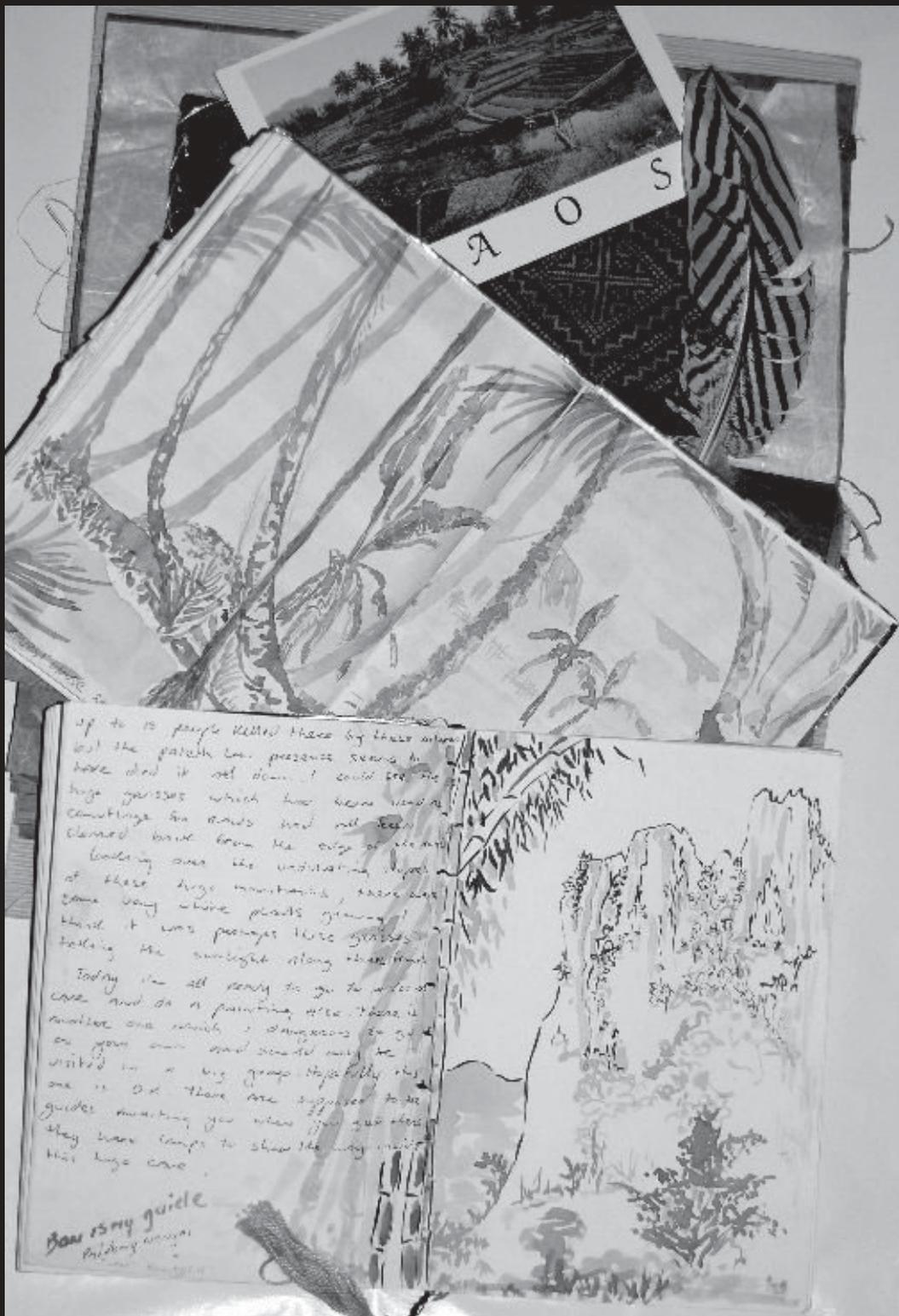


Bray Arts Journal

Issue 9

May 2006

Volume 11



EDITORIAL

Colin Baird of Fourthwall Creative Industries emailed this Journal to inform us that a Wicklow based professional theatre company, 'sOMETHINGdIFFERENT' has been set up by Martin Murphy a resident of Bray. Their first dramatic production is Eugene Onegin : The Roadshow, written and directed by Martin.

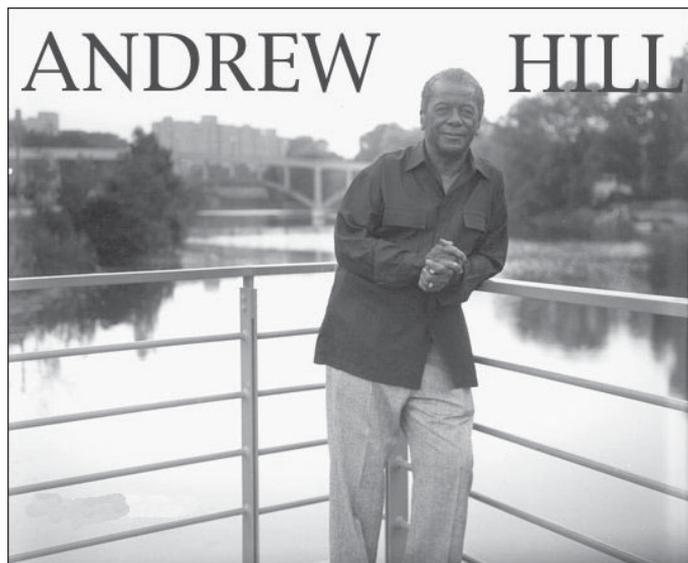
Bray Arts wishes them every success in their bold venture. It is heartening to see this type of development and congratulations to the Arts Council and Bray Council for backing it. It is important to mark events like this because the degree to which a community welcomes and nurtures artistic expression is an indicator of the spiritual and moral life of that community.

In the same vein Bray Arts would like to congratulate the organisers of the Bray Jazz Festival who are launching their 7th Festival with another magnificent line-up of top-class acts. The Bray festival is a major national event in the Jazz calendar in Ireland.

Front Cover : Fiona Farrell's Journals of South-East Asia. See page 3 and 4.

BRAY JAZZ FESTIVAL 2006

Bray Jazz Festival 2006 returns to North Wicklow for its seventh year on the upcoming May Bank Holiday weekend. The event this year will present a programme of over 30 concerts and recitals, the highlight of which is certain to be a welcome arrival to these shores of the great American pianist and composer **Andrew Hill**. This is a real coup for the festival organisers. The festival takes place from Friday to Sunday, **April 28th-30th**.



Box Office Information:

Tickets for all events at Mermaid Arts Centre, Bray Town Hall and The Piano Room at The Esplanade Hotel are available from **Mermaid Box Office (01) 2724030**.

Tickets for World Music Pavillion and Late Night Jazz Club on sale on the door each night.

sOMETHINGdIFFERENT theatre

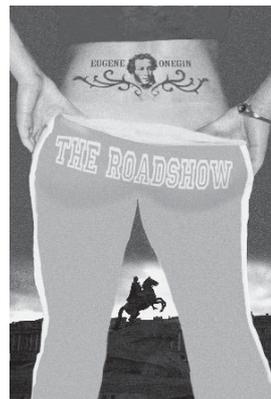
Wicklow's only fully professional theatre company

presents

Eugene Onegin : the Roadshow

If Eugene Onegin was a rock 'n roll star... if Pushkin was on Big Brother...if Tatiana fooled around... welcome to the world of Eugene Onegin a trash carousel of the life and loves (and locusts!) of Alexander Pushkin, Russia's greatest artist.

Eugene Onegin: the Roadshow has been written, produced and will be performed only in Bray by **sOMETHINGdIFFERENT theatre**, Wicklow's only fully professional theatre company.



The show was made possible by a Project grant from the Arts Council/ An Chomhairle Ealaion, and through the assistance of Bray Town Council.....It features **Seamus Moran (Fair City's "Mike Gleeson")** in the part of Pushkin and was written and directed by Bray resident and Artistic Director of **sOMETHINGdIFFERENT** Martin Murphy.

The Mermaid Arts centre 8pm Saturday 6th May - Saturday 13th May Tickets priced 18 Euro Previewing

Friday 5th May Tickets priced 16 Euro. Matinee performances Tue 9th, Wed 10th, Thur 11th May - special group rates available. (no performances Sun or Mon).

GREYSTONES ORCHESTRA MOZART CELEBRATION CONCERT

Church of the Holy Rosary, Greystones
FRIDAY 26th MAY 2006 at 8pm
Conductor - Ronan O'Reilly, Leader - Hazel Fortune

To celebrate the 250th anniversary of Mozart's birth, the Greystones Orchestra will perform a varied programme of his work, including:

- Symphony no. 40 in G minor
 - Overture - The Marriage of Figaro
 - Serenade for Wind "Gran Partita"
 - Clarinet Concerto in A major (Adagio)
 - Sinfonia Concertante K297B
- Tickets 15E (Concession 12E). Tickets available from orchestra members and at the door, or call Lisa on 01 276 0006.

LETTER FROM SEAMUS BYRNE

Lots of people are enquiring about the upcoming 'Day to Nourish Your Body and Soul' on Saturday May 13th, so I would strongly recommend that you firmly book by either sending in a cheque or booking by Credit Card (Visa or Mastercard).

The program for the day is quite varied and fascinating with valuable information and demonstration on the many health-related, good-practice topics from Juicing to Meditation to Health Food Cooking to Relaxation, Healing Music and Exercise. For information email seamusbyrne@eircom.net or phone 01 68645 Mobile: 086 0549816
Seamus Byrne.



Marian and Peter Growney with Gladys Sheehan (centre) who launched Peter's impressive solo exhibition in a packed Parochial Hall on Tuesday 18th April 2006.

REVIEW OF APRIL BRAY ARTS EVENING

A most relaxed and happy atmosphere would best describe the April Arts Evening. Perhaps it was because of the first speaker Pat Walshe, a painter who lives and works in Wicklow. Pat gave a brief outline of his career in the states, his return to Ireland, a period when he stopped painting and finally how he found inspiration in the beautiful landscape of Wicklow. Pat's low key and totally unpretentious approach in discussing his work and aspects of his life as an artist was fascinating and it was crystal clear that this man has a deep and profound connection with his surroundings. Have a look at his website www.patrick-walshe.com.

After Patrick a six foot four inch writer, Ted Crowley, told us about his early life in East Cork and then went on to read from his story 'For Paula'. At one point, in the person of a fictional priest, father Tom deVoil, Ted gave a blood and thunder sermon on sex, drugs and greed. We might have been forgiven for thinking we were back in the old Mission days. A little word of advice for Ted; the audience really enjoyed his reminiscences on his early days more than anything else and it would seem a natural subject for Ted's next writing project.

Two members of the band 'No Standing' added a fresh and pleasant tone to the evening in the Youth Spot.



Frank O'Keefe who was the impeccable MC for the evening performed a monologue written by the late Gerry O'Malley. After Frank had finished there was a moment of silence, a moment when one wished to hang onto and sustain the emotional catharsis that Frank had so beautifully evoked in the audience. The sustained applause that followed said it all.

Bray Arts ensured a perfect end to the night by inviting Ultimate Swing back to Bray. Olivia, Edward and Shane delivered in spades ending with a terrific rendition of 'My Heart Belongs to Daddy'. What can one say; they do what it says on the tin, they swing.



PREVIEW OF BRAY ARTS EVENING MONDAY 8TH MAY

If you are looking for something different, music, talk, drama and literature there is really only one place to go - Bray Arts on Monday 8th May at the Heather House Hotel (opposite the bandstand) on Strand Road Bray. Everyone is welcome. At this upcoming event you will be informed and entertained by :-

Fiona O' Farrell - Textile Artist - Recently back from her 2nd trip overland in S.E. Asia, Fiona has spent time in Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, Singapore, Vietnam and Burma (Myanmar). During her trips she has made notes and sketches and has many a story to tell. Her talk will be illustrated with some slides from Ankor Wat in Cambodia.

The Sellouts is an exciting new group of young musicians from Co. Wicklow. The group members have a remarkable level of musicianship for their age. They play a fiery, eclectic mix of electric blues and rock. Each of the musician's strengths lies in different, but equally complimentary genres, blending these different styles together to form their own individual sound. A.J. O'Reilly (vocals), Daniel and Adam Keogh (guitarists), Simon Finney (lead bass), Jamie Boland (drums).

Sonia Haccius took an M.A. in set design at the Slade School of Fine Art in London. She has subsequently designed sets for The Focus Theatre, Rattlebag, Barnstorm, David Horan, Island Theatre Co., and The Abbey as well as RIGOLETTO for Co-Opera Co. London productions include THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, THE GHOSTS OF POE, and ROMEO & JULIET in Germany. Film and television work includes OLIVE, RIGHT NOW LADIES AND GENTS, YOU'RE A STAR and the O2 ABILITY AWARDS.

Sonia has also designed and produced several exhibitions for heritage centers, including the Dunbrody Famine Ship and Belvedere House.

Frank O'Keefe and **Justin Aylmer** play The Two Old Codgers in "The Strike". Justin trained at the Stanislavski Studio at the Focus Theatre under the direction of Deirdre O'Connell. He has toured professionally over most of Ireland and has had parts in programmes on RTE, Sky and ITV. Frank trained at the Webber Douglas School of Drama in London, played Shakespeare with the late Anew McMaster and worked for the Abbey Theatre. He has toured extensively in Ireland, Scotland and England and appeared in many TV and Film productions. Frank is also an award winning playwright (radio and stage).

MOCRAC

Although starting life as a studio project and the brainchild of Maurice (Mo) Ferriter - Mocrac have been steadily growing and gaining plaudits over the last two and a half years as their live set goes from strength to strength. In that time they have taken the sweet and unique sound of the album Cash is King (which gets its label debut in early summer on Reekus Records) and turned it into a viable, living and breathing live entity. By recruiting four other members of the group who all write, sing and play many instruments, Maurice has succeeded in his ambition of turning Mocrac from a concept into a reality.

A unique and accessible blend of pop sensibilities, country romance and acoustic harmonies all undercut with an ethos born of rock lends this band to almost any setting.

AN IRISH SOLDIER'S SONG by Brendan O' Brion

*60,000 Irish men died in the Great War.
Many hailed from Inchicore in Dublin.*

We sailed off to war from Inchicore
night before we sank pints in Brogan's Bar
stone cold sober now, gathered in Gallipoli.

Pints poured thick and fast, dark like rich young blood
creamy collar on the brim, broad-rimmed
like a well-filled collar of an Irish parish priest.

Tonight a thin-lipped Jesuit from Oxford England
hears our last confessions, absolves innocent sins
stifles a yawn.

Tomorrow they send us over the top to be topped
like the wheat fields of autumn in the fresh of the dawn

8 of 10

Journey

by Francis Cotter

When I lifted the hand-stitched leather
of my aunt's treasure chest,
I was in her parlour, misty
in late light. She was sitting,
her ringless fingers working the corner.
Quiet work, punctuated with small sighs,
as the needle looped the leather.
Out through the window
I heard the empty silence
surround the lowing cows
their thin legs, yellowed
by buttercups as they retraced
the narrow path,
brought me to the meadow,
the rushy drain and the fairy rath
where startled gnats
and other winged things
moved up an octave of air
to let me in.

JOURNEY THROUGH SOUTH EAST ASIA

by Fiona Oë Farrell - Textile Artist

I was here , I was there .

Most of us older people remeber cold draughty houses , with damp beds and books ruined by mould . My father 's early art work was all stored underneath a window ledge in our family home in Enniskerry . Before I was born it was already ruined by damp and mildew . It was sad to see how the Tropical climate also ruined paper . When travelling in Burma (now called Myanmar) recently , I noticed the book shops were quite different from what we know . Due to the softer paper and lack of hard covers , they were all piled horizontally . When I left Bagan (Pagan - ancient Buddhist temple site) to go south to Pyay, I travelled all day on a crowded bus . An elderly gent was sitting across the aisle from me , and he had a book which he read now and then .



I smiled and indicated that I would like to take a look . He took it off his basket made of nylon packing-case strips and let me take a look . To me , handling this book was like touching something of great antiquity . It was a small sized paperback. It had no cardboard cover and its spine was carefully re-stitched to prevent its disintegration . The paper was a yellow rough type which I seem to rember from my early childhood 45 years ago . As I turned the pages I got the distinct feeling that it might just fall apart in my hands . The writing was all in Burmese script , which is a soft rounded style . I had already learnt that old Asian scripts were always rounded , so as the pens would not pierce the palm leaves on which the early books were written on . The illustrations were of the Temples of Bagan , but from the era before the 1973 earthquake . My daughter Rohan and I had just spent a few days visiting them and were filled with wonder at these structures, which were built almost a millenium ago . When I passed the book back to this elderly Burmese man , I regretted that we could not speak to each other . Some barrier separated us , language or fear of the Regime which holds its people to ransom. A while later a man of a different ethnic background came and sat in the small seat in the middle of the aisle . They both fell into talking quietly for a few hours . It was almost like they were father and son , such was the feeling of compassion and understanding between them .



CRACOW

the hard rock of their own place.

by **Shane Harrison**

Nicholas Copernicus turned the world on its head when he put the sun at the center of the solar system. He was a graduate of Cracow University in the sixteenth century, a time when the city was at the centre of Polish life - a position which, like the Earth's, has waned since.

Situated on the north bank of the majestic Vistula, Cracow still wears a cloak of late medieval and early Renaissance fabric. Mighty ancient towers and fanciful spires preside over the old town, a rough oval surrounded by a narrow park, the Planty, and centred on the vast Market Square. The covered market building suggests an oriental bazaar both outside and within; you can buy amber, fur hats and souvenirs from stalls lining the long central arcade.

Amber is an appropriate substance to embody the city. The translucent orange fossil resin has been a staple of north European trade for millennia. The Baltic amber routes opened up new highways and possibilities, exchanging not just goods but people and ideas between east and west, north and south. The beads themselves are frozen teardrops of a world many millions years dead, flakes of ancient life suspended within. To sell amber is to sell age and beauty; it is a history that predates writing.

From Market Square old streets spill down a shallow incline to the foot of Wawel Hill. At the summit the complex of buildings includes the Cathedral and Wawel Castle which dates



Wawel Castle early 19th Century

back to the 11th century. It is still a potent symbol of Polish independence and from all sides it is easy to see how the vista, a mixture of fairytale castle and gothic fortress, can conjure up the mythology and awe to inspire a country.

Cracow can be an eerie place. A still life caught in the white of late winter, I cut across squares with a few other charcoal figures, sometimes like Breughel's returning hunting party, at others within a bleak industrial Lowry. Old trams trundle from the petrified trees of the Planty along grey boulevards to Kazimierz. This Jewish quarter was created by the enlightened Kazimir the Great in the fourteenth century and by the twentieth century Jews comprised almost a quarter of the city's population. The holocaust changed all that. Several synagogues remain and the city, and nearby Auschwitz, has become something of a place of pilgrimage for Israelis and Europeans reluctant to forget.

Poland is no stranger to struggle. It is forever poised at the apex of east and west, and aggressive expansionists on both sides have not been slow to overrun it. Each wave leaves its mark; the indelible lines of high and low culture in the buildings and the street life. The Poles have clung tenaciously to



Kazimir The Great

In the baroque interior of Corpus Christi in the Kazimierz, the exuberant tradition of Catholicism perseveres. The contrast with communism is apparent, a distinction which elsewhere has been sadly blurred by the brutalist excesses of Vatican II. Communism is the nadir of rationalist certainty, a dogma for tundra and arid streetscapes. Where communism conforms to the atheistic, puritanical and pragmatic; Catholicism strives for the aesthetic, passionate and romantic, in keeping with its Mediterranean heart.

Karol Wojtyla, Pope John Paul II, was another son of Cracow, and an implacable opponent of Communism. His spirit and that of fellow Pole Lech Walesa, were vital components in the fall of the eastern block. Again the world was turned on its head. Cracow's communist past is oddly present. The brutal functionalism of many buildings on the periphery, the still shadowy presence of commerce with shops and restaurants often concealed shyly in cellars and courtyards

More spectacularly buried, the saltmines at Wieliczka are a



world treasure. When first opened a thousand years ago, salt was as much a currency as gold or oil would later become. Within the labyrinth of tunnels, going to depths greater than a thousand feet, there are heroic tableau, religious icons, classic artworks and chapels carved out of rock salt. There are underground lakes in vast caverns, with water so saline you would never sink. There is a story of a boating party which capsized - none escaped, being unable to dive down through the clear but oddly solid liquid.

Who would wish to escape entombment in Cracow? Its amber past and salty roots and above the clear blue dome of a pregnant future. Across the square the bells ring out and pigeons scatter, I sip my mocha coffee and take one last drag as I prepare to stand. Outside the snow peppers the air and I don my coat and hat, ready to cut diagonally across cobble squares, breath hanging like smoke in the evening air...

THE REAPER

By Jim Corcoran



Benny honed his scythe on the whetstone; his long sweeping movements following the contours of the blade like second nature. He paused momentarily to wet the stone with spittle, before continuing. It made a strange, grating, almost musical sound as the pitch rose and fell like a wail of a banshee. A rub of his thumb across the sharp edge told him he was done. He was nearly finished his task, just one

last corner of the small field remained. He held the odd shaped handle close to his chest and began to cut in arcing strokes through the firm stalks, felling the dusty seas of gold in graceful unity. When he had finally finished binding the last sheaf of wheat, the sky was already glowing in the west. Slivers of pink cloud framed the dipping sun as it fell between the tall oaks and the crumbling walls of the old Cistercian abbey on the adjacent hill. He could see the noisy silhouetted crows wearily winging their way home to the nearby rookery, now that the mantle of night was closing fast.

He was tired and happy, he had worked hard all day, the wheat was cut and stacked, and ready for collection in the morning. Benny was a slight sinewy man well into his sixties. He had a warm, kind, lived in face, with pale blue twinkling eyes. He unrolled his tattered shirtsleeves, and brushed the dusty stalk fibres away with his hand. He lifted his peak cap, wiped his brow, grabbed his threadbare jacket from the gatepost and called it a day.

It was a beautiful evening, warm and close, the air, laden with the scent of ripened fruit and grain, filled his nostrils. He looked surreal in the fading light, as he walked down the winding breen, with his scythe hoisted high on his shoulder and the long curved blade swinging ominously above his head. He stopped occasionally to pluck blackberries from the hedges, stuffing them in his mouth in a vain attempt to quell his hunger pangs. He had not eaten since leaving home early that morning. He could see a beautiful crescent moon rising in the east, peeping in and out from behind the trees, playing hide and seek with him as he strolled along the quiet lane. Benny lived alone so there was no hurry in his step, nor would there be a welcoming smile or warm meal waiting for him when he lifted the latch. He had gotten used to such a life, he had no other choice. Mary had died in childbirth forty two years ago to the day. August the twelfth, how could he forget? That infamous day had taken not only his wife but also infant son, and left him bereft, to carry on alone. No! Time had not healed his wounds, just numbed his senses.

He could hear the flow of the nearby weir grow louder as he approached the river. The quaint humpback bridge signalled he was almost half way home. He stood on its brow and lowered his scythe to savour the tranquillity. Two ducks frightened by the noise took flight, flapping their small wings low above the water as they beat a hasty retreat up stream. Benny loved it here; it was one of his favourite haunts. Resting against the ivy clad wall, he reached into his pocket and pulled out his pipe. He cut a lump of plug, rolled it in his strong hands and filled the bowl. Striking a match, he cupped his hands and raised it to his pipe. The flickering light illuminated his

weather beaten face. His cheeks hollowed as he sucked and sucked, till finally the bowl glowed red. Shaking his hand he extinguished the match and threw it into the water below. For a while he stood there silently, puffing contentedly, smoke wafting from his pipe, keeping the midgits at bay. He watched as the fading embers in the western sky yielded to the approach of night.

Though it was a crescent moon, Benny could see a strange aura behind it, not unlike that of an eclipse, glowing, outlining the entirety. In all his years he had never seen a moon quite like it. The familiar sight of Venus twinkling brightly, low on the horizon, settled him.

It was beautiful, so isolated, and so peaceful. He recalled the first time his father had brought him here as a young child



and taught him how to fish, and the magical long gone summer's days, he and his school friends had spent here, swimming and frolicking in the cooling waters. It was here he had first set eyes on Mary. She was like an apparition as she sat on the riverbank with her family watching her brothers swim. The image of her sweet pale face and haunting brown eyes, with her dark curled hair resting on her slight shoulders, were as vivid to him now, as they were back then. Though he was only twelve, it was love at first sight. Later as young lovers he and Mary would walk this way hand in hand. They often sat together upon this very wall watching sunsets and planning their future together. He sighed sadly.

He glanced at the river below him, though it was dark and indiscernible in the twilight, the sound of its flowing water refreshed him. It was then that he first noticed it, a strange light, close to the waters edge. At first he thought it was the moon reflected, but soon realised he was wrong. It was a light, like no other he had ever seen before and it seemed to come from just beneath the surface of water. He leaned over looking down, straining to see. A strange sensation coursed through his veins, causing him to shiver and the hairs on the back of his neck to stand on end. It seemed alive, to pulse, to move, to breath beneath the water. Was it some strange creature or were his eyes making fools of his senses? He stepped slowly back from the wall half hoping it would vanish and leave him be. When he looked again it was still there, brightening as the sky darkened. He wanted to go, to leave it where it lay, but something stopped him.

Slowly he walked from the bridge, as if drawn by some irresistible force towards the source. Before he knew it, he was wading into the water. He now stood knee high in the river gazing down, trying to make sense of the rippled light below him. Again he tried to turn and walk away but his curiosity

outweighed his fear. Nervously he reached his arms into the chill waters and retrieved it from the riverbed. Water poured sieve like, from his cupped hands as he slowly raised it to his chest. It seemed to have no substance, as if it wasn't there, yet its pulsing light, neither dim nor bright, but pure beyond words, shone upon his bewildered face and disbelieving eyes. Unutterable feeling, half of fear, half of fascination mingled with total disbelief, raced through body.

It couldn't be? No! Surely he was mistaken? Realisation struck him like a lightning bolt and he fell backwards into the water. Despite this, he never loosened his grip on his precious possession. He clambered back to his feet as his peaked cap floating downstream beneath the bridge and off into the darkness. 'There is no such thing' he tried to tell himself. 'It has never been seen by humankind!' 'How could it possibly be?' Yet he knew. Oh, he knew. How, he could not say, perhaps some long lost primal instinct told him he was holding, a human soul. He stepped carefully from the water; his mind racing and confused.

Finally, back on the bridge, he placed it gently on the wall, knelt down, took his rosary beads from his soaking pocket and began to pray. The sky was inking and what light was left was fading fast. In the darkness it became a beacon and a shrine. Benny's knees ached and his body shivered as he finished the final decade. Slowly with the aid of the wall he pulled himself back to his feet. He stood not knowing what to do or where to go, finally he decide he must call the priest. He picked up his scythe, and standing one last time before the lost soul, blessed himself before departing.

The squelch of water could be heard in his boots as he stepped it out towards the village. He had hardly gone twenty yards when he stopped and held his chest. A faint moan was all he uttered before he crashed face down in the boreen. The scythe clattered to the ground before him shattering the stillness. He reached for it in an effort to drag himself back to his feet. On the bridge, the soul flickered, slowly faded and died, darkness overcame. Benny lay where he had fallen, his pale blue unseeing eyes locked in the cold stare of death. He had been felled by the blade of yet another reaper. Somewhere, in another place, in another world, Mary offered him her hand.

VIDEO VOYEUR

Harold Chassen



King Kong is a remake of the 1933 film in the real sense that it is probably the film that would have been made had colour film and CGI technology been available then. It runs for 3 hours and some scenes should have been cut or shortened. There are some annoying scenes especially the Charlie Chaplin routine on the cliff and Kong swatting away the bats. As a whole it is quite a good realistic film. The Empire State building scenes gave me vertigo. Watch it and compare it to the 1933 version.

SIGNAL ARTS EXHIBITIONS

Tuesday 25th April to Saturday 6th May 2006

'Manifestation' and exhibition of new paintings by Paul McCann.

Manifestation is an exhibition featuring a series of works all derived solely from one image. The image simply depicts a young boy getting his hair cut. The photograph is focused clearly on the boy and everything else exists only on the periphery. His form and construct have been used as a starting point for every painting in the exhibition.



Tuesday 9th May to Sat 20th

Sara Maher

Exhibition of paintings and photographs



Outback

Tuesday 23rd May to Saturday 3rd June

Emma Coyle

Exhibition of paintings



Gallery Opening hours: 10pm - 5pm Monday to Saturday (Closed for lunch 1pm - 2pm)

O'Sullivan, Sean R H A

When I read your March issue I noticed a pencil drawing of Carl Hardebeck by above artist. Your readers may be interested to learn more about him. Here is a short summary of his life.

Sean was born in Dublin, in 1906. He studied at the Metropolitan School of Art, Dublin. He also studied at London and Paris under Spenser-Pryse and Zarraga. He exhibited in Chicago, London, and Dublin together with other towns and cities. Sean always brought an acute and full-stored mind to the completing of work, which in its variety, quantity and high degree of finish, reveals artistic ability of quite unusual power. He was unusual too, in possessing a wide knowledge and cultivated taste in the literature of the English, French and Irish languages. You can see exhibits of his creative skills in Capuchin Annual (1930-1977) especially in its early issues where supplement copies of actual works are included. 1938: Sean O'Sullivan RHA was aged 33. He had charge of design of front cover where a holy man is depicted writing at a desk with a dog at his feet.

Ellen Hanna 20-Mar-06

Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : bacj@eircom.net

Creative Writing Prose/Fiction Editor : Anne Fitzgerald : afitzgerald3@ireland.com

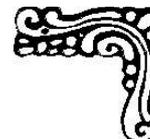
Poetry Editor : Eugene Hearne : poetrybray@yahoo.ie

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 12th of each month.



BRAY ARTS EVENING MONDAY 8TH MAY 2006 8:00PM
HEATHER HOUSE HOTEL, STRAND RD. SEAFRONT, BRAY
RELAX AND ENJOY A FANTASTIC EVENING - EVERYONE IS WELCOME
ADMISSION 5 EURO AND 4 EURO CONCESSION

Fiona O' Farrell - Textile Artist - Recently back from her 2nd trip overland in S.E. Asia

The Sellouts is an exciting new group of young musicians from Co. Wicklow. They play a fiery, eclectic mix of electric blues and rock.

Sonia Haccius will talk about her profession as a stage and film set designer.

Frank O'Keefe and **Justin Aylmer** play **The Two Old Codgers** in "The Strike".

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