
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 2

October 2009

Volume 15



Bray Arts 15th Season

Greetings on the launch of our 15th year of Bray Arts. We had a great September evening with the relaunch of our "Young Performers" organised by Owen Dixon, a very gifted actor and musician in his own right.



ZAN

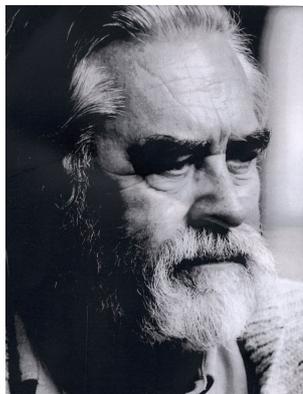
Last year our June journal could only be read on our web site, as we had insufficient funds to print it. We have launched a fund raising appeal with sponsorship and donations. So far we have received donations from **Ger Thomas, Ken Duff, Bray Town Council, an anonymous donor, and our sponsor, Joseph Coleman**, dental technician, our first sponsor.

Our fund raising team is **Cearbhall O'Meadhra, Michael Doorley, and me**. If any members can assist us with our appeal, please contact me, at **086 385 6879**. Perhaps you may know someone who could make a donation or assist in another way. I am very pleased to be chair for my fourth year. I have a very reliable and creative committee of, Dermot McCabe, Ger Thomas, Carmen Cullen, Peter Growney, Cearbhall O'Meara, Bridget O'Brien, Anne Fitzgerald, and Kerensa D'arcy Barr. We have a new time for our evenings, doors open at 7:30 with show beginning at 8:20 sharp. We hope to finish at 10:00. I hope you will be able to adjust to the new times. Remember that the full admission applies to what ever time you arrive. The fee helps pay for the journal and flyers each month. As you know the performers volunteer their time and talent for their performance. We are so grateful for all the wonderful talent and Bray Arts can provide a platform. I look forward to seeing you on Monday October 5th.

Zan O'Loughlin, Chair Bray Arts.

Triumph for Frank O'Keefe

Actor/Writer/Director Frank O'Keefe pulled a double whammy recently when two of his One Act Plays were in the top three plays shortlisted for the prestigious *Cork Arts Theatre One Act Play Writing Awards*. Both 'Dead Letter Perfect' and 'The Young Lady Says Yes', a play about Lady Gregory, will be produced in Cork in November when the winning play will be chosen based on writing and production values. 'The Young Lady Says Yes' will also be produced by Derek Pullen for the *Bray*



One Act Play Festival in January. Following this production rights will become available. The author may be contacted at 086 3112472.

Cover: Icon of St George and the Dragon by Sr. Majella O'Keefe. Read her article on this page on Icons, and yes Frank above is her brother. Talent - runs in the family obviously.

ICONS - A GLIMPSE OF ETERNITY

by Sr. Majella O'Keefe



The word 'icon' meaning image, has many connotations today: it has one meaning for computer fans, another for the fashion industry but in the context of this article - religious paintings in the Byzantine style.

The icon, an integral part of the Orthodox liturgy, is the visual word of God - the Scriptures in colour.

Icons owe their origin to the funerary portraits found in Fayum

in Egypt. The earliest surviving icons in St. Catherine's Monastery on Mt. Sinai, which date from the 5th and 6th centuries, are similar in technique to these.

The veneration and sometimes worship of icons, eventually led to the great iconoclastic controversy which rocked the Eastern churches from 725 - 843A.D. Icons were officially suppressed because they were regarded by some as usurping the honour due to God alone.

The image impressed on the cloth by Christ himself, was used by St. John Damascene in defence of the icon. He taught that icons tell us in pictures what the Gospels tell us in words.

Since icons do not follow a naturalistic style, they are said to be 'written' rather than painted. From the 8th century onwards iconographers have used egg yolk instead of wax as a bonding agent for the pigments. This technique is still used today on a wooden panel which has been coated with several layers of a smooth, absorbent white gesso. The many layers of paint, built up from dark to light tones, give a luminosity which can never be achieved with oils. Gold leaf too, a symbol of light, is often used on the backgrounds of icons.

Underlying the composition of each icon is a series of geometrical shapes - circles (divine unity), triangles (Trinity), squares (earth) and verticals. Together they form a harmonious whole.

Icons are not portraits, but portray the spiritualised human being. Since the word of God has to be received face to face, heads are never painted in profile and the lower part of the ear is always visible as a symbol of listening to the word of God. The whole face is illuminated by an interior light. Light and energy radiate from the folds of the garments where they touch the holy body.

Perspective in icons often incorporates several viewpoints. The perspective of the icon is in fact, directed towards the viewer, thus inviting one into an inner world of infinite possibilities as opposed to the world's limited perception.

In an icon, buildings with a red cloth denote an interior, while mountains are an ancient symbol of God's presence. They often contain a black cave representing the darkness within each of us. Colours too, have their own symbolism. Blue is a heavenly colour, red represents

martyrdom, deep red/purple denotes royalty while green means growth and new life.

Icons are not just mere copies of an ancient art form. The iconographer has to be spiritually prepared for the task to be able to paint in and from the spirit. Art and contemplation are closely linked, and it is from that deep contemplation and immersion of oneself in the sacred truths, that the icon is 'written'.

Icons keep the fact of the Incarnation alive for us. We are invited to open our eyes and discover Christ now, as the one who is ever present with us. "Christ yesterday, today and the same forever."

Bray Arts Evening Review

Monday September 7th, 2009

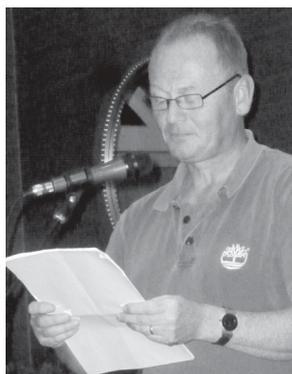
A large and enthusiastic gathering of arts enthusiasts attended the first Arts evening of the 2009 / 2010 season.

Bray Arts is providing a showcase for younger artists as the first item at the monthly meetings under the leadership of **Owen Dixon**. Bray Arts will target young performers and invite them to appear at each arts evening. Bray Arts welcomed the group **Wyvern Lingo** as the first



of the younger performers. This is a group of three musicians: Karen Cowley, vocalist, Saoirse Duane, guitarist and Caoimhe Barry, vocals and percussion. The group set a cheerful note for the evening, singing in two-part harmony with intricate guitar accompaniment and occasional support from the bongos. You can hear this talented group on the Internet at

<http://wyvernlingo.com>



The writer, Lorcan Byrne, no stranger to Bray Arts Club, followed with a reading of his award winning story "The Fitting Room". The central character, Gerry Solan, dies of a heart attack (or does he?) and finds himself in another dimension where he can relive past episodes of his life by putting on different pairs of shoes which he had hoarded all through his life. In a fascinating plot Gerry gets an opportu-

nity to reconsider a vital decision in his past. The hushed audience were left pondering the significance of the smallest decisions and hesitations that dictate the course of our lives. A wonderful and profound story from a top class writer.

The third item of the evening was given by **Serendipity Theatre** featuring **Hedda Kaphengst**, singer and raconteur, accompanied by **Josh Johnston** on keyboard. Preferring to perform without microphones, Hedda described her busy schedule of singing sessions and story-telling at the Bealtaine Festival, a recent tour in Los Angeles and 10 days in Hollywood performing 13 shows in 7 days.

Hedda sings in German and English and covered a wide range of songs in the Cabaret style of the 1920's with songs of cruising on the river Rhine and the beautiful Laurelie. Hedda told the story of Patrick Kavanagh's meeting with Hilda Moriarty in 1944 and then sang his "Raglan Road" without accompaniment. Josh then demonstrated his keyboard skill with a solo on the piano and then he and Hedda closed with humorous songs in both English and German, finishing on a light note with "Are Ye Right There Michael?". Find out more on the internet at

<http://www.theatregroup.ie>



After the interval, **Macdara** (Ó Conaola) gave a stylish

performance accompanied by Seattle-born Dan Carrillo, now living in Bray, on bodhran. Macdara's relaxed style delighted his audience with such renditions as: "Caislean a'tSléibhe", "Cunla" in fluent Irish demonstrating the rich musical quality of the language rendered by a native speaker. Macdara moved through songs in English touching on many themes including "Dalkey Island" and "It's So Easy".



Finishing with his preference for songs "as Gaeilge", Macdara delivered superb renditions of "Ina Chodhladh" and "Seothin Seotho". The enthusiastic audience demanded an encore which Macdara happily delivered bringing an excellent first evening to a close with a light-hearted warning not to mess with a woman in the form of the well-known "Bean Páidín".

(<http://www.myspace.com/macdaramusic>)

Cearbhall O'Meadhra

Preview of Bray Arts Evening Oct 5th

Bray Arts presents another exciting evening of Art, Music and Literature at the **Koo Bar**, Heather House Hotel, 5th Oct 2009

Admission E5 / E4 conc. Everyone welcome. Prog. Starts sharp at 8:20. Doors open 7.45 - Come Early



Ruth O'Mahony Brady is an up and coming singer/pianist from Co.Dublin. Her passion for playing music started at a very young age and she wishes to pursue it as a full-time career.

Currently in her second year studying a B.Mus degree in UCD, Ruth plans to devote more time to writing

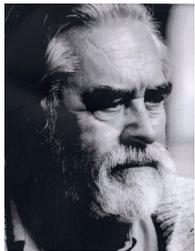
and performing as she finishes out her college years. Recently she recorded her first ever demo tracks in Salt Studios, Sutton, and is due to have her first E.P. out before Christmas.



Batik - static-bamboo

Maura Ryan, Artist, is originally from Dublin and has been living in Bray for 8 years. She has studied various artistic forms during the past 20 years both in Ireland and abroad including batik, Drama, Dance, and Music Therapy. She has been teaching art, sketching and ceramics for 3 years to various groups in the Community.

"My influences are wide and varied - like my work; the incredible miracle of nature and natural materials intrigue and amaze me more and more as does the whole of life. "



The multi talented **Frank O'Keefe** is a great supporter and friend of Bray Arts. We are delighted with the recent success of his plays at the *Cork Arts Theatre One Act Play Writing Awards* (see Page 1). Frank with his colleague and collaborator Justin Aylmer has given the audience of Bray Arts many a laugh with the 'Old

Codgers'. On this Occasion Frank flies solo and will read his short story 'Regression'.

Eamonn Sweeney or should I say Dr. Eamon Sweeney was recently appointed acting director of the Bray VEC Music Centre and is on staff of the DIT Conservatory of Music and Drama. He will play Spanish, French and Irish music from the 17th and 18th centuries. Eamonn has played for Bray Arts previously and it remains one of those memorable performances that simply delighted the audience.

Eamonn is also one half of the duo Irish early Music group, **Tonos**, the other half being Róisín O' Grady (Soprano). For details of their upcoming concert in Calary see Page 6.



UNITITLED

by Sean Ryan

I
the mystery is mine as much as it is yours,
we feel the bones around it,
probe and push and grasp at it
scratch borders where none are there
and draw our own alongside,
here. here.
we find we are there beside some other here,
- but the callous calls for friction distract
from what really is at stake;

the mystery is me as much as it is you

II
i,

III
you notice, there
I push back as you do too. Pull
and relent,
open up and yield,
as you do too.
we are not the same, there
Is no the same.

penetrating
we, the flesh, and I, the

you, the

not the same. here
Is no different.

IV
scratching borders along the itch
deeper, drawing blood until
it scars the final limit

here

we mark out the boundaries
binding us safely to ourselves,
then desperately attempt the breach.
A frantic obliteration of there;
a frenzied escape from here
a final push across the line
costing millions of us
and we are left
grasping, gasping, gaping
failures,

here. there.

REGRESSION

by Frank O'Keefe

"So, tell me what you know about regression." Dr.



Grossman absentmindedly scratched his crotch as he gazed myopically down my cleavage. I'd half expected him to patronisingly add "my dear". I was tempted to reply "sweet F.A.," but instead answered with a coy smile - "very little, doctor, I admitted. "That I like," he said, making an attempt at a smile as he flashed his one gold tooth, a veritable beacon in

a haze of halitosis and tobacco. "Yes, I like it," he repeated. "May I be so bold to suggest you are a sceptic?"

"Be bold," I politely replied - telling the truth.

A sigh rattled from somewhere deep within the medical man's chest.

"I love sceptics." He cleaved the air with a blue veined claw. "You are so ... so ... I chipped in with "unbelieving?" He beamed in a twisted rictus. "The very word, my dear." I wasn't his dear and didn't like it. I also noticed he dressed to the left. Funny the little things one subconsciously observes.

"You came to me recommended by ..." he consulted a dog eared sheet of paper, "ah, yes, recommended by Lucy." He looked seriously, deeply into my eyes, and continued, "I'm sure she told you she was an Egyptian princess in another life?"

Told me! Lucy had dined out on the story for months. She'd been regressed back to the time of Rameses II, had an unhappy affair with her brother who then married his mother and on becoming her stepfather had her horribly tortured and buried alive.

"She still comes to me for post regression therapy," he continued. I already knew that. Lucy moaned about the cost constantly, but was secretly delighted with the results.

"Ah, yes," Dr. Grossman sighed, "we found Lucy had been a beautiful Egyptian princess in a previous life. A far away look came in his eyes. Lucy had wallowed in delight at the results as she dramatically recalled to us girls details of her previous lives.

"Just imagine, girls, she'd announced theatrically (well she had once worked as an extra on a low budget film at Ardmore Studios and she had vague theatrical ambitions ever since). "Girls," she'd continued, 'so far I've found out I've been a Norman knight, a Spanish grandee, an Italian bishop, a High Priestess, an Indian chief, and now, imagine, a princess! Thank God at least I've never been a common or garden type peasant. I'd never live it down, nor would poor Brian. Can you imagine spending all that money only to be told you were a mud thumping peasant?" Her long suffering husband indulged her whims without complaint, and being an absolute snob anything that was slightly below his assumed high standards was greeted with a turned up nose. She'd been to so many sessions with Dr. Grossman she'd quite forgotten why she had come in the first place. But she was having fun and that was all

that mattered even if it cost an arm and a leg.

"So, what are you thinking right now?" Dr. Grossman's voice snapped me out of my reverie. What did I think? I didn't know what to think and told him so. "Alright my dear, just relax and start at the beginning, or what you think is the beginning." Patronising bastard, I thought. But nevertheless I started. I tried to explain to him how Gerry, my husband was transmutating - if that was the word I wanted. I'd look at Gerry across the table and in front of me he'd become someone else, a leering, sneering, heavy browed man, an evil entity from another time, a monster I didn't know or recognise. As quickly as the transformation happened it disappeared and he was back to his old laid back, his infuriating old self.

"I see," said Dr. Grossman. "let us get comfortable, ja?" I settled myself cynically on an old settee that ponged faintly of ancient sweat. "Don't think you're going to hypnotise me, old man," I thought as Dr. Grossman's voice droned on. I fought a losing battle. "We shall go on a journey of discovery," said Dr. Grossman. "Yeh, right," I thought, but I did. With no control I entered a tunnel and the flood gates opened. Long forgotten ingrained memories surfaced, erupted briefly and rushed farther back to past retained events. I'm not unconscious, I kept telling myself - yet I was totally without control. Dr. Grossman was in total command. I was amazed at the power of the human mind and told him so ... I think.

"It's very simple," he said, 'everything we hear, see, smell and experience is retained in that marvellous machine-our mind. You are aware I'm sure, that a very large portion of our brains appear to be non functional. The last paper I presented to the sceptics in Harvard was a vain attempt on my part to convert the sceptics. The Buddhists have it right. We reincarnate. The unused portion of our brain is merely a reservoir that retains memories of past lives that we all have. You are with me ja?" I nodded intelligently. I know as much about the brain as I did about astro physics, which was zilch. "Contained in that reservoir is the knowledge that could turn Man into God." Dr. Grossman blew his nose-a trumpeting that would have done credit to an African elephant. "In that reservoir also is the power to access the secrets of the Universe. If we were fully able to do so we would have the knowledge that would turn man into God." Dr. Grossman blew another sneeze into the atmosphere and I jumped a foot in the air. "Ja," he continued, "we would have the knowledge of the psychic, astral travel, levitation, dual location, invisibility and telephathy. We are the sum total of many lives. Until we tackle this head on we can never find ourselves or our full potential and recognise our problems ja?" I think I nodded. I wasn't asleep, was I? His droning had lulled me into a relaxed state certainly. "Ja," he said, snuffling in a voluminous kerchief. "We shall heal and move on. Our soul at the moment of death finds a new host body to live in and experience life afresh with all it's trials and tribulations. In each new life you mature and learn, ja?" He touched my forehead and I was gone. I heard his voice alright but could not move. I listened, half-conscious. "Your present problems with your husband stem from a bad experience in a previous existence, a traumatic experience that happened fifty, maybe a hundred or even several hundred years ago or longer. The Old Ones, in their wisdom were well aware of our transmigrations." I thought the Ma and Pa wouldn't

take too kindly to being called the Old Ones. Dr. Grossman continued, "I will count backwards from ten. Ten, nine, eight ..." By the time he reached five I was gone to another plane of consciousness. He brought me back: back into the tunnel of my life; back to college; the abortion; my first sexual experience; adolescence; when I first experienced the ability to see people transform into other creatures and beings. My father was a medieval monk, my mother a scarlet whore, my brother, James, the village idiot ... my sister, Mary, a fearsome witch. I told how I'd often feel my body floating like a hovercraft as the pavement seemed to open up in front of me and I was disembodied. How I'd hear voices and music in my head and often full conversations, and yes, this was long before I'd taken acid in college. Dr. Grossman's voice lulled me - not unpleasantly. He probed and encouraged. I found myself floating up to the ceiling and looking down on my body, an interested spectator. Then I was jerked back to my body which was in a different place and time continuum. I was back in the womb or at least a womb. Then I was in my other lives: A Victorian maid, a famine victim, a toothless hag chortling as Madame Guillotine did her sharp work. Suddenly images and events kaleidoscoped into a cacophony of sounds and voices. I didn't know the year but the accents were Scottish. I knew I was in a place called Auldeam and that I had been tried and convicted as a witch. A rabble crowd had gathered, screaming obscenities in Gaelic, which I seemed to understand. I screamed my innocence to no avail. I was tied to a stake and burning. The mob screamed and shouted at me in a near sexual frenzy their tartaned leader urging them on. I felt the heat on my bare feet. The flames caught my worsted dress and the acrid smoke made me gag. I was choking and coughing and they piled more brush wood on the fire. Their leader loomed through the flames and I saw his face clearly for the first time. I screamed in recognition. It was my husband Gerry.

Dr. Grossman brought me back to reality-or what he called reality. It was his reality not mine. I don't remember getting home. I must have floated, I was only vaguely aware of people passing by. I had a mission after all that was more important than the little ants scurrying along. I had to get Gerry's dinner. Predictable, happy go lucky Gerry breezed in for dinner shortly after six. I cut his throat as he slept beside me that night. I thought he looked quite happy, his throat smiling in a pulsating grin as it pumped it's life blood on my freshly laundered sheets. I hadn't felt this good for years. It was a huge weight lifted. God bless you, Dr. Grossman. I look forward to seeing you next week. Come to think of it, you do remind me of someone. Who was it? Or more importantly when was it?

I was always organised and pragmatic. Gerry used to say I was obsessive with house work. Maybe I was. He looked so sweet lying there. I will admit he looked slightly ... slightly ... I'm not quite sure what. Puzzled? Maybe? Not unhappy. Life had to go on. There were things to be done. I wouldn't have changed the sheets until the end of the week. He was quite heavy to drag off the bed. I never thought of him as a big man, but then he was dead weight. I rolled him into the bathroom and into the walk in shower. It was appropriate, I felt, as he never stopped moaning about how much it cost.

"Lucy had one and her husband could afford

it, "I'd said, rather bitchily, I thought. I washed him down and was surprised at the amount of blood that came from such a slight man. I put on his one good shirt - bought in a moment of madness in Charvet in Paris. His pin stripe Louis Copeland suit really was the only thing to wear with, of course, that stupid club tie he was so proud of. Do men never grow up. Were they always to be boys? I rolled him on the eiderdown and eventually got him on the bed. His head kept flopping from side to side as if it had a will of it's own. I solved that though. In the top of my wardrobe I found the rather cute tartan scarf I'd bought in Brown Thomas in a moment of madness. I tied it neatly around Gerry's gaping neck and stood back to admire my handiwork. He looked good. All I had to do now was buy lots and lots and lots of firelighters.

The End

TONOS

Music of Love, Longing, and Lust

8pm, Saturday 10th October, Calary Church,
Roundwood, Wicklow

Irish Baroque group, *Tonos*, comprises Róisín O'Grady (Soprano) and Eamon Sweeney (Baroque Guitar). They specialise in the little-known repertoire for voice and guitar from seventeenth-century Europe. *Tonos* has recently given recitals in the Irish National Concert Hall, the National Gallery of Ireland (broadcast by Lyric FM), Queen's University, Belfast, and the Royal Society of Arts, London.

Music of Love, Longing, and Lust features songs of passion and loss from 17th century Ireland, England, France, Italy, and Spain, including music from:

Gaelic Ireland
the court of Elizabeth I
the court of Versailles
Papal Rome

Works by: Turlough O'Carolan, John Dowland, Henry Purcell, Jean-Baptiste Lully, Girolamo Frescobaldi

...among Ireland's most vibrant and imaginative early music performers.

Professor Jan Smaczny, Queen's University, Belfast

•15/•10Tel: 01-2818146

Email: info@earlyguitarireland.net

www.tonos.ie

Soprano **Rosin O'Grady** has been a member of the National Chamber Choir of Ireland. She regularly performs as a soloist with choral societies and orchestras throughout Ireland and the UK and in recital with harpsichordist, Malcolm Proud.

Dr Eamon Sweeney is an early music specialist with performances at the International Guitar Festival of Ireland, Bath International Guitar Festival, and Dundee International Guitar Festival.

Signal Arts Exhibitions for October

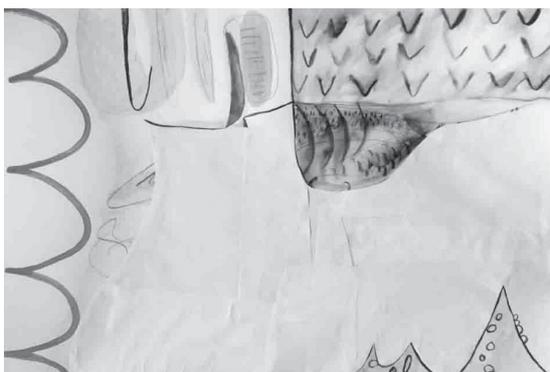
1+1= one

By Sarah Morshead

From Tuesday 29th September to Sunday 11th October 2009

A return to painting and drawing on paper is the starting point for Sarah's 2nd solo show at the Gallery.

Sarah questions the role of the sketchbook and in turn, the role of drawing in painting, and their inter relationship. She explores the 'sketch' and the 'finished' piece. Dialogues are created between the two. Boundaries are questioned. Juxtapositions are made between sketches



from notepads and separate 'finished' art works, between recent works and earlier works.

The artist's ongoing interest in materials and surfaces questions the permanence, quality, presentation and finish of a piece. Materials include felt tip pens, inks, acrylics, oils, paper, canvas, polyfiller. Instead of tearing drawings out of notepads, the actual sketchbook is hung as a piece of work in itself. Pieces which might normally be framed have been left unframed.

Opening Reception: Friday 2nd October 7 p.m. - 9 p.m.

Stillness And Movement In The Field Of Endless Possibilities

By Linde Fidorra

From Tuesday 13th October to Sunday 25th October 2009



This series of drawings is inspired by the idea of space - the space inside the atoms of our bodies and the space between the stars - as an underlying grid that powers physical reality. Modern physics, as well as eastern spiritual traditions, look at space as the energy field from which all forms arise.

The drawings are contemplations of energy patterns that underlie all form, visualizing

some of the endless possibilities that can appear in this field. Aliveness is explored as a dance of stillness and movement that extends beyond form and beyond death.
Opening Reception: Thursday 15th October 7 p.m. - 9 p.m.

The Water Line

by Louise Newman

From Wednesday 28th October to Sunday 8th November 2009

Louise has exhibited her work nationwide including the Galway Arts Centre, West Cork Arts Centre, Gallery 4 Sandymount, The Halward Gallery, Urban Retreat Hanover Quay and Adams Auctioneers amongst others.

Louise's work over the past year has been based on Colour, Light, Water and Reflection. The work came about through residencies at The Cill Rialaig Project in Co Kerry. Light reflection and water have come together in this work, be it the Grand Seascape or reflections on an Urban Landscape. She has endeavoured to make work that is both representational yet abstract, resonating *Essence of Place*



be it metaphysical or referential.

Opening Reception: Friday 30th October 7 p.m. - 9 p.m.

Video Voyeur

Harold Chassen

StarTrek should be called a new beginning. It shows the birth of James T Kirk and contains all the characters of the original television series and shows how they developed and entered the academy to their first assignment on the USS Enterprise. It also weaves some of the old stories from the original television series such as Christopher Pike and mentions how Kirk cheated on the un-passable academy test by reprogramming the computer. The original baddies are also well represented. Although the characters



are old, the actors are young allowing the series to hopefully continue on for a long time. It is a new beginning to a long loved series that fans should enjoy for a long time.

PS

We would like to remind our readers that we are always open to contributions by way of news, letters or creative work. if you have any ideas on how we might improve on the journal, we would like to hear from you.

Is there something that really irritates you about the arts community; get it off your chest? This is your forum for commenting on the all matters relating to the Arts.

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Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : editor@brayarts.net

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

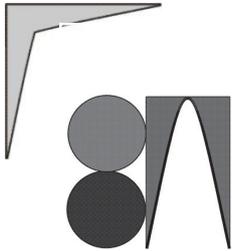
Email submissions to any of the above or post typed submissions to

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

Deadline 15th of each month.

Bray Arts website : www.brayarts.net

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Arts Evening Monday 5th Oct 2009
Koo Bar Heather House, Strand Road prog start 8:20pm
5 Euro / 4 Euro Conc. Everyone is welcome. Come Early

Ruth O'Mahony Brady: Up and coming new Singer/Pianist

Maura Ryan : Artist - "... the incredible miracle of nature and natural materials intrigue and amaze me more and more..."

Frank O'Keefe: Writer/Playwrite/Actor reading his own work.

Dr. Eamonn Sweeney : Guitarist, playing Spanish, French and Irish music from the 17th and 18th centuries.

Bray Arts is grateful for the ongoing support of Bray Town Council, CASC and Heather House Hotel.
Printed by Absolute Graphics, Bray

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