bus available to City Centre for 5 Euro)

Singers AND listeners very welcome at all our sessions.

AN ARTISTS RETREAT IN ITALY

by Carmen Cullen

In September of this year I had the opportunity to stay in Asilo Bisnco, Centre for Contemporary Arts in Italy. This centre is situated in Ameno, a tiny picturesque village in the province of Novara in Piedmont. Here wooded hills lead down to the shores of Lake Orta, a jewel amongst the lakes of the region, famed in days gone by as the starting point of the grand Italian tour and praised for its beauty by such visitors as Byron and Shelly.

Time stands still in Ameno as I take a break from writing to walk around. Quietness reigns, as though the town acting as a silent observer down through the ages, continues to look on. Ancient buildings and narrow streets speak of being witness to changing times, to war and political upheaval and the turnover of new generations. However fraught political life is in Italy and it continues to the present day, a sense of *la dolce vita* prevails in this rural idyl. The temptation to stray from work is great. There is time to talk, to sip wine in pleasant heat and take in scenes of ease. Green grass and full trees spread out. It takes only a stretch of the hand to pluck a peach or some other luscious delight and an abundance of colorful vegetables tempt the eye. Looking beyond the village the snowcapped



Island of S. Giulio

Alps tower and nearer, glimpsed between descending woods, a pellucid Lake Orta cajoles to abandon care and stroll by its pleasant shores.

The first port of call by the lake is the old town of Orta S. Giulio, with its art-filled churches, medieval square and cobblestoned winding ways. The island of S.Gulio opposite this charming town equally attracts the visitor. The tiny island rests in the lake in a fairy-tale jumble of castle and churches and entices you to boat over. The church of S.Giulio on the island is breathtakingly arresting and like other churches around has its own unique fresco paintings and carvings. I am in a treasured corner of Italy. From the famous Sacro Monte of Saint Francis above the town of Orta, with its lifelike scenes and tableaux from the monk's life, to the Basilica in Novara boasting the highest cupola in the world, it is a region that has to be explored. There is so much to be seen, any writer could be forgiven for producing no work at all!

Asilo means kindergarten and the centre is run jointly by Davido Vanoti writer and his artist wife Enrica Borghi. Both are esteemed in their chosen fields. Davide wrote his first book working in Ireland to save up for his college fees and is currently exploring Berlusconi's reign, through the medium of fiction. Enrica is an international conceptual artist who has won prestigious artist awards and placed her installations in European cities from Berlin to Marseilles. She has also been awarded many international residencies and is now one of the leading conceptual artists in Europe. As well as doing their own work both Davide and Enrica enrich the cultural life of the area by hosting large installation art as well as writing events and discussion forums throughout the year. As well as being hard working both are kind and generous with their time. I am grateful to them, to the arts community of the area and friends I made in the town for making my stay so exceptional and memorable.

There is a limited residency programme in Asilo Bianco, I was fortunate to be accepted on it. At the moment residencies are commissioned or artists are invited to stay to take part in specifically devised Arts Events. Both Davide and Enrica hope to develop their residency programme in the future. If you are lucky enough to get invited you won't forget this artistically vibrant, idyllic place.

SIGNAL ARTS EXHIBITIONS

Per Chance

Installation by **Joanne Boyle**

From Tuesday 10th November to Sunday 22nd November 2009

Joanne's current interests concern the desire to learn ways to engage more effectively with people from art and non-art backgrounds. Her interests lie in observing and researching emotional and communicative patterns within society as a collective and within the individual in relation to the larger group. She explores these interests through the medium of sculptural installation and through

her use of unusual materials juxtaposing a more mundane reading.



In these works Joanne is attempting to engage with notions of structure, and notions of relationship and interrelationship between selected elements. She likes to investigate the form of structure and the deconstruction and reconstruction of it and how this relates to the viewer. She is interested in the parallels between form of structure and condition of being.

Opening Reception: Friday 13th Nov 7 p.m. - 9 p.m.

Delicate

Photography and Multi-Media Exhibition by **Denis Dunne**

From Tuesday 24th November to Sunday 6th December 2009

Denis' practice is multi layered. In it he seeks to represent and explore innocence, light, change and the transformation of the human spirit. His subjects are collaborators in his practice; they are the force which inspires his imagination.



The body of work in this exhibition is an ongoing exploration of the subject of people and life. The photographs have been taken over a long period of time with the intention that they would be joined together as a collection. It looks at the **delicate** nature of thoughts and feelings, as people we are uniquely different yet the same. The images are then

constructed using light and nature as symbols to add layers of meaning and understanding the **delicate** nature of being human.

If you would like to commission Denis for portraits or weddings visit his website www.stillight.net.

Opening Reception: Friday 27th Nov 7 p.m. - 9 p.m.



Journal Cover :
Drawing from the Comic 'Na Naoi bhFuath' by Gizelbertus. See page 2 for more info on Gizelbertus and the upcoming November Arts Evening.

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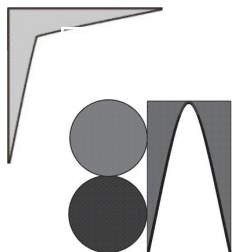
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Bray Arts website : www.brayarts.net

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Arts Evening Monday 2nd Nov
Heather House, Strand Road
5 Euro / 4 Euro Conc. Everyone is welcome.
Come Early Doors open: 8:00pm sharp

Ruth O'Mahony Brady: Up and coming new Singer/Pianist

Oliver Marshall: Reading his powerful poetry. His words slice straight to the heart.

Gizlebertus: Illustrator and story teller through the medium the comic

Pedro for President : Exciting new duo Kate and Darragh - making waves on the music scene.

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