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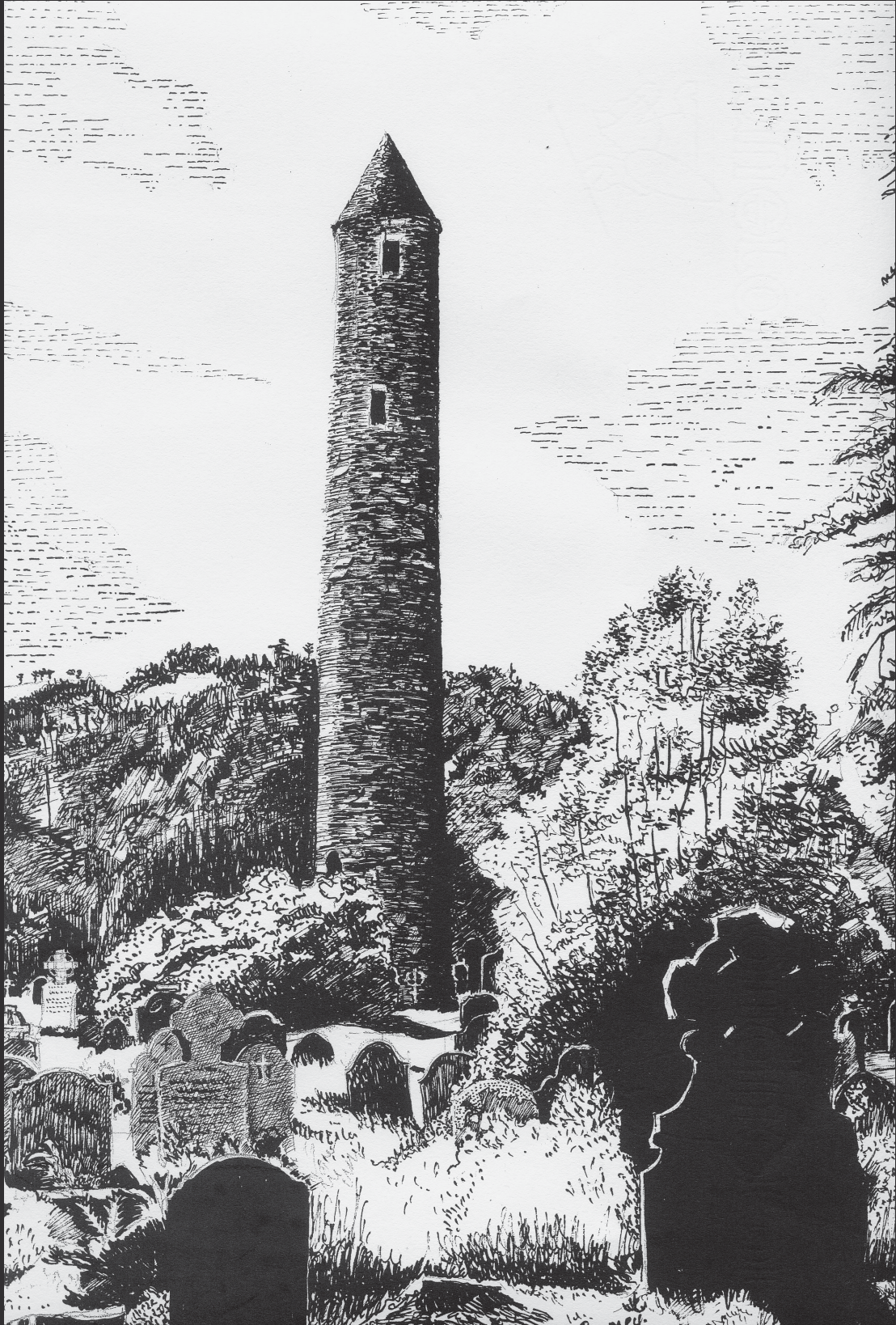
# Bray Arts Journal

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Issue 7

March 2006

Volume 11





**EDITORIAL**

**More Submissions please**

Anyone who has been reading this journal over the last number of years may have noticed that the ratio of creative writing, be it poetry, essays, short stories or critiques and debates, to news items has been steadily increasing in favour of creative writing. This has not happened by chance. It has long been our objective to provide a credible publication for creative work, a platform for emerging and established writers to present their work to an appreciative audience. Happily both the quality and the amount of material submitted to us has also steadily increased over the years. But there is always room for more and we welcome submissions of all types. If you want a response to your submission please include a stamped addressed envelope.

**And if you are dropping down to Bray Arts Evening on Monday 6th March**



We have a very special treat in store. **Derek Pullen** directs a **Jimmy Chinn** play called 'In by the Half.' Derek and his players, also called 'Bray Arts' have taken this play to a number of venues around Ireland finishing up with a very successful outing in the Bray One-Act festival. This is a highly accomplished production;

it won best actress (**Rosary Morley**), best young emerging actor (**Orna Murphy**), a nomination for best female support (**Mel Murphy**) and a nomination for best play.

The action takes place in the flat of Madam (**Rosary Morley**), a former actress. In an effective mix of comedy and poignancy, the ageing actress lives in a fantasy world of the past and is aided in this by her housekeeper Doris (**Mel Murphy**). The cosy world is blasted apart when Madam's estranged daughter (**Nicky Jenkins**) turns up one day to tell her that she is dying of cancer and old conflicts surface in a mix of comedy and drama. **Orna Murphy** acts the part of a drama student, who can't act, perfectly and **Martin Davidson** plays the slightly bemused doctor just right. Terrific play, terrific cast, a joy. **Play starts at 8:30 sharp.**

After the play and an intermission we will have some Irish music, song and maybe dance from a group of **Greystones Comhaltas** musicians and friends, seeing as we are into March and heading for St. Patrick's Day. All in all it should be a very enjoyable evening and as usual everyone is invited to come along.

Remember there is no formal membership of Bray Arts; you just come along on any of our first Mondays of the month and that's it. By mutual consent we decided some time ago that the idea of 'membership' was a bit too formal and clubby for an Arts movement. Bring your friends along and enjoy the atmosphere. The usual admission fee applies ie Euro 5 and Euro 4 concession (pays for the stamps - see bottom of pg 7 .

**FRONT COVER:** We asked our resident artist (committee member) Peter Gowney to come up with a suitable cover for our March edition and he provided this fine pen and ink drawing of our most famous monastic settlement.

**FAREWELL**

Just days ago, before this Journal went to print I heard the sad news that Gerry O'Malley had passed away. It's only a few months ago that I was talking to Gerry at a Bray Arts evening and he was saying with some amusement that he was now classed as 'elderly' but he certainly did not feel elderly. In last November's Journal we published an extract from a play called 'Celtic Lovers', which Gerry was writing at that time. Recently he also offered to read one of his stories at a Bray Arts evening, a piece of fantasy he said, if we were stuck with fifteen minutes to fill. Well unfortunately we won't have the opportunity to hear you Gerry but we can read your story and imagine we are enjoying a pleasant evening in the Heather House as we have done over many years. *Ar dheis De go raibh a anam. DMC*



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**ASCENDING**

by Gerry O'Malley

There was a man in Dulcamon where I was born who let it be known that on a certain day when the angelus bell rang he would ascend into heaven. This was a time long ago when religion was strong and superstition even stronger.

Daniel was the man's name and he was noted for his piety. One woman was so full of belief that she gave him a letter for a loved one who had recently passed away. That woman's name was Ducky Moran and it was her only relative, a brother, who had died. She was called Ducky because of the way she walked which, when you think about it, wasn't very kind. She lived in a small cottage on the outskirts of the town where she had a cow and a goat for sustenance and a mongrel dog for company. In the rushy acre behind the house she managed to grow a few vegetables.

Ducky was also deeply religious. Once when her cow was sick she ministered to it herself instead of calling the vet. Her method was to convert the byre into a kind of oratory with religious medallions tied to the cow's horns and holy pictures around the walls. The Canon heard about it and was furious. He was a small red-faced, plump-bellied, short-tempered little man who disliked most of his fellow human beings but especially the females. He called at Ducky's cottage to see for himself if it was possible that such scandalous things could be happening in his parish.

- This is outrageous behaviour, woman !  
 - But at Christmas, Father, the crib -  
 - Silence ! those are sacred objects intended as aids to Christian worship. What you have here is sacrilege and that is a Reserved Sin. You will have to go to the Bishop for confession. You are an abomination!

And with that he stormed out leaving poor Ducky sorely distressed, especially when she asked the schoolmaster what 'abomination' meant and was told it was 'hateful in the sight of the Lord' The Canon's words weighed heavily on poor Ducky.

The Bishop's palace was a good twenty Irish miles away and, to make matters worse, the road was over a mountain.

Nobody, therefore, heard about Daniel's imminent ascension with a greater sense of excitement than Ducky. It was a sign . The letter to her dead brother by direct messenger would be her salvation. She had a vision of her brother pleading her case before the Highest court and she knew this would make everything all right. The Canon would be her friend and she would be spared that vexatious journey over the mountain.

News of the coming event spread through the county and when the great day arrived the town was full of people. Even the approach roads were jammed. Stalls were set up all around the square in the centre of the town selling religious objects, rosary beads and holy water. There were also trick-o'-the-loop men, thimbliggers and three-card-tricksters. The square was where the ascension was to take place and of course the crowds were thickest there. The place was buzzing with excited conversation.

When it neared the hour of six o'clock Daniel came into the square pushing a wheelbarrow which he had painted bright red. A wave of silence spread out from those nearest him until gradually the whole square was silent. A good few people, mostly women, took out their rosaries and began to thumb the beads, their lips moving in silent prayer. Daniel was dressed in his stiff Sunday suit, white collarless shirt fastened at the neck with a brass stud and on his feet heavy hobnailed boots highly polished. He greeted nobody, neither did he look left nor right, but walked slowly pushing the barrow to the exact centre of the square. The crowd made way for him but kept a reverential quiet. One or two shouts of "Good old Daniel!" were silenced by those around.

When he got to his chosen spot, Daniel set the wheelbarrow down calmly and deliberately, seeming to check the alignment. He then climbed into the barrow, settled himself and sat there looking up at the sky but saying nothing. All eyes were upon him. The occasional titter at the sight of him sitting there bolt upright in the wheelbarrow was shushed immediately. Then, the angelus bell sounded:  
BOING! BOING! BOING!

The crowd pressed forward around Daniel, each one willing him to rise into the air. The praying women were not silent now, their voices raised in earnest supplication were joined by those of the other onlookers, male and female.

*The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary*

*And she conceived of the Holy Ghost*

*Behold the handmaid of the Lord*

*Be it done unto me according to Thy word*

Daniel did not rise and soar into the heavens but remained where he was, sitting in the wheelbarrow.

BOING ! BOING! BOING!

*And the Word was made flesh*

*And dwelt amongst us*

Ducky was in the very front row of the throng, her thoughts on the letter to her brother now resting in the outside pocket of Daniel's jacket. She was unhappy with the way things were going, or, rather, not going. She looked at Daniel and decided that his heavy hobnailed boots were keeping him earthbound. She shouted to him to take them off and this he did, slowly and deliberately, without looking around.

BOING ! BOING ! BOING !

*Pray for us , O Holy Mother of God*

*That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ*

The swell of earnest voices filled the air in the packed place.

Every eye was on Daniel but still nothing happened.

BOING ! BOING ! BOING ! BOING ! BOING ! BOING ! BOING ! BOING ! BOING

The church bell pealed the regulation nine strokes, each one deliberate, like a judgement. The last peal died away to silence. Surely, this was the moment.. Again, the crowd held its collective breath and pressed forward, expectant. Seated in his red wheelbarrow, Daniel looked stolid and earthbound. He was not looking upwards now but straight ahead as if in a trance.

A moment of terrible quiet followed and then the onlookers began to be restless. The praying women put their rosaries away. The mood changed. People were embarrassed and disappointed. Had they been the victims of a practical joke ? Was someone, somewhere laughing at them ? They began to move in around the wheelbarrow. There was something of menace in the way they were closing in.

Daniel must have felt this because suddenly he leapt from the wheelbarrow and ran through the crowds which parted for him like the Red Sea for Moses and the Israelites. He ran through the open door of Maguire's public house, out the back and away, in his stockinged feet. He was never seen again in Dulcamon. To this day nobody knows how he got away.

The pubs did great business that afternoon and evening. It was better than a market day. Farmers argued crops and cattle and gossiped. If Daniel was mentioned at all it was when people laughed self-consciously together and reassured one another that of course they knew there would be no ascension. They had only come for the bit of craic Little Johnny Morris stomped around proudly wearing the heavy hobnailed boots that Daniel had left behind. "Look at me, I'm going to fly !" he'd say and people would laugh and buy him a drink. Only Ducky seemed disconsolate as she trudged home to her cow, her goat and her mongrel dog. The red wheelbarrow was left on the square and was pointed out as a curiosity to strangers. People acted as if they had been willing participants in a huge joke. The incident was a shared experience which brought them together.

Not long after, word came that Daniel had died in some remote place. Although not wishing the poor man any harm. Ducky felt that now her letter had reached its destination. The realisation brought a great easing to her mind and conscience. And she was not alone. In fact it was the belief in the town that Daniel had achieved his objective. This was not spoken of openly but only whispered together among intimates. But there was a widely-felt sense of unfinished business completed, of consummation, of a journey concluded which had an astonishing effect on peoples' behaviour. It was as if a kind of euphoria took hold and made people act out of character. Penny-pinching traders gave unexpected discounts, ill-tempered masters found kind words for servants more accustomed to blows, many a wife was surprised by a hug from a neglectful husband. The red wheelbarrow was removed and the matter never spoken of again. Well, not by the people of Dulcamon anyway. But whenever I mention where I was born the reaction is always the same.: "Isn't that where the fellow ascended to heaven in a wheelbarrow ?"

People are very silly. They don't even get the story right

## Poetry

### The Bird Nearest Heaven

By Mary Melvin Geoghegan

The bird nearest heaven  
found the weakest branch  
to sing  
right into my heart  
as I root  
into a new daffodil day  
envious of his passion  
I try a note

### Thanksgiving

By Mary Melvin Geoghegan

Outside my window  
birds dust from the trees  
this last Summer's holiday day  
I wash the kitchen floor;  
gravy spills, cat's paws, wellington prints,  
tea stains, sugar trails, biscuit crumbs.

all are rinsed  
In my bucket and fall  
as silt to the bottom

### Ode to Survival

By Marlene McCarthy

Stop the march  
Of the concrete men  
Making roads  
For juggernauts.  
Grass can't grow  
On a concrete slab  
To feed a cow  
Or even a goat  
To milk, for  
Our children's growth.  
We can't dig potatoes  
On a concrete road.  
We can't grow wheat  
On a concrete sheet.  
The rains pour down  
There isn't any ground.  
Instead a flash flood  
For us to drown.  
Stop the march of the concrete Men  
Before, we too  
Are like them  
Skeletons in mud

Mary Melvin Geoghegan's latest collection,  
*Abbeycartron Epiphanies*,  
Is published by Lapwing.

### Letting Go

By John Clarke

We live our lives  
In the pockets of the past  
Knowing nothing lasts;  
Not understanding why  
This is so

So love,  
Let us make our art  
On the beaches,  
On the sand,  
So as the salt water  
Can cleanse it away  
And free the grip  
In the hand.

"This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory"

*John Ruskin on writing and authors' motivation from 'SESEME AND LILIES'*

## LINEAL SUCCESSOR TO THE 17<sup>TH</sup> AND 18<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY IRISH BARDS

By Ellen Hanna

Hardebeck is a surname that doesn't sound Irish. nor was the man who became a distinguished musician, collector, arranger and composer of Irish music over the first four decades of the twentieth century. Carl Gilbert Hardebeck was born on



10<sup>th</sup> December 1869 in the Clerkenwell district of London. His father, Carl J Hardebeck, was a well-to-do German jeweller who had come to London via Amsterdam and became a naturalised Englishman. It was from his mother, a Devon woman of Welsh descent, Carl Hardebeck inherited the Celtic strain, which may in some degree explain how he became so attracted to Irish music.

He showed signs of musical ability from early on, learning Schubert songs from his aunt Mathilde. His mother died when he was still a young child, and when his father married again the stepmother in his own words "didn't want a wee blind brat about the house." On New Year's Day 1880 at the age of ten years old he entered formal tutoring at the Royal Normal College of Music (for the Blind), in Upper Norwood - a Methodist college.

Carl left college in 1893 for Belfast and entered into partnership in a Music Warehouse business in fashionable Wellington Place. It lasted three years. (If you ever see at auction a cottage piano with the inscription *Bustard and Hardebeck* you'll know it is one of their items). Remembering he had a sheaf of diplomas, presently a brass plate on the garden gate of his residence on Limestone Road, announced to the world at large that Carl Gilbert von Hardebeck was a Professor of Music.

One of his prejudices was against the organ but he swallowed hard and became organist and choirmaster at the chapel-of-ease of the Holy Family, in Newington Avenue, around the corner from his home. The administrator, Father Tohill - later Bishop of Down and Connor diocese - brought Carl with him when transferred to St Peter's Pro-Cathedral, Falls Road in 1904. Here Carl insisted that the choirboys learn Irish, so just before 11.30 am every Saturday morning, as soon as their beloved visually impaired master appeared on the horizon, tapping his way along, the cry would echo round Derby Street "here comes old *Tantum Ergo*," and away to the bell-room would scurry, those sweet-voiced imps for a half hour lesson, given by Kerryman Tomas O'Suilleabhain.

All this period Carl busied himself with compositions and for the first ten or twelve years of its existence, won the composer's prize at the Dublin Feis Ceoil.

In 1897 he won first prize for an original anthem and came to Dublin to hear it performed. For the first time he heard the real Irish music - arrangements by Esposito, Dr Culwick and others. The songs of Stanford and Graves. Its beauty and plain-tiveness enthralled him. The best, in his experience, was yet to come.

Shortly afterwards, he was brought in touch with the language revival movement, by, Tadhg Mac an Bhaird. With him Carl went through three books of O'Growney and studied Poets and Poetry. He arranged and published his first Irish songs, which he was dissatisfied with, claiming he did not fully grasp the bearing that assonance has on traditional music and his work at that period was something between plain-song and traditional Irish melody.

His first experience of hearing traditional singing by a real traditional singer came when Mr O'Conlan of Clare, sang one at the Gaelic League concerts in Belfast. He found it delightful and was enchanted by the flow, the rhythm and the rise and fall of melody. He admired above all the simplicity and character of this music so that he decided to leave all and follow it. He went to the Donegal Gaeltacht where he gathered all the songs he could. He collected them eagerly and studied them minutely. His next step was to come to the Oireachtas, held in Dublin. Here he met and talked with all the prominent Gaelic singers and language workers. He played the accompaniments at the Oireachtas that year and each succeeding year until 1918 when the festival was held in Killarney.

He spent sometime at Kilskeery, Co Tyrone at the request of Father Maguire, PP and helped with the classes for traditional singing, which he had started. He was the first to adopt the Braille system to suit the Irish alphabet and used that system to take down all his songs. What manner of man was this blind foreigner whose life work was devoted to the preservation of traditional Gaelic song - this Johnsonian figure with the noble head who would sit quiet but alert?

In 1919 he was asked to go to Cork to be Master of the School of Music where he worked on some books of songs - a book of simple songs for infants, two part-songs for juniors, and some arrangements for mixed choirs. He also did some violin music.

In 1926 Carl returned to Belfast somewhat and began a book on Irish music. He was helped by Ambrose Serridge and the Gaelic league in Dublin to have it typed. In Dublin in 1932, he attended the meetings of Claisceadal - a group which has proved that the lively jolly Irish songs are worth singing and in some cases are even more delicately fashioned than many of our slower tunes.

Since that time he did many arrangements of those spirited pieces and the more difficult beautiful slow airs that he held to rank with the finest classical melodies ever written. Original works include *The song of Glendun*, *Buailtear mo Chreidhil* and *Deirdre's Lament*. *Kelly, the Boy from Killanne* and *My singing Bird* are his airs too.

His arrangement of *The Lark in the Clear Air*, was accepted in general concert repertory. Three of his arrangements are immortalised in *Una Bhan*, *A Spailpin a Ruin* and *Sal Og Ruadh*. It is not generally realised that the successful arrangement of a traditional involves the possession of rare and peculiar gifts. Without his work these would be unknown to us.

Carl Gilbert Hardebeck was a pioneer who, had his career taken another direction might be considered one of the great European composers. It is because of him and his love of Irish



folk music and songs that we have inherited a legacy, a wealth of music that likely would have been lost forever. He died at aged 74 on 10<sup>th</sup> February 1945 and is buried in Glasnevin Cemetery. Ar dheis De go raibh a anam.



Ellen Hanna is a member of Abraxas Writers. Her work is frequently published in Ireland's Own. She is a short story writer and a very accomplished researcher of local and national history.

## I can smell America

By Martha Woodcock

We burst open the big brown box we called the American parcel that my aunt sent now and then. We would rip masking tape not stopping to get a knife, contents all over the floor in a matter of seconds:

Jackets, skirts, trousers and denims, before we knew what denims were - lots of orangey coats and cardigans with bold stripes and sequins - the likes of which was not to be found in McBirneys,

*that's for bloody sure* - My mother would go to Dublin for the sales, bring home: sensible brown shoes, navy anoraks and frivolous frocks that would be worn neither to Mass nor school, but for dressing up -

And possibilities came to us from America, because Aunty Sarah moved there fifty years ago. I can smell that musty crusty smell *I can smell America. I smelt it first.*

## VIDEO VOYEUR

Harold Chassen



Broken Flowers got good press when it came out. It had a big name cast and good plot. Don Johnston (Bill Murray - "that's Johnston with a T") gets a letter telling him he had a son eighteen years ago who may be looking for

him. He compiles a list and tries to track down the potential mother, each encounter more uncomfortable. Murray does not act but reacts to everything said to him. There was only one funny scene with a phone conversation. I thought more could be made of encounters and found the whole film unfulfilling with a disappointing ending.

## THE STORY TELLER



Once again Leo Cullen captivated those lucky enough to be at Bray Arts Evening on Feb 6th last by reading from his latest novel. We asked him if he would allow us to publish a selected piece from the novel for the pleasure of our readers and he kindly supplied the following taster

**Lukey Larkin**

Against a high wall at a junction of the thoroughfare south from our city stands a road sign with a picture of a ship. Three white cars sit within the ship's black belly and an arrow points from it, left and eastward. Following the arrow, the road passes into a long tree-lined residential avenue. Though traffic constantly streams along the avenue, a hush of privilege surrounds the houses on either side. At a point, which must be about half way along the avenue, I always get the smell of two things: the past, and money. Where the trees end, a Roman Catholic and an Anglican Protestant Church face one another, not so much in opposition as like shaky survivors of an earlier era. In the shadow of the churches a pub and a few shops do business and on a roundabout a post and chain fence rings a flowerbed. A solitary palm tree casts a small umbrella of shade at the edge of the flowerbed. An old drinking-trough has been incorporated into the roundabout; once no doubt it was used by horse traffic going this way. On sunny days people still sit in the garden seat on the roundabout and look towards the shops. Few of these people are the ones with the money, they just feel comforted with the idea of living near to it. Once, about thirty five years ago, in a big old house in the area lived a man, now in his late fifties, slight and balding and with most of his professional career behind him. His name is Luke Larkin. Luke, that's me, one and the same. If you have ever read books by a certain author fellow then you will have known me as Lally Connaughton. That author mostly told the truth about me, though sometimes he stretched it just a little. For a while I didn't mind; it was fun, until I began to realize I was an honest kind of guy. So we'll change your name, he said. And now he is making a brand new start, with me as Luke (or Lukey or even sometimes Key Larkin. 'What harm anyway are a few lies,' he (the author fellow) already asks me to declare at the beginning of this book, 'since all they do is to stand alongside the truth, just like figures in a photograph? Do you ever see false figures in a photograph? No. And the truth, anyway, would be lost without them.' He has a point. He has had to drop some of my family too; some of my first family was getting fed up with me anyhow. This house I am speaking of where I once lived is thirty years gone, destroyed in a fire, but the area hasn't much changed. Now I live a distance away, but still sometimes I take a walk here and it is my opinion that it will take the dropping of an atom bomb to change the area. I drive here, leave the car and take a walk to the sea; being near to the sea fills in me the idea of going places.

Dong, dong, dong went the bells of those churches, all out of unison with one another, on the Good Friday afternoon

most recently past. I was walking that same long stretch of road beneath the trees, pushing my four-month-old grandchild before me in its pram. Clickety-click went the wheels of the sturdy blue canvas pram, not unlike the pram that my wife, Gloria, fashion conscious girl of her times, had bought for our own firstborn. (She also bought this one, to carry in state our first grandchild. It was better, we decided, than those flimsy buggies that people nowadays favored instead of prams. Buggies may be easier to lug around in cars maybe, but too cold for a baby. Our daughter-in-law is one of those who favours a buggy and the thought that my wife and I are typically overbearing in-laws clouds across my mind sometimes, but I liked this pram's depth and the protection it offered.) There I was this Good Friday afternoon, the season's blossom of horse chestnut and sycamore gently stooping over the pram's progress. Every now and then I looked in at the sleeping occupant, I cleared the little passages of its pearly nose for it was a child whose nose often clogged up, and I watched it form wobbly experimental O's with its mouth. There I was, concerned with being a grandfather, when a hand held out before me halted my journey.

## **DRAWING AND WORKS ON PAPER FROM THE I.M.M.A COLLECTION**

by Emma Coyle

This present exhibition consists of 32 drawings, which represent individual artistic expression through drawing. There are



a wide variety of works exhibited from such artists as; Henry Matisse, Sean Scully, Rachel Whiteread and many more. The drawings range greatly from delicate abstract drawings to bold representational drawings. There is also a wide range of different mediums of drawing, from pastel to charcoal. For example, Rachel Whiteread's drawings represent architectural motifs in graphite and

tippex, while Bill Woodrows drawing has a strong surreal feel to it. This exhibition of drawings is ideal for anyone who has a strong interest in the art of drawing.

Exhibition runs till April 17th

## **SIGNAL ARTS**

### **'Shades of Enigma'**

(An exhibition of Monochrome prints)

From Tuesday 14<sup>th</sup> March to Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> March This exhibition represents a body of work, a collaboration from twelve local artists. For the artists involved it is a new fresh direction in creativity. Some of the photographers have participated in other exhibitions using different media.

The artists Partaking are: Robert Byrne, Mary Donoghue, Tim Foster, Susan fry, Darren Jenkins, Ray Kingston, Michelle Lane, Evelyn Malcolm, Emer McGowan, Ross McKevitt, Olga McNieve, and Donal O' Mahony.

Opening Reception: Thursday 30<sup>th</sup> March 2006 (7pm - 9pm)

### **'Vital Illusions'**

An Exhibition of Photographic Surrealism by Rhoda Cunningham.

Tuesday 28<sup>th</sup> March to Saturday 8<sup>th</sup> April 2006,

Rhoda works with several images to build montages to create evocative pieces. Her fine art background is very evident in her work which is very emotive.

'Vital Illusions' are images of photographic surrealism that stretch the imagination to open new windows of perception. Memory and imagination are intrinsic in the participation of the viewer. Reality and fantasy cross when perception is translated from expression of the mind into form. The spectator is then presented with the images where their own participation chooses where reality ends and fantasy begins.

Each image stands on its own as a unique piece with overall theme connecting all the images.

Opening Reception: Thursday 30<sup>th</sup> March 2006 (7pm - 9pm)

Gallery Hours: Monday to Saturday 10pm - 5pm

Closed for Lunch (1pm - 2pm)

## **THE CREATIVE WRITER'S WORKSHOP**

The Creative Writer's Workshop has recently launched their new website with details of all Residential & Non-Residential Writers' Retreats in Ireland & Europe throughout 2006. The next Writer's Retreat, entitled: Creative Writing & Movement, will be held over 3 days (residential) in Avondale House & Forest Park, Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow over St. Patrick's Weekend 17-19 March. Please visit website for details: [www.thecreativewritersworkshop.com](http://www.thecreativewritersworkshop.com) or contact Irene Graham [creativewriting@ireland.com](mailto:creativewriting@ireland.com) or 086 252 3428

IRENE GRAHAM

THE CREATIVE WRITER'S WORKSHOP

tel: +353 (0)86 252 3428

## **Do you read this Journal and is it mailed directly to your home?**

If the answer is yes and you do not attend any of our Arts Evenings during the year then the next question is, would you be prepared to make some contribution towards the journal's production and postage? Answers on the back of a ten euro note please. But seriously, apart from grants from Bray and Wicklow Councils which covers approximately 30% of our costs, the remainder is scraped together from our Arts Evenings modest Admission charge and a Table Quiz at Christmas. Inevitable we come up short each year and have to cancel the final issue of the Journal and what used to be our traditional Mid Summer Concert. We are heading for the same scenario this year and I make the same plea again. If you receive the Journal by post and don't attend any of the Arts Evenings during the year can you please make a contribution. To those, unfortunately too few, who have already contributed thank you so much.

Benezuland



Benezuland

I remember I remember  
That time in sweet Benezuland  
I walked with lamb and lion chanting  
This is the place, the home of plenty.  
The cheetah brushed my knee,  
The ape took my hand,  
Hony-brown days caressed me  
When I walked through dear Benezuland.

*by J.W. Donlon*

## Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : [bacj@eircom.net](mailto:bacj@eircom.net)  
Creative Writing Prose/Fiction Editor : Anne Fitzgerald :  
[afitzgerald3@ireland.com](mailto:afitzgerald3@ireland.com)  
Poetry Editor : Eugene Hearne : [poetrybray@yahoo.ie](mailto:poetrybray@yahoo.ie)

Email submissions to any of the above or post typed  
submissions to  
The Editor BAJ 'Casino',  
Killarney Rd. Bray,  
Co. Wicklow  
Visual material: Photographs by Post. Digital Images by  
Email or CD in JPEG format.  
Deadline 12th of each month.



**BRAY ARTS EVENING MONDAY 6<sup>TH</sup> MARCH 2006 8:00PM**  
**HEATHER HOUSE HOTEL, STRAND RD. SEAFRONT, BRAY**  
**EVERYONE IS WELCOME**  
**ADMISSION 5 EURO AND 4 EURO CONCESSION**



## **IN BY THE HALF**

ONE ACT PLAY BY JIMMY CHINN  
DIRECTED BY DEREK PULLEN  
PLAYED BY AWARD WINNING BRAY ARTS PLAYERS  
Rosary Morley, Mel Murphy, Nicky Jenkins, Orna Murphy & Martin Davidson

**IRISH MUSIC SONG & DANCE**  
WITH  
**GREYSTONES COMHALTAS & FRIENDS**



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