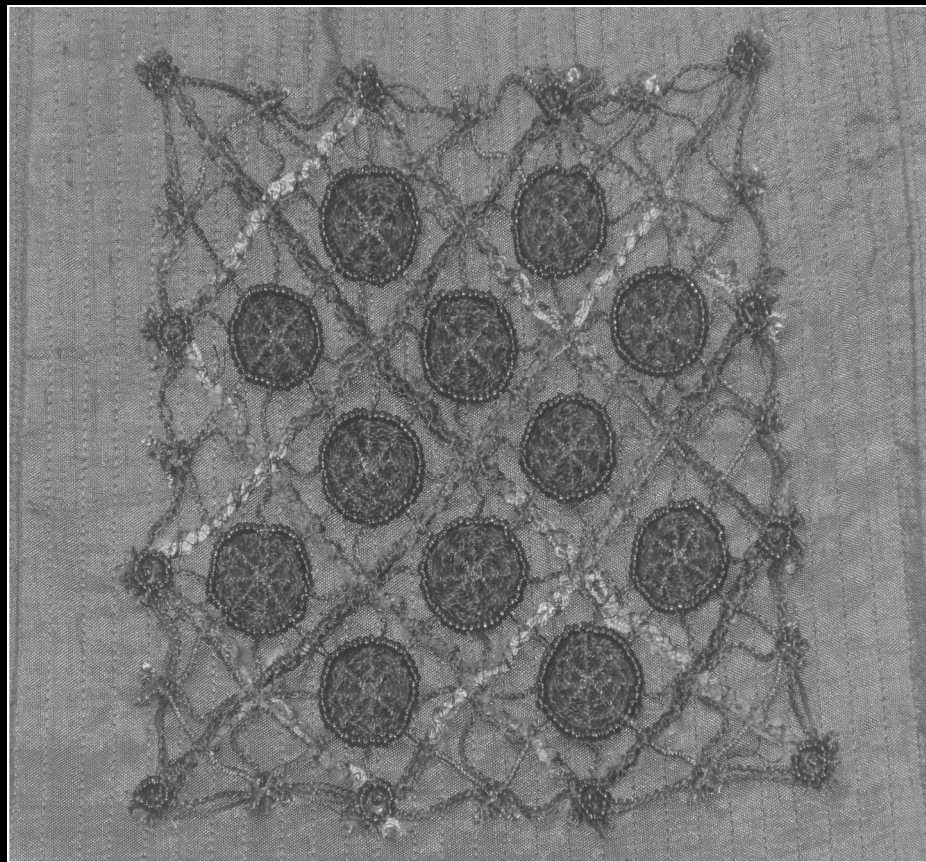

Bray Arts Journal

Issues 9/10

May/June 2014

Volume 19



FREE

REVIEW

Bray Arts Show

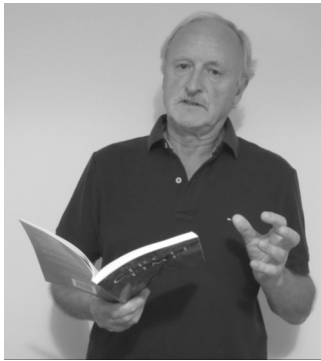
Mon March 3rd, 2014

Nothing for Arts lovers to beware as the month of March kicked off with music, poetry and more music again and again. Irish traditional music from **Comhaltas Bray** opened the evening. This young ensemble is the very embodiment of Spring and the ever sprightly Cearbhall writes up the tyro talent in more detail elsewhere in the Journal.

Phil Lynch from the Dalkey Writers' Workshop was second up on stage. A seasoned campaigner on the battlefield of

poetry, his work is measured and accessible, always well-grounded in the little details of life. Bray's relentless sea, a grand-daughter's first amusing struggles with words, Picasso's Guernica-these are some of the topics he explores and expands.

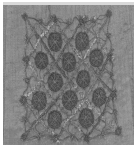
He knows his stuff in all senses of the phrase, as he delivers many of his poems without reference to the page. That is uncommon at a reading, I find. The held



page, the much waved chapbook, is something of a crutch, or a screen. It is an admirable enough device where the poet is sufficiently engaged to commit his own work to memory and convey it to an audience without prompt, like a well-remembered ballad. All poetry was like that once. The thought, the word, the voice - together creating an art left hanging in the air for the soul to wander through. Lynch is aided in this by his use of rhyme and by the fact that he draws from a lexicon that is free of literary pretension. The result is a poetry that sits easily in the memory.

Sofia Artega's art does not hail from the memory zone. Instead she seeks to awaken her muse in the living instant, drawing sound pictures with a magic wand. These are rabbits from a hat, or, "whose line is it anyway?" Her first two pieces were planned. Visions of the southern hemisphere emerged, a theme music from a film as yet unmade. Dueling recordings of music and noise were more art-house, interesting if not exactly seductive.

Another part of Sofia's project seeks stimuli from the audience. Word associations are converted into sound and the sequence developed along routes that could be musical, or simply noise. It's a bold idea. One that I suspect will never really work beyond the embryo of experimentation. Take Picasso's doodling's on glass or table napkins. A great artist, perhaps - there's some evi-



Front Cover

By Brid McCabe
See page 15

dence - but how does his Flash Harry show compare with the likes of Guernica?

Art seems 'free'. Music, with all its abstract verve, seems tailor-made for improvisation. Of course, brighter sparks will spot the contradiction in terms. Art and craft are hard won. The works of art best remembered have been carefully planned by the artist, with the added twist of it being made to seem so simple and natural. I like Sofia's bravery, her cheerful candour and her talent. Her touch on various percussion and her timing in laying down live tracks was impeccable. These are the raw materials to go on and create worthwhile art.

A dreadful plague afflicts yet another Arts night headliner - what is it, do you think? The raw savagery of the notorious Monday night mob? It falls to another brave Dutch boy to stick their finger in the dyke. "Oh flood, here comes the flood!" Gavin Coleman drew the short straw and, as the lemmings laughed and jeered, he was pushed from the ice flow into the frigid waters of Upstairs at the Martello.

Nerves were the main thing to afflict Gavin's performance. His guitar strumming is rhythmic and strong, his vocal range wide and powerful. Starting with Tom Waits's Martha, he gave a powerful version, suffused with all the lived-in huskiness of the original. Joni Mitchell's Carrie is a song of an entirely different color, yet Gavin slid along that musical rainbow with ease. Elsewhere, there were snatches of reggae, a touch of salsa, and a couple of solid originals.

There was a downside too. A tendency to self-deprecate is grating when the evidence of the performance is to the contrary. It was overdone. An unplanned

duet with Sofia petered out, predictably enough. The Macy Gray cover was so-so, again predictably. Meanwhile, off-the-cuff riffing at the end of the numbers worked well sometimes, at others verged on the toe-curling. Yet these are all tapable energies too. There was a likable brittleness about it all, a sense of watching a rare plant struggle amongst the weeds. Struggle to fruition, perhaps. I'd bet on it.

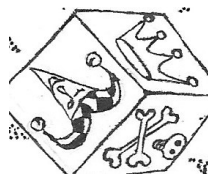
By Shane Harrison

REVIEW

Bray Arts Show

Mon April 7th, 2014

Gislbertus arrived and set up a series of wall charts and maps to set the scene. Then he gathered the volunteers and briefed them on their roles. Dungeons and Dragons was originally released as a board game in 1974. Played with a dice the dungeon master acts as storyteller and referee creating imaginary adventures and with role playing of the participants. Together they embark on a journey to solve dilemmas and engage in battles. Gathering knowledge and treasure, the characters earn points, becoming increasingly more powerful. We received a window into this world of which none of us knew before.



By Julie-Rose McCormick

The one-act play **PVT Wars** by **James McLure** is a gem. It was well selected by Square One Drama Group to show the considerable talents of three of their actors; **Keith Cooper** as Gately, **David Butler** as Sylvio and **Denis Dwyer** as



Natwick, repeating their Bray One Act Festival success in a Bray Arts performance. Well done to the director and actors for managing to maintain the magic of the play, outside its theatrical setting.

James McLure has empathy with his subject matter, the tragic effects of being involved in a war, in this case the Vietnam War, on its victim soldiers. They are recuperating in a hospital after their involvement in the conflict, but it is obvious these former soldiers will never get better. Outcasts and forgotten by society, it is up to them to forge a new identity for themselves, confined to the company of each other. By the end of the play it emerges that they have become institutionalized and will never leave the hospital at all.

PVT Wars is a gesture to all the forgotten soldiers in the world, sent home as heroes and then spurned by the country that used them as fighting fodder. There are memorable line that show the resilient humour of our three champions, maimed for life with debilitating physical and psychological injuries but laughing and letting the audience join in with them. Somehow in the end, the playwright allows their humanity and their courage to show through because, as Gately says saluting a new dawn after an all-night drinking session, 'This night will never come again.

Sylvio, deeply scarred physically and mentally by his war experience, has his response. 'You promise?'

By Carmen Cullen

Trevor Ledwidge (Pattanga) took to the stage with his guitar to close the night. He dove straight into his original pieces, noting that although he was a singer/songwriter, he would be playing purely instrumental music. Pattanga has a very unique sound.

Trevor's background in classical guitar becomes evident as he plays. There are also hints of folk, roots and even dance music



in his original work. Trevor introduced an element of percussion as he tapped on the body of his guitar between strums in a beautiful song about a lake that he came across on his travels in Budapest. It is always a good sign to look around and see an entire group of people with their eyes closed, lost in the music - a point which became apparent as I looked around at the audience. Check out Pattanga on soundcloud: <https://soundcloud.com/pattanga>

PREVIEW

Bray Arts Night

Mon May 12th, 2014

Martello Hotel, Bray

Everyone Welcome: Adm. €5/€4

conc.

Fiona O' Farrell - Artist

Fiona is a long-time supporter of Bray Arts. She has shown some of her own creative Textiles before at our monthly gatherings, and has also shared the works of her Special Needs students from the Training Service in Sunbeam House, where she has worked at the



frontline of service for more than 21 years. Happily living in Wicklow for 40 years, Fiona has often taken flight and has travelled to faraway places. Her recent family trip to Bali will give a glimpse of this small island's unique landscape and culture and will give us a taste of this Hindu enclave in the midst of Muslim dominated Indonesia.

Rosaleen Power - Botanical Artist

From the 2nd to 14th May 2014, an exhibition takes place in the Botanic Gardens exhibiting work from the newly formed I.S.B.A., Irish Society of Botanical Artists. The I.S.B.A. started the alphabet

project for all those interested in painting flowers. The project revolved around the use of the old Irish alphabet. Each artist got a wild flower to paint around a letter representing its Irish name. I was given the burnet rose and I have been inspired by its beauty.



Since then I have painted it in watercolour as part of the project, then I tried it on porcelain, embroidery and in crochet. I am looking forward to showing you the results.

Salvator Andrades Santiago - Gypsy Rumba

Salvator Andrades Santiago hails from Algeciras in Southern Spain. He performed his first solo concert in 1976 at the age of 12. Since then he has performed with some of flamencos most important artists including Camaron and Fosforito; recorded movie soundtracks, including 'The Mask of Zorro' with Antonio Banderas and performed internationally including Japan, Poland, Czech Republic and at Irelands' National Concert Hall.

Manuel Sanz Olivencia is also from Algeciras, Southern Spain. Has been studying Flamenco since the age of 15. Since then he has been performing in Europe and North Africa. He has collaborated several recordings of Flamenco music, solo and with Salvador. He has been resident in Ireland since 2013 where he has

been performing regularly with groups Manden Express.

Gypsy Rumba perform a wide range of styles from Spain to South America. Their influences include the Master of Modern Flamenco guitar – Paco de Lucia, Andalus Flamenco singer Camaron, The Gypsy



Kings and Brazilian Bossa Nova star Tom Jobim. Gypsy Rumba produce a show that takes the audience on a voyage through delicate Flamenco tunes and powerful Rumba's that may lead the audience to infectious hand clapping.

PREVIEW

Bray Arts Night

Mon June 9th, 2014

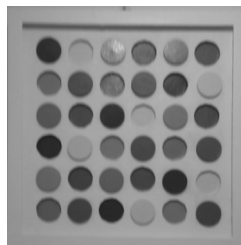
Martello Hotel, Bray

Everyone Welcome: Adm. €5 /€4
conc.

Jim Mullins - Painter

A Corkman by birth, Jim Mullins now lives and works in Co. Wicklow. Jim developed a passionate interest in the world of fine art at an early age. His engagement in multimedia and three-dimensional art forms began in earnest when he commenced his personal journey of self-

discovery outside his native territory. Extensive travel throughout the world, most particularly in Australia during the late 1970s and early '80s, honed Jim's observational and interpretive skills and allowed him to develop his personal art philosophy. However, it was not



until he went to live in London in 1985 that he mastered his unique style, working with three-dimensional materials from the building trade - a style strongly influenced by music and rhythm and the positive impact that they can have on our lives.

"I use paint to draw out the intrinsic patterns and textures of the materials that I work with," Jim explains. "As you move through each individual piece of my work, the images shift and change, allowing you a different perspective from wherever you're standing. Pattern, colour, flow and change – these are the elements I use to communicate my faith in the ever-changing harmony and wholeness of life."

Mobile: 087-6994949

Email: enhancepainting@eircom.net

Olwen Melling - Writer

O. R. Melling is already a well-established author; she has won many prestigious awards for her writing, and her YA books and previous adult novel have gained wide critical acclaim. Two of her titles, *The Druid's Tune* and *The Hunter's Moon*, sold over 250,000 copies and her books have been translated into numerous languages. She was born in Ireland and grew up in Canada with her seven sisters and two brothers. Melling has a

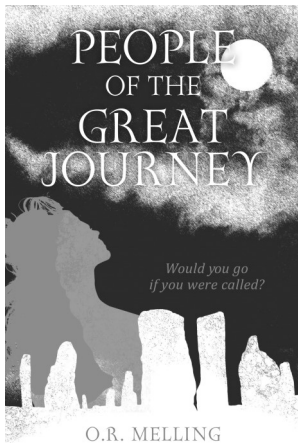
B.A. in Philosophy and Celtic Studies and an M.A. in Mediaeval Irish History. Her home is a small town by the sea, but this year she is helping to run a Tibetan Buddhist Centre in the Irish countryside. The latter activity



will bring her to Outer Mongolia and across the Gobi Desert in the company of a high lama.

People of the Great Journey draws on her own travels, shamanic studies and mystical experiences.

www.ormelling.com



Cafe Vaudeville - Band

The Cafe Vaudeville Band play a variety of Jazz, Blues, Vaudeville and Ragtime from 1900 to 1940 they play numerous instruments and have a unique sound. As the Band only got together in March 2012 things have really taken off for them, they have performed in Festivals , Cafe Theatres , Barbeques, private parties, Fetes, farmers markets as well as selected bar venues.



They are really enjoying the journey of finding the best songs from 1900 to 1940 and putting their own twist on them. They also write and perform their own original quirky tunes. They are currently working on their second Album "Cafe Vaudeville" My website can be viewed at jhilquinn.com.

THE DAUGHTERS OF LÉINÍN

The Church of Léinín's five daughters squatted in ruins on the hill. Not many knew it was there, but he did. He knew those daughters! They were said to be nuns and maybe they were but, wasn't it the only decent thing you could say about women who refused marriage and defied their men? They said that the church was Christian and maybe it was but, back in those times... well, who knew? One thing was for sure, it was built to catch the first beam of the mid-winter sun in the arch of the chancel. Isn't that how the pagan druids built their barrows in the royal county? And everyone knew that, in the time before Patrick brought Christ to the Irish, those pagan druids worshipped the sun!

He climbed the hill past the straggle of houses, past the magpies in parliament, past the whispering wood, up to the stony, bare crown where the hill tumbled, head-over-heels to the sea. There was an obelisk on top, a recent thing, from where he could see his native parish spread out. And beyond it, boroughs and town-lands and far-flung counties, the mountains of another dominion and way, way on the horizon, over the sea, the faint, blue smear of a foreign land.

The hill seemed to attract women. He saw them come every day in ones and twos and threes, parking their cars and walking their dogs. At weekends it was alive with children and fathers, teenagers and couples but on Mondays, when the children went back to school, when the men went back to work, the women took over. They said they came for the view, for the walk, for the dog, for the chat with their friends but - and this was crucial- there were plenty other places to go! The district was surrounded with beaches and piers, promenades and cliff walks so.... why did they come to the hill? He was certain that they came for one reason, and one reason only, the powerful come-hither of Léinín's five, perverse daughters.

Sometimes he came to the hill in the night, past the courting couples in cars and he sat in the trees looking down on the church hoping to learn something while above him the stars wheeled the sky. By day, Léinín's five daughters slept under their leachs, but by night they came out.... he had seen them! He'd tried to follow but, they were deceptive as will-o-the-wisp, elusive as shadows. He'd heard their laughter though, and their voices. He'd seen them crouch on the hill. He knew that in autumn they whirled through the sky, hurling rain on the village, snatching the smoke from the chimneys and worrying the trees. He glimpsed them ride the bare air in their power putting a mí-áth on houses where men ruled the hearth and calling on women to follow.... He wasn't afraid of them, lord no, but he was mystified. What in heaven or earth did they want?

Sometimes he stood in the trees on the hill in the morning. The women he saw then were women whose kind he knew. Women released from their kitchens, their children in school, their husbands in work, their dogs on a leash. He sat on a stone ledge and listened. Sound carried up here on the hill and he often heard whole conversations.

But the women walking the hill in the morning talked only of a neighbour's failed marriage, a daughter's results in exams, where to buy organic vegetables, the who and the why of a family row..... the usual tattle of women.

One morning, in Winter, he stood in the place where the sound carried best. An easterly wind grazed his face and the sky promised sleet. A skittish red setter came bounding up the path, sniffing at trees and wagging its tail. It came right up to him and sniffed at his shoes and seemed to want to be friends. It was not that he didn't like dogs, they were fine, as long as they kept to themselves. The dog stuck its nose in his crotch...

"Shoo, shoo," he said flapping his hands

Just then, five women came into sight, the dog pushed his nose deeper, lord but this was embarrassing.

"This your dog?" he called and his voice sounded more like a squeak.

"No it's not." said one, but she slapped her thighs and called, "here boy."

The dog ran to her and she fondled its ears. It gambolled and frisked around the women.

"Aren't you a beauty!" said another patting its head.

"Yes you are, you are totally gorgeous!" laughed a third bending down to look straight in its eyes.

The dog raced away up the hill and the women followed. He stood there recovering. And that night, that very same night, he heard the dog howl and howl. And the very next morning his snowdrops were dug up and trampled!

He watched for those five women again and, as they came into view, he took note. One had tawny glasses, one had long black hair, one had the agility of a goat, one was tall and flapped her arms like a crane and one counted magpies. Five! The same number as daughters! They greeted him civilly. And this time no dog. Not one dog between them! Women released from their kitchens always had dogs. So who were this five? Had they power over dogs? He decided to watch for more signs, more omens, more facts.....

A week later as he sat and waited, wild laughter burst up through the trees. He slipped behind a holm oak and listened. It was the five women alright and they were conversing, speaking of things that they shouldn't. Things of the dark and the marriage bed. And they laughed! Oh yes, they laughed. And their laughter was wild and unfettered, like the laughter he'd heard on the hill in the night when the daughters of Léinín were loosed from their leachs. So.... they were five, they had power over dogs, their talk was unseemly and they laughed, how they laughed!

Another day and he spied them again, this time they were climbing slowly, heads bowed. One spoke while the other four listened but, their talk was too quiet for him to hear. They smiled at him as they passed and he followed them, stretching his ears. Single words floated back on the cold morning air, "images", "fantasies", "dreams". He followed stealthily hoping to learn more but as soon as he got close, they changed the subject!

From then on he awoke every morning feeling haunted and hot and lapped in the bilge of a dream. He had to fight his way out of his sheets which were twisted and sweaty and bound him like ropes. He splashed his face in cold water and remembered the women. They were five, they had power over dogs, their talk was unseemly, their laughter unfettered and now they'd ensorcelled his dreams.

Over several weeks all he caught were scrag ends of their talk encrusted with words such as "wanderlust", "rebellion", "disobedience", "goddess".... And each morning they stopped at the crest of the hill and sat on the rocks, eyes closed, heads tilted back. They sat in the place where morning's first arrows of light hit the hill. What were they up to? The sun is too pale in March for sunbathing. He felt excited, he felt he was on the brink of discovering something.

All during April the five women sang on the hill and they laughed. The tall crane-like one left the path urging the others to follow in through the burgeoning trees. The one with black hair dawdled over buds and new leaves. The one agile as a goat leaped from a rock and fingered the patterns of moss. The counter of magpies breathed in huge gulps of Spring air and the one with the glasses threw back her head, opened her arms and harked to some bird in the sky. Daily they greeted him and smiled and made small talk of weather and sometimes, when they had passed, he'd find himself staring at stones or fingering the silver nap on a leaf and he had to remind himself sternly that they were likely not mortal.

Then May sauntered in, in her froth and her finery. The sun ripened nicely, gilding the water, the sky and the stones. He followed the women to the bald pate of the hill. They stopped there as always and then, right in front of him, they lifted their arms to the sky and bowed to the sun. They did it three times. He could scarcely believe his eyes.... Now he was sure. They were five, they had power over dogs, their talk was unseemly, their laughter unfettered, they ensorcelled his dreams and now this. They were the she-druid daughters of Léinín... he'd been right all along

That night his dreams danced with Luagh the sun-god. The One before Christ. The One who arrowed deep chambers with light in mid-winter, the one piercing the arch of a chancel. This time he awoke warm and refreshed. He rushed to the hill.

They were sitting on rocks in the sun having a picnic. He smelt the sharpness of coffee, the waft of fresh bread. He craned his neck and saw a cloth laid with cream cheese, fat strawberries, honey and figs. The women were laughing again and licking their fingers and he found that he envied their friendship, their enjoyment of life. The one with the glasses caught some movement he made.

"Who's that?" she called.

The agile one leaped up and caught sight of him there, crouched and embarrassed.

"It's your man!" said the counter of magpies.

"Would you like to join us?" the tall one asked making space on the rock

But he couldn't move.

"You're sisters," he blurted, "aren't you?"

They laughed in their unfettered way.

"What makes you think that?"

"Well... you are five ..." he faltered not knowing how to explain.

"Here, have some coffee," said the agile one.

She filled a plastic cup and held it out to him and he knew that it was not of this world and he had to resist it, resist them. He stood there unable to move. They were trying to capture him, render him helpless with their magic. He could feel his heart beating, his breath getting caught in his chest. He shut his eyes tight and he stumbled away down the hill and all the way home. And he didn't look back, not even when their siren laughter plucked at his shoulders and pulled on the tail of his coat.

He never returned to the hill. But, on the nights when a slit of moon winks through his window, he can still hear their laughter, their unfettered laughter and he knows that old Luagh, the sun-god is about to dance gold through his dreams.

By Catherine Brophy



A VISITOR FROM COLCHIS

Looking up from weeding, a king
approaches,
stepping daintily with gold flecked robes and fixes me closely with
bright, white eyes.
He commands my memory to times long past;
Standing in line in a dripping wood, tap tapping stick on hazel,
"Keep up on the right!"
At my feet a heart-stopping explosion of panicked wings
rising with a double-barrelled cry.
You are most welcome, fugitive from distant guns
to grace us with your presence.

By Richard Webb

A NEW ORDER

You only leave home when you are good and ready to, I know now, but at the age of eighteen, in the sixties in Dublin, things seemed very different.

This was my first year at university and UCD was bubbling over with new thought. In Paris students had fought behind barricades and we sensed the baton of revolution had been passed on to us. It was a time of protest meetings. There was a great shortage of public housing and a broadly based lobby group called The Dublin Housing Action Committee had been formed.

“Where are you going in that rig out?” My father asked staring askance at my hippy satin flares and strings of beads one Saturday morning as I set out for a mass meeting in the city centre. Do you want to have the entire street laughing at you?

I hated his disapproval of anything, but I loved my new life beckoning to me with all the promise of the future.

“I’m only going to a meeting outside the GPO”, I said vaguely and his face grew long.

“Mind yourself dear so,” he had to capitulated when he saw me making for the door but I could feel his concerned gaze as I hurried out.

“If you go to San Francisco, be sure to wear some flowers in your hair” I sang to myself as I boarded a bus for the city. The sky was a cheerful blue and the nippy air made me glad I’d remembered my standard, surplus-army jacket.

For some months the student activist group I belonged to called the SDA had formed a united front with the Dublin Housing Action Committee. We were to march on the streets of the capital together and a big turnout was expected. A picture floated into my mind of one of our radical student get-togethers full of heady speeches and glorious sentiments. The gatherings were inspiring but I didn’t like the role I played because not knowing enough jargon I sat through every meeting without speaking a word. This gave me a chance to do something different. Maureen De Burca, a woman high up in the Dublin Housing Action Committee had no problem finding words and her clear voice ring as I arrived in O’Connell Street.

What do we want? The chant was resounding.

Houses for all.

When do we want them?

We want them now.

I had hoped to find some friends amongst the milling crowds but although I did spy familiar faces they were already in line and chatting vehemently together. I became my old tongue-tied self again and slipped in further down. Soon the Maoists from Trinity arrived. I wouldn’t even try and join them because they carried their little red book in their pockets and even without them would shut you up with their deadly, earnest stares.

We set off, the chanting got louder and O'Connell Bridge loomed. Excitement mingled with fear rippled through the crowd and my heart plummeted when the news got out. The police were going to baton charge.

“Outrageous”, the cry went up.

“We'll stand firm,” a Che Guevera look-alike vowed. I was shaking but determined to stick it out and then unfortunately My father's face before I left that morning sprang into my mind; hurt because I wouldn't take his advice, probably wondering what he had done wrong to turn me into a rebel. He'd never forgive me if he found out about this.

Some people sat down on the bridge. I was leaping up to see where the end of the march was, when the charge started.

I stared transfixed. This was no Saturday afternoon protest and violence erupted all around me. A policeman's fist grabbed my clothes pushing me back roughly and a cherished string of beads burst and spilled onto the street.

“Leave me alone, I shouted. Look what you've done” but my words fluttered in the air uselessly .

A fresh conundrum was presented to me when I reached home. In his battle to make ends meet my father had converted the top half of our old house into flats. I spied placards outside the gate as I came near. Dublin Housing Action Committee, a banner proclaimed.

He was making frantic phone calls to the police as I pushed in the door and sneaked past him up the stairs. “Strike for fair rents”, the shout came in faintly as I looked out the window.

By Carmen Cullen

SIGNAL ARTS CENTRE

'A Year At My Back Door'

A photography exhibition

By Ciara Brehony

Tues 27th May – Sun 8th June 2014

Ciara Brehony recently moved from Kilcoole to Bray, Co. Wicklow, from where she now works and writes. She studied Ceramics and Sculpture in IADT, however, since then has worked exclusively in the area of textiles and photography as well as writing.



Over the last 17 years, in particular, both her writing and her photographic work has been largely influenced by her environment, in particular the marshland and beach area of Ballydonarea in Kilcoole, and how they are constantly transformed and reshaped by the seasons and changing weather.

'The Year At My Back Door' is Ciara's first solo exhibition.

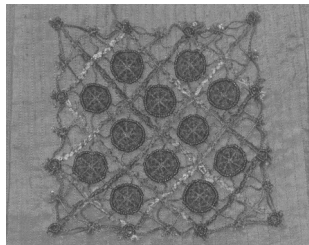
**Opening Reception:
Thurs 29th May, 7-9pm**

'Ten x Ten'

An exhibition with 04 Group

Tues 13th - Sun 25th May 2014

The 04 group is a collection of 10 textile artists based in the Dublin area who have been exhibiting regularly since 2004. Hence the title of our exhibition – Ten artists celebrating our Ten year's of creative collaboration! From a variety of backgrounds, we all have completed the City and Guilds diploma in Design and Crafts – Stitched Textiles. Incorporating stitch, fabric, paper, fibre and found objects and using both contemporary and traditional techniques, we have



pushed the boundaries of textile practice as individuals and developed our own unique style. This innovative collective exhibition explores a range of different themes from various cultures worldwide to topics that are more personal and reflective. A piece might explore memory – how one renews it and captures it in one's imagination. Another works with pattern in various forms – exploring fluidity and movement... The group is passionate about the potential and wonder of working with textiles and this ambitious exhibition is testament to that passion.

**Opening Reception:
Fri 16th May, 7-9 pm**

‘Moments of Inspiration’

New Works by Barry Edwards

24th June – 6th July 2014

Barry Edwards is a Painter and Printmaker living in Waterford City. Over the past two years he has been thoroughly engaged



in a personal regeneration of his art and spends many hours painting and sketching ‘Pleine air’ along the River Suir shoreline

near where he lives.

Barry describes himself as a serial sketcher and regularly explores areas repeatedly in all weathers drawing, painting and working on several pieces at once. These works are extremely important as they have the virtue of catching a fleeting moment, something that can’t be recaptured. It is often the element of accidental encounter that inspires him.

Barry has also started to use these sketches and smaller paintings, along with memories acquired, to make larger works and etchings in his studio in the city.

Barry only started painting again after an accident in 2011. He exhibited in a group show at, ‘Hive Emerging Artists’, gallery in Waterford City in 2012 and in the ‘Scratching the Surface’, Print exhibition which was part of the Imagine Arts festival in Waterford in 2012.

‘Moments of Inspiration’, is Barry’s first solo exhibition.

Opening Reception:

Thurs 26th June, 7-9pm

Wetlands

‘Works by Paul Rose’

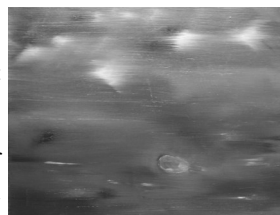
Tues 29th April – Sun 11th May

Paul Rose was born in Gravesend, Kent and moved to Mayo, Ireland in 1995. He worked as a registered nurse until 2003 when he was injured at work. Always having a love of the arts he took up painting as a therapeutic outlet. He then studied art and design at GMT, Castlebar graduating with a BA in 2012.

His projects often consist of multiple works, often in a range of different media, grouped around specific themes and meanings. Paul’s artistic practice is engaged with social and cultural identity stemming from feelings, dreams, and memories and he considers his work as a journey through life.

‘Wetlands’ is Paul’s second solo exhibition. He has always been fascinated by the Irish Wet-

lands/bogs. Ireland’s peat bogs are valued landscapes and places of unique flora and fauna,



they feature throughout Irish history, art, music and folklore, appearing to be ever present and never ending. It’s topography which is transformed by ever changing light, at times crammed or lost in dejection, sometimes standing full of pride with an impression of poignant restraint, calmness, wellbeing and ruggedness.

Opening Reception:

Fri 2nd May, 7-9pm



From all of us in the Bray Arts Club would like to thank **Anne Fitzgerald** for her many years as artistic director, tracking down and sourcing poets and writers for the Bray Arts Club nights and journals.

Anne has read from a variety of her own published works over the years, which were much enjoyed by all. She also collected the door takings while selling and promoting the works of many writers and musicians CDs.

We hope to see her in the future with some further fascinating writings of her own. We wish her the best of luck with future projects.



Bray Arts Night Monday 5th May

Martello, Seafront, Bray

Doors open 8:00pm Adm: €5/€4 conc. Everyone welcome.

More on Bray Arts on Facebook and www.brayarts.net

For more information call: 01-2860682

Fiona O'Farrell - Artist

Give a glimpse of the unique landscape and culture of the small island of Bali as expressed in the timeless crafts of Asia found in this Hindu enclave in the midst of Muslim dominated Indonesia.

Roz Power - Botanical Artist

Show a unified collection of paintings in celebration of the Irish language, native Irish plants and botanical art depicting the variety of plant forms and habitats on the island of Ireland.

Gypsy Rumba - Manuel Sanz Olivencia and Salvador Andrades Santiago

Brings the sound of Summer as they perform a wide range of music from Spain to South America through delicate Flamenco tunes and powerful Rumba rhythms leading to infectious hand clapping.

Bray Arts Night Monday 2nd June

Jim Mullins - Painter

Shows how Pattern and colour flow and change in three-dimensional multimedia art forms in which the images shift as the viewer moves through each individual piece of his work.

O. R. Melling - Writer

Weaves her visionary web of credibly chilling soul-searching explorations delivered with potent poetic licence in a tale of one woman's journey of self-discovery through mystical practices and ancient rites.

The Cafe Vaudeville - Band

Celebrates the close of the Bray Arts year with a variety of Jazz, Blues and the best Vaudeville and Ragtime songs from 1900 to 1940. Join in and come dressed as a 1920's flapper or gent in two-tone shoes and pin-striped suit!

BRAY Jazz Festival 2014

Bray Jazz Festival returns for its 15th edition on the May Bank Holiday weekend, with a packed programme of international and home grown music from some of the leading name acts in contemporary jazz.

Described as “one of the very best small jazz festivals in Europe”, Bray Jazz 2014 will once again seek to live up to that billing – and will feature headline performances by Latin jazz maestro Vinicius Cantuária (Friday 2nd), emerging Norwegian jazz star Marius Neset (Saturday, 3rd), and by two of the leading figures in contemporary American jazz, Dave Douglas & Uri Caine (Sunday, 4th).

Headline shows will take place nightly at Mermaid Arts Centre, while there will also be a programme of early evening recitals – featuring Manden Express from West Africa, by contemporary folk quartet This is How we Fly, and by Indian classical duo Joyeeta and Debijoti Sanyal respectively.

Elsewhere, this year’s festival will present a full programme of shows nightly at the event’s new Harbour Stage at The Harbour Bar, will host a free to the public matinee showcase at The Royal Hotel on Saturday afternoon, 3rd May, and will also stage a busy jazz trail programme across bars, hotels and restaurants in the town.

This issue is being sponsored by
Hiltons, 2 Main Street, Bray.

Submission Guidelines

Editor: Karen Quinn - editor@brayarts.net

Email submissions to the above or post to :

Editor Bray Arts Journal, 14 Dwyer Park, Bray, Co. Wicklow, Ireland

Proof Reader: Deirdre Flannery

Text in Microsoft Word

Pictures/Logos etc Jpeg preferably 300 dpi

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News from Bray Arts

From **Jan 2014** there will be a fee put in place for anyone who would like to advertise there services in the Bray Arts Journal.

For a full page spread, the cost will be €30, half page spread €20 and for a few lines, the cost will be €10.