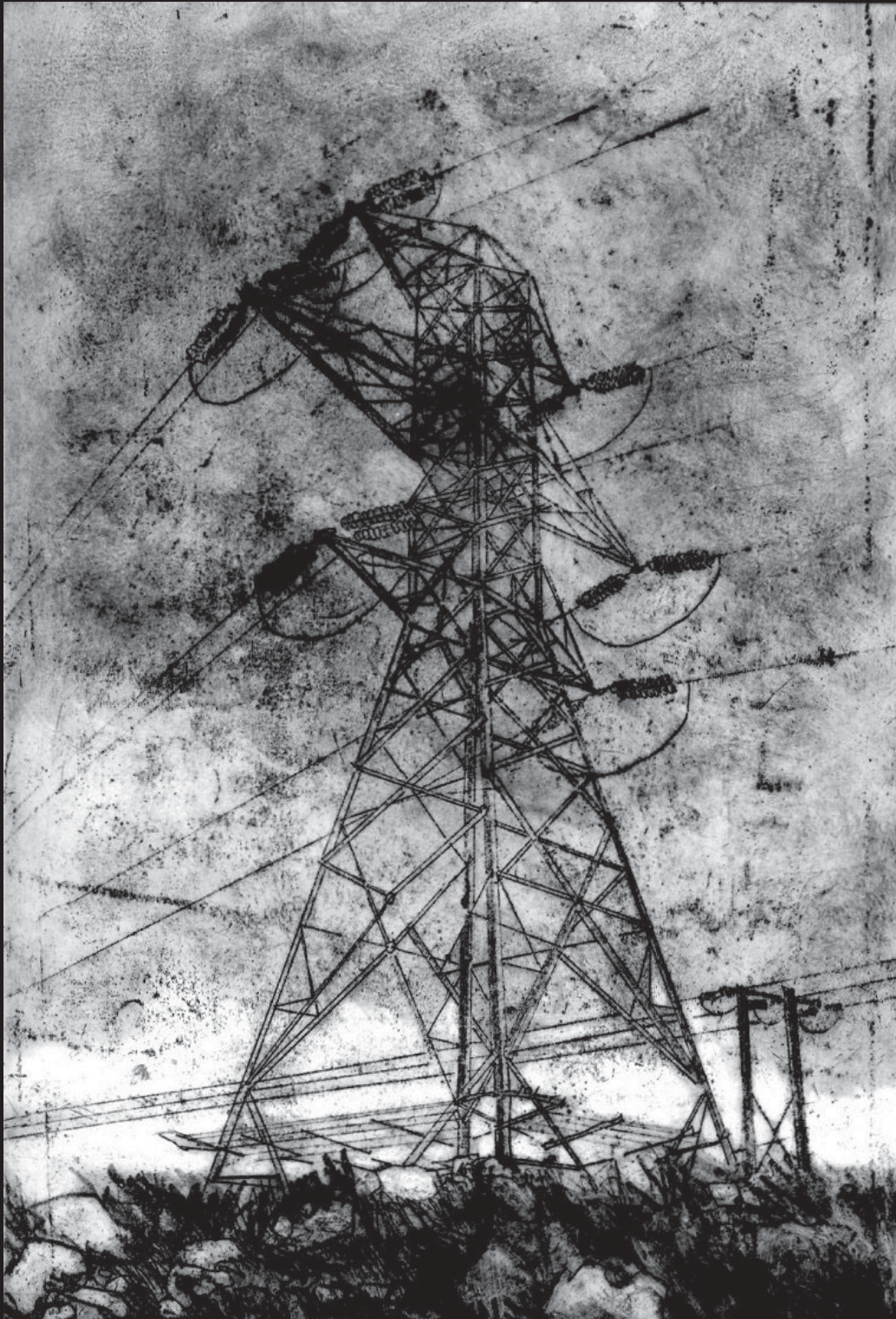

Bray Arts Journal

Issue 7

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Volume 12



EDITORIAL

I used to have a book called *The Two Cultures* by C.P. Snow and although I can't recall it in any detail I do remember that the author was basically lamenting the fact that the Artistic community had no language to communicate with the scientific community and in fact the idea began to take hold that artistic endeavour and science were somehow mutually exclusive. This of course is in stark contrast to an earlier period when Art was part of the sciences and the likes of Leonardo daVinci, Albrecht Durer and even later John Constable the English Landscape artist saw it as another way of probing the mysteries of life or searching for truth. Science and Philosophy are essentially engaged in the same pursuit.

This artificial distinction between the arts and science is taken for granted. If you are a scientist or technologist you could not possibly be artistic and vice versa. Indeed many an artist will state with a sense of pride that they haven't a clue about maths or technology and the technologist will boast about how useless they are at art. Strange, isn't it? Unfortunately this type of thinking is not uncommon in our schools and colleges and as a result we are curtailing and limiting young people's mental horizons.

In his brilliant book *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle maintenance*, Robert M Pirsig addresses this false distinction between the aesthetic and the scientific. He says :-

The Buddha, the Godhead, resides quite as comfortably in the circuits of a computer or the gears of a cycle transmission as he does at the top of a mountain or in the petal of a flower. To think otherwise is to demean the Buddha - which is to demean oneself.

Front Cover : Pylon by Jennifer Cunningham

Mermaid Arts Centre : some recommendations.

Absolute Cabaret with Karen Egan
On Sat 3rd Mar @ 8 pm

Fresh from sell-out shows at Edinburgh and Dublin Fringe Festivals, and following the release of her debut album, *Very Very*, Dublin's drollest Diva brings melody and mischief to the stage. Supported by top musicians Karen presents her original songs together with hits of Brel, Weill and Hollaender in a performance that promises pain, passion, laughter and endless surprises.



A cross between side-splitting stand-up and sexy serenade. In Dublin

For Leaving Certificate Students
Storytellers Theatre Company
Presents
Shakespeare in rehearsal
Monday 12th Mar @ 10am & 12pm

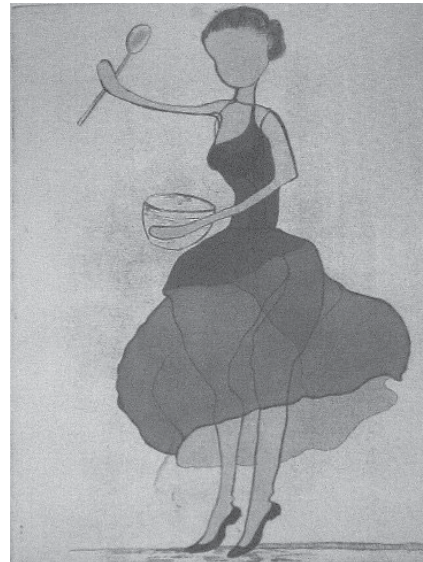
An exciting new project aimed at Leaving Cert. Students. The company will present key scenes from *Macbeth*. Three professional actors and a director will present the scenes and these will be followed by discussions on character, structure, themes and cultural/political context.



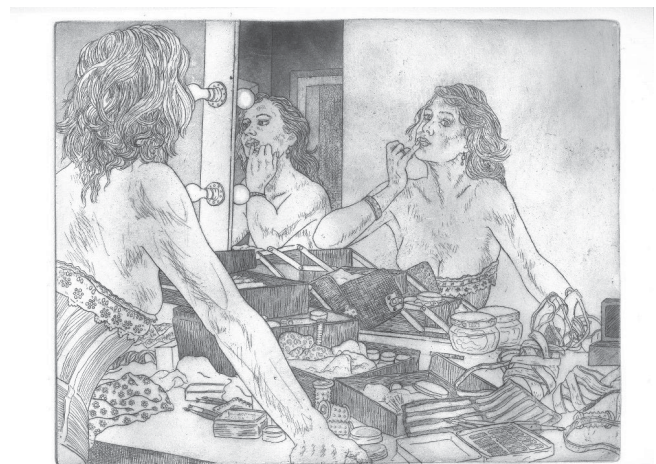
Mermaid Gallery

Kate Walsh and Jennifer Cunningham will have a joint showing

at Mermaid from 16th March to 14th April. Last month's journal cover featured Kate Walsh's art, a work called *Faster*.



This month the cover is Jennifer Cunningham's *Pylon*. We had the pleasure of a preview of both of these artists work at our February Arts Evening and both of them made a big impression on the audience. We highly recommend this upcoming exhibition in Mermaid.



We Are All Actors by Jennifer Cunningham

See the review of these artists on the following page.

REVIEW OF FEB ARTS EVENING

(photographs Frank O'Keeffe)

As mentioned on the previous page we had two visual artists presenting their work at the February Arts Evening. There was a very interesting contrast between their respective memories and observations on their childhood experience.

Kate Walsh evoked warm and fond memories of her early life in Bray. The almost childlike delicate images of her siblings and parents aroused that, often experienced, feeling that the sun was always shining and the days were long and full of innocent fun and adventure. One could sense that the audience were totally engaged with Kate's world as she related the incidents and those quirky little behaviours that make us all distinct yet part of the unbreakable bond of family.



She also showed us images of some of her installation work, one of little girl's shoes, delicate and almost fairy-like and another like an illuminated honeycomb with seemingly hundreds of photographs of her family covering the chamber walls of the honeycomb. In Kates art here is a beautiful mixture of humour, pathos and nostalgia for the simple delights of childhood.

Jennifer Cunningham also looks back on her childhood days in Galway for her inspiration. Jennifer's take on childhood is totally different. Her world is more threatening and hostile. The ominous pylons, derelict places that fascinate but also frighten us as children are very powerfully invoked in Jennifer's prints. Etching is Jennifer's preferred form for this body of work. It is technical and painstaking process and there is an



element of unpredictability and the accidental in it that leaves space for the imagination of the viewer as much as the artist.

But, it must be stated, Jennifer does not rely on accident to invest meaning in her art. It is very clear she is pursuing some fundamental concepts of identity and our place in a world that at times is hostile and fearful. We are part of something greater than ourselves but ultimately alone, fearful and small. A great deal of thought goes into her compositions to express these existential ideas.

Jennifer also showed work from her **Flight Series**. Here she uses the myth of Icarus to intimate the dangers associated with idealism and youthful ego. This young artist is undoubtable one of the most impressive we have seen for some time.

Michael Doorley is what you might called infectiously upbeat. and uplifting It was patently obvious that Michael loves all forms of artistic expression.

He opened his account with

*I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler,
I'm a long way from home
And if you don't like me
Then leave me alone...*

Michael sang with gusto and the audience instantly warmed to him.

Using paintings of Bray and his home town as props Michael captivated the audience with chat about Bray and his memories of Tipperary.

He gave us a potted history of how his book called *Stella Days* is shortly to be made into a film with **Matin Sheehan** playing a leading role and Michael then read from the book itself. This is a talented man and someone who would enliven any gathering with his stories music and chat. His rendition of *Kilkelly Ireland* was warmly received by a very appreciative audience. Thanks Michael.



Will Slattery and Colum Jordan ended the evening with a wonderful set of original songs composed by Will. They call themselves **Will & Colum**. Will is guitarist and lead singer while Colum plays the double base and does backing vocals. It is a cliché but this pair really do have a unique sound. It is easy on the ear with terrific lyrics. One very impressed member of the audience thought that Will sounded very much like **Chris Christophen** and he is not far off the mark. The lads got a rapturous reception and their supply of CDs (5 Track) sold out instantly. Brilliant lads and we hope to see you soon again before you get too famous.

Will and Colum



Will and Colum

Three Poems from

Fathers Day

a collection of poetry by Oliver Marshall

Lecce Remembered

I stood all night in the corridor
of the train from Parma. The river
was completely frozen over. The cathedral
had been a cold shell of disappointment,
dark bricks confidently ascending to nowhere.
It made me worry whether God existed.

In the crowded corridor of the *rapido*
the metal strip on the window forbade me
to lean my head out. *Vietato sporgersi*
dalfinestrino. I put my head out, fearlessly,
to test the Italian darkness, wondering
what would happen, still worrying

whether God existed. Nothing happened
but the beauty. I was like a child again at home
with my father, going to matches. Ancona went past,
its soccer pitch flooded by moonlight. Loreto. Bari.
The stations were like a crescendo of racing commas
that blossomed into a full sentence when Lecce

and its amphitheatre came up. The morning resembled
an Italian girl holding out a bottle
of unopened wine. All winter, until summer
came like a white tree, I taught English to people
who couldn't understand me. An Italian girl
fell in love with me. I couldn't respond,

too young to understand that love does not
require two people to speak the same language.
On dark nights, I hung around churches, dying
of homesickness. Even the Latin did not console
me. One night, I rang my father. He answered
the phone in a next-door grocery shop. He must
have stumbled over glass-lidded boxes of Kimberley
and Marietta biscuits to talk to me.

Thousands of Christmas trees and cribs
with lighted candles in windows were brightening
Ireland. But I could not see them. A thousand miles
away, as he re-cradled the phone, I heard my rattier say:

Lovely to hear your voice.

Thinking of My Mother

Sometimes now, these empty afternoons
when I am past fifty, and sit
listening to woodpigeons call or a dog bark,

it is then I remember my mother,
like a reflection on pale water, as if
she was there, and not quite there at all.

That's the way with some and more with others,
I heard her often say. Or, at the end of a night in winter:
Thanks be to God we lived so long, and did

so little harm. One afternoon in childhood,
I found her diary in the small polished table
in the front room, and read what I should not

have read, words never intended for me.
Heart not too good. Feeling bad all day.
I closed the diary and ran away from the suffering,

not knowing that these anxieties would one day
be mine. She never knew how much I loved her.
Telling her, or giving her presents, seemed no use.

On her last birthday, I wrote on the coloured card:
Thank you for being my mother.
She rang me one Sunday evening, and said, quietly:

Thanks for the message. Her voice
had an air of quiet loneliness.
I was past fifty years of age that evening.

But as we spoke across the distance,
I knew then that my efforts to love
my mother had been worth it after all.

A Tea Chest of Bunting

to my father

Once a year
my father took home a tea chest of bunting.
It sat like an abandoned birdcage near
the mahogany-stained shelves of silver my golfing
grand aunt won in 1926 Shanghai,
until the night before the Corpus Christi procession.
I held the ladder while he slung them high,
poletop to poletop in a zigzag benediction
of colour, a Dionysian stagecloth of blues, reds, yellows and
lime-
greens, a tutti of autumn migrants
congregating two months before their time
to salute the rosary-covered elephant
of the procession, caterpillar with a thousand feet
throatrattling hosanna along the tar-perspiring street.

Each night I write
in my prison-windowed study, self-consciously watching
a moon like a lost Eucharist in flight
between funereal poplars, I think of the tea chest of bunting;
I wish I could snake-charm words from its mouth, fountain-
high
in an arpeggio of pizzicato-pink pennants
cat-arching the black-chasubled sky:
ciborium-gold, regatta-red, snow pallor -
I wish all Ireland might queue like communicants
before my kite tails of triangular colour.

'Father's Day' is on sale in Dubray Bookshop

THE APARTMENT OPPOSITE (EXTRACT)

by Shane Harrison

from his short story collection

The Benefits of Tobacco

I do have my favourite bar, some hundred metres down the rambla towards the ocean. It is called the Theatre bar. Although the theatre opposite has long since given up on showing plays and is now a venue for music and dance, the bar is identified in the traditional way and its sign features two masks, one smiling, one frowning. So, my favourite bar and my favourite barman, Marcos, who, like any emigrant, bore a fond hatred for both his adopted home and his motherland. I liked Marcos because he was one of the few who greeted me, and the only one who knew my order, if not my name. Also, when the mood was jolly he would sneak a quick toast of some burning liquor between orders. Drink, he would order, and we would both knock one back quickly and thump our empties smartly on the counter. Marcos and I were always in harmony.

He had kind words. He would say "You seem gloomy to-night, my friend," or simply, "Cheer up, it is not so bad." There is a danger of becoming maudlin on occasions such as these. There is a danger too of mistaking those token professional kindnesses for something more, for imagining a bond growing where indeed there is nothing more in common than a coincidence of place and time and the necessity of politeness. In time, both dangers would emerge, simultaneously, and provide the inevitable impetus that propels fate.

A couple of nights after my encounter with the gypsy woman I was maudlin in my cups having again had a row with Maria, again concerning my drinking which again, of course, compelled me to go out and drink more. The nights were growing balmy then and I was glad to be able to escape the hubbub of the indoors and sit out on the pavement on the shiny steel chairs, craning up occasionally to catch the sky beyond the tall buildings of the street.

Marcos approaches with my drink. He places it carelessly, but elegantly, on my table. We shoot the breeze briefly and he says something and I smile. "If you are down, there is something that can lift you up," he says.

I shrug. "It is no matter, we all carry the world, in a way."

Marcos places one foot on the seat beside me and, leaning both arms on the raised knee shakes his head. "No, my friend, we all carry each other." So saying, he whips out a packet of cigarettes, some exotic brand that I don't recognise, and taking one out places it on top of my packet of Marlboro. It is a strange thing to do and I must look puzzled because he leans closer and offers something by way of explanation. "Enjoy this later, as you stroll home," he says, "and if anyone asks just say it is a foreign cigarette."

I take a long route home sometimes, skirting the lanes of less salubrious areas. There are pleasant boulevards that funnel into lightless canyons, surprising silent squares, sometimes no more than small points of convergence or a cobblestone clearing, the constituent streets radiating

outwards like the points of stars. Sometimes I search for the sky, see constellations bisected by gargoyles and spires, then again there are times when what seems like Ursa Major or Cassiopeia is simply the arbitrary arrangement of lights in the apartments of a highrise - a little trick played by the city.

This night I wander more than usual, and I smoke Marcos's cigarette. I envelop myself in the mellow company of tobacco. My feet float across the cobbles. The scents of Africa, India, the South Seas and our own sultry pond seep out of doorways, borne on flickering lights and whispered conversations. Here there is a cacophony where some party spills joking into a cramped alleyway, there two lovers clutch in suspended lust - and dewdrops drip from spider webs and glisten on the ground. At one stage I am surprised to walk into a tableau of a painting by Dali, shadows swathed in robes lounge in shaded corners and an exotic, lonely chant echoes through a cloister. But it is dark and I cannot be sure; I lean forward to tentatively touch the air.

I find myself framed in a darkened doorway. Above at fourth floor level a sheet of light hangs suspended against the night. Projected onto the sheet is the recognisable silhouette of two lovers, recognisable because they are nameable. That is, I can name Lionel because it is his shadow that looms over Mme Domenech.

I am reminded of a movie, to the extent that I am transported back to my childhood, enraptured in the stalls while above the myriad flickering beams converge on a point, fanning out to form a fantasy. A filigree of smoke sails, effortlessly and perpetually upwards, sewing ghosts and galleons into the fractured darkness. From such a distance I am amazed that Lionel's features are so clear and that, even as I observe what he is doing, he can look beyond his wife's bare shoulder and seek out my eyes.

"You know what must be," he says, in the booming voice of those ancient monochrome movies.

I am distracted by the woman's voice - "No, no, you must not. You can not. Come back to bed."

"It is time," Lionel says, and his face is very close to mine now, somehow. "You know it is time."



Publisher : Fortyfoot Press : www.fortyfootpress.com

PREVIEW OF ARTS EVENING MAR 5TH 2007

8:00pm Heather House Hotel Strand Road
Admission 5 Euro / 4 Euro Conc
All comers welcome

We have a really good line-up for our March Arts Evening. We will start with a one act play called

I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING
by Arthur Miller

Producer/Director : **Derek Pullen**
Cast : Leonora - **Rosary Morley**
Leo - **Benny Rooney**

Set in 1970s Conneticut, the play features Leonora (Rosary Morley) as the widow of a celebrated engineer and Leo (Benny Rooney) who was a friend and work colleague to Leonora's late husband. Leonora is a lost soul since her husband died. She arrives at Leo's house every night to have dinner, drink his whiskey and converse. Leo is a pragmatist and accepts the hand life has dealt. There is a bond between them as they face into old age, each in their own way.

This is a beautiful play, sad and humorous. We are really privileged to have such accomplished actors as Rosary and Benny to deliver this gem from the pen of a modern genius Arthur Miller. If this play was the only performance of the night it would still be worth while (at twice the price) to experience it. The play will start at 8:30 sharp. Please be there well in advance because we will be asking the bar to suspend business during the play.

In this edition of the Journal we have a sample of **Shane Harrison's** writing from his latest publication
THE BENEFITS OF TOBACCO

You will have deduced no doubt, after reading it, that this very accomplished local writer has a singularly unique writing style. Well as well as the wonderful Artur Miller play you will also have the pleasure of hearing more from Shane's recent writings and an opportunity to purchase his latest collection.

The fare on this particular Arts Evening is of the very highest calibre and our final performer adds to the excess of talent on display.

Madeleine Doherty is well known locally for her playing and singing at church ceremonies, corporate events and charity fundraisers. Madeleine also works with colour as a tool for raising awareness and helping people achieve insight into life's challenges. Apart from her arrangements of well known songs, Madeleine also composes music. While her compositions reflect her passion for music and colour they also comment on life's journey. In her Bray Arts programme Madeleine will play songs by Don McLean, Jimmy MacCarthy and John Lennon and will include songs from her own repertoire.

Madeleine has recorded two CD's to date: **Fiolar** is an acoustic album of original meditation music and song played on her Irish harp. **Colours of Trance** uses her electro-acoustic Concert Harp and is a collaboration with the acclaimed percussionist and producer, James Asher. for more see Madeleine's Website : www.madeleinedoherty.ie

IRISH PAINTERS

James Barry

(b Cork, 11 Oct 1741; d London, 22 Feb 1806). Irish painter, draughtsman, printmaker and writer.

By W.F. Donlon

He was the son of a publican and coastal trader and studied with the landscape painter John Butts (c. 1728-65) in Cork. Early in his career he determined to become a history painter: in 1763 he went to Dublin, where he exhibited the *Baptism of the King of Cashel by St Patrick* (priv. col., on loan to Dublin, N.G.) at the Dublin Society of Arts, by whom he was awarded a special premium for history painting.

He attracted the attention of Edmund Burke, who in 1764 found work for him in London preparing material for volumes of the *Antiquities of Athens* with James 'Athenian' Stuart. From 1765 to 1771 Barry travelled in Europe, financially supported by Burke. In 1773 he was elected to the Royal Academy, London, and in 1782 he became its professor of painting, but he was expelled in 1799 for the increasing eccentricity of his lectures and for his public attacks on the conduct of his fellow members. His last years were spent in penury and self-imposed isolation, al-



Jupiter and Juno

leviated only by the efforts of his few remaining friends to raise an annuity for him. His single-minded promotion of history painting in a market dominated by portraiture, his Roman Catholicism and his Republican sympathies in the increasingly reactionary climate of British politics in the years after the French Revolution often put him at odds with his English contemporaries.

William Blake (1757-1827) the Poet, Mystic and Artist, who regarded Barry highly, wrote in his Annotations to Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses

Who will dare to say that polite art is encouraged or either wished or tolerated in a nation where The Society for the Encouragement of Art suffer'd Barry to give them his labour for nothing, a society composed of the flower of the English nobility and gentry?- Suffering an artist to starve while he supported what they, under pretence of encouraging, were endeavouring to depress. Barry told me that while he did that work, he lived on bread and apples.

Blake was scathing about the fashionable contemporaries of Barry, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough and in reference to them wrote they *blotted and blurred one against the other and divided all the English world between them.*

SIGNAL ARTS PRESENTS :-

MELTING POT

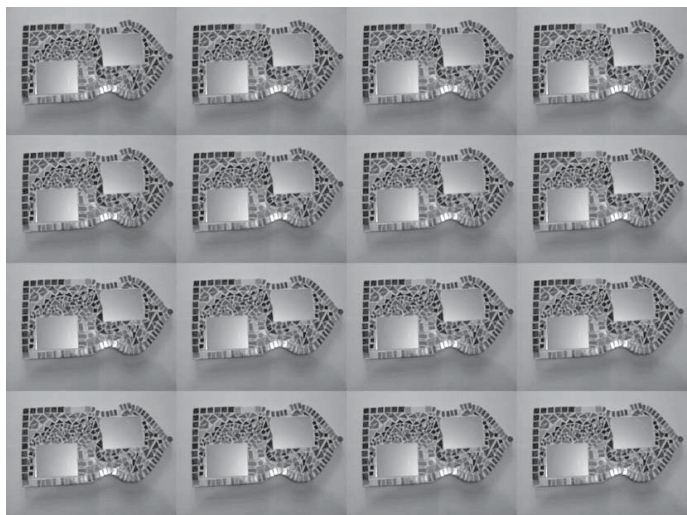
An exhibition of mixed media by artists from New Dawn Training Centre and Festina Lente Foundation.

Monday 12th March to Sunday 25th March

New Dawn Training Centre is part of Eastern Vocational Enterprises Limited (EVE Limited). EVE Limited provides, through its centres, a range of services in Dublin, Wicklow and Kildare to people with mental health difficulties and other disabilities. EVE Limited New Dawn Bray provides training opportunities for adults who wish to develop personal, social and work related skills.

Festina Lente Foundation was founded in 1988 and today is situated at the Old Connaught Avenue in Bray. The Foundation provides a range of integrated training, occupational, learning and employment opportunities to people whose needs have not been met by mainstream services. These services are provided through equestrianism, horticulture and community based activities.

The Creative Expression Module covers a wide range of artistic and literary topics of which visual arts is one. The visual arts element of the module is delivered by **Mark Meakin** and is funded by Wicklow Vocational Education Committee under the Back to Education Initiative. So successful is this part of



the programme that several of its participants have gone on to study art and other subjects in the local VEC college.

Opening Reception: Thursday 15th March 2006 7P.M.-9P.M.

NEW BEGINNINGS

an exhibition of new ceramic works by artist **Alan Boyle**.
Tuesday 27th March to Sunday 8th April

Alan Boyle qualified as a graphic designer from the College of Marketing and Design in Dublin in 1986. He is currently working towards a Diploma in Psychotherapy and Counselling. After working in advertising for many years he began studying ceramics, which led him to focus his creative talents on his own unique ceramic art.

Alan has previously exhibited his work at Art Ireland in the R.D.S Dublin, Art in Action, Ardgillan Castle, the Vevay Art Gallery and also in several group shows throughout Ireland.



Alan's work combines his graphic design background with influences from ancient Irish art and the Irish landscape along with influences from Japan. His work is constantly evolving as he experiments with new techniques. Natural forms and harmonics are strong features of his work.

Alan's philosophy is that ceramics are more than just visual but also tactile. He encourages people to feel the forms and textures of his work.

Opening Reception Thursday 29th March 2007

Gallery Opening Hours Tuesday-Friday 10 - 5 p.m.

Closed for lunch 1P.M.-2 p.m.

Saturday/Sunday 12P.M.-5 p.m. Closed all day Monday

VIDEO VOYEUR

Harold Chassen

The combination of a film based on a Phillip K Dick novel and directed by Richard Linklater had my mouth watering. A **Scanner Darkly** turned out to be an animated feature, but not in the traditional Disney style. It was more like a Manga/Animee or graphic novel. At times I found it a bit hard to follow but as a whole I understood the storyline. With animation Linklater could show some of Dick's ideas that he couldn't portray, to my thinking anyway, without computer graphics. This is certainly one for Phillip K Dick fans and for those who want to see something unusual.





Icarus by Jennifer Cunningham

Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : bacj@eircom.net

Creative Writing Prose/Fiction Editor : Anne Fitzgerald :
afitzgerald3@ireland.com

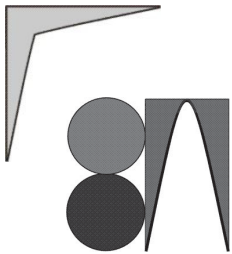
Poetry Editor : Eugene Hearne : poetrybray@yahoo.ie

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 15th of each month.



*Arts Evening Monday 5th March
at the Heather House Hotel Strand Road 8:00 pm
5 Euro / 4 Euro Conc. Everyone is welcome.*

I Can't Remember Anything ; Play by Arthur Miller
(Directed by Derek Pullen; Performed by Rosary Morley and Benny Rooney)

Short Story from The Benefits of Tobacco
(by Shane Harrison)

Madeleine Doherty : Singer and Harpist with the music of Don McLean,
Jimmy McCartjy, John Lennon and her own compositions.

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