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Brave New Words & Drawing For Enjoyment

places where we dream

Contributors

Writers

Brian O'Malley
Celia Donovan
Gloria Brooke
Hugh McMillan
JoAnne Mckay
Derek Rusty
Simon Lidwell

Artists

Alison Ball
Anne Johnstone
Ayesha Marscheider
Catherine Nesbitt
Debbie Kennedy
Diana Hamilton
Elaine Grieve
Gill Glover
Ildiko Malovecz
Irene Rodgers
Javier Aregger
Jill Moffat
Joanne Johnstone
Julie Stephen
June Marchbank
Karen Auld
Kathryn Haining
Lesley Bradley
Lindsey Mitchell
Susan Graham

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Brian O'Malley

Cardigan O'Hoolihan rubbed his martyred shoulders in the mucky sand
erasing the last strands of sea-sodden tragedy from off his parched skin.
"Where is my craft?" Said he to naught but the rolling waves,wish-washing across a
gyre of cankered flotsam.
Had he not earlier dreamt of a safe and shallow berth bound for the amerikees
anon?
He lit his pipe.
" Ah! The arms of Morpheus!"
Fires going out.
" ' Slumber in devotion.Devoid of call or crown.
Settle all for marbles
,penny pinch and snout
Lay across a lullaby
Trade wind blew south'
I long for the sound of a thre'penny voice."
At this and amid dry rattling laughter
Cardigan collapses into a rounded sleep where
Long hours compass a careful hereafter.
Awakening from
anamorphic dreams of a zigzag nobility,
& opening his catch-bag he inventories.
"Well there's the gun for getting, a parcel of rogue-ish bullets,....
His gurning fizzog deadlocks in a spooking glass with the pinched pride of owner-
ship.
And here's a pretty thing
Cut from th' tannish hide
Of an enemy. Tattooed with a map of Cartrashem Castle,
Encrypted.
To cut a long story short,
By the toes at the end of his feet stands he.
Looks from one cove to another,and there it is.
The Garland Gracie.
A pirated square rigger .Three masts and a mizzen.
Moonlight puzzling over the massy hull.
O'Houllihan scarts across wet sand
His eyes fixed and folded .
"Aye" says he
"This will move my plot to perdition.
Should she call."

Anamorphica distorted image/ projection/ painting
that appears normal when viewed from a particular angle.
Also applies to camera lenses.



June Marchbank

Celia Donovan

I haunt the house I grew up in
At night when I am asleep
I astral project from where I lay
And fly across the fields
Deep into the hills
To the big old farm house by the mill
With the white wooden rafters
And ivy growing in the windows.

I take the key from under the mat
And let myself into the kitchen
out of habit
Though I could pass through the thick stone walls
A ghostlike apparition, half aware half asleep
to the dining room once filled with
Sweet smells of mothers rock buns and bread loaves.
I creep upstairs to the second door on the right.

When I was a child asleep in this very room I used to dream
Of a ghoulish old woman
who peered over my sleeping body.
She would reach out for my throat
And I'd wake up choking
Clawing at my eyeballs to wake myself up.

I wonder if the children who've lived there since have seen me
Hover over their beds at night
Screaming in that silent dream state way 'Get out, get out, get out of my house!'
'This is where I belong, where I was once happy,
My own personal heaven and you are ruining it!
Here with your technology and modern clutter and parents who can afford to own
such a house.'

They have built an extension,
I am told by old neighbours,
And ripped out the old rayburn
And updated the old woodworm feasted doors
They will have ripped up the 1950s carpet
Removed the vintage milk glass lampshade
Painted over the fish and sea scene
My mother painted in the bathroom
After watching one too many episodes of Changing Rooms.

hey have converted the row of outhouses,
once compiled of a tool shed, a garage, a row boat shed with a craft shop above.
The hours of tinkering and creative juices
And bubbling demijohns have overflowed
And laid the foundations for a chic studio flat,
An architects wet dream, with no hint left of the unique history of its own four walls.
But I know.
For I have touched them all.

I wonder if the pets graveyard is undisturbed
Next to the old oak tree
Hamsters, budgies, all laid to rest there
Each a lesson of loss for young minds
Lumps of scrapped granite lovingly carved by my father
To mark the passing of the cat Meow,
Feline queen of the kingdom.

I float around the vegetable patch
where my father tended to roses in pink, yellow and peach,
Right next to the gooseberry bush and rows of potatoes, lettuce, radishes, marrows,
reams of broad beans and peas climbing up poles.
Sunflowers swayed proudly,
nasturtiums entangled themselves in a burling jig below
and a wild rhododendron bush grew in the wild patch at the back
Like a barrier between us and the outside world.

There is an orchard with pears and apples, and hidden fairy houses
And a tyre swing and a sand pit and a wendy house in a tree
Built for my sister and me.
There are ladybirds and butterflies, baby birds and bats
and tiny speckled blue eggshells strewn like shattered baubles
A precious find in a kingdom where the main currency is acorns.
There are racing hares and hopping rabbits
Hedgehogs and the occasional fox
Lambs bleat in spring time, cows chew the cud and swish their tails,
There's a faint crow from the neighbours cockerell a field away.

We can look out across the loch and walk along old railway tracks
Overgrown by moss and brambles
And puff ball mushrooms
And go swimming there
sliding on the mud banks while cows watch us tentatively.
In the depths of a fierce cold winter we can skate on the ice
And slide down endless hills and slopes
Swathed in a thick carpet of snow.

In summer when the grass grows long we run through it
Making crop circles
and when the tractors come
To cut it and bundle it into bales
wrapped in plastic
And stack them at the side of the road
We call them 'black boofies'
And clamber around them
The sun warmed plastic beneath our bare feet
immersed in the sickly sweet smell of fermenting silage cylinders,
We are small elves prancing atop giant cotton reels.

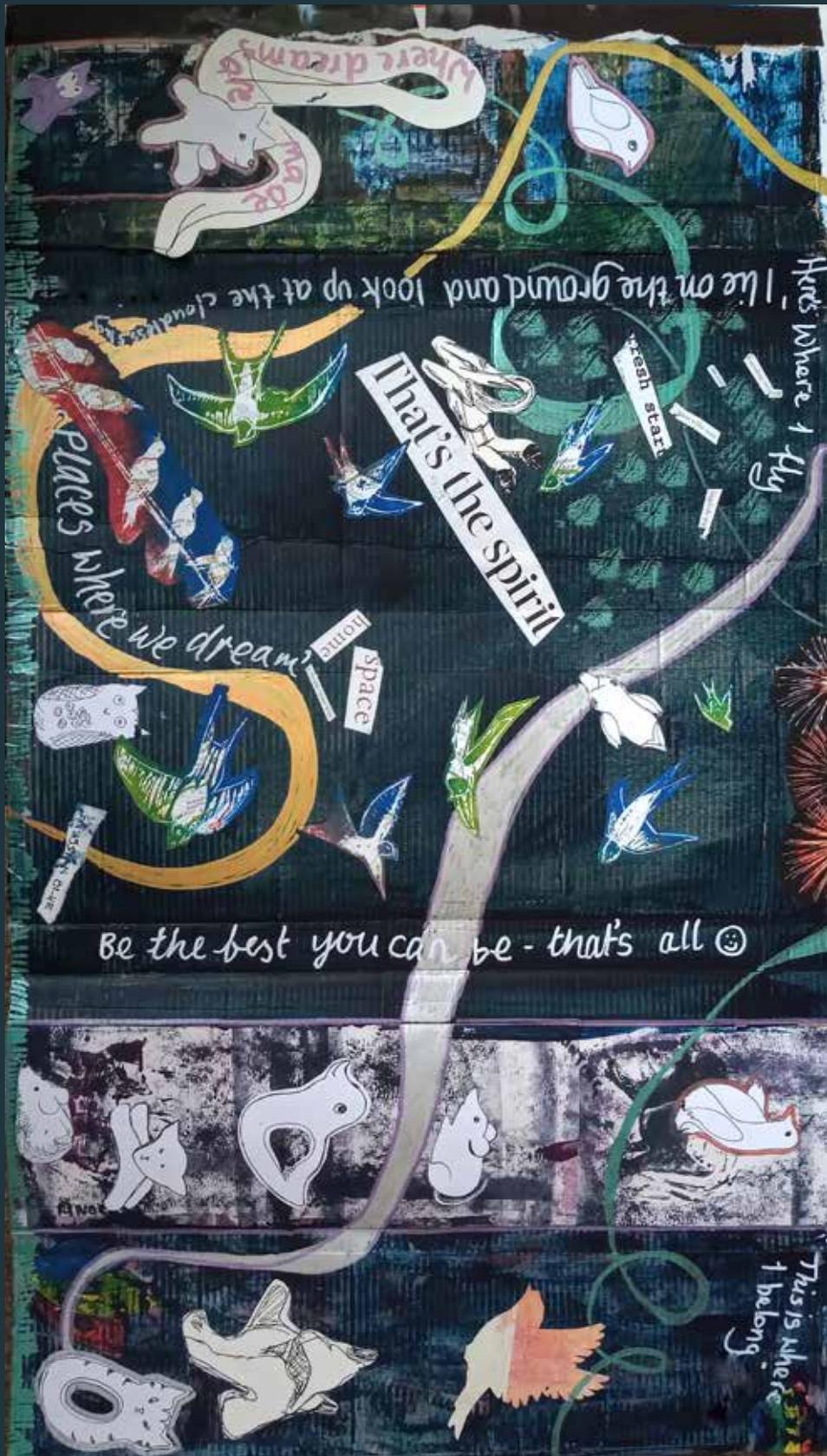
I lie on the ground and look up at a cloudless sky
Sometimes we fly kites
adding dancing diamond flashes of colour in that endless blue.
And on summer nights
We run around the garden to get hot and sticky
And then leap into a cold paddling pool to give ourselves a sensory delight
And picnic in the garden.
I stalk my father as he mows the lawn, following his rows like the crows chase the
farmer's as he's ploughing up worms.

Up the hill there is the Twin Oak trees,
My sister married there many years ago.
I stand between them,
arms tightly embracing their trunk
I press my ear into their bark to listen to their whispering wisdom
My tears flow down and water them at their roots,
And mine, for they are one and the same.

In the morning I wake up fully grown
A scared and confused adult
Alone in the world,
Left longing for the only place I ever called home.
I go through the drudgery of the day wavering, incomplete,
At night, I brace myself once more for flight and hope that I will dream.



Anne Johnstone



Debbie Kennedy



Gill Glover



Joanne Johnstone



Julie Stephen



I haunt the house I grew up in
At night when I am asleep
I astral project from where I lay

A ghostlike apparition,

half aware

half asleep

Celia Donovan

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Kathryn Haining



Lesley Bradley



Susan Graham

Gloria Brooke

The places I dream
are those in-between:
airborne above clouds,
on an unwinding ribbon of road,
a wooded path.

Midway from one place to another,
in the twinkle of sunlight on the river,
or dappling the leaves of trees, pale and deep,
the skying trill of a lark,
the liquid song of a nightingale in the dark.

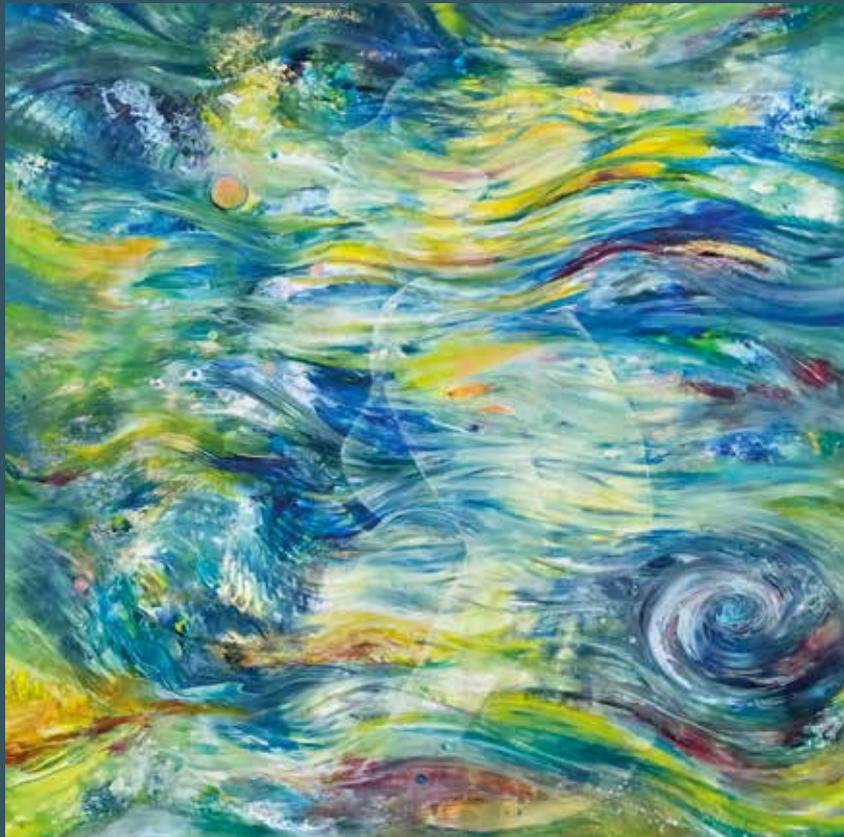
I do not dream of anywhere but THERE,
in the moment
and you by my side.



Ayesha Marscheider



Diana Hamilton



Ildiko Malovecz



Irene Rodgers



Javier Aregger



Kathryn Haining



Lindsey Mitchell

Hugh McMillan

Sources

I am walking quite alone
along the banks of the river
where the Shinnel meets
the Scaur under a white bridge.

It is Spring and the land
is lucky, it is effortlessly
recoding, beginning again
with fresh tree blossom

that is sweet to smell, and I
am thinking how different
it is for us. Though I will not
reach it today, I am

moving towards the ocean.
It all leads back there,
along the riverbanks,
the scratches in the soil,

the broken walls seen
between branches,
the babble, love and strife,
why even my own daughters

there for a second in my mind
as small children, faces
round like moons. Everything
will pass down the Nith,

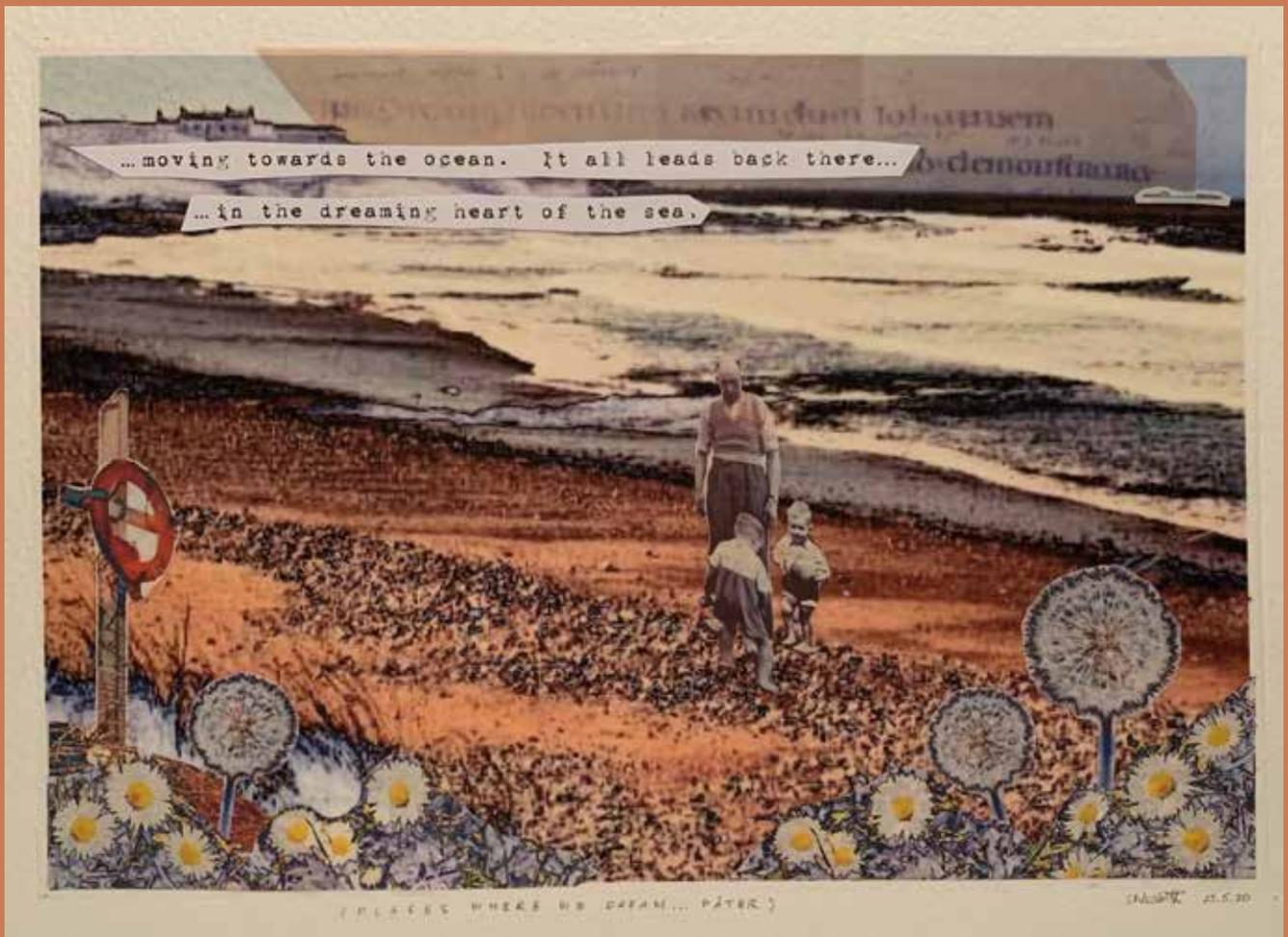
through the Solway even,
until all the dazzle of stuff
that's made us is lost in the
dreaming heart of the sea.



Alison Ball



Alison Ball



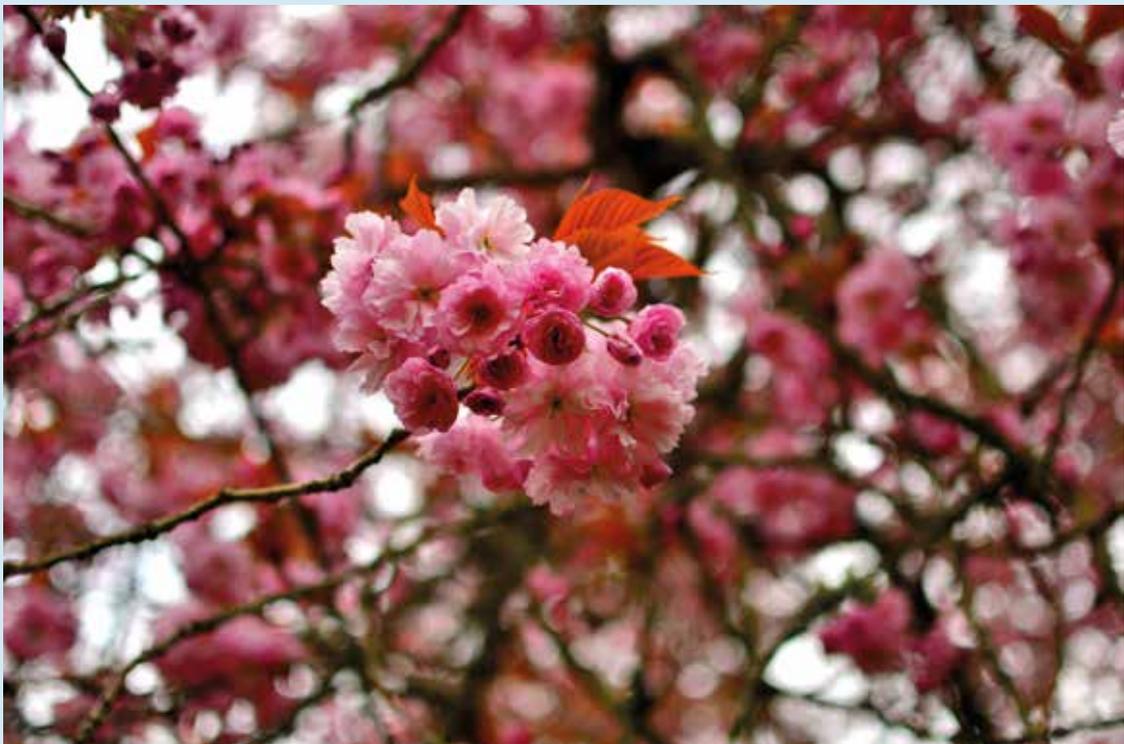
...moving towards the ocean. It all leads back there...

...in the dreaming heart of the sea.

(PLACES WHERE WE DREAM... PATER)

© 1987 25.5.20

Catherine Nesbitt



Elaine Grieve



Joanne Johnstone



Susan Graham

JoAnne McKay

Nearly Black All Colours To Me City

You learn, as a child, that white is all colours, black their absence. You learn, as a child, that if you mix all your paints you get not white, but nearly black.

The furniture stores cluster suns:
Harveys, Heals and Habitat
white skulls on bright black granite,
beds of blue sky and strawberry sofas
rest before neon lips of pink and red.
Heaven and Earth, take time out
for the gentleman's rhinoceros club
(black and white boys guard the door).
A navy-pinstripe precision man
rifles rubbish outside, old guard,
to find his dinner in a citrine box.
Ghost golden gods bestride see-me lights,
bone-white girls twitch thumb-talk
whilst a yellow Labrador plays
with the scarlet and white McDonald's box
on his paradise-scented walk.
A soft pastel detour is a single turn:
Cornelissen, pure paint glass bottles,
mineral colours so perfect they must be
held aspic inviolate
by the deep green store with the gilded name.
On a cream wall in a black box live the Beauclerks,
beside pubs who glow glorious sunset,
make you want to walk up, walk in
bathe in light, brown beer and banter boys.
Save your self for the black hulk
of the repository of what we ever always are,
man the maker, his best museum
with its three-ball pawn-broker lamps.
Trade Union House is dull steel-grey,
but the antiquaries are a grille riot
of book and colour and coin;
blue plaques abound with the bikes,
regiment rows of silver, turquoise, black:
yellow Labrador sniffs on.
The electrical shops are harsh-lit ugly
and I do not like their typeface
but good times are This Way
where girls siren call, autopsy-lit
like the recently dead, in post-red boxes.
Marilyn lives upstairs in black and white
and another pub's sunset hails me again
Come in from that Pavement to the Last
of the Warmth and the Whiskey fellow well-met
but walk on, for the American Church
is blood-red, the casino sand-yellow,
dianetics in-between, the hospital infected
greying people on drips sitting for a smoke
in washed-out wheelchairs beneath white-coated steel.

And the signs are green and red
And go and stop underground
And skin is green and rubber
And skin is all colours
And the tattooed man is nearly black.
I wear this city on the inside.
mix my colours, life and dream.

“Fragment of Whetstone, c600, Collin, Torthorwald”

There is a Modigliani in our museum.
My Italian colleague,
a study in black herself,
shrugs my suggestion
but to my untutored eye
there is a semblance.
Collin is no Livorno
of the Lochar Moss,
no Florence, no Venice,
no City of Light
but dark souls call
to dark souls cross centuries.

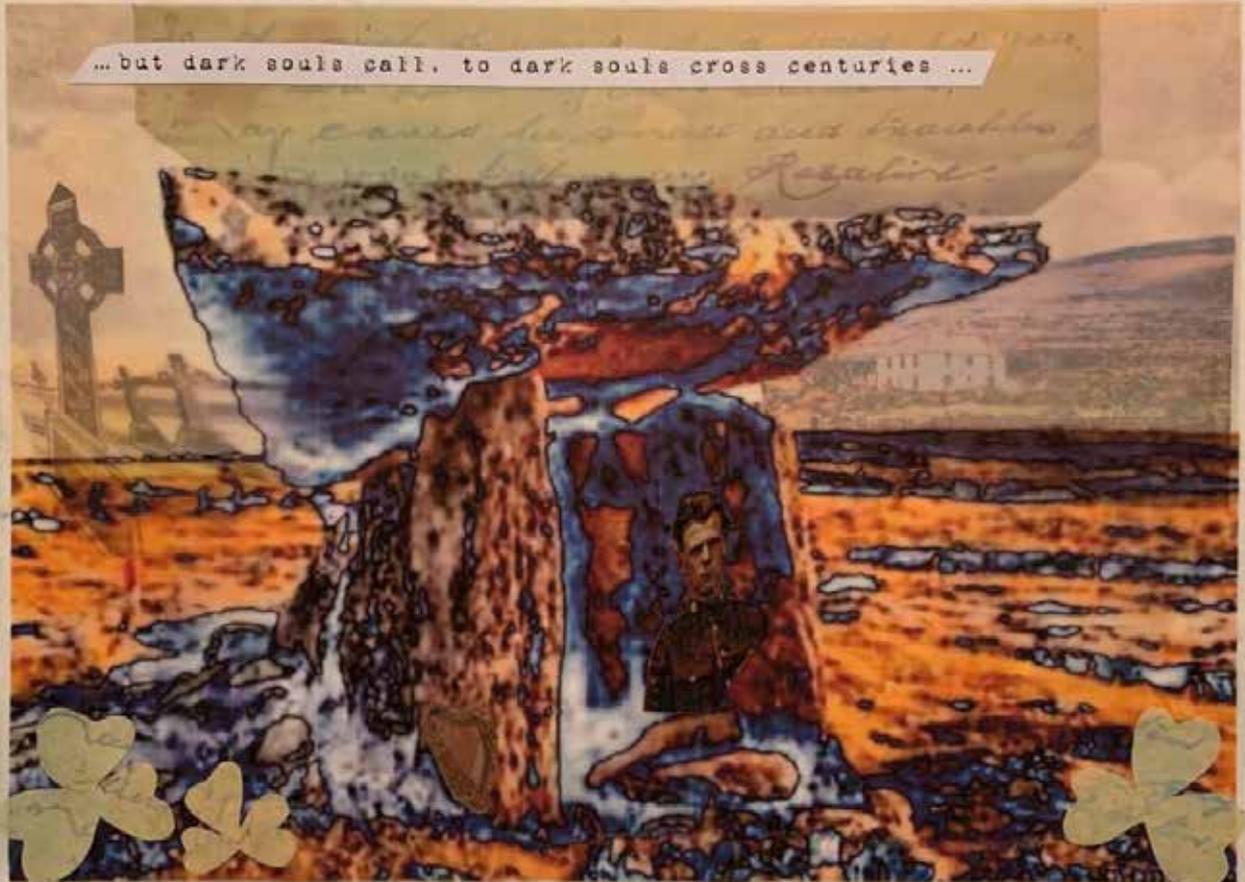
Mystery is all art; from callous sandstone
a woman's head made to edge a blade
elongated face with stylised features
the clean lines incised, precise, determined.

Forget your Celts, I say these are Anglian eyes,
staring out the ruins of Rome and Rheged:
they speak my masking language.
Cultures change as the Moss drains,
grovecca, greywacke,
beauty remains:
carved, polished,
broken, found.

When I know your soul
When I know your soul
When I know your soul,
I will paint your eyes.

.

... but dark souls call. to dark souls cross centuries ...



(PLACES WHERE WE DREAM... MATER.)

21.06.2021 24.5.20

Catherine Nesbitt

Derek Rusty

The places that I find best for dreaming are 'neither one thing nor the other' places, places that hover between different states of being. I find the thinness of the veil between different worlds helps me move out of my body and imagine other realities. I believe that there are technical terms for such spaces like 'liminal' and 'in-between' but I reject the use of these. Sometimes, giving something a name is a way of killing it's power.

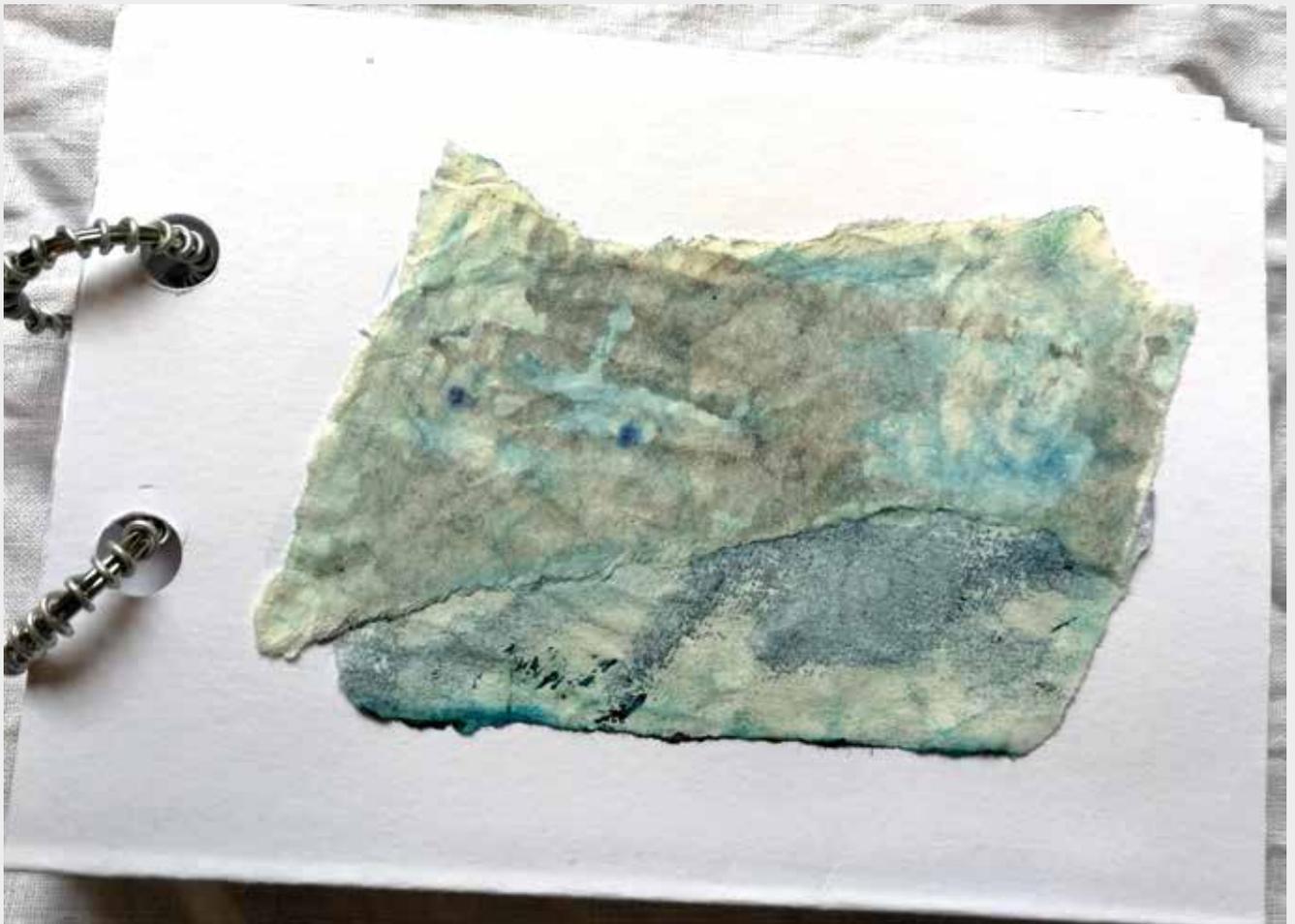
The first example that comes to mind of such a place is the shore in the Machars of Wigtownshire where St Ninian's cave resides. Maybe, if I describe the different worlds that it divides it will help explain my meaning?

The shore itself divides time for me, it is made up of large and very smooth boulders. Anyone that turned up for their first Geography lesson will likely know that sand is made from rocks and shells being very slowly ground up by the action of the waves over thousands of years – this shore is on the way to becoming a beach.

The place is famous because St Ninian travelled from Ireland to bring Christianity to the people of South West Scotland. 'What an epic voyage!' we think as we consider a single person in a wee boat on that big sea. Yet, if you think back to that time, the land was actually less easy to traverse than the sea. In fact, the Irish Sea is bounded by land – SW Scotland, Ireland and Northern England/Wales. It is like a Northern Mediterranean – a highway far easier to cross than areas of uninhabited forest and moor. Sitting on this shore you are between those two territories and can feel the way they have changed in relation to each other.

The sea always brings a horizon with it – the ultimate 'neither one thing nor the other' place, it is between land and sky, between sunrise and sunset, between things travelling to and things travelling from.

I hid a time capsule at St Ninian's shore for my godson many years ago and sent him a map. I hope he still holds this place in his dreaming heart.

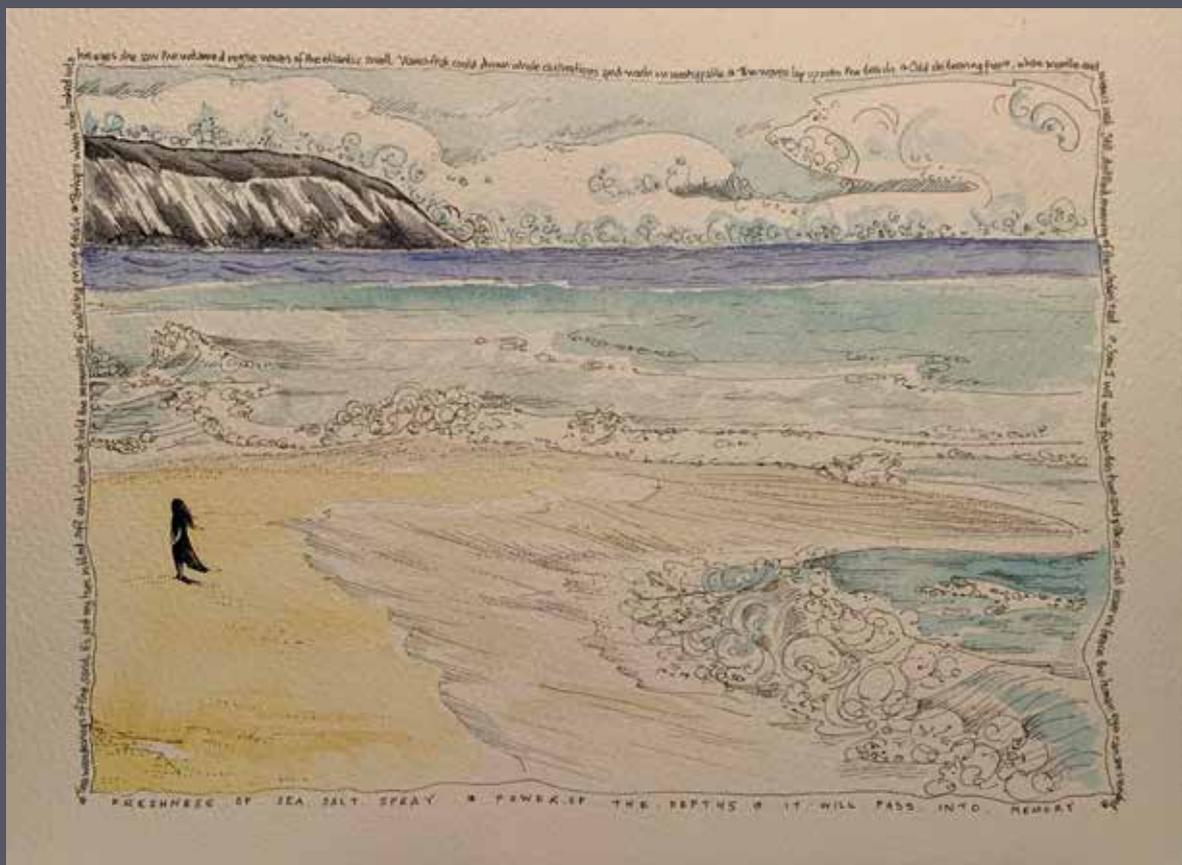


Karen Auld

Simon Lidwell

The turf is springy. The blades of wire are tough, but not sharp. They need to be tough to hold it together in this place of brackish water where the sea and the land intermingle. Blending into each other like seal and man in the body of a selkie. The macher shields me from the wanderings of the sand though, and it's just my toes rubbed soft and clean that hold the memories walking on the beach. As I lie under the warm sun, listening to the waves, my mind sets out with saint Brendan on a curragh bound pilgrimage Norway bound. I daydream about what their jotten, Skadi could have found irresistible about Asgardian Njord. Perhaps when she looked into his eyes she saw the untamed rogue waves of the atlantic swell. Waves that could drown whole civilisations and wash on unstoppable. Then the gulls chatter. Their incessant noise cutting more harshly than the grass. The waves lap up onto the beach. A small flavour of the tide flowing back into the pools between grassy tufts. Lungs of a giant breathing in and out in a gentle sleep. Perhaps Skadi lay like this and dreamed. Did she see the seaweed strewn rocks of the shoreline and long for mountain peaks? High crags in Jottenheim cresting above clouds and snow strewn slopes. Cold ski bearing foam, white mantle and winters coat. Stilled, distilled memory of the whales road. Locked in place until human greed clouds the sun with smoke. Burnt bones, and compressed chthonic trees dragged from their resting place and burnt to fuel the fires of the technology that sets loose this treasure from my word cage.

The cloud passes and once more the sun warms my face. Sutrs sword is sheathed and ragnarok can rest a while. Wriggling sand hoppers dance on my legs and the smell of living things comforts me. I shift a little and breathe deeply. Soon I will walk from this place and time. I will leave no trace the human eye can see unaided. It will pass into memory and be forgotten, if in fact it ever existed. But if you see me, or hear me speak, perhaps this fragile dream will form words. Toughness of grass, freshness of salt sea spray, power of the depths and free hope of high mountains will flow, bound into my being. The dream that makes me real informs matter. The place where I dream is shared.

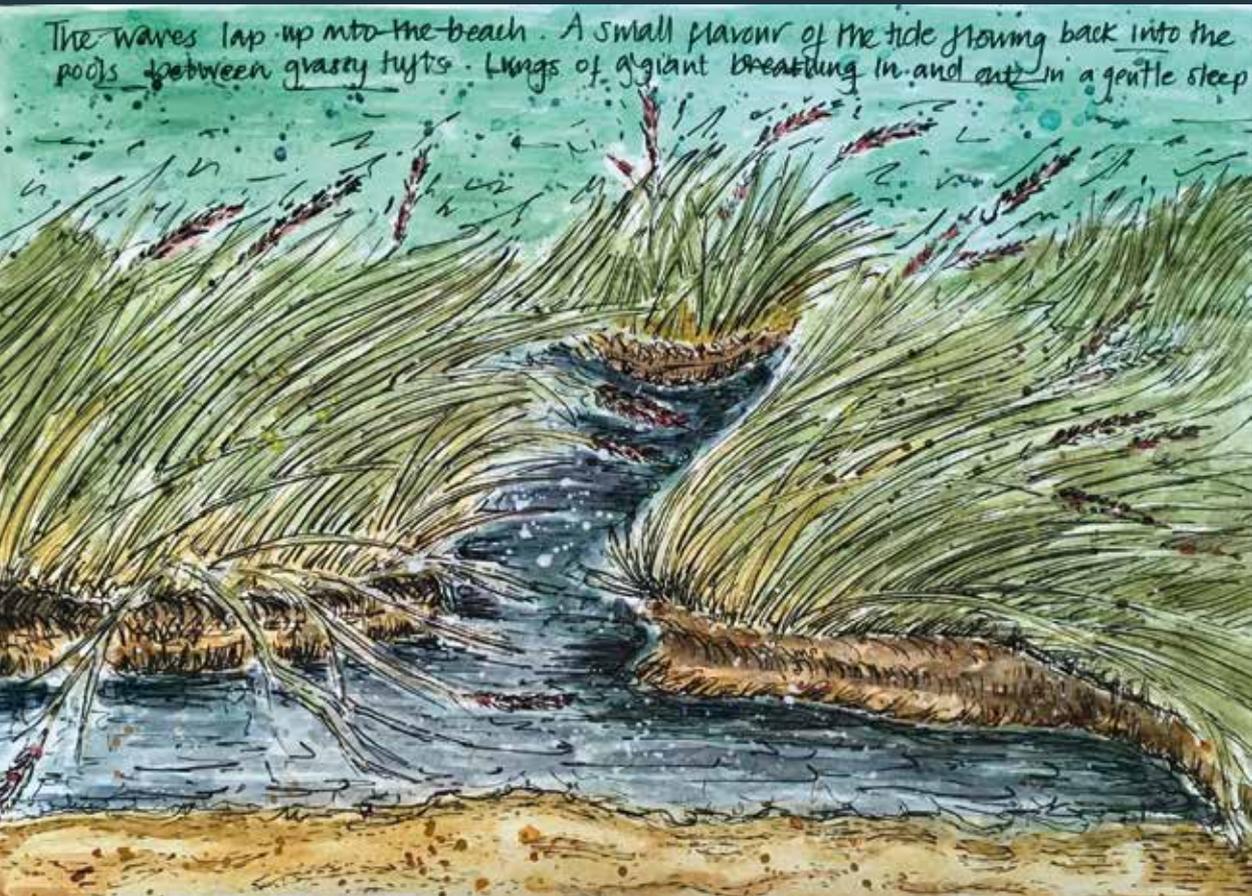


Catherine Nesbitt

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**BRAVE
NEW
WORDS**

