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# Bray Arts Journal

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Issue 2

October 2014

Volume 20



**FREE**

# REVIEW

Bray Arts Show

Monday September 9th, 2014

After a spectacularly pleasant Irish summer, the Bray Arts Club re-convened in the upper function room, Martello Hotel, Bray. Despite the balmy 'Indian summer weather' a large audience gathered for what promised to be an eclectic mix of artistic offerings; they were not disappointed. Chairperson Julie-Rose McCormick welcomed the audience and introduced the guests.

**John Dunne** has been an artist for 38 years. Declaring himself to be a 'religious artist', John expressed his vision and what had inspired him - best conveyed in his own words:



John Dunne

*"As a visual artist I am constantly amazed at the world around me. It is forever changing, either dying or regenerating. Light births new shapes, and is a great spiritual force that we as creators and creatures can respond to. My hope is that my work will encourage you the viewer to look more intently at this world around you."* John's output, however, has not been limited to purely religious subjects – his work also includes landscapes and abstract paintings.

On this occasion he chose to show us his series of paintings inspired by "The Dream of Gerontius" – the poem by Cardinal Newman and the choral work that Edward Elgar was subsequently inspired to write. The central theme of the work is the journey of an old man's soul from his deathbed to purgatory.

In representing the stages of this journey, John explained that he wanted to express the spirit of the poem rather than simply illustrating the various stages. Indeed, he admitted deriving somewhat greater inspiration from Elgar's music than from the original poem upon which it was based. The series of eight paintings capture the essence of the stages of the soul's journey – the sombre Deathbed scene, the joy of meeting the Guardian Angel, the condemnation of the Demons, the tenderness of the Angel of Agony, the chilling Judgement scene (with echoes of Hieronymus Bosch), the Guard Of Witnesses On The Stairway, the Dipping In The Lake Of Purgation and finally the mysterious Farewell, where the angel bids farewell to Gerontius but promises to return – "... on the morrow". Colour, drama, emotional impact, religious belief, were all conveyed eloquently on canvas and emphasised by the words of the artist in person. In a departure from the religious themes, John is currently working on a series of paintings inspired by the tales from "Don Quixote."



## Front Cover

By Paddy Darigan - see page 14

Upcoming exhibition on in Signal Arts Centre

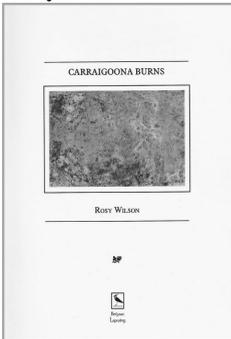
**Harbour** is a recently formed group of musicians comprising two generations of the McCabe family – Una and Dermot, their son Gavin and his partner Isolda Heavey. Una explained the thinking behind the title of the ensemble – her grandfather, Daniel Scraggs, was the harbourmaster in Bray and a harbour affords shelter and refuge to sailors – their musical mission, hopefully and reflected in the title. Formed only eight months ago, **Harbour's** stated aim is to perform folk music with ‘timeless’ themes – loss, imprisonment, yearning, sorrow and emigration. Their opening song was an Appalachian folk song “The Blackest Crow” – this title is contained in the words of the third verse: - “*The blackest crow that ever flew would surely turn to white, If ever I prove false to you bright day will turn to night.*” Their selection moved from this through Ewan McColl’s “When I Was A Young Man”, “The Blacksmith” (popularized by Andy Irvine), “Ard Tí Chuain”, the beautifully plaintive “All The Wounded Birds” and ending with “I Never Thought That My Love Would Leave Me.” It’s notable that “All The Wounded Birds” is based on a poem by Dermot set to music by Gavin.



*Harbour*

One particularly striking aspect of this group’s performance is that while they play superbly as an ensemble, the individual and diverse talents are allowed to shine through. Whatever combination of instruments and voices the quartet chose to adopt and there were a few, resulted in a piece that was musically a success. I’m sure **Harbour** will be heard again.

**Rosy Wilson**, as an old friend of Bray Arts, very kindly stepped in at short notice in place of Dan Roddy who was indisposed. Rosy grew up in Dublin, lectured in London for forty years and returned about 14 years ago to live in County Wicklow. “Bright Water Over Grey Stones” is her third collection of poems from Lapwing Publications. She has also been published in “The Stinging Fly”, “The Poetry Bus” and “The Thursday Book” and is a member of the Dalkey Shed Poets.



*Rosy Wilson*

The poems Rosy chose to read were all taken from “Bright Water Over Grey Stones”, starting with a narrative poem subtitled *Tribute to Pete Seeger*. “Songs Can Help The World Survive” provides a wonderfully succinct biography of Seeger – both artistic and political - interspersed with fragments from songs he’d performed.

Finally, when Death comes in his 95th year: -

*“I guess he has choirs of angels*

*singing along with all the folk*

*in a workers’ occupied heaven.”*

“World Book Day” sees Rosy fantasizing humourously while on a shopping trip on Henry Street – and encouraging the audience to join her in intoning the closing litany. Like her other poems, this is given more impact by hearing the author read it. In “Strumpet City 2013” she reflects on the celebration of the Lock-Out, Big Jim Larkin’s call for a just society and in a final withering comment just how much in 100 years, has been achieved – or not. “Over The Bridge” takes a wry look at aging and nostalgia while “Moon Walk” describes the diverting exhilaration of a walk at night.

The last four poems: “When You Dream Stone, I Dream Water...”, “The Sea’s Sure Of Its Own Highs and Lows”, “My Bath Was Marvellous” and “Thought For The Day” are perhaps more introspective, exploring vulnerability, yearning, affection, love and ending with a witty plea for an easier existence.

Carol Boland’s words of praise on the cover of this anthology are more apposite than any of mine: - *“This poet’s gift of imagination and insight draws us in, causes us to breathe with synchronicity, to share conversation, keep her secrets. The honesty of her allegorical words, inlaid with love, is a testament to the use of language in her poetry”*.



*Anne Fitzgerald*

**Anne Fitzgerald** kindly agreed to read a poem from her collection “The Map Of Everything”. The poem “Good Friday In September” suggests a correlation between the Twin Towers attack in New York on 9/11 and Good Friday. Anne movingly evokes the horrendous spectacle of the Twin Towers’ destruction while drawing a comparison between the Hudson and Hades ferry boats – between the real and the mythological. The inscription on the Statue of Liberty is quoted as a preface: - *“Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free”* Emma Lazarus – The New Colossus.

**Veronica Heywood** was in the audience and took the opportunity to inform us of an environmental issue at the Booterstown Nature Reserve – part of the Dún Laoghaire-Rathdown County Council area. A site adjacent to the reserve has recently changed hands and may be the subject of a planning application. The reserve is designated under European law as a Special Protection Area (SPA) for wild birds. Veronica feels that any development in the vicinity of the SPA would have the potential to affect the integrity of the marsh and the environment it affords the wildlife. An additional problem is the presence of Japanese Knotweed on the site, a destructive and invasive plant that has an extensive root structure and is extremely difficult to control. Further information [www.friendsofbooterstown.ie](http://www.friendsofbooterstown.ie) and [www.antaisce.ie](http://www.antaisce.ie)

**Jimi Cullen** rounded off the evening with a selection of songs – some from his latest album “Jimi Cullen – Life” and two in homage to artists he admires: Neil Young and the Beatles. From Wexford, Jimi has been touring Ireland and Europe since 2004. Themes close to his heart are social change and the presence of flashpoints in the world – Gaza, Ukraine, Syria and Iraq. He describes himself not only as a singer, but also as a songwriter, storyteller and a blender of Folk, Pop, Rock and Country.



The song “Boundaries Made By Man” compares today’s world with one devoid of differences of race, creed, nationality, wealth and liberty – “...and the world was just a baby then, and life was brand new...”. Sadly, as the song tells us, the ‘newness’ has worn off and we’re living in a much-changed world. Jimi introduced “Mary Jane” as a song describing the delight he feels when he gets home after a bad day, puts on his headphones and listens to his favourite songs. “...got my headphones on and I’m feelin’ alright...”

To close the night Jimi gave us his version of the Neil Young classic “Heart Of Gold” beautifully performed. They were wrong about nostalgia, it can be enjoyed at any time as he went on to demonstrate with a rousing “All My Lovin’”, a Beatles hit from the sixties which prompted the audience to join in with gusto.

**By Martin Davidson**

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# PREVIEW

Bray Arts Night

Monday October 6th, 2014

Martello Hotel, Bray

Everyone Welcome: Adm. €5/€4 conc.

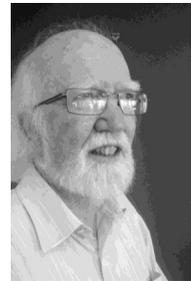
## Mark Lawlor - Artist

Mark Lawlor is set to work in Bray. He has had work in group shows in Signal Arts and it was shown in Cavan and Sheffield and Estonia. His practice uses printmaking and all manner of markers, from pencils to brushes, from oils to watercolours.



He is currently working on photographs, a potato sprayer, large volumes of folded paper and paintings in gouache on waste paper of the people and places he met while on the Estonian trip.

**Dan Roddy - Writer** Writer Dan Roddy will read a selection from his short stories that have appeared in the New Irish Writing series. His published book on the Irish Derby together with his first novel "A Wanderer Out Of Time", will be launched at the Royal Academy on the 9th October.



## Sofia Arteaga - Shadow Dancer

**Sofia Arteaga** is the aforementioned French-Uruguayan singer. Her unusual act includes singing without lyrics in a creative improvisation of vocal sounds triggered by midi keyboard and audience suggestion.



## Tim Doyle and Friends - Musicians

Tim Doyle is a 23-year-old multi-instrumentalist from Shankill, Co. Dublin. Tim began playing music at the age of 5 and has since gone on to explore many different styles of playing. He graduated with an Honours degree in Music from TCD in 2013. Tim has toured abroad with Comhaltas Ceoltoirí Eireann, most notably in a trip to Havana in 2011 as part of the Irish cultural festival organised by the Cuban Government. Closer to home, he has played at Electric Picnic with Trinity Orchestra and is one of the founding members of Dublin's newest orchestral collectives, Téada Orchestra. Tim is also an active music teacher and is currently employed by Music Generation Carlow and teaches at Bray Comhaltas. Primarily an Uilleann Piper, Violinist and Concertina player, Tim will present a varied programme mainly consisting of Traditional Irish tunes with a few quirky pieces thrown in, including some of his own compositions. Tim will be joined on the night by Fiona Nic Conmara on the Fiddle and his brother Joey Doyle on the Guitar and Flute.



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## HOW TO DESCRIBE TIME

It's kinda like a rug, in space and time  
Not like a carpetty rug-ruggy thing called a rug  
It's timey-wimey stuff  
It's like a floaty, bubbly tower of invisible.  
The top is the end of time  
The start was the Bed & Breakfast.

Only a time-traveller could understand  
It's like you drowning in quicksand  
Slowly, or even quickly devouring time  
Time is changing all the time  
Time is too timey-wimey for me to explain.  
I should travel back in time to save me from this pain  
But, if my past self dies  
It will cause a paradox and I'd disappear from existence  
Just thanks, mate for asking me the unanswerable question

**By Danny André Millar**  
2<sup>nd</sup> Year student in St. Gerard's School

## SELECTION OF POEMS FROM THE CIRCLE SESSIONS

(The Circle Sessions is a unique night of spoken word poetry  
music, storytelling and performance.)

### SEXUAL FRUSTRATION

Since when did cutlery become synonymous with sex?  
Cos it really gets me thinking what that drawer might let out next.  
Will bedroom terms now include the mask of garlic crushing?  
Or the veil of melon balling? Or stimulation of egg brushing?  
Why stop at cutlery drawer if kitchen's metaphors you seek?  
'My wife and I tried *coffee* making only just last week'  
But it's spooning and it's forking; the young ones just want more  
Or a go on someone's parsnip, it's generation Geordie Shore.  
For those who covet cutlery, I have some simple questions  
Does the sight of spoon and fork help you maintain your mild erections?  
If so, do you show weakness in restaurant or coffee shop  
Such surplus of those cutleries may cause your heart to stop.  
But all this is merely leading to the question of them all  
And since this line's a rhyming waste I'm going to have to stall  
Cos I've tried a bit of forking and some spooning in my day  
And even in the kitchen! Experimenting is the way!  
Yet none has seemed to thrill or breach my curiosity dike  
And so, I really really wonder what sporking feels like?

By David Halpin ©

### SHIPPING LANE

The harbour lights' twitching hue, blue inroad of dusk,  
are ingrained in heat, in July's green husk:  
tongues of flame, glib in the vernacular of trade winds.  
Your eye's narrow chalice takes in unhooked lichens,  
anointed and delicate from the surf's afterglow.  
How much longer are you going to wallow,  
in thrall of a late afternoon, with horned demons  
who brand their hoof-prints in the sand? Bullions  
of coral and barnacles yearn for your pocket, to have  
your name's young dignity bestowed on a retching wave,  
your breasts' erogenous warmth melded to the pewter cliff.  
But the horizon, unmelted by the Sun's planetary flare,  
blurs like a decades-old signature, refusing to chafe  
or break, or even bend, to the calibration of your stare.

By Daniel Wade

# JOHN THE INTERNET

## Extracts from a longer poem

"Nice flowers" I said  
Taking my seat  
At the back of the bus  
not making a fuss chatting away  
to the scraggly looking man,  
in the back corner of the bus.

The back on the right,  
where four seats face each other,  
blue blotchy seat covers  
and yellow handrails.  
Extra leg room.

He's on my right  
and I get the feeling  
that he's up for a chat  
on this mild misty Monday night.

The last bus home  
after listening to music and poetry  
I'm high on life  
and will chat to anybody.  
Would be nice to be like this all the time.

"What kind are they?"  
"Jasmine Polyanthum", he says.  
Surprised by my interest.  
"Do you like gardening?"  
"I'd like to like it", I said.  
"Connect with the earth,  
Take some time away from my phone,  
the Internet and put the dirt first.

"It's great for you", he says  
And a conversation starts  
shedding light on his life.  
On the back of the bus  
On that mild, misty Sunday night.

I'm bemused by his honesty  
and open hearted tones,  
regretting so much  
Of his time spent alone.  
Skeletons of old relationships, Loves lost.

But the Jasmine Polyanthum,  
He wants to plant it  
at the wall of his stairs  
and let it climb up,  
With netting secured by nails  
So the vines won't tear the wallpaper.  
"It's harder to keep plants indoors".

He almost got married once,  
She was 17, him 21.  
He wanted to right the wrongs  
of her uncle attacking her  
by telling her father.  
She was having none of it.

She left him.  
He went into depression  
Took to the bed and got lost in his head.

I told him  
"I also took to the bed recently"  
for a shorter time but it felt like forever.  
I would have never thought  
that I'd be here no longer feeling  
like I was at the end of some tether but at  
the beginning of a long string of  
happiness and fulfilment.  
It's no longer a stretch  
to dream of something better.

But till then John:  
Good luck with your Jasmine Polyanthum  
I'm glad you found them.

By Brian Kingston ©

## AN CHAOTHAIR BHRISTE

Bhí an rang sin thart is gach rud déanta  
Bhí an tríú bliain ag scaipeadh  
Nuair a chualamar gleo ag teocht inár dtreo  
Anseo i lár an halla

Cén gleo é siúd ag teacht inár dtreo  
Sin torann gráinneach Ghearóid  
Ní féidir linne éalú anois  
Anseo i lár an halla

Cé a bhris mo chathaoir aoibhinn ársa  
Nuair a bhí mo thóinse ar chathaoir eile?  
Ní féidir libhse an choir a shéanadh?  
Anseo i lár an halla.

Tá muidne óg a Ghearóid caoin  
Tá tú féin i ndeireadh beatha  
Ní dhéanfadh muidne a leithéid de choir  
Anseo i lár an halla

Do speir a shúile is d'ísligh a ghlór  
Lúb a chorp is dhearg a éadan  
Thit ceo an chuínis anuas ón díon  
Anseo i lár an halla

Rinneadh cinneadh gan rómhoill  
I gcoinne thoil ár bhFeargail  
Go sceithfí air le focal ciúin  
Anseo i lár an halla

Tógadh Feargal le súpán teann  
Is d'imigh soar an rang  
Do crocadh é den ngeata ard  
Anseo lasmuigh den halla.

**An Spideoigín.**

With my nose inside  
A red rhododendron flower  
I think of tea

Coming into winter  
Pheasants rattle in the bush  
She prays at the well

Geese flying south  
Over the mountain creek  
Moon in a blue sky

## HAIKU

Taking the donkey  
Through the damp fields  
Footsteps on the road

The clocks are ticking-  
As he tells us of the moon  
She boils more tea

Picking blackberries  
I catch the pale sun  
In my silver bowl

By Siofra O' Donovan

## SHADES OF YOU

At night when you're away from me  
I start to paint your memory:  
how you seemed to me, in pastel  
shades, last day we met.

Sometimes, acrylic's best  
- or stark black lines of ink  
to plot the jagged mood I'm in.

You see, when I paint or draw,  
we're all the one,  
a passion marled and intricate,  
born on my palette.

And if my sable brush should dally  
on your face - or other regions  
of your naked form - I feel  
your presence too,  
for that's the Art of love.

**By Joe Neal**

## WALKING ON THE WIND

With rasping sighs  
the breeze-brashed branches  
fling their russetness  
through churning skies  
to crust the ground  
with autumn's pall -  
a detritus to delight us  
in the coughed-out calm  
that follows squall;  
and then, oh glory be,  
the warmth of sunshine  
roding through  
the now-still stands  
of starkled trees -  
as, fussed by feet,  
the crispiness of leaves  
fumes breathed-in air  
with bitter nuttiness!

**By Joe Neal**

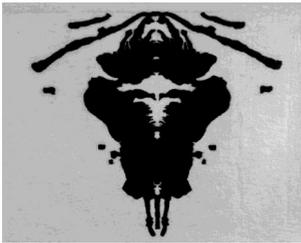
# SIGNAL ARTS CENTRE

## 'EXIT'

Exhibition by Brigitta Varadi

Monday 13th October - Sunday 26th October

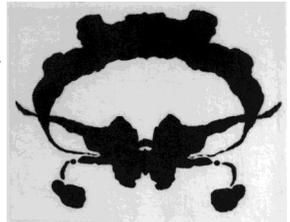
The interpretation of Art has always been deeply personal and is dependent on our memories, upbringing and life experiences. Leitrim artist Brigitta Varadi's latest exhibition entitled **EXIT**, addresses directly how Art is interpreted by each of us. A renowned



artist, her current work uses wool and features a new twist on the famous 'ink block' tests. "I am exploring the interpretive possibilities for the concept within the Rorschach test, as the test elicits no single "correct" answer." Brigitta explains, "It is designed to reveal a person's interpretive and perceptive abilities. Inkblots were used before by psychologists other than Rorschach for creativity tests, with the aim of studying imagination and consciousness. I am at present examining how our thinking and our emo-

tional responses are conditioned by our physical environment, by our upbringing, by what our parents and others tell us."

Hungarian born, Brigitta has made her home in the beautiful iron mountains in South Leitrim. It is a landscape which continually informs and inspires her work. She exhibits internationally and her work is found in many private and public collections across Europe and USA. The distinctive wall piece which graces the main atrium at the Office of Public Works in Athlone is typical of the site-specific installations for which Brigitta is known. In 2008 the President, Mary McAleese, acknowledged her contribution to the Arts in Ireland. In January 2014, Brigitta was selected for a 3 month Art Residency at the New York Art Residency & Studios (NARS) Foundation, Brooklyn, New York and here she began to work on the concept and the initial works for this new and exciting exhibition. The Residency was supported by the Arts Council of Ireland, by Leitrim County Council and by Fundit.



The pieces for this exhibition are black and white and large scale. This will allow a different kind; a more intimate and sensual interaction between the viewer and the work.

**Opening Reception: Thursday 16th October 7 - 9 pm**

## 'Moon Over Mountain'

Exhibition by Paddy Darigan

Tuesday 28th October – Sunday 9th November 2014

**Moon Over Mountain** by Paddy Darigan is a body of work that takes inspiration mainly from two age old subjects the human form and the landscape, Darigan deals with these subjects in a vibrant and modern way. He believes as human beings we are fascinated with our own kind in both the physical and emotional sense, the body and mind and their abilities that we often underestimate.



Darigan spends a lot of time in the mountains and is interested in the way we interact with this landscape. He uses this interaction with the mountain as a subject for his art. For him to understand this landscape, he believes that it isn't enough to draw or paint the mountain, you must climb it, and walk it from as many angles as

possible and run over it if you can. Mountain running is an activity that he enjoys alone and sometimes with friends in Wicklow and other places and all of these experiences are channelled into his art.

"Earth and sky, woods and fields, lakes and rivers, the mountain and the sea, are excellent schoolmasters, and teach some of us more than we can ever learn from books." - John Lubbock

The works on show in Signal Arts Centre are oil on canvas, large charcoal drawings and some pieces sculpted in wood.

Facebook: **Paddy Darigan Art** or go to [www.darigan.ie](http://www.darigan.ie)



**Opening Reception: Thursday 30th October 7-9 pm**

All welcome!

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## News from Bray Arts

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

AD OPTIONS	COST
Full Page Spread	€30
Half Page Spread	€20
Short Ads per line	€10

## 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

Deadline date for all submissions is the 18th of each month

**Late submissions will not be guaranteed publication**

**Text in Microsoft Word**

Pictures/Logos etc Jpeg preferably 300 dpi

**Proof Reader:** Deirdre Flannery

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## Bray Arts Night Monday 6th October 2014

Martello, Seafront, Bray

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

More on Bray Arts on Facebook and [www.brayarts.net](http://www.brayarts.net)

For more information call: Julie Rose - 0872486751

### Mark Lawlor - Artist

Mark will tell stories of the people and places he met while on a recent trip to Estonia in photographs, a potato sprayer, folded paper and paintings in gouache.

### Dan Roddy - Writer

Dan will reads from his new book "A Wanderer Out of Time ": A Gripping Gothic Horror which will be launched by Theo Dorgan at the Royal Academy on the 9th of October.

### Sofia Arteage - Shadow Dancer

Sofia will dance in a creative way using her own shadows and some of her instruments with organic synthesised sounds asking the question: "What's Fia doing?"

### Tim Doyle and friends - Musicians

Will bring a varied programme featuring Uilleann Pipes and Concertina with Fiona Nic Conmara on fiddle and Joe Doyle on Guitar and Flute in Traditional Irish tunes, with a few quirky pieces thrown in.