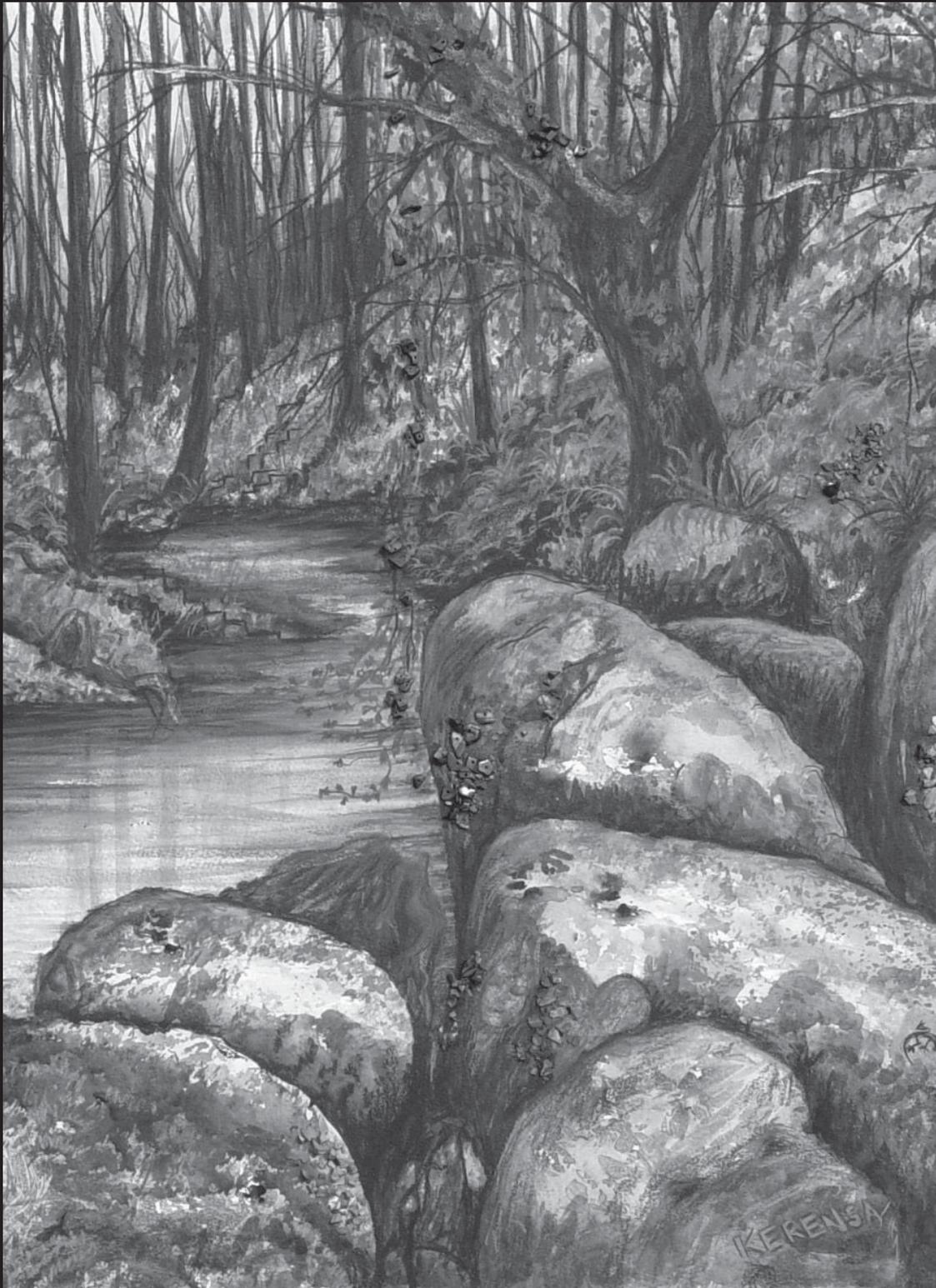

Bray Arts Journal

Issue 10

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Volume 13



KAREN SA DARCY-BAR (SECTION OF PAINTING)

REVIEW OF MAY BRAY ARTS EVENING

by Cearbhall O'Meadhra

Distressing for some, intriguing for most, the room, though beautifully decorated with herbs and flowers and hovering butterflies arranged by Angela Cooke, supported by the soft glow of candles placed by Zan O'Loughlin, was dominated by a coffin arranged intriguingly in the middle of the floor discreetly hidden from view by screens. Far from the silence and gloom associated with such an object, the room



Serena Hayes-Byrne Rosary Morley
Martin Davidson

began to fill up with old friends and new acquaintances looking forward to another evening of the Bray arts Club.

The reason for the coffin became apparent as the evening began with "Crossing The Bar", by Don Nigro, winner of the best comedy award in the recent one-act Drama fes-

tival in Bray and presented by the Bray arts theatre group under the direction of Derek Pullen. The play was performed brilliantly by Rosary Morley and Cyrena Hayes-Byrne as Gretchen and Margaret, the surviving mourners, supported from within what should have been his final resting place by the mellifluous and irrepressible Martin Davidson as the corpse. The two ladies began to show the tension and jealousy of would-be partners abandoned by the death of a loved one. Their nostalgic reminiscences and occasional snipings were startled into alarm when the corpse began fantasising about a hitherto unknown "Betty". Consternation and sheer brute force restored the proprieties and all settled back to the familiar as the play closed. Captivated, the audience welcomed the performance with lengthy applause and much laughter.

After a short break to clear the stage, Padruig Macfarlane-Barrow maintained the reflective theme as he took the audience through his memories of youth and winter snows. Padruig read a chapter from his memoirs: "Life Is For Living". This presentation was accompanied by photographic slides and his own paintings of Winter scenes dotted around the room. Fascinated and delighted the audience joined this pleasant trip down memory lane.

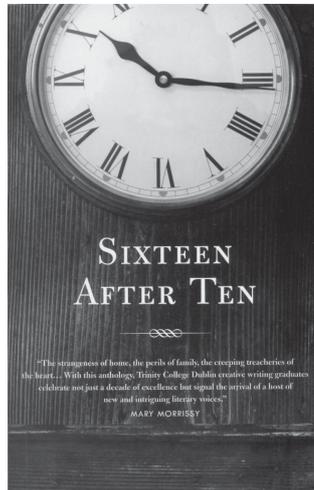
Zan made a few announcements of forthcoming events and gave the floor to Jimi Cullen Singer/Songwriter accompanied by Lee on guitar, appearing for the first time at the Bray arts Club. Jimi's rich guitar playing and varied style delivered his own compositions in an unusual style. His music poured a rich soothing sound over the attentive audience who rewarded him with great applause. Jimi finished off the evening with a lively piece that caught the dancing feet of the ladies.

The evening closed leaving the audience begging for more.

SIXTEEN AFTER TEN

A REVIEW BY LORCAN BYRNE

'Sixteen After Ten', an anthology of new writing by this year's students of the M Phil in Creative Writing in TCD, was launched by the Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist and short story writer Richard Ford in the university's Old Library on 10 April last. The title becomes less enigmatic when you learn that there are sixteen contributors to the anthology



and that this year, 2008, is the tenth anniversary of the Master of Philosophy in Creative Writing in TCD.

It is a splendidly produced volume, with well-designed text and an attractive cover. But is it as attractive to read, you ask? The answer is a definitive 'yes'. Inevitably, some stories are better achieved than others, but in each story a small corner of a credible world is created, inhabited by characters made real by very accomplished writers.

Many of these characters are on the fringe, pushed to the far margins of families and friendships. They are left frail and damaged, suffering as they do betrayals at the hands of others or themselves. The past is often far better than the present and the future is uncertain. And yet the voices we hear are not entirely pessimistic: they are frequently tempered with a rueful awareness. Many of the endings of these stories present characters who know that they are better people despite the suffering they've experienced, or perhaps because of it. We get the sense that they are squaring their shoulders and moving on.

In Viv McDade's story, *Tidal Pool*, a man wanders down to the beach after an earlier violent episode, his life turned upside down. In a wonderful final paragraph, however, McDade writes: 'Everything in the tidal pool waits for the renewal the sea will bring.' He fashions a little boat and 'adjusts its tiny sail, ready for the next cycle of the sea and an offshore wind.'

In fact, the sea features strongly in many of these stories. In *The Privilege*, Monica Strina's poignant story, Sarah, the central character, copes with her father's death by visiting memories of times shared with him; a volleyball game, a visit to a pond full of frogs, holidays by the sea. She was afraid of 'deep water' but her father encourages her to jump. She does 'because he was there... [and] swam until she got to where her father was, out of breath and happy.' In *Lunar Ladies*, Phyl Herbert's fine, dramatic (in the theatrical sense) story about three ageing women, the sea once again features as a symbol of renewal: 'the tide rises' and brings with it memories of a cherished friendship.

There are some poems in this anthology also, six in fact, by Mary Turley-McGrath. 'The Silence' is a short moving narrative about war forcing a man who 'grew up by the sea' to leave 'long narrow channels / of deep blue water' and choose instead 'the hubbub of an English city.' 'Knockanare', another fine poem, is also about loss, but

of a different kind.

Bray's own Carmen Cullen also features. Her dark but excellent story *Love, Love Me Do* traces the demise of a relationship built on self-interest. More than anything else the landscape and the deteriorating weather allow the reader to fully understand her main character's sense of loss: 'The closeness of the night, that mist...under a canopy of dripping trees, made her feel submerged.'

The Road to Valerie, by Philip St John, also explores the theme of disillusionment and explains how a low-key but significant event can implode and reveal a terrible truth. Charlie Stadlander's *The Smoking Car* is successful because of its very distinctive, jaunty narrative voice. *What We Remember in Forgetting*, by Emily Firetog, is a sensitive treatment of the impact of Alzheimer's on an avant-garde composer and his son.

In his introduction to the new *Granta Anthology of American Short Stories* Richard Ford describes short stories as the 'high wire act of literature'. This is certainly true of the stories in this anthology - there may be the odd wobble here and there but all of these writers are true performers.

Sixteen After Ten is published by Lilian Press on behalf of the Oscar Wilde Centre for Irish Writing, TCD. Contact www.tcd.ie/OWC/sixteenafterten

GOOD TIDINGS

by Anne Fitzgerald

TIDINGS, Shed Poets, (CB, Wicklow, 2008), pp. 48, •7.00.

TIDINGS is the third chapbook from The Shed Poets Society, which 'meets each week in a terraced garden overlooking Killiney Bay.' Six poets feature respectively with seven poems, four of whom appeared in the groups' debut publications 'Rising Tide', with two new voices in this current offering; and so, it is interesting to chart the progression and development of new work from familiar voices such as: Carol Boland, Bernie Kenny, Maureen Perkins and Rosy Wilson and to be introduced to the new voices of: Marguerite Colgan and Judy Russell.

The breath of this chapbook takes readers under the gaze of Rosy Wilson's 'hazel eyes' in *Caheraderry* to 'a sanctuary high in/ the Himalayas...' onward to *An Old Man Making Tibetan Boots*, closing her selection in Glencree. Imagery and strong use of colour in Maureen Perkins' work is to be found in such poems as *Poppies Paper Blouses*, *End of September* and *Ring-a Ring-A-Rosy*. Through *Aphrodia* we gain '...full sail...' access to the '...purple silks...' of Carol Boland's work whose thematic ranges encapsulates the transience of time in *Crossing the Bog of Allen* and *The Table*, the latter questioning the price of freedom. '...From the tangled bed...' of Bernie Kenny's, *An Ordinary Insomniac*, to '...a bunch of bluebells...' who take '...on the strength of an oak...' in "*But Surely It Would Have Been a Pity*", (borrowing the title from Elizabeth Bishop); to the stark floral metaphor of '...three mauve/seed-feathered flowers...' in *Unloved*.

The search for *Chocolate* after argument is defined by Judy

Russell as '...compulsion driving a wedge/between rage and despair.' In a *Guilty Secret* '...folding ambition sides to middle.' Whilst '...swollen river(s) drown the poet '...in details' in *Turning off the Radio*. *Tidings* closes with Maguerite Colgan transporting us to Auschwitz, Scotch House at Ogull, Skellig Michael and to Georgian O'Keefe's '...terracotta earth...' bringing readers full circle on this poetic journey which does '...make time stop,...' as Wilson expounds in her opening poem.

Structurally these poems are as varied as their thematic ranges. This anthology is rooted in the naturalistic world, where poems hold a rustic reverence in modernity, an acute appreciation for landscape and floral detail, with a bent at times towards, evocative almost of, that Frostian genuflection.

This is an attractive production that acknowledges the assistance of Dún Laoghaire Rathdown County Council, printed on hammer paper, staple bound, with the unusual dimensions of 8.5 x 4.5 inches, making it the perfect fit for most jacket pockets.

If as it is postulated that God is in the detail, then surely he is to be found in *Tidings*.

FINAL BRAY ARTS EVENING OF THE SEASON

MONDAY JUNE 10TH 8:00 PM HEATHER HOUSE, STRAND ROAD BRAY. ADM 5 EURO / 4 EURO CONC. ALL WELCOME

Gladys Sheehan: For those who have not seen the Would You Believe TV documentary on the inspirational Gladys Sheehan Broadcast by RTE on 16th March you now have an opportunity to see it at our Arts Evening on June 9th. Gladys will be there of course with her many friends from Bray Arts.

Kerensa D'Arcy-Barr, started painting in 1992 whilst living in Kenya. Her initial inspiration was the spectacular scenery of East Africa. She continued painting when she moved to Australia and then on to Bali where she was inspired by the beautiful scenery and enchanting people. In 1998 she moved home to Co.Wicklow and continued painting and studying in both oils and watercolour. She has exhibited widely in Ireland. The cover is a section of one of her enchanting pictures.

Indiivara :We will close off the 2007/2008 season of Bray Arts with the wonderful dance group Indiivara. They perform American Tribal Style Bellydance. This dancing takes its influence in both in its dance moves and dress code from tribes from around the world but it is heavily influenced by Middle Eastern Tribal cultures. This dance form originated in America over 30 years ago and has evolved from pure Tribal into many fusions , Spanish & Indian to mention a few . The group trains under Wendy Marlett a renowned teacher who herself trained with the originator of tribal dance Carolina Nericcio. Song Circle

AGM : A very brief AGM, Bray Arts Style, will take place during one of the breaks in entertainment. We hope you can attend and give your support to Bray Arts. Any assistance we can get during the year, no matter how small, is really appreciated and lessens the burden on the few volunteers who have been running Bray Arts for many years now..

7 Chapel Lane

By Jack Cuddihy

After he stopped caring,
My father lost the house in
Which seven generations
Had come into and gone
From the world.
Georgian-windowed,
I remember. Three steps
Smooth-worn to the door,
A fanlight. The gaslight
I hung from on a dare
High shutters to the from
Downstairs, cellar under the
Lane, the garret where Dick
My brother inhaled Friar's
Balsam to breathe.
Soon, after the rain fell
Through the roof, and
The cellar ran with rats,
And the last voice in the
House has fallen still,
I began to dream that tone
And Grattan had hammered
On the door, and Parnell,
Stately, came and sat
Before the shutters
During that sad, last throw
Of the dice, after the Bishops
Had done him and Healy
Flung the give. Dream voices
Silent in a knacker's yard.

Chasing Georgia

After a Georgia O'Keeffe Exhibition

By Shirley Farrar

Under shady trees
a flock of Calla lilies
strut their stuff.

Zantedeschia
elegant South African
flaunts fragrant blooms.

Flamingo heads erect
look this way and that,
speechless in the breeze,

luscious long green stems
chaste white for
bridal bouquets;

stands proud in pond margins
and bog gardens.
maroon-black

Heart-shaped strumpet
opens on black stems;
deep beetroot-red,

apple-green foliage
keeps its counsel.
Waxy single petals

rise from the base
as spathes bear
pencil-shaped spikes;

plant's tiny fingers
point in open ground,
humus rich soil.

Full sun nostrils flare;
mango marmalade-orange,
triumphant lily cones.

Ice-cream for
red ladybird lips,
in a quiet room.

New York museum
of Modern Art
Georgia's abstraction

white flower with golden heart.
Single lily in red
speaks for itself?

Dawson Street

By Shirley Jane Farrar

Escaping for the day to Dublin with my Playboy
of the Western World. Day to enjoy the lost world
of my grandfather, gaze at portraits in the National,
wander tree-lined streets. At Hodges Figges
glance through small green windows,
a hundred poets, painters- wall to wall.
The *Snow Water* words of Longley.

And feel the long embrace of Irish love poets.
Kavanagh, his *bluebells under the big trees*,
the winding stair of William Butler's *Delphic Oracle*
Upon Plotinus, while at another page
words dance distractedly and dive
into the swimming pool of Anne Fitzgerald,
swimmer below the surface who searches

for meaning in those tumbleturns of life.
Replete on words then on to eat in Bleu,
a quiet place to dive
into that deep white bowl.
Scallops, salmon seared, on purple leaves,

warm salad, red onion, parmesan and grapes-
a painting without words on my plate.

Across the river Liffey a station whistle squeals.
Just how did Isabella feel in 1921
as rain beat down?

The northern train pulled from Connolly Street
George Robert, my grandfather, Great War's
decorated

First Lieutenant, our family's intimidated son
leaving behind his southern roots.

Outside a cool wind blows on Dawson Street.
Horse chestnuts shiver against brick buildings.
Inside, battalions of glasses square up.
In the mirrored corner of the restaurant
four Dublin men discuss the day,
a busy waiter bolts with pots of crème brulee.
A glass of La Reverence Chardonnay sparkles.

Across the border the Big Man Ian,
the Wolfhound of Ulster raises his fist.
Snow lies, the March winds seal our fate.

FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS TO MONUMENT VALLEY

By Shane Harrison

The Rocky Mountains of Colorado rise to the south and we're bound for the Million Dollar Highway towards Durango. The scenery is sheer alpine, the snow capped peaks rising out of a painted foreground of farmland and



Rocky Mountains

forest. Ouray, named after an Indian chief of the Utes, is a beautiful wooden town clinging to a rugged gorge and hemmed in on three sides by spectacular mountains. This is ski resort country in winter and

already the road is mimicking the giddy slalom of the skier. The road south skirts some scary cliffs and there is no barrier between us and the precipice. We stop at the thirteen thousand foot Red Mountain Pass. This underlines how Colorado was named; the snow streaked peaks have changed from blue to red, most strikingly in the mountain that dominates the pass.

We take two more high mountain passes before Silverton, a nineteenth century mining town. Silverton is connected to Durango by rail and you can take a round trip on a traditional steam train. We get a motel beside the quaint station in downtown Durango. Durango is bustling but still

keeps its old wild west charm, punctuated by the train whistle. There are fine red brick hotels and bars, plenty of restaurants and shopping. We eat Mexican tonight, which seems appropriate on the fringes of the desert. I'm thinking of Dylan and Emmylou taking the horse across the desert, and Dylan's Mexican taking an avenging bullet. 'Hot chilli peppers in the blistering sun...' The waiter is surprisingly abrupt, but the food-fajitas for me, is excellent, and plenty of it.

It's one hundred and sixty miles to Monument Valley and there is plenty of interest on the way. We stop for gas outside Mesa Verde. The woman at the office has to come out to show me how to use the pump. She has a more sophisticated, citified look than I would have anticipated out here. We fill up and head into the reservation. Mesa Verde reminds me a bit of Benbulbin, but russet and arid. It's a twenty mile trip in from the gate, winding up steeply to a thousand feet above the plain, then across the parched and rugged plateau. This was home to Pueblo Indians a thousand years ago who developed an advanced civilisation on the harsh but secure mesa. The Navajo, who arrived in these parts five hundred years ago called them the Anasazi, the enemy-ancestor. Even then the ancient civilisation had faded and some mythology suggests it contributed to the southward push of the Aztecs. The scattered remnant still forms a necklace across the desert, always a vulnerable target for passing warriors, be they Apache, Navajo, Hispanic or American. The Anasazi built stone villages in the rock fissures, fantastic sculpted dwellings suggesting a magical and mythological people. We visit one village clinging to shallow caves below the flat rock capping of the plateau. The place has suffered from fire recently and weird charred forests stretch for miles, like jagged tableau acting out a Rousseau painting. The desert heat is heavy, even up here, giving us a foretaste of what to expect further south, sweltering on the giddy horizon.

As we turn towards the four corners we pass Sleeping Ute Mountain and the landscape begins to limber up for the buttes and pinnacles of Monument Valley. The Four Corners monument is the one place in the US where four states meet - Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah. We pull into a circular, dusty park ringed by souvenir stalls. The stalls are operated by Native Americans. This is Navajo country, one young stallholder tells me. North, south and west, although, with a faintly bemused gesture of his chin towards the mountains to the east, he acknowledges the Utes. We get flavoured ice in a conical cup to ward off the heat.

We talk to an American couple from San Diego who are heading north east on some mixture of family business and pleasure. He's depositing the care somewhere in Montana before heading back home alone. "I look forward to it," he says to my commiserations. You see that a lot over the mid-west; those basic motels where the guy puts in with his car, sits on the stoop nursing an amber drink and squinting into the sunset. In the morning there'll be nothing there but tyre marks.

As we turn north towards Utah the car registers the outside temperature at ninety six degrees, and climbing. Now the magical monuments are glimpsed pushing out of the

desert floor. The Navajo reservation is the most populous in America. Navajoland is just over the bridge from Mexican Hat. This gets its name from a giddy stone formation nearby, for all the world resembling a sombrero held aloft on a stony pole. It's a jagged string of rough hewn joints, not entirely charmless, hugging the last straight stretch of road before a wide, shallow gorge; a place to go for a few jars I'd say, especially since the reservation is dry.

There is a peculiarly ancient feeling to the landscape, the sensation that it was home to dinosaurs as jagged and strange as the rock formations. Everpresent is the mythology of the wild west. Our Cadillac could be a stagecoach, the windscreen the frame of a Hollywood film and, in the lengthening shadows, hostile indians follow our progress.

Goulding's Lodge, 1000 Monument Valley is set above a straggling settlement of low dwellings. It is built into sandstone cliffs and it looks out on one of the world's most enthralling and resonant views. Harry Goulding and his wife 'Mike' had established the lodge in 1923 as a trading post with the Navajo but in the Depression years the tribe had fallen on hard times. In an attempt to improve their plight the Gouldings set off for Los Angeles in 1938 hoping to convince directors of the advantages of Monument Valley as a film location. John Ford obliged and within months



Monument Valley

had located Stagecoach starring John Wayne in this strange landscape. The Western, as we know it, was born. There's a museum here to Goulding's illustrious past and a red stagecoach outside and a timelessly redolent corral fence with wagonwheels. All sorts of romance come together at once: the boyhood thrill of the western, the teenage anticipation of love in the image of the silver screen, and the mature realisation of the timeless aesthetic of the western with its bold reduction of history to a mythology of good overcoming adversity. There's an excellent shop with beautifully crafted jewellery with a predominance of silver and turquoise and the rightly famous, and expensive, Navajo weaving. There are colourful stones and crystals too amongst interesting knickknacks and souvenirs of which the most poetically named are the dream catchers and the most useful are the peace pipes, perhaps.

The restaurant is tiered and arranged arena style towards picture windows looking out on the valley. I order a Navajo speciality which has a Tex-Mex flavour and design to it and might be quantitatively described as minced Brontosaurus on a football pitch of pitta bread, with two choices from the salad tray. The reservation is, like I said, dry; but we have brought a bottle of Colorado wine from Durango and we can retire to our room where, from the balcony, we gaze on the dreaming spires and vermilion slabs strung out before us. We watch the sun go down and six hours or so later watch it come up again.

The End

WISDOM

BY LORCAN BYRNE

Paul walked down Merrion Row through a mesh of rain. His first week in Dublin had been a disappointment: there was already so much to hate. The long hours, the feverish edge to conversations with new colleagues, the long commute into town through heavy traffic from his uncle's house in Naas.

He could already read the sad disillusionment in the faces of the older men. There must be better ways of making a living, he thought as he weaved his way through the Friday lunchtime crowds. The fresh tingle of drizzle on his face made him think, not for the first time that week, of his brother Simon, who had recently inherited their dead father's farm. Six months ago he would have said he was delighted not to be Simon, the eldest son - now he wasn't so sure.

He nearly slipped on the white marble floor as he pushed open the heavy door of the National Gallery. Curiously, it was brighter inside. He loved this part of the building, the new Millennium wing, with its soaring ceiling and generous spaces. He had come here for lunch every day this week and ordered the same thing each time: a bowl of soup and two slices of brown bread. Today it was leek and potato. The waitress, a young Chinese girl about the same age as himself, smiled at him and said 'hello, how are you' as she took away his empty tray.

There was that man again, at his usual table near the bottom of the long flight of marble steps, sitting with his eyes half shut. Occasionally he reached out to lift a glass of water to his lips. A folded Irish Times lay at his elbow and a wide-brimmed hat hung from the back of one of the two empty chairs beside him. Paul had only once seen him eat anything, a sandwich last Tuesday. He thought it might have been tuna and salad, but he wasn't absolutely sure.

The Chinese girl returned to fill the sugar bowl with more sachets of sugar even though it was already quite full.

'You OK sir?' she asked. 'Want more coffee?'

'No, I'm fine,' Paul answered and then, because he thought he had sounded too abrupt, 'you're very busy today.'

'Oh yes, always busy when it rains,' she smiled, delighted, 'but always new people, not same people like you. Tourist people'

'Same like him?' he nodded towards the man seated near the bottom of the staircase. 'He's not new, is he?'

'Oh no, he come every day too. Stay nearly all day. He nice man, help people when they fall down. But no smiles, no talk.'

Paul bought another coffee after all and as he drank it he wondered how the nice man could afford to hang around sipping bottled water in restaurants all day.

Perhaps he had inherited his money from some great aunt or other. Or won the lottery. No wonder then if he could sit around looking self-sufficient and wise, reading his Times and finishing the hard crossword.

Sure enough, as Paul passed the nice, wise man he noticed that the Crosaire crossword was two-thirds complete. He was more than halfway up the steep flight of wide steps when from the corner of his eye he saw the Chinese waitress smiling over at him. She gave a small, uncertain wave. As Paul turned to wave back he slipped on the wet marble surface and lost his footing. He reached out to grab something, anything, but clasped nothing but empty air - the handrail was just beyond reach. His body tensed for the inevitable impact and he had just enough time to wonder which part of him would hit the floor first.

For a moment or two there was no pain. He may have lost consciousness but he wasn't sure. It was only when he tried to get up that he felt the electric shock of agony in his right leg.

'Easy does it,' the nice, wise man said, leaning over him. He was wearing his wide-brimmed hat. 'There's an ambulance on the way.' He eased Paul's head back onto something soft. His overcoat, perhaps.

The Chinese girl waited with him too. She placed her hand on his forehead, closed her eyes and said something in soft Chinese words, incomprehensible to him of course but recognisably reassuring nonetheless.

Shortly after the ambulance men arrived they gave him an injection and gently lifted him onto a stretcher. Just before they carried him away the wise man leaned over and slid something into the top pocket of his jacket.

'They should have had signs out,' he whispered. Paul felt the man's breath on his ear. 'Especially on wet days like this. Ring me when you get a chance. When you're a bit better.' The nice, wise man patted his sleeve and walked away.

It seemed to Paul that a mist was falling even though he was still indoors. He felt for whatever it was that the wise man had placed in his pocket. A business card. He forced his eyes to focus and the words emerged from the haze.

JAMES A. CULLEN, B.L.
Solicitor and Attorney-at-Law
Accidental Injury a Speciality
NO WIN - NO FEE

Laughter started to well up in Paul's chest but the mist descended again. His eyes closed and his mouth relaxed into the wisest and most inscrutable of smiles.

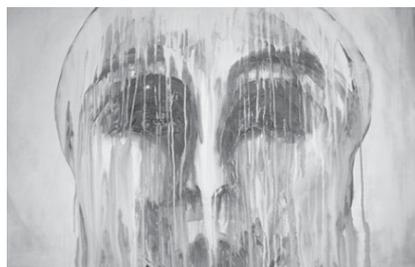
The End

Signal Arts Centre Exhibitions

'Spirit 2' by Yvonne Robinson

From Tuesday 10th June to Sunday 22nd June 2008

Opening Reception :
Fri 13th June 7 - 9 pm



Yvonne's work is in general about her response to the world as she has seen and experienced it.

While she works in a variety of media, ink is her primary method of expression. She says, "Working through this medium allows me the freedom to express myself." The concept is to work from the imagination, from the subconscious to create something unique. Her work is mostly figurative to emote a psychological undertone to consider the masks that we all wear.

'In Between' by Caroline Loughnane & Una Kavanagh

From Tuesday 24th June to Sunday 6th July 2008

Opening Reception Fri 27th June 7 - 9 pm

Caroline says, "Our fragile and vulnerable existence is sometimes sheltered by strong, capable veneers." The consequences that transpire from this contrast produce emotions, which are conveyed in the finished pieces. Her work engages with that part of ourselves,



which is sometimes hidden or ignored. She attempts to transform internal voice into external objects.



Una's work revolves around and is a culmination of the figurative and also the natural world of flora and fauna. It focuses on natural, living qualities, but can also be regarded as a hybrid or a metamorphosis of the two. Even

though some of the forms she creates tends to appear more biomorphic and organic than figurative, the human form is very definitely implied, and human presence always permeates the work.

Signal Arts Opening Hours:
Tuesday - Friday 10am - 1 pm and 2 pm - 5 pm
Sat and Sunday 12 am - 5 pm

CONGRATULATIONS ROBERT!



It's always a pleasure to see the emergence of new artistic talent in the local community. Congratulations to Robert Slattery for his success in the 2008 Texaco Art Competition where he won a special merit award for his self portrait. Robert is 15 and a student of Presentation College Bray.

Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : editor@brayarts.net

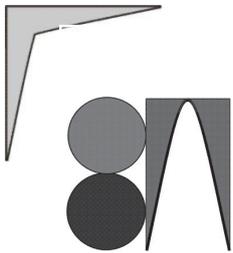
Creative Writing Editor : Anne Fitzgerald :
afitzgerald3@ireland.com

Email submissions to any of the above or post typed submissions to

The Editor BAJ 'Casino',
Killarney Rd. Bray,
Co. Wicklow

Visual material: Contact editor
Deadline 15th of each month.

Copyright remains with the contributors and the views expressed are those of the contributors and not the editorial board.



*Arts Evening Monday 9th June
at the Heather House Hotel Strand Road 8:00 pm
5 Euro / 4 Euro Conc. Everyone is welcome.*

Gladys Sheehan Documentary : RTE's 'Would You Believe'
documentary on the incredible Gladys Sheehan

Kerensa D'Arcy-Barr : Talks about and shows her inspirational Art

Indiivara: Exciting American Tribal Style Bellydance heavily influenced
by Middle Eastern Tribal cultures.

Very Short **AGM** will take place with election of chairperson for
the coming 2008/2009 Season.

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