
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 10

June 2007

Volume 12



EDITORIAL

A Word from our Chairperson **Zan O'Loughlin**



My first year as chairperson of Bray Arts has been an exciting, enriching and satisfying time for me. My committee of Dermot McCabe, Cearbhall O'Meadhra, Carmen Cullen, Peter Gowney, and Gerard Thomas have given many contacts and ideas for our performance nights.

In particular, looking over our last nine months the evening I especially remember was our theme night on Africa in January. My dear friend and artist Eithne Griffin was instrumental in putting on the show. Her artwork graced the room full of African inspired designs. She invited four African musicians who provided a musical experience with drums singing and dancing. An informative video presentation by a number of local artists gave us a deeper understanding of African life and culture.

For the first time we all got involved in singing African chants. I would like to acknowledge the hard work of our members who have made the performance nights possible by helping with room decoration, door collection, posters, and flyers throughout the year.

A special thanks to Dermot McCabe, Anne Fitzgerald and Eugene Hearne for the Journal. As we celebrate our tenth anniversary of the Bray Arts, I want to thank all of you who have come to the evenings, entertained us in music, plays, dance, visual arts, poetry, literature, and other art forms. Through you, Bray Arts is able to provide diverse artistic experiences for our community. Thank you to our barman Ciaran and the Heather House hotel for providing the venue. I look forward to seeing you at our next meetings.

Front Cover - Pig by Peter Cabocky. See preview of Signal Arts Exhibitions pg. 6.

MUSIC AT MERMAID:

Redmond O'Toole and Elizabeth Cooney
Thursday 21 June @ 8pm
€16/€14 Conc

Redmond O'Toole, a great friend of Bray Arts who plays a specially adapted 8-string cello style guitar connected to a resonating box, plays with Cork-born Elizabeth Cooney, designated "Rising Star 2006" by the National Concert Hall. They will play an innovative and exciting programme adapted for guitar and violin by Redmond. A series of master classes by Redmond with local guitarists will culminate in a short performance in this concert.



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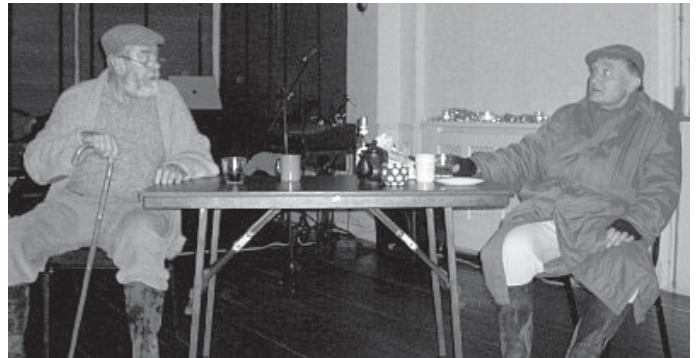
PREVIEW OF JUNE ARTS EVENING

MONDAY 11TH JUNE

at Heather House Hotel, Seafont, Bray. Doors open 8:00pm.

Everyone welcome €5 / €4 concession.

Has Patsy had enough of bachelorhood - are there startling developments afoot for **The Old Codgers**. Yes! Ned and Patsy are back and it looks like Patsy is getting frisky. More hilarious pontification and pronostication from Frank O'Keefe and Justin Aylmer as The Old Codgers.

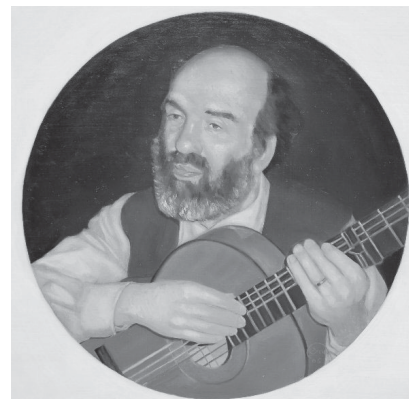


Frank O'Keefe & Justin Aylmer



"I make pots to carry healing energy. Wood firing enables me to work with the elements earth, fire, water, air, craftsmanship and something spiritual that is beyond the sum of the parts. I connect my own spiritual journey with this process. Pots with life and soul." Hear more from this master craftsman **Geoffrey Healy**. His passion for making and the creative process is manifest in his exquisite range of pottery.

Who better than **Cearbhall O'Meadhra** to close the 2006/2007 season of Bray Arts Evenings with Flamenco music on the guitar. Cearbhall conjures the swirling passion and tenderness of this dramatic music of Spain where he learned and experienced it at first hand.



Portrait of Cearbhall O'Meadhra by Conall McCabe

THOUGHTS ON THE VISUAL ARTS TODAY: THE NEED FOR A REALISTIC FOCUS

By Gregory Scheckler (<http://www.gregscheckler.com>), 2007

Bray Arts Journal editor Dermot McCabe kindly invited me to email on the current state of the visual arts. I've never been to Bray and you've probably never been to my home North Adams, but we all enjoy global reach thanks to the Internet. Dermot noticed, for example, that his son Conall and I studied with one of the same teachers. Small world! But probably I don't know enough about the whole art world to give you a global statement. So, I'll start with the local, with hopes that doing so may mirror some of the larger world, at least how I see it over here. There is a fundamental problem that we all face, both as artists and as world citizens.

Here in the Berkshires of Western Massachusetts, we have two famous museums. One is the Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art (MASS MoCA) (<http://www.massmoca.org>) which displays experimental art of the elite, expensive international art world. The other is the Clark (<http://www.clarkart.edu>), whose outstanding collection includes Monet, Gerome, Sargent. The disparity between the two museums may illustrate the arts today. The Clark's seemingly traditional art is by far the more popular, but MASS MoCA's new art is thought of as more intellectual, revolutionary. The contrasts between both museums is dizzying enough - more so if you consider all the art in all the museums of the world. Yet the museums are becoming more like each other. The Clark's expansions will soon house contemporary art. MASS MoCA's expansions will include an installation of wall-paintings by Sol LeWitt, the popular contemporary whose work has become so commonplace that it may as well be traditional. Is this growing-together a marriage of convenience, or does it reflect a real convergence of the arts into one larger new set of relationships? I'd bet the future is in the overlaps, that the arts are beginning to converge.

Sometimes better than museums for me is a walk in the woods, the mountains - hiking boots, mud and sky. Nature's beauty provides hope despite the terrifying realities of war, poverty, illiteracy and epidemic disease. Of course in the woods one may witness fierce, desperate fights for survival - but these are on a closer scale than international strife or esoteric art theories. The closeness is when a thousand frog eggs desiccate because this year the pond water is too low. And of course the successes: unfurling ferns in Spring, the tracks of a raccoon and her newborn children, healthy tadpoles that did survive, the return each evening of the sunset. And this too is a disparity, like the two museums, for the walks are usually calm and gorgeous (somewhat like the art at the Clark) whereas the daily news, often from faraway and abroad, is real but horrific, disturbing, and strange (sort of like the art at MASS MoCA). So at some levels, MASS MoCA's art is more realistic than the Clark's, and vice versa, depending on which life experiences you draw on when interpreting the art, on which levels you focus your attention.

Meanwhile the legacy of postmodernist art theory stumbles onwards, lost in its relativism. It places all artworks and art theories on equal par, as equally interchangeable constructs. Yet clearly some ideas inspire people to kill each other (e.g. nationalistic and religious strife). These ideas cannot therefore be considered better than or even interchangeable with ideas that motivate compassion, artistic creativity, or scien-

tific exploration. So these 20th Century art theories seem increasingly out of fashion, as more artists once again recognize what so many scientists have been saying: there is a real, physical world that is verifiable and that exists independently of the human mind; and, the world is bigger than we are, including immense diversity, chance, complexity and exceptional beauty. Thus natural causes and basic evidences, the small-scale or large-scale truths, are the best way to explain everything we experience, and best source material for the arts and art education. Relying on such a fruitful new art theory and its thoughtful art would help us open reality, to investigate and provoke our in-depth, human connections with the world.

In determining exactly which images to create, now the pivotal questions facing today's artists are more open-ended than ever before: Is this artwork truthful? Is it necessary? Is it meaningful? Is it relevant? Is it reasoned? Is it beautiful? Some questions will be difficult but necessary: Is this artwork's truthfulness matched to what we know about the world? Is the artwork meaningful enough, when compared to other meaningful human activities, so meaningful that we ought to use more resources to create more similar art? Also the fundamental equation: Is the craftwork and implementation of the art calibrated to help prompt the audience's interaction with the world - bringing humanity away from misguided supernatural thinking and closer to the natural, real world?

Among these questions are profound matters of technique and craft - all of which can be learned through many kinds of art. I don't mean to imply that any of these questions limit artists' ability to choose which styles and which methods to use, nor which truths to dramatize. It may well be that any number of old or new aesthetic forms could all relay and provoke significant, realistic interactions with the world. After all, not only is there more than one truth to tell, but there's always more than one way to tell it. But it is truths that are at stake. Fundamental to humanity's future may well be our ability to rely less on supernatural exhortations and dreamy delusions, and rely more on the underpinnings of the sciences and best arts, which are theories of philosophical naturalism and evidential thinking, a radical imagination tuned by reality. Indeed in our dangerous world of war, we can no longer merely exist in a bubble of make-believe and invented, even false justifications for global actions. No, we will need a much deeper order of reasoning and careful consideration, no less so in global politics than in service of the art of the future.



Galileo's Dream: Freedom and Precision Gained through Measurement oil on panel, 11" x 14", (c) G. Scheckler, 2006

GOTLAND - PEARL OF THE BALTIC SEA

by Carmen Cullen

Arriving for a fortnight's stay, I found The Baltic Writers and Translators Centre easily enough, perched on top of a hill in the old town of Visby on the island of Gotland in Sweden. Small wooden houses and larger imposing stone ones spread around. Visby I had learnt is a medieval town soaked in history. Protected by high stone walls and towers, since 1995 it has been under the protection of UNESCO as a world heritage town. The walls are some of the best preserved in Europe and the cobblestone streets and old churches echo a sense of the past. In front of the Writers Centre the gothic cathedral of St. Maria, set in a hollow in a grassy square displayed Russian towers like outsize chess pieces and when I looked out the window of my lovely room the arches of the bell tower revealed the blue Baltic beyond.



The Ancient Walls of Visby

The sea has played a large part in the history of Visby. Once the town was central to the Hanseatic trade route and the island prospered. Danish pirates might have built and controlled Visgoth Castle but eager to save their souls a large number of abbeys were also constructed by wealthy merchants. Strategically positioned, closer to Estonia than Sweden the island was occupied by Germany and Denmark before coming back under the control of Sweden in 1645

Outside the town the landscape is austere, but sudden bursts of beauty abound. By mid March I was told spring has come but not to my untutored eye. Hardy low trees, shaped by winds from the Baltic barely showed buds and crocuses and snowdrops were the only flowers. Blackbirds carolled though and I knew there were good times ahead because photographs from summers before show swathes of wild-flowers in meadows or along sea shores and old cottages almost buried in climbing roses.

Gotland can endure harsh winters with months of cold wind, snow and short days but it is cherished as a place of beauty by the islanders. They are proud of its sea character and landscape delights. Ingmar Bergman, the film director lives in Faro in the North of the island where light shows up the detail of stone and shimmering lake and wind shaped pines to their best advantage.

A transformation takes place in Gotland from June when the island becomes a premier holiday venue for Swedish tourists. The temperature rises into the thirties, there are long Summer days, the sea turns warm and towns and woodlands are crowded with visitors. There is even a medieval week in August in Visby with jousting and festivities from morning to night.

Visby is a good place for a writer to be. The walled town oozes character, Many battles have been fought here you sense and there has been terrible bloodshed. Poverty is part of the town's past too and the little houses, once belonging to the poor are now sought after by the wealthy from Stockholm. They are only used for a few weeks in the year and it is impossible to resist glancing in widows as you pass, noting how perfectly furnished they are, like tiny museums to good taste.

The town walls are built of variegated limestone and lime-stone outcrops with their splashes of white pattern abound on the land side. They are reminiscent of those lichen and white spotted limestone boulders in the fields of my youth and I am glad to find such an unexpected link with the past.

If you want a home away from home, far away from the pressures of life to get on with a writing task, this is the place to be. Embraced by the fastness of the north, distance gives a much needed perspective to look on life more objectively and leave cares and troubles behind. The centre is free to stay in and is self catering. The facilities are extensive; en-suite rooms, libraries and common rooms and there is always the fun of sitting down in the evening having a meal, a chat and maybe a drink of wine with other kindred souls.

There are plenty of cosy cafés in the town too and pubs and restaurants, though in the winter months many of these are not open. Irish writers are very welcome to apply but preference will be given to writers and translators from the Baltic area. There are flights and ferries from Stockholm to Visby and all contact details about the centre and how to apply can be found on their Website: www.bcwt.org. Ireland is very important to the centre and down through the years they have hosted many Irish writers, working or taking part in the International Visby Poetry Festival. I would like to mention how friendly and helpful the Director Lena O Pasternak and Assistant Director Yvonne Patterson were during my stay.

I was made feel at ease by writers with wonderful reputations in their own countries, Kjell Westo who won the Finlandia

Prize the biggest Novelist's Prize in Finland last December and Helena Sinervo who also won it two years ago. Well known Swedish writers, hugely successful in their own country like Hakan, Peter Tornqvist and Eva Adolfsson were friendliness itself as were the writers from Germany, Estonia and Latvia. If you do pay a visit I'm sure you will be given the same hearty Scandinavian welcome as I was.



Carmen Cullen

THE MOUNTAIN PASS

by Gavin McCabe



There is an easy and comfortable way of reaching Macchu Pichu, the ancient city of the Incas in the mountains of southern Peru. That is to pile onto the tourist train from the city of Cusco to the town of Aguas

Calientes. We did not take the train, my friend Colin and I. No. We opted for motorbike, a 250 off road scrambler. I had forgotten to bring my driver's licence and asked at the rental shop if this was a problem. Not really they told me, but if the police stop you, well you could end up in prison. I chose not to risk the possibility of landing behind bars and so we rented one bike between us.

The owner of the bike was a jovial chap with a scar on his left cheek, knife fight I thought. He assured us that we were in for a great adventure with fantastic views of the Peruvian landscape. I wasn't about to argue. We loaded up our baggage, two backpacks along with the bag of tools, gave the owner the nod and screeched off through the cobbled streets of Cusco.

Our first point of reference was the small village of Pisac about an hours drive from Cusco. Passing the hill of Sacsayhuaman, Cusco's answer to the famous Corcodoba in Rio where Christ's statue overlooks the city, I could feel the adrenalin building. We were on our way. I thought of that movie, *The Motorcycle Diaries*, the biopic of Che Guevara's earlier years before joining Castro's revolution in Cuba. He and his friend travel the length of South America on one motorbike. Our trip, of course, would be nothing in comparison, straight forward. I had no idea what lay ahead.

Pisac appeared after about an hour at the bottom of a great sweeping, green valley not unlike that of our own Glencree, except on a much bigger scale. The mist of the early morning was beginning to shift as we glided along the twisting roads that would take us down into the village. Facing us on the opposite side of the valley high up in the mountains were the Incan ruins of Pisac, smaller than Macchu Pichu and less celebrated but in my opinion equally impressive.

Pulling into the village of Pisac at about nine in the morning I was already feeling the aches and pains in my body from clinging onto the back of the bike. We parked at the side of the road and entered a nearby cafe. Most of the buildings here are in disrepair, small family-run places often connected to the family dwelling area. Bedraggled street dogs roam the fronts of the makeshift cafes looking for scraps. The streets are cobbled and narrow and populated by various stall-holders selling their wares. You don't get menus in the cafes. You take what they have which on this particular morning was hard white bread with jam, a lukewarm cup of stewed apples and a mug of coca tea. I had, at this stage, become very fond of coca tea. It is completely legal in Peru and consumed daily by many Peruvians. Yes, it is the plant used in the manufacture of Cocaine but here in its natural form it is seen as a refreshing and medicinal drink. It helps with digestion and

can stave off the affects of altitude sickness. It is less addictive than coffee and better for your stomach. I asked the lady in the cafe the way out of town. She pointed off to her right. She had a wry grin on her face and I wondered was it a portent of some kind.

The village was already alive and bustling as we set off again. Soon we were cruising along a wide open road with vast, dizzying mountains on both sides. This was the sacred valley of the Incas. The sun had broken the clouds and I marveled at the sheer scale of this landscape. The Incans believed the mountains to be gods and I was beginning to realise why.

Our next port of call was Ollantaytambo, a small village framed by an ancient Incan Fortress that rises just steps from the main square. It was buzzing by the time we arrived. The local street traders were out in force and tourist buses dominated the square. I hopped off the bike and went to a small bar and ordered another coca tea, my third of the day so far, while Colin went in search of petrol. We were about to embark into the longest stretch of the journey. The road out of Ollantaytambo leads up into the mountain pass rising to more than 5000 metres. If we ran out of petrol up there we'd be in a 'world of pain' Colin said.

After we felt rested and ready we climbed into the saddle again and headed for the hills. The road out of the village is basically a dirt track. An off-road vehicle is essential. However, after twenty minutes or so of bone rattling we reached tarmac again. I was relieved as I could relax a bit and loosen my iron grip on the back of the saddle. And so it began; the climb upwards on spiral roads through the lush, wet jungle. It began to rain, heavy, the roads were slick and in no time we were both saturated. The rental shop had not given us waterproof leggings. My boots were filling up, my goggles fogging and as we rose the air became cool and thin. A thick white mist concealed the mountains above us. We seemed to be the only vehicle on the road. Doubts started to circulate in my mind.

The rain persisted and we pressed on corner after corner, climbing, climbing. I looked back to see the valley below us; gigantic, magical, ominous and beautiful. We pulled over after about forty minutes of ascent. We climbed stiffly off the bike and stretched our aching limbs. Colin removed his helmet. He didn't look too spritely. I wondered if my expression mirrored his. We gave each other the nod. We were in this together. I had a cigarette and pulled some coca leaves from my backpack. We both took half handfuls, scrunched them up and placed the dry ball at the back of our mouths between gum and cheek as we'd learned to do from an Argentinian pool player in Salta. He beat us in twelve consecutive games; perhaps they help with precision also. Along with the leaves you use a small amount bicarbonate soda, rubbing this into your gums as it is supposed to release the affects of the leaves. The combined tastes are pretty rank but its great for clearing your head and giving you a burst of energy. We hit the road again. Up and up we went. The road broke off into dirt track once more.

By now we could see the peak of the mountain, the very top covered in permafrost, a kind of hardened snow. It was incredible, the diversity of landscape we were passing through. An hour ago we had been surrounded by green, leafy jungle and now we were headed for the rocky desolation of the mountain top. Up ahead the bus pulled over and as we passed by it I saw a group of four young Peruvian men disembarking. Where could they possibly be going up here? We were at

least 5000 metres up and I couldn't see any traces of lodgings, just hard cold hills reaching towards the heavens.

They seemed very amused by the sight of us. Two crazy gringos. Another portent I thought.

Another twenty minutes and we had reached the peak of the road. We were literally on top of a mountain. From here we just had to descend. Colin raised his fist in triumph. Surely we were over the worst of it.

Below, a new valley opened up. This was the great Urubamba gorge. From our vantage point it was difficult to see just how high above the river we had climbed as a thick mist obscured our view. The track here was very narrow and as we descended we were never far from the cliff edge. Perhaps it was blessing in a way that we couldn't see the drop. Soon it began raining heavily and we were saturated all over again. It grew cold and by now I could feel the atmosphere entering my bones even through the thick fleece jacket. I was shivering. We had passed the bus and were now once again the only vehicle on the road. After a while the mist started to creep up around us until we could only see about two or three metres in front of us at any given time. We were moving at a snails pace but I think we both kept hoping that soon we would reach the bottom to more passable roads and a more temperate climate. All we could do at this stage was keep going. Turning back was not an option. At this slow pace we could talk to each other and Colin was worried about the light failing on us before we reached a place to stop. It was perhaps three o'clock in the day at this stage but really in such overcast conditions it was impossible to tell. It seemed endless at this speed, the road twisting and turning into unknown territory and for a few moments my mind switched to despair. What if we didn't make it? We'd perish up here and probably not be found for days, weeks maybe. But I quickly banished these thoughts. They were pointless.

And then we saw it. Turning one of the many corners we both fell silent. Up ahead the road was blocked by a river, a fast rushing tributary falling from the mountain, washing straight through our path and plummeting into the valley below. We brought the bike to a stop at the rivers edge, dismounted and pulled our helmets off. We stood staring at the water for a few moments. 'Game over' Colin said. I threw my helmet down, cursing and reached for my cigarettes. I walked back along the track and approached the edge, straining to see to the next corner. I could hear the grinding sounds of machinery somewhere but could see very little through the rain and mist. On the opposite side I saw a man in officious clothes striding towards the river. He had spotted us. I rejoined Colin and waited. The man started shouting at us, beckoning with his arms. He seemed a little frantic. He wanted us to move. We took hold of the bike and without much thought waded into the water. It was freezing and the current was strong. You could feel the pull to the left as we tried to keep the bike fully upright. If any substantial amount of water got into the engine, or hit the spark plugs we were finished. My boots filled up and the water climbed over my knees. Every few moments small rocks would be taken by the river and spat over the edge into the valley. The last couple of meters were the toughest as the bank rose to meet the path. We heaved the vehicle out and the man approached us immediately. He was ranting. I looked back and realised I had left my helmet behind. After retrieving it I asked Colin what the man had been saying. 'We have to get out of here...quick' he said and climbed onto the bike. The engine spluttered to life af-

ter his second kickstart. As we rounded the next corner we were met by a troupe of giant caterpillar trucks and diggers. They were working on the mountainside, the towering cliffs of silt and muck. The cliffs were caving in. We shouldn't have been there at all. We were literally risking our lives as the mountainsides are known to crumble suddenly, spilling out and over the roads. We were ushered through the melee by workers on foot. I could see groups of men talking as we passed, staring at us in disbelief, shaking their heads. An ambulance was parked up at the side of the road. This was serious.

After passing the calvacade we continued descending. The mist shifted every now and then and I caught glimpses into the valley. There was still a long way down. This was nothing like we had imagined it. The people at the bike rental place had misguided us and left us totally unprepared. We were hungry, cold, tired and shaken but I suppose the realisation of how dangerous a situation we were in gave us determination.

As the road wound around the mountain it meant we were travelling in a downward spiral so we had to cross the same river at least another six times before it took its final plunge into the roaring Urubamba. Each time we feared the engine would cut out but it didn't. Someone must have been looking out for us. Finally we reached the foot of the mountain and pulled up at a makeshift building sitting at the bottom of a steep hill. A group of people had gathered there and seemed to be waiting for something. They observed us with curiosity as we sat down on the earth in the thick muck, exhausted but happy to have made it this far. I smiled over at them and they smiled back and gave me a nod. One of the group, a young man in denims approached us and asked where we were going. I told him we were trying to get to Aguas Calientes. 'Hoy, amigo?' Today?

'Si, este possible?'

He shook his head telling me we were still at least four maybe five hours drive from there. I looked at Colin and he didn't need to say anything. We just laughed and nodded. It was typical. We both surveyed the skies. They were still heavy with rain and mist.

On the bike again I realised we must have been travelling for at least nine hours. We had left Cusco at roughly eight in the morning and now it looked like the light was slowly beginning to fade. Perhaps it was half five maybe pushing six. I didn't really want to know. We just had to keep going. There was no other option. Its funny, in a way, how at times like these the mind becomes very clear and focused. It's almost like slipping into a state of meditation. Everyday thoughts disappear. You're not really worried as you don't have time to worry. Blind determination kicks in and you simply move with it. The bike engine hummed as we bounced along the dirt tracks over thick roots and stones, crashing through deep muddy pools of rain, we raced through the tunnels of teeming jungle without knowing what lay ahead. I just kept repeating to myself 'we will make it...we will make it...we will make it'.

It sounds dramatic perhaps, but it wasn't until afterwards we discovered that the whole area between Cusco and Aguas Calientes had been struck by freak weather for that time of year and flash floods were wide spread. We were lucky to make it over the mountains when we did as the road, and there is only one, was later closed to all transport for two whole days.

SIGNAL ARTS

Unrecognisable Landscapes by Peter Cabocky

Tuesday 5th to Sunday 17th June 2007

Slovakian born Peter is currently studying Visual Arts Practice (Fine Art) at Dun Laoghaire Institute of Art, Design and Technologies and presently holds a part time position as Mediator and Public Information Officer at the Irish Museum of Modern Art (IMMA). He recently exhibited in the Pavillion Theatre Dun Laoghaire, in the Back Loft and the Civic Buildings in Dublin City Council.



Island by Peter Cabocky

Unrecognisable Landscapes addresses issues of transition, distance and contrast in the urban landscape. The exhibition consists of oil and mixed media paintings on board as well as small installations. They play with crossing

the line between the representational and the abstract.

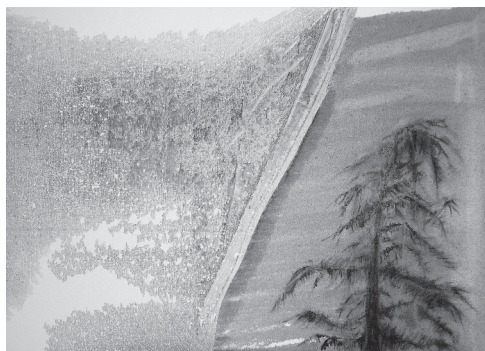
For more information go to www.cabocky.net

Opening Reception: Thursday 7th June 7-9p.m.

World Without End by Barbara O'Meara

Tuesday 19th to Sunday 1st July 2007.

Barbara will graduate this summer from NCAD with a BA in Fine Art. She has been studying Fine Art for 6 years and previously attended Bray Senior College where she studied Art, Ceramics & Design.



Tree Top by Barbara O'Meara

Barbara has exhibited in numerous group exhibitions in Ireland and Italy as well as producing commissioned work for Brook Lodge Hotel in Wicklow.

Barbara's main aim is to express the fragility of life and to capture the essence of her individual journey. She does this by showing symbolic figures or objects and also by exploring surfaces, layers and textures. Colour defines the mood of the pieces. The sombreness and indeed the joy of Barbara's work explore the fact that we as humans are linked as much through death as life.

Opening Reception Thursday 22nd June 7p.m.-9p.m.

Gallery Opening Hours: Tue-Fri 10am-5pm Closed for lunch 1-2pm. Sat/Sun 12pm-5pm Closed all day Monday.

Time Grass Á La Modigliani

by Marlene McCarthy

Standing tall straight
spikey green blades of grass
Clumped together at
the base of the headstone,
That's what they would
have been in their prime,
Like Elizabeth Jane
who died at eighteen
her fresh beauty
laid to rest underneath
the flagstone where
now lying limp, yellow
strawlike á la Modigliani
reclining nude,
right arm under her head,
that once green grass
soon to dust
scampering away in front
of the breeze, each speck
dying to be first out of sight.

VIDEO VOYEUR

Harold Chassen

The Last King of Scotland tells the story of an idealistic young Scottish doctor, Nicholas Garrigan, who comes to Uganda to practice real medicine in a rural hospital. He meets and becomes friendly with Idi Amin, and because Garrigan is Scot-



tish, not English, gives him a job in the government. As time goes on Garrigan is both seduced by the material things and power Amin gives him and horrified at what he sees going on in the country. I found the ending very contrived but the Oscar winning performance by Forest Whitaker makes this film worth the rental price.

PS

Journal Subscription for postage

Please remember, if you want to have the Journal posted to your home next season Sept 2007 to June 2008 you can send a cheque for € 10 (Payable to : Bray Arts) to The Editor, c/o Casino, Killarney Rd. Bray, Co. Wicklow.

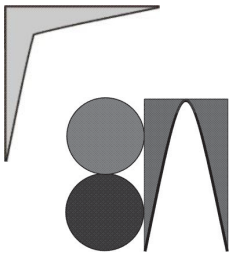
Election of New Chairperson plus Surprise

A new chairperson will be elected during the Arts Evening on Monday 11th. Apart from the delights of our guest artistes there will be an extra little surprise for those attending; we are celebrating our tenth year in existence.

Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : bacj@eircom.net
Creative Writing Prose/Fiction Editor : Anne Fitzgerald : afitzgerald3@ireland.com
Poetry Editor : Eugene Hearne : poetrybray@yahoo.ie

Email submissions to any of the above or post typed submissions to
The Editor BAJ 'Casino',
Killarney Rd. Bray,
Co. Wicklow
Visual material: Photographs by Post. Digital Images by Email or CD in JPEG format.
Deadline 15th of each month.



*Arts Evening Monday 11th June
at the Heather House Hotel Strand Road 8:00 pm
5 Euro / 4 Euro Conc. **Everyone is welcome.***

Geoffrey Healy: "If we tune in we can feel them. I Make pots to carry healing enegy."

The Old Codgers : Has Patsy had enough of batchelorship - are there startling developments afoot.

Cearbhall O'Meadhra: Flamenco guitar - music both passionate and tender.

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