

A large, weathered, metallic letter 'S' is positioned on the left side of the image, set against a dark, textured background. The 'S' has a rough, aged appearance with visible scratches and a mottled grey color. To the right of the 'S', the words 'EAT', 'DRINK', and 'READ' are stacked vertically in a bold, orange, sans-serif font.

**EAT
DRINK
READ**

FIVE

**COFFEE
YARD**



WRITER'S BLOCK

Welcome, welcome, welcome to Coffee Yard and more specifically to the fifth edition of Eat, Drink, Read.

We're afraid to say that, prior to launch, we were feeling a bit insecure. We kept telling ourselves that the number five is unlucky: just look at all the men dubbed The Fifth Beatle, we thought. Stuart Sutcliffe, George Best, Brian Epstein, Bernard Manning. All dead.

While we were at a loss as to how we might cheer ourselves up, this musical line of thought did give us an idea.

Have you ever been to Abbey Road, the spiritual home of the Fab Five, sorry, Four? No, neither have we. But the wall outside the studio, where people have fervently been scrawling messages for the last forty years, is almost as famous as the building itself. So we thought: we've got a wall. Let's do something with it. And we don't mean handing every customer a felt tip and telling them to get stuck in.

No. We don't do things by halves. It's been said before and will be

said again: when we do something, we do it properly (which is why Jim is still agonising over the closing movement of that classical symphony he started composing in 1978).

When we initially designed the logo for both Yard Gallery and Coffee Yard, we eschewed merely adopting a standard font and rolling with it. We went the whole hog and actually bought the physical woodblocks that constitute the entire character set.

So now we've taken our love of handcut wooden typographers' blocks one step further. Take one glance at the wall facing the tills and prepare to be amazed.

We commissioned a crack team whose meticulous application to their work rivals that of a NASA crew prior to launch. Such is the painstaking attention to detail displayed that we were left in no doubt that the master craftsmen responsible could complete a 3D jigsaw of the Sistine Chapel with their feet. While playing the accordion.

For their tireless work we must give them a well-deserved and

numerically appropriate High Five. To the burly boys of Big Tree Joinery and St George, the patron saint of patience, we extend our thanks.

Where do we go from here? Well, so great is our love of all things typographical that eventually we plan to do away with the existing building altogether and have the entire complex replaced with two giant wooden letters: a 'C' and a 'Y'.

The only problem is that we need to find a printing firm so stupendously huge that they would require such vast letters in the first place.

We have therefore drafted the following ad:

"Coffee shop and art gallery seeks gargantuan handcut wooden printers' blocks. Must stand at least sixty feet tall and be suitable for conversion into shop premises. Blocks used to print literature for the use of a deity or other titanic entity preferred.

PS Seller must have a PayPal account"

We, at time of going to press, are still waiting for a response.

BARISTA BROTHERS

a tale of fraternal fortuity

Several years ago, when Holywood was still enjoying the services of the old Maxol garage and the Yard's live music sessions were confined to Vince the window cleaner whistling as he walked around the shop, staff became used to the counter being plunged into sudden darkness at around three o'clock each afternoon.

No call to the local spark was required, however, as this was merely the result of Peter, now our manager but then the fiancé of Yard stalwart Jill, stepping through the doorway and momentarily blocking out the sunlight. When we'd fumbled about for the candles and assured our screaming customers that everything was normal we would notice that on occasion, the imposing Mr Hritz would be accompanied by another figure who looked eerily similar and yet, in some indefinable way, quite different.

This exuberant young chap, initially known by the rather perfunctory moniker of "Peter's brother," soon became a more regular fixture at the Yard, and when Peter made the move across the A2 to us, "Peter's brother" joined him.

By this time we considered it rather rude to continue to address our new barista extraordinaire by anything other than his actual name, but we

were too nervous to ask him what it might be. A covert competition was held after hours one night to determine what Peter's less-brawny equivalent might be called. The winning entry was "Dave," but this was rejected on practical grounds since whenever anyone said "Alright, Dave?" to Peter's brother he, for some reason, walked straight past them. A recount was required.

This resulted in "Milos" (pronounced, for those unfamiliar with Slavic languages, Meelosh) being chosen as the winner. Which, by a very fortuitous coincidence, just happened to be Peter's brother's name.

Milos has now been a mainstay of the Yard for three years. His distinctive warcry of "Serrvice please" has earned him a devoted cult following, with his Facebook page "Milos for Prime Minister" (formerly "We Love Peter's Brother")

attracting thousands of visitors every month. He is even listed in the Northern Ireland Pocket Guide, under the heading "Ten Things to see in Holywood". (He is number seven, after a pebble in the grounds of Sullivan Upper School that resembles the late comedian Les Dawson.)

Milos remains modest about his success and never gives interviews, adding to the elusive allure that keeps his admirers, particularly female ones, on tenterhooks. He prefers to let his coffee do the talking, although such is Milos' speed behind the controls of our La Marzocco coffee machine that if his lattés could speak their only utterance would be an exhilarated yell akin to someone on a rollercoaster.

And as a final note, with his constant physical workouts behind the bean grinders, the increasingly hefty Milos is starting to remind us of someone else we know...



When you first pay a visit to someone's house, it is unlikely, unless you're a bit rude, that you'll take off upstairs and start walking around their bedroom.

And while we actively seek to exude a homely and familial atmosphere in Coffee Yard, we fear that this innate politeness scares some people off having a bit of an exploratory glance around the first floor.

We welcome so many first-time visitors that we have no more idea of where they will be sitting than they do. These new customers head off downstairs automatically, unaware of the tantalising joys of what lies above the ground floor. When they do spot the staircase, they feel a mixture of excitement and trepidation. Should they go up? If they do, how will the staff know? They don't want to interrupt somebody else at the till, so they stay quiet.

In another frequently occurring scenario, customers will tell us that

they have every intention of sitting downstairs but when they arrive at their chosen table can often be confronted with somebody who had the same idea 30 minutes before they did. Naturally this necessitates an excursion elsewhere unless they don't mind eating their panini cross-legged on the floor. (We jest of course, as this would play merry havoc with Health and Safety.)

When our food runners then try to find the recipient of a certain table number to deliver their meal, they are nowhere to be found. All this adds unnecessary time to the process and, although it results in the staff developing the kind of muscle tone for which Madonna would kill, it occasionally means that customers' stomachs aren't the only part of them that is grumbling. And this we don't like very much.

We have tried many times to eradicate this issue, but been met by the following hurdles:

SEAT SEEKING MISSILES



- Sniffer dogs, instead of getting the scent from a dish, tend to devour it and go to sleep instead.
- Homing pigeons and people's lunches are not a good combination.
- Drunkards are renowned for their remarkable ability to find their way back to whence they started, but this is a family restaurant and anyway, they wobble too much to be reliable plate-balancers.
- On one memorable occasion we even sent Sarah from the gallery up in a hot-air balloon armed with infra-red goggles and a walkie talkie: "Okay! Table eighteen has gone upstairs. Repeat, they have gone upstairs! Do you copy that?" But after that incident involving the unexpected gust of wind and the electricity pylon we gently asked her to flatten her hair back down and take her seat behind the desk.

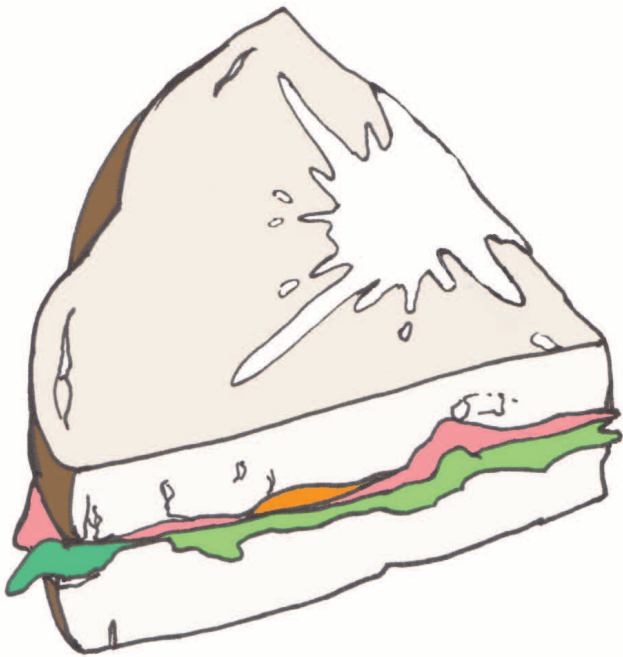
One day, somebody joked that it would be fantastic if the table number markers, which themselves

have undergone as many regenerations as Doctor Who, could somehow be traced using some kind of detection technology. We thought this idea to be in the same category as flying cars and a successful X Factor winner as beyond the realms of possibility. Until now.

Those intellectual minds up the road at Queen's University are in the midst of developing a system that will do precisely that. The march of technology, eh? What's next? Touch-screen phones?

So, if the next time you're confronted by a playful pride of young scamps in the downstairs seating area and you decide somewhere rather more relaxing is the order of the day, you can change your mind and head up to the refuge of the altogether more peaceful first-floor enclaves with no whiff of self-doubt whatsoever.

In the least sinister way possible, we'll still find you.



Some things in life last longer than others. There are those aspects of everyday existence that last a couple of hours in the limelight before being swept aside by the onset of time.

Take a carton of milk for instance, or the longevity of The Only Way is Wessex, or whatever it's called.

Conversely there are those design classics that are capable of continuing indefinitely with no evidence of fatigue. Take the original Mini. Or Sir Bruce Forsyth.

While it may seem overly gracious of us to mention some old duffer off the telly and a car favoured by Mr Bean in the same breath as the legend that is Yard Gallery's website, we are modest creatures above all else, and we do so for good reason.

The original site kicked off in 2005, as did the Gallery itself. After nearly six years of loyal service, the Yard's top brass decided that what the site needed was to be given a nice seat by the fire with a copy of the Mail on Sunday (websites, like us all, become more rabidly right-wing as they age) and the promise of as many free Yard pancakes as it wanted.

Despite a private Members' Bill being rushed through Parliament and some

high-profile campaigners such as Stephen Fry and Joanna Lumley leaping on the "Keep The Site The Same" bandwagon, we decided that the time had come for the old site, who we affectionately named Stanley, to retire. His replacement came on board in June after a period of extensive consultation with a select number of the only designers brave enough to try and improve upon perfection.

There were some hiccups en route, of course: an initial proof from one design agency was rejected on the grounds that its bewilderingly high level of baboon-related content, although striking, did not quite sit with our brand values. The pumping house music that kicked in upon the site loading was likewise deemed inappropriate, much to the chagrin of its mysterious creator, local hip-hop artist "J.Beats feat. Fifty Pence". But despite these setbacks, we settled on the final design fairly swiftly and feel

the new site is something of which we, and you, can be proud.

It is sleeker, faster and more intuitive than its predecessor. It also seeks to ensure that browsing favourite artists' offerings is much easier.

In the happy event that art aficionados such as you, the discerning reader, fall in love with what we have on offer, a rendezvous with the piece of your dreams no longer requires a trek to Hollywood. A simple click of your mouse will see a parcel delivered to your door as quickly as you can say "Cupar Pilson print". (This doesn't mean, of course, that we don't want you to come to Hollywood...)

We will also be using the updated pages to keep devoted Yardites abreast of the latest developments in BT18: you will be able to become a member of the Yard club and be among the first to know when your favourite artist puts a new piece or print on sale.

We will also be publishing a regular blog full of hilariously whimsical observations, as well as the content of this very magazine. The highlight of this will be a new photographic feature, "Privet and Confidential".

This involves a covert photographer leaping out of the nearest hedge just as an unwitting customer is returning to their car, snapping their surprise for all to see.

The most embarrassing facial expression wins its owner a free coffee, (since they will probably have parted company with their original in terror anyway).

We now also have a presence on Fitter and that other social-whatsit, FakeBake. If you know what they are, be sure to look us up.

(Editor's note:
To clarify: follow us on Twitter @YardGallery and on Facebook www.facebook.com/coffeeyard).

CHANGES TO THE COMPANY BOARD

Here at Coffee Yard, we like company. This is one of the main reasons that we're in such a sociable line of business, and why we have expanded our seating areas so much in the last few years. If we'd set up a carpet showroom, then "Carpet Yard" would have soon gained a reputation as the only soft furnishings retailer where customers were invited to enjoy a cup of tea and a scone whilst debating the merits of Axminster over those of Wilton.

Now, we have a confession to make. In order to satisfy our craving for conviviality, we must hold our hands up and admit that we've been a tiny bit naughty.

Like all fashion trendsetters, the menu at the Yard is constantly updated to meet our customers' tastes and in tandem with that, the menu boards must also be altered accordingly. However, perhaps we've gone a bit far this time. With our latest update, we've taken the liberty of eradicating take-away prices from our striking new oak-edged signage altogether, to keep things more easy on the eye.

Of course, we still do serve food and drink to take away, and we always will. But we hope our new, more streamlined menu, with sit-in prices only, might just give people the impression that they can only enjoy their cappuccino and bagel if they stay behind for a chat. Selfish we know, but we just can't help it...

A SITE FOR SORE EYES



THE YARD BARD

Epicurean manager Chris

Found a snail, and said "I'll cook
this"

When he opened the shell

Chris was turned by the smell

And said "Think I'll give it a miss"

A hungry barista called Milosh

Had an urgent desire for some nosh

Unable to wait

He bit into a plate

And said, "Hope no-one tellsh the
bosh"

There was a shop owner called Jim

A generous soul known as Nicki

Who bought some roast beef on a
whim

Bought some buns, but she found
them too sticky

"Good grief" shouted Beattie

When she gave them away,

"This ain't very meaty"

She was then heard to say

And drop-kicked it into the bin

"It sure doesn't pay to be picky"

Sarah, who's big into art

Heard that Coke was good for the
heart

After downing a glass

She was bloated with gas

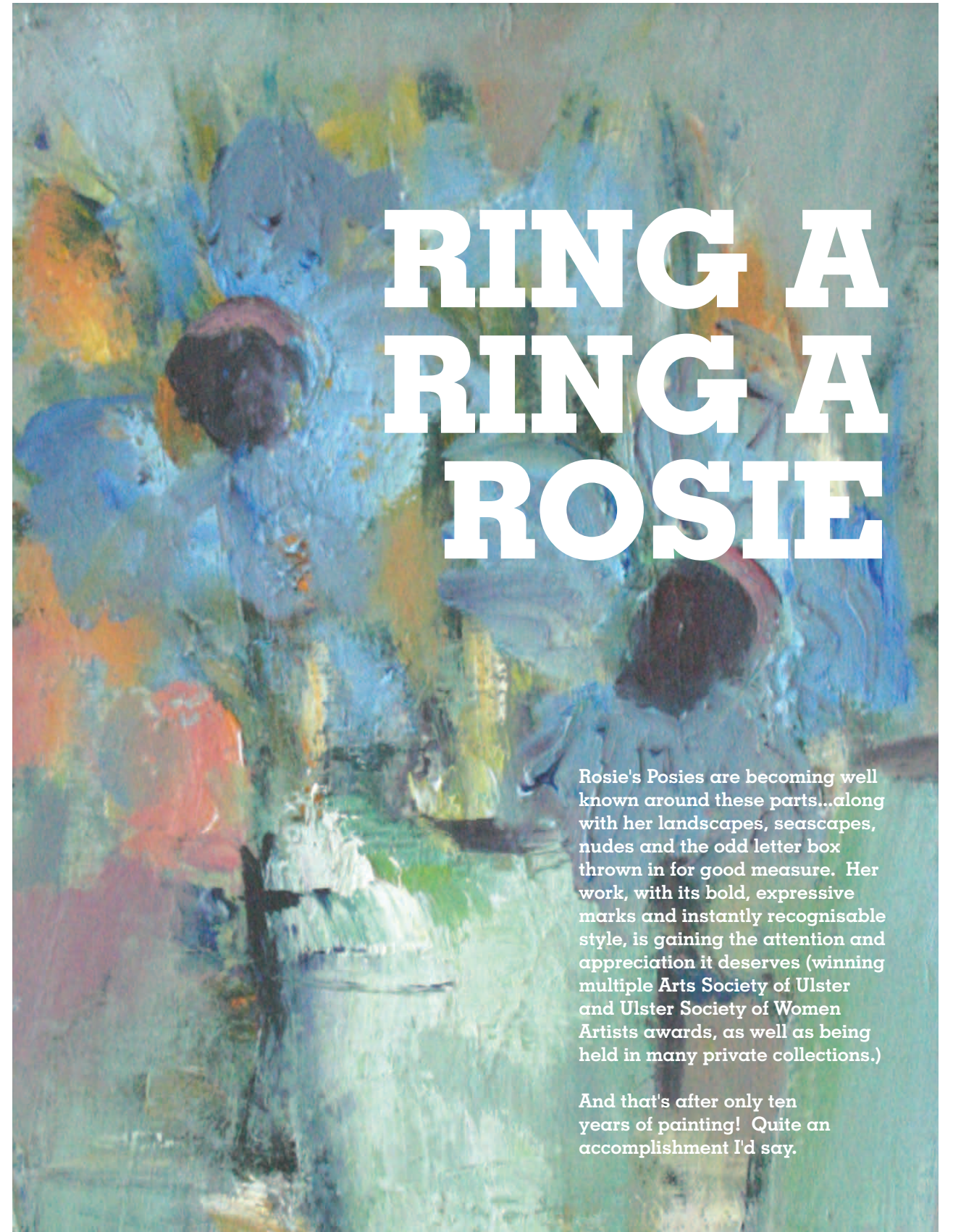
So let off a gigantic sigh



RING A RING A ROSIE

Rosie's Posies are becoming well known around these parts...along with her landscapes, seascapes, nudes and the odd letter box thrown in for good measure. Her work, with its bold, expressive marks and instantly recognisable style, is gaining the attention and appreciation it deserves (winning multiple Arts Society of Ulster and Ulster Society of Women Artists awards, as well as being held in many private collections.)

And that's after only ten years of painting! Quite an accomplishment I'd say.



Rosemary Gifford is a busy lady, taking care of family and rushing here and there, so it's a wonder that she gets any painting done at all. But given her lack of time, she is quite the prolific artist. Any spare moment you will find her in her conservatory surrounded by finished and half finished canvases, magazines, photos, paint pots and paint tubes with twenty brushes on the go. However, you are not very likely to see her sat in front of a nice white canvas, for, it would seem, there is nothing she detests more.

An average lay person, such as

myself, would think the logical place for an artist to start painting is on a lovely fresh clean background, a good foundation one would have thought, but not so for Rosemary. If it's white she'll slap some left-over paint onto it, scribble into it and leave it to dry for the next time when the real work begins. Or even better, she'll grab a painting that she wasn't quite happy with and start painting on that.

It may sound odd to you and me, but this way of painting has given Rosemary the freedom to express herself through the paint by letting it

lead her and influence the direction she takes. "I am experimenting all the time in my paintings because I'm working the paint, I'm working the canvas, and while I may set out with a partial idea, what appears on the canvas has absolutely no bearing to where I started off. Quite often when I've finished something I don't like it, so once it's dried, I paint over it again. That allows colours to come through that you don't expect - the paint underneath will create something and add texture, I don't know what it's going to create. Sounds mad, but that's how I paint. It's crazy, you



just never know what is going to happen."

Seeing this confidence in a piece of artwork, you would think that she had been painting all her life but surprisingly this Limavady-born lady only started painting ten years ago. Before that the young Rosie was more interested in going to dances and meeting boys, and then the slightly older Rosemary was a hard working career-focused and family orientated woman. These commitments meant that even though she might have liked to paint, there just weren't enough hours in the day.

It was only after retirement she got a little bit more time to herself and started attending art classes. Here she began by painting quaint cottages and small floral studies, but they just didn't hold her interest. It was only when a tutor gave her a big sheet of cardboard and a chunky piece of charcoal that she was able to realise and explore bold expressive mark making and her passion really began.

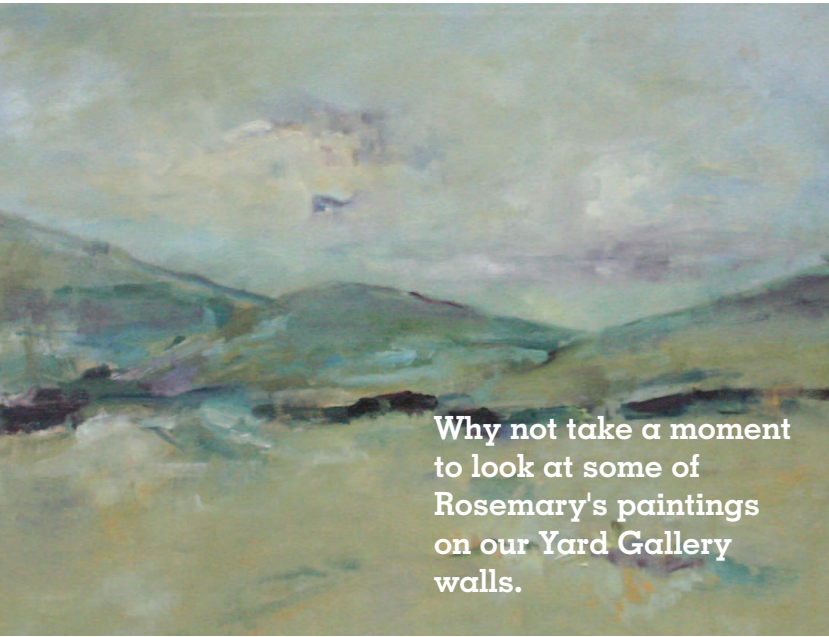
She recalls seeing Neil Shawcross holding a painting demonstration, the smell of turps filling the room, and watching him almost throwing

paint at the canvas and she thought to herself "That's what I want to do, I want to paint with that freedom, I don't think I ever looked back from that."

And so with the dedication and hard work that she has put into all parts of her life, Rosie threw herself into her artwork, learning, reading, painting and seeing as much artwork as she could. "If you don't want to stand still you've got to learn; you don't get anything without hard work." She philosophically adds "Do as much in the time you're given, not one of us knows how long that will be. Even now I feel like I'm grabbing time. I just keep trying to put my foot on the brakes!"

To have come so far in such a short period of time would be an achievement for any artist. To be acknowledged by awards is another achievement; but for Rosemary the biggest achievement is "to get to the stage where people are paying hard earned money to put a piece up on their wall that I have done; it still totally amazes me."

And remember, next time you look at a Rosemary Gifford piece, just imagine how many other paintings are hidden below its surface!





YOU OLD SMOOTHIE, YOU

In the consumer world, there is a fine balance to be struck between efficiency of the production process and the quality of the final result.

If you were to order a new bathroom, for example, you wouldn't want installation to take months, but conversely, if it was done and dusted like something from Changing Rooms after a few days, both eyebrows, not to mention dark questions as to your new porcelain's origins, are likely to be raised.

It is fair to say that the greater the quality of the goods or services in question, the longer the customer expects to wait for them. Of course, that does not necessarily mean that the production line cannot be improved.

A Coffee Yard smoothie is a carefully-created entity, made from a combination of fresh and top-quality ingredients. By its very nature, it takes time to create, and that's the way we want it. If it arrived on your tray

while you were still keying your PIN into the debit card machine, you could be forgiven for thinking that we'd been keeping it on the sly or poured it out of a bottle.

When we first started making our own smoothies, we were limited to two blenders behind the counter, where space is so limited we'd have trouble swinging a shrew, never mind a cat. This was alleviated to some extent with a move to a purpose-built room (let it never be said that we do things half-heartedly) a couple of years later and the addition of an extra blender.

Nevertheless, we can always do better.

In the quest for ultimate smoothie smoothness, the room is in the process of being further upgraded, just to ensure it operates at top efficiency and results in each Yard smoothie being as consistently brilliant, but as carefully hand-crafted, as each Ferrari that rolls out of Maranello. But less expensive.



CEREAL KILLER ON THE LOOSE

The "Sugarpuffdaddy", aka Alistair has been spotted lurking around Coffee Yard.

If you see this man, please, whatever you do, do not approach him with your breakfast cereal in your hands. He will swipe it before your very eyes and gobble it down in seconds, no matter how much you protest.

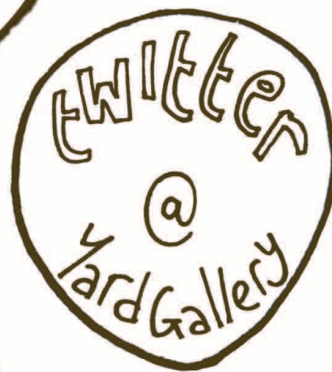
Alistair seems normal at first; he is well mannered, polite, well groomed, never a hair out of place or shirt crease in sight. He doesn't even have a strange sideways look about him. But he has an odd secret. One glance in his locker and you'll know that something is very, very wrong.

Here, instead of the usual personal

belongings (a gym bag, maybe a spare uniform or a half-eaten sandwich) one finds row upon row of cereal boxes. Every kind of cereal you can imagine, all arranged in alphabetical order, each gap then filled with an array of cereal bars. However, his particular penchant is for a bowl of Sugar Puffs and one will usually find him munching these for breakfast, lunch and all snacks in between. (I also hear that he has a Honey Monster outfit stuffed in a box in his attic.)

But please, don't be alarmed, for as odd as it seems, Alistair is a very nice young chap.

Just heed my warning, keep your cereal out of sight.



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Printed on 100% post-consumer waste

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