

---

# Bray Arts Journal

---

Issue 8

April 2010

Volume 15



## Letter from Calcutta

Debashi Sen, an Indian Poet, whose work we have had the pleasure to print frequently in the Bray Arts Journal, corresponds regularly with our Creative Writing Editor, Anne Fitzgerald. We thought our readers might like to read an extract from one of his more recent letters. The letter included a beautiful poem called *The Comeback*. We have printed an extract here.

Dear Anne

*I am so delighted to get the February issue of the Bray Arts Journal. And I have thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated it. I am so much inspired by this brilliant journal which brings me a vivid portion of the vibrant and delicate cultural landscape of Ireland that is so much full of life and exuberance. It is so truly like some lush green pasture in the midst of the dreariness of one's day to day life and adds a lot of meaning and significance to it.*

*Spring has arrived here with a lot of promised blossoms and, in tune with it, almost comes that very freshness of this brilliant journal with its beautiful intimations of the gladness of the soul.*

*The cover illustration is very interesting. And I have so much appreciated all the arts reviews. It's as if I were part of these glad cultural happenings and events taking place so far away from here.*

*The touch of the snows and blossoms suddenly arrive and my little cramped room is suddenly flooded with light and there is the sweet mistiness of the far awayness.*

### The Comeback (extract)

Like a swoon of ecstasy, he would pray, his fingers moving through diverse continents, deep-blue tongues of flame

Where freedom is writ;  
the black bold letters of the silence nudging close to him; and the winter fire leaping in a wood of straws:

How violets and reds are mesmerised  
by this absolute white stillness; seamless stars that fringe the sky's borders:  
it is the beginning of colder days and the rain is hard:  
his palm holds the pebbles of coins:  
this is the loneliest soul that I toss around  
and where I throw it away the grass glitters  
with morning dew and the flowers sleepy;  
their eyes staring softly out of the mist:  
someone I do not know is tramping around softly:

Debashi Sen  
7/1B, Paddapukur Lane  
Calcutta 700020  
India



**Cover : Daffodils by Yanny Petters. See 'Message from Yanny Petters on page 6.**

## April Bray Arts Evening

Mon 12 April 2010 at 8:00 pm

Upstairs at the Martello, Seafront, Bray  
Everyone Welcome. Adm. E5/E4 conc.

Bray Arts is proud to present a very exciting evening of Theatre, Dance and Music from two Bray based groups.

### Milshogue

Milshogue is a group of talented actors who perform a special programme of Irish theatre. The show features highlights from some of the very best of Irish drama and poetry : Yeats and Synge, Wilde and O'Casey, and many



Patrick Dunne, Gerry Gill, Jackie Cullen, Maeve Miller  
Maire Iremonger, Ailin O'Donnell, Pat Dunne

more. Milshogue will bring you on a literary tour of Ireland, visiting some of its best writers along the way.

The show uses a mix of Celtic and contemporary styles, cleverly weaving the extracts, the actors, costumes and props into a beautifully crafted Irish theatre experience. Each piece has been specially chosen and thoughtfully directed to provide great entertainment, a true feel of Irish theatre and, as you'd expect, all the wit and humour for which Irish literature is famous.

### Oltre Mara

"Oltre" as over the sea like a sea in Irish. The first idea was "oltre mare" and mare means sea in Italian but then we thought about mara in Irish instead and that seems to be pretty good and understandable both for the Irish and Italian.

The band was born to play pieces of traditional music from southern Italy and keep in touch with, and be sensitive to, Irish cultural assets. "Oltremara's" target is to make Mediterranean's musical and folk patrimony known and create a cultural fusion with both Irish and other's dance and musical traditions. The possibility of cultural exchange is integral to Oltremara's vision and is the back bone to every musical and dance performance. The members have met in Ireland by chance and all of them come from different musical and dance backgrounds. As Irish traditional music is inspired by the dance and folk tales of the country, so is Italian traditional music. All the band's songs reflect the cultural heritage and the dances are reminiscent of folk traditions and are experimenting with new sounds throughout the experience.

## Review

### Bray Arts Evening

Monday March 1, 2010

By Cearbhall E. O'Meadhra

On a pleasant evening with a hint of Spring in the air, Bray Arts welcomed a large audience to the March performance.

Bray arts drama group opened the evening with a presentation of **"The Librarian"** by James Prideaux directed by **Derek Pullen**.



*Martin . Rosary, Derek and Elaine*

**Rosary Morley** played "Rose", **Martin Davidson** played the psychiatrist and **Elaine Twomey** played the nurse. This was an unusual play in which the main character "Rose" is physically present on stage throughout the play while her psychiatrist is never seen but is heard over the PA system as if he were present. At strategic points, the nurse appears with drinks of water and other services.

The play has just completed a triumphal tour of six festivals including Bray, Birr, Kilmallock, Cork City, Hawlbowlne and Palmerstown. Having swept the board at the Bray festival, winning first prize for the best play, as well as Best director and Best actress. The production then went on to win first place in Kilmallock Cork and Hawlbowlne.

Rosary Morley won best actress at all six of the festivals and Martin Davidson won best actor in Cork, Hawlbowlne and Kilmallock.

The story centres on "Rose" who claims to be a librarian and describes her wishes and aspirations for the world of books. She reveals her belief that she is accompanied by many authors of the past to whom she speaks and whose views she freely quotes. There is a hint that Rose tends towards violence but we were intrigued by her pathos and apparent truthfulness.

The psychiatrist never appears on stage but maintains a constant presence by means of the PA system through which he keeps up a persistent interview with the librarian. By

judicious use of the microphone Martin managed to convey a sense that he was located in another room elsewhere in the building. Rosary's stunning performance and the powerful presence of the absent psychiatrist were evidence of the richly deserved success of this intriguing drama. This was a spellbinding performance which captivated the entire audience.

After the interval Bray Arts kept up the momentum by holding a special St. Patrick's Day raffle to raise funds for the Club with significant prizes generously donated by the traders of Bray.

The evening had reached such a high pitch of excitement and real entertainment that something powerful was needed to follow. Nothing daunted singer and song writer, Mia Parsons and guitarist, Robbie Overson rose splendidly to the occasion when they took to the stage with a wealth of song and instrumental solos. Their material covered such songs as: "A Taste of Honey" and Leonard Cohen's "If It Be Your Will" which Robbie supported with an intricate guitar accompaniment as a prelude to his own



*Mia Parsons*

solo performance of an old Irish air depicting a plea to Bonny Prince Charlie to come to Ireland "to rescue us"



*Robbie Overson*

Mia has a captivating technique that she expresses through a wide range of styles from jazz/funk to blues. Equally at home with "if you go away" and Sinead O'Connor's "I'm Stretched on Your Grave". Mia and Robbie gave us Philip Kings setting of the Frank O'Connor poem: "The Little Monasteries". This

was followed by the Patty Griffin "Trapeze" sung by Mia with some dramatic effects on the guitar from Robbie. Continuing with alternating songs and instrumentals, Mia and Robbie rounded off the set with Van Morrison's "Turpentine".

As an encore, Mia and Robbie brought a memorable evening to a close with Leonard Cohen's "Dance Me to the End of Love".

CÚMHA CHROÍDHE CHAILÍN

SEAN-AMHRÁN

TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY

**The Grief of a Girl's Heart**

O Donall og, if you go across the sea,  
bring myself with you and do not forget it;  
and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days,  
and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.  
It is late last night the dog was speaking of you;  
the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh.  
It is you are the lonely bird through the woods;  
and that you may be without a mate until you find me.  
You promised me, and you said a lie to me,  
that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked;  
I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you,  
and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.  
You promised me a thing that was hard for you,  
a ship of gold under a silver mast;  
twelve towns with a market in all of them,  
and a fine white court by the side of the sea.  
You promised me a thing that is not possible,  
that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish;  
that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird,  
and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall og,  
it is I would be better to you  
than a high proud, spendthrift lady:  
I would milk the cow; I would bring help to you;  
and if you were hard pressed,  
I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone,  
and it's not with hunger or with wanting food,  
or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin,  
and my life is shortened;

but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.  
It is early in the morning that I saw him coming,  
going along the road on the back of a horse;  
he did not come to me;

he made nothing of me;  
and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.  
When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness,  
I sit down and I go through my trouble;  
when I see the world and do not see my boy,  
he that has amber shade in his hair.  
It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you;  
the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday.  
And myself on my knees reading the Passion;  
and my two eyes giving my love to you for ever.

O, aya!  
My mother, give myself to him;  
and give him all that you have in the world;  
get out yourself to ask for alms,  
and do not come back and forward looking for me.  
My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day,  
or tomorrow, or on the Sunday;  
it was a bad time she took for telling me that;  
it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.  
My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe,  
or the black coal that is on the smith's forge;  
or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls;  
it was you put that darkness into my life.  
You have taken the east from me;  
you have taken the west from me;  
you have taken what is before me and what is behind me;  
you have taken the moon,  
you have taken the sun from me;  
and my fear is great  
that you have taken God from me!

## Holiday in Sandymount

By Oliver Marshall

I stayed with you  
In Sandymount that year.  
You had a flat  
On Beach Road  
Facing the strand  
And the sea.

The long square stone  
In the centre of the beach  
Said: *Save Sandymount Strand.*  
Conservation  
Was in the air,  
Like Gulls.

Calling and falling.  
I remember the small  
Brown transistor you had.  
We were a long way  
From e-mails  
And text messages.

One afternoon  
You took me  
To Landsdowne Road.  
Clontarf were playing.  
I watched the coloured jerseys,  
The black hoops.

One night we walked  
Up Pembroke Road.  
People sang songs  
In pubs. They stood together  
Holding glasses  
Frothy with Guinness.

We queued for an hour  
Outside the Olympia  
Hoping to hear  
The Clancy Brothers.  
We didn't get in.  
You were married

The following year.  
The men  
Wore morning suits.  
The women  
Fur coats.  
I was too young

To be the best man.  
But I enjoyed the day,  
The car  
Trailed a can  
That banged

Along the ground.  
Before that,  
As evening came on,  
My mother  
In her fur coat  
Stood at the microphone

And sang quietly:  
*Darling I am growing old.*

---

## Rock-A-Bye-Rocket

by John Cooney

Cinderella takes the ghost train. Southwards  
Bound to toyland station she taps out a chequered  
Lullaby, until the platforms throng with fabled  
Kings and Queens and the engine driver wins  
Her love.

On the narrow gauge you'll find her, when you've  
Grown cold and numb with time. And, when the  
Moon weighs silver in the sky, she'll reach down  
The book she has always read, to steal a line  
And wet your cup.

If you should hear lost whistles blowing like  
The banshee on your mind, remember how she  
Rose to greet you, how she said, "don't wed in  
Fear of trains, my lord. For the wheels with their  
For'ading motion, and the darkness in the siding  
Wing us homeward like the dove."

---

## "Whimsical"

by Marlene Mc Carthy Wilmot

A mouse and a Cheese  
Can be in the same thought  
But a mouse and a cheese  
can never be on the same plate.  
The lust for the cheese  
would soon dissipate at the  
Flick of a tail on the side  
of the plate.

## Message from Yanny Petters

Dear painters and friends come and join me in the Burren for the beautiful scenery and a bit of painting and relaxation.

PAINTING WEEKEND IN THE BURREN 14<sup>TH</sup> - 16<sup>TH</sup> MAY

2 day course

WITH

YANNY PETTERS (OILS OR ACRYLICS)

THE BURREN PAINTING CENTRE

& O'NEILL'S TOWN HOME

Lisdoonvarna, Co. Clare, Ireland.

Phone 065-7074208 065-7074208 Fax 065-7074435

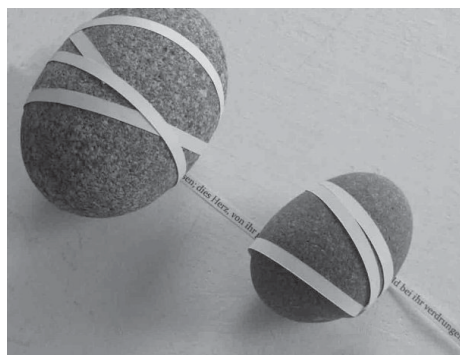
Web site: [www.burrenpaintingcentre.com](http://www.burrenpaintingcentre.com) e-mail: [info@burrenpaintingcentre.com](mailto:info@burrenpaintingcentre.com)

### A Song of Parting at Signal Arts

Sculptures and Paintings by **Alannah Robins**

From Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup> April to Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> April 2010

"In this body of work she has undertaken an exploration of domestic or familiar images. Through a juxtaposition of objects/images from entirely different environments,



she engages in a subversion of the same in order to challenge our perceptions of these things and their uses. We come across the words of a song, wrapped around beach stones, an embroidered photograph, a sieve, a garden bird, toy soldiers and small monsters. These images populate each other's environments in a way which is unexpected and thought provoking."

Opening Reception: Friday 16<sup>th</sup> April 7 p.m. - 9 p.m.

### Force Fields at Signal Arts

Drawings, Paintings and Assembled Pieces by **Lian Callaghan**

From Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup> April to Sunday 11<sup>th</sup> May 2010

"In 2001, Lian Callaghan devised the installation '*Aisling Gheal/ What Is Your Bright Dream?*' for a group exhibition in Signal Arts Centre. This interactive piece featured the voice of sean-nós/ experimental singer Iarla O' Lionaird.



As part of this exhibition, a jar which contains the 'Bright Dreams' of those who contributed to the work in 2001 will be

opened for the first time since then. The dreams, which were depicted in words and images, will be mounted together during this exhibition to form the conclusion of this piece of work.

In **Force Fields**, Lian also shows drawings, paintings and assembled pieces which are linked by the themes of chronology, connections and collections."

Opening Reception: Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> May 3 p.m. - 5 p.m.

### Painting in Oils (Still Life, Portraits, Landscape)



Expert step by step instruction:

by

**Conall McCabe** HND, BA, MFA (New York Academy of Art)

Course commences April 26 to June 14  
7.00 pm - 9.00 pm every Monday  
Signal Arts Centre, Bray (Paint supplied)

Euro 150 (8 sessions)

Places are limited to 8, so book early : Contact Conall McCabe 087 9702173

## PS

The watercolour workshops with Yanny Petters will now take place at St. Patricks Church and Recreation Centre, Church Road, Greystones in the Garden Room and will continue every Thursday afternoon 2pm to 4.30pm through March and April. You can join in any time and beginners are welcome. It costs E 35 per session or you can sign up for 4 sessions for E 120

## ADVERTISEMENTS

### Dental Care Ltd (Mr. Joseph Coleman Adv. Orth.)

Prosthetics(Dentures), Orthodontics, TMJ  
& Snoring Appliances.

20 Main St. Bray, Co Wicklow  
Tel 276 2883 / 086 826 0511



## Submission Guidelines

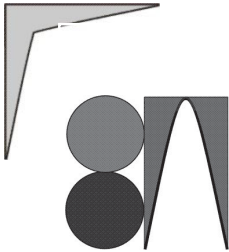
Editor : Dermot McCabe : editor@brayarts.net

Creative Writing Editor : Anne Fitzgerald :  
annefitz3@gmail.com

Email submissions to any of the above or post typed submissions to

The Editor BAJ 'Casino',  
Killarney Rd. Bray,  
Co. Wicklow  
Deadline 15th of each month.  
Bray Arts website : [www.brayarts.net](http://www.brayarts.net)

Copyright remains with the contributors and the views expressed are those of the contributors and not the editorial board.



**Arts Evening Monday 12th April**  
*Upstairs at the Martello on the Seafront*  
**5 Euro / 4 Euro Conc. Everyone is welcome.**  
Come Early Doors open: 8:00pm sharp

### **Milshogue:**

This group of talented actors will take you on a literary tour of Ireland with a beautifully crafted theatre experience.

### **Oltre Mara:**

The members of Oltre Mara come from dance and musical backgrounds. They create an exciting cultural fusion of Irish dance and music with other Mediterranean cultures like that of Italy.

Bray Arts is grateful for the ongoing support of Bray Town Council, CASC and Heather House Hotel.  
Printed by Absolute Graphics, Bray

If undelivered please return to :  
Editor, Bray Arts Journal  
'Casino'  
Killarney Rd.  
Bray  
Co. Wicklow