
Bray Arts Journal

Issue 4

December 2009

Volume 15



The Oxen

by Thomas Hardy (1840 - 1928)

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock.
"Now they are all on their knees,"
An elder said as we sat in a flock
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
"Come; see the oxen kneel,

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

FRONT COVER:

Nativity by The Master of Salzburg (c1400)

In this picture the scene of the Nativity shows the Virgin reclining on her bed while two midwives are on the point of giving a bath to the Infant. The bath puts an emphasis on the human aspect of the divine Child and is a hint to baptism. Joseph is in deep thought. The ox and the ass at the manger in the back seem to warm the straw and the small cambric kerchief with their breath.

UNIQUE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Gifted art and craft shop run by members of Bray Eile is now open, Everyone is welcome to attend our mulled wine evening on Saturday the 14th from 6-8!



Painting by Roisin Verdon

There is something for everyone in this shop from handmade Christmas decorations, cards, Art, photography to handmade jewelery, all at extremely affordable prices!

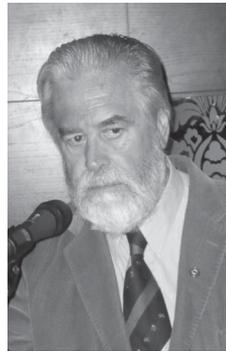
Drop in on saturday for a glass or two of mulled wine, or pop in anytime for a bit of christmas gift shopping.

We are located on florence road off the main street of Bray (same street as Smyths toystore, accross the road, blue shop where travel care used to be located) You can view our website to get a glimpse of what is on offer.

www.giftedbray.wordpress.com

BRAY PLAYWRIGHT SCOOPS MAJOR AWARDS

Limerick born but long time Bray resident actor/writer Frank O'Keefe, made history at the Cork Arts Theatre awards on Sat 7th Nov. His one act Play about Lady Gregory 'The Young Lady Says Yes' scooped three awards Winning, Best Writer Award, Best production (by Scan Creagh), and best actress By Sheila Wall as the Old Lady Gregory.



Frank is the only playwright ever, in the 30 years of the Cork Arts Theatre, to have had two Plays shortlisted in the final three and the only play ever to win three awards. The presentation of a magnificent trophy (and cheque) was made in front of a Capacity house by Angela Newman representing Cork Arts Theatre. Lavish Praise was expressed by Adjudicator Vanessa Hyde on the quality of the Writing.

It is hoped (not yet confirmed) that 'The Young Lady Says Yes' will be produced for the Bray One Act Play Festival in the Mermaid Theatre in Bray in Jan.

Frank, who has previously worked for the Abbey Theatre as an Actor, has recently finished on 'The Tudors', 'Dracula's Stoker' and Terra Alta. He will shortly start filming the lead in 'Independence Daze' a short film directed By John King.

SUPPORTING THE GUITAR COMMUNITY AND FOSTERING PERFORMANCE opportunities in a nurturing environment.

Martello Guitar Sessions
8.30pm-10.30pm

Heather House Hotel, Bray Seafront

Last Monday of every month

All welcome - All levels - All styles

No charge - Drop in to simply listen and enjoy

Next Session: 30 Nov 2009

Special Guest Performer

Jazz Genius: **Mike Nielsen**

"One of the leading guitarists in European jazz"

SUNDAY TRIBUNE

Philip Evans, an artist from and currently living in Bray was invited to join the Human Pyramid international arts collective earlier this year. He mainly works in small format film (super 8) and acrylic portraiture, amongst other things. Philip shot a short film and did a painting especially for a group exhibition in the Ghetto Gloss Gallery on Melrose in LA. The film was called "Gibbo" based on the dreams of a friend which corresponded to a canvas work (acrylic and pigment liner) entitled "Gibbon's family finest bog roll" that was displayed next to the film. It was very well recieved and Philip is preparing for another group show in Sao Paolo next spring. A link to the trailer of the film is at <http://www.wallnut.blip.tv>.

Christmas at Mermaid

Craft Weekend

Now an annual event A Christmas Gift returns to the gallery this December for one weekend only. On Sat 12 and Sun 13 December the gallery will be brimming with artists books & objects, crafts, ceramics & prints. Lots of presents and gifts to suit a range of pockets! The craft exhibition will open on Sat 12 Dec at 2pm with an opening reception. The reception will run until 4pm but the exhibition will remain open until 6pm. If you cannot attend on the Saturday the exhibition will also be open on the Sunday 13 from 12 to 6pm.



Dressing the Christmas Tree!

Sat 12 Dec at 2-4pm

To co-incide with the Christmas Craft weekend Mermaid Arts Centre will be getting festive and children are invited to bring Christmas cheer and festive spirit to Mermaid by bringing home-made decorations to hang on the Mermaid Christmas tree. A great excuse to encourage some arts and crafts at home and all participants will be entered into a raffle.



Review : Bray Arts Evening Monday, 9 November 2009



The Bray arts embraced younger musicians this month. Opening with Ruth O'Mahony Brady presenting her own songs and her skillful piano accompaniment. Closing with a new song that she had finished that very afternoon, Ruth delighted her audience with a rich singing voice that promises much for the future.

Poet Oliver Marshall followed with three poems from his vast repertoire. He captivated his listeners with The depth of feeling in his work as he moved through powerful images of life and association with other people. Closing with a poem reminiscent of his mother, he brought a

richness of expression that moved his attentive audience.



The third item featured Gizelbertus with a magical flight of fancy into the twilight world of Celtic mythology and fun. His very appearance set the scene for this unusual presentation, flowing easily between pure Irish and English in a witty manner full of humour and



pace. Building his material around the tradition of the ancient Seanachai and using oral sound effects to create suspense and drama, Gizelbertus brought the shutters down gently on an amazing world of fantasy that stole the night.



After the interval, Pedro for President took the floor. This was the first adventure of Bray Arts into the world of Indie/Rock and was rewarded by a wonderful presentation of songs from its two young performers consisting of Darragh on

guitar and Kate on vocals. Their largely original material gave vent to the soft, rich voice of Kate underpinned by the rise and fall of Darragh's guitar.

The enthusiastic audience expressed their warm appreciation of a great evening's entertainment all round. Cearbhall E. O'Meadhra

Preview of Bray Arts Evening Mon 7th Dec 2009 Heather House Hotel, Seafront, Bray.

Doors Open 8:00pm - programme starts 8:15 sharp.
Don't miss this special Arts Evening E5 / E4 admission

Alex Mathias, Saxophonist has come a long way since discovering the saxophone when he was 12 years old. He spent five years, on scholarship, at the Royal Irish Academy of Music in Dublin. At the age of 17 after a Summer Program at Berklee College Of Music (USA) he received another scholarship and spent three years at Berklee. While there, Alex was presented the Division Achievement Award for Outstanding Musicianship.

After graduating with a Bachelor of Music, Alex returned to Ireland and has since been making a big impact on the Irish music scene. He has played with The Commitments, RTE Concert Orchestra, Dublin City Jazz Orchestra, The Republic of Loose, Mary Coughlin, Shane McGowan, Dana, Johnny Logan and Amy Winehouse. Alex also works as a session musician and has played on recordings with Eleanor McEvoy, Paul Brady and Jack Lukeman.

He is also a prolific composer and regularly performs his own music in Dublin with The Alex Mathias Quartet. He also teaches jazz improvisation privately at his home in Bray. You can hear Alex's music and find contact information through his website www.alexmathias.com.

The Bray Gospel Choir under the direction of **Ross Scanlon** has been delighting audiense with their enegenetic and joyful music. Ross's own superb singing is, of course, the 'icing on the 'Christmas Cake'. Bray Arts is delighted that they will be celebrating with us at our Christmas Arts Evening.

Christmas Raffle. Once again the Bray Arts Christmas raffle has lots of really brilliant prizes including a large hamper and a brand new Printer. The proceeds of this raffle will be shared between Bray Arts and The Five Loaves.

THE GOOD-MORROW.

by John Donne (1572 - 1631)

I WONDER by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved? were we not wean'd till then?
But suck'd on country pleasures, childish?
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be;
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone;
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown;
Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west?
Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally;
If our two loves be one, or thou and I
Love so alike that none can slacken, none can die.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

by William Wordsworth (1770 - 1850)

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

BEHIND THE AVIARY

by Shirley Jane Farrar

Years later the tree surgeon said he'd found
a nest of Cream of the Barley bottles hidden
underground. Soiled glass clinked against the spade
close to the garden shed, wood-scent of whisky,

early memory so strong—late Friday afternoon,
second-former back from school, changed
from knee socks into stockings, still dressed
in burberry, its shallow pockets struggling to conceal

his naggin neatly wrapped in brown paper
from the Toby Jug at Gelson's Corner. Shocked
by the revelation I see myself hauled back
in time—thirteen years old, short-stepped

by history, elder daughter, first-born child, caught
out in battledress at the off-licence door
walking straight into the history teacher
who didn't smile. No recognition

for my story, our story fatally intertwined.
Short walk home, right turn past Stormont Inn,
the snug, Dundela Crescent, the *Hen Run*
to the family breakfast room, fire ablaze,

where two ill-matched teachers spar,
daughters looking on,
the smell of whisky,
the weft and warp of sorrow.

CUPID'S STUNT

by Shane Harrison

Sam Lyons liked his name, but that was because he had made it up. His own name, his own name...no, it was way too painful to contemplate...his own name... What had his parents been thinking? Well, he liked the name Sam Lyons and, you'd have to admit, it was a most suitable name for a sleuth. Oh, don't make me laugh, Sam the Sleuth - ha, ha, ha!

Look at Sam there, amongst the seafront throng, trying to fit in with his tourist's uniform. You know the gear - ankle length 'shorts', polo shirt, baseball hat and shades, all the way down to the Doctor Scholl sandals and Argyle socks. It's camouflage, of sorts, the way a zebra is camouflaged, a lone zebra. It's all so self consciously real, like Sam is playing some entry level Where's Wally for us and we're going to spot him for sure, eventually we will.

Right now it's Sam that's doing the spotting. Across the road from where he's parked in the tatty splendour of the amusement arcades, there's an oasis of sophistication, a paved terrace before a caste iron porch, with potted Cordylines and synthetic box, where the sparse clientele perches on patio furniture and takes refreshments with tiny umbrellas and sliced, inappropriate, fruit. Prominent amongst these, amongst the sophisticated clientele, that is, sit a couple of perfect equilibrium. So perfect, that Sam envies everything about them, except perhaps the fact that they're being watched by him. It is not that they are turned out the same, hewn from the same stone as it were, nor even that they are both beautiful, and they both are, at least across the softening distance. It is more to do with the poetry of the spaces between them, the way their clothes and hair flit in unison in the light sea breeze, the reciprocity of the rare exchanges between them. At least, they are the things that Sam was observing without necessarily comprehending in just such words. He was, nevertheless, acutely aware of that certain something.

He muttered under his breath as he reached for his Canon. "Fuckers."

He has a burger in his car. It's an old seventies job, rust held together with izopon and packed with red leatherette and grease - the car that is, not the burger. Mind you, the burger's no great shakes either, batterburger to be precise. Never buy a burger from an Italian. It's Sam's motto, but honoured more in the breach than in the observance. He just knows he shouldn't. What is it so - a fascination like Russian roulette.

Sam remembers one of his first dates with Wendy. He wasn't as fat then, nor was Wendy. They weren't exactly a svelte couple, more like a couple of sleek sealions oiling their way along the rocky shore. She had asked him home that night which was the night of their third date. The first date had featured a chaste kiss moving up to the second rounding off with some heavy petting in the Ford. The night ripened with promise at the invitation to come up, "for coffee, or something."

To celebrate, to build up the whole romance thing, to prolong the beguine; they stopped for burgers at Luciano's. Sam got a batterburger, surely one of cuisine's most sublime triumphs while Wendy was content with chips. They got to her terrace and Wendy made for the kitchen to put on the kettle.

"I'll put on some sounds," said Sam.

"Something romantic," she suggested.

He made his selection and Wendy, out in the fluorescent glare of the fitted kitchen was a bit surprised to hear the strains of Kung Fu Fighting by Carl Douglas. To be fair, Sam was a bit surprised too. He was taking his first bite of batterburger, through the golden warty skin of its exterior to its vaguely pink centre - God's own supper! - and expecting to hear the music of Neil Diamond, that master of good taste. Unfortunately, some oaf had put the wrong disc into the sleeve and he was denied that subtle pleasure. In his distraction Sam inhaled and sent the first sizable morsel of batterburger down the wrong tube.

He knew immediately something was wrong, all that exquisite taste bypassed and instead a feeling of inertia, a thwarted hiccough. He flapped across the living room gagging and croaking. As he thrashed into the kitchen Wendy must have wondered at this strange mating ritual of her new boyfriend. Or was it that Sam was playing a frantic game of charades? It's a film, no, no - a play, two words, first word, five syllables...sounds like, sounds like...

*Everybody was kung fu fighting...*sang Carl Douglas.

Wendy decided to play along and started to dance. She mimicked Sam's movement, trying to inject a knowing style into the jerky gestures, the frantic stomping. They approached each other across the tiles, like two rusted robots gone mad on rocket fuel.

Those kids were fast as lightning...

At last Wendy began to appreciate the problem. Nobody was that bad at dancing. Nobody had that complexion outside of the Blue Man Group.

In fact it was a little bit frightening, sang Carl.

In fact it was very fucking frightening. Sam was convinced he was going to die to the theme of an inane Chinese riff and a one-hit-wonder. He sobbed and gurgled and his legs began to sag. He was swimming in thick air as he sank beneath the ceiling to the tiled floor, far, far away. Suddenly Wendy swam past and he felt himself borne up by the oxters. To the independent observer, marooned by the stereo, resignation to Sam's fate was interrupted as the duo crashed back into the living room from the kitchen. Wendy had Sam gripped around the waist from behind as she struggled to perform the Heimlich manoeuvre on him. Despite his weight she was tossing him to and fro, his arms helplessly flailing the air. Push, she screamed, like a midwife at a violent birth, Push!

Waddling to the centre of the room, this strange composite shape paused for one last contraction and there was a gasp and a sudden whoosh as the sizable first morsel of batterburger flew through the air and, amazingly, thankfully, struck the record arm and pushed it screeching into the spiral groove. Wendy flopped back onto the settee as Sam prostrated himself with gratitude and disbelief on the swirling carpet. So, the tableau of the would-be lovers was not, physically, all that different from what it might have been and, with Sam lugging great bellyfuls of air down his scorched throat, there was even the throbbing percussion of heavy breathing. But all was still and silence slowly descended.

"Thank God," said Wendy.

"Thank you," said Sam.

There was an ominous twist in the static and, behind their bruised eyelids, both knew that the record arm was

jerking into motion again. The damn thing had been set to repeat.

There follows the telltale throb of xylophone as Carl Douglas winds up to give it all another go.

Everybody was...

But the line is submerged beneath a barrage of oaths.

There was a picture of them strolling side by side, but not arm in arm, along the sunswept Esplanade. Mostly there were photos of them sitting together, close but not quite touching, at the more sophisticated stops along the seafront - the cafe bars and hotel terraces, that wine bar and the Italian place. These were not having much effect on the woman. Sam looked sideways at the unchanging expression, the cold skin pulled tight as a drum, the thin lips pursed and painted in an attempt to convey fullness. He thought he saw the corner of her eyes flicker, once, but this was just a nervous tic that repeated itself at irregular intervals and without apparent stimulus. She was a woman with issues, Sam decided, and a woman with absences.

The photographs were good, well made. Sam worked in the old fashioned way with negative film stock and had mastered his craft. He was a darkroom wizard but without any underhand trickery. Sam's photos didn't lie. They came to a shot showing the couple strolling the beach above the wave line eating ice cream cones. Sam stabbed at this and made a satisfied grunt. "See," he said, then shrank a bit as the woman turned a glazed look to him. "See, ice creams. That's significant."

The lips curled downwards. "They're eating ice creams," she said.

"Exactly," said Sam.

There was a short pause. "Fokking ice cream," she said at last, with appropriate iciness. "It's not exactly that they're eating each other."

Sam looked down at the ground. He wondered why a certain type of person, a certain class of person, preferred to leave the u out of fuck. Why? It just wasn't fucking without the u. They had reached another photo which he felt was even more of a clincher. Here, they both sat on the terrace, he with a broadsheet neatly open to his gaze while she was intent on a supplement or magazine, one eyebrow arched in frozen question.

"They're reading," Sam said, unnecessarily.

"I can see that," she hissed. "My husband is an intelligent man, Mister Lyons, and I can assure you that he reads extensively."

"But, they're both reading."

"And?" The woman arched her eyebrow in a manner that mirrored the woman in the photograph, but without the detached sense of amusement that the younger woman - and she was younger - showed.

"They're both reading, together." he said.

"So what?"

Sam was lost for words. He felt himself choking but it was choking on nothingness. The air had been sucked out of his universe and all the meaning scattered. They were both reading. They were both reading - together! Surely it was obvious.

"Are you all right, Mr Lyons?"

He nodded.

An expression, not entirely unlike kindness, flitted across the woman's features. "Mr Lyons, I do appreciate all the

work you've put into this and, well, you can understand how it all makes me look - through no fault of your own, I hasten to add - well, a bit silly..."

Sam protested, wordlessly, and she held up a placating hand.

"Here, I had better fix up with you, I suppose, as we agreed." She had snapped open her cheque book and begun to scratch out his fee, with a generous addition for expenses. "I suppose the whole thing should be a lesson to me," she continued, "and it just goes to show that life..."

Sam's voice returned, but it couldn't manage more than a hoarse whisper.

"Sorry, what did you say?"

Sam cleared his throat. "I said, just another one of Cupid's little stunts."

"Quite," she said and handed over the cheque.

Wendy was cooking when Sam got home.

"What's for dinner?" he said.

"I'm doing a fry," she said. "Thought I'd better use the sausages before their best before."

"Ah," he said.

"Eggs?" she asked, but was already cracking them into the pan without waiting for a reply.

"Easy over," he said and leant on the counter. It had been a hard day. The eggs sizzled in the pan and Wendy spooned the grease expertly, then looked up at him and smiled. He returned her smile with a broad, satisfied beam.

"What are you looking at?" she said and flipped each egg before returning her smile to Sam. "What are you looking at?" she repeated and they both began to laugh.

THE END

Video Voyeur

Harold Chassen

Public Enemies' tells the story of several bank robbers of the 1930s Pretty Boy Floyd Baby Nelson and others but mostly



concentrates on John Dillinger and his love affair with Billie Frechette. Dillinger robs banks but never harms ordinary people making him a kind of Robin Hood folk hero to the American public. A parallel story to Dillinger is that of FBI agent Melvin Purvis and his attempt to capture Dillinger by any means. It can get quite violent at times with lots of shooting and killing and Johnny Depp puts in a great performance as

Dillinger.

This is a good one to watch.

MEITHEAL 2009

Exhibition and Arts and Crafts Fair
at Signal Arts Centre
From 8th December to 24th December 2009

The Christmas 'Meitheal' Exhibition takes place bi-annually in Signal Arts Centre. It features work by Signal artists past and present. The exhibition's title refers to the traditional practice and celebration of community endeavour, a concept which is surely most relevant in these straitened times!

In this year's 'Meitheal' the Gallery will be full to the brim with good quality reasonably priced art work, a treasure trove of unique handmade gifts and an array of delicious festive fare. An interesting and entertaining programme of events will be happening, including an evening of music with Mia Parsons, poetry readings, life drawing and painting sessions, artist's talks, and a Christmas Quiz night.



Hedgerow Basket
Lian Callaghan

The Meitheal will be catering for younger visitors too, who

can visit Arty Crafty Santy in his workshop! Art classes and craft workshops in jewellery, textiles, print, papermaking, origami, etc., can be arranged for families and small parties. So leave your shopping blues at home this Christmas and join us to celebrate our creative endeavours!

For details of the schedule of events and links to other arts events taking place in Bray this Christmas please check our website www.signalartscentre.ie

The exhibition will be launched with mulled wine, mince pies and other culinary treats on Tuesday 8th December from 5pm-8.30pm, and run daily (except Mondays) until 24th December.

Opening Reception: Tues 8th December 5 p.m. - 8.30 p.m.

PRESS RELEASE 'NAKED AMBITION'

exhibition opening 26 November 2009

NAKED AMBITION is the first exhibition of the newly formed Three Rock Art Group. The group evolved from the RHA life drawing sessions of 2003 and has developed since to become a focal point for the practice of figure drawing. Members of the Three Rock Art Group come from a variety of visual arts backgrounds including ceramics, drawing, painting, printmaking, and sculpture. Exhibitors include Catherine Brugh, Patricia Casey, Susan Dubsky, Camilla Fanning, Bridget Flinn, Jack Gillen, Louise Meade, Reets Mooney, Germaine Morrissey and Peter Walsh.



Girl with Stocking
by Camille Fanning

Life drawing has been an integral part of the western art tradition for centuries and for much of that time it was valued an end in itself, not just a study for something else. 'This exhibition is a celebration of the human form. It demonstrates the exuberance of the

quick sketch and the beauty of the naked body. Figure drawing is the traditional cornerstone of art training, as it offers every challenge - line, tone, perspective, composition, form, structure, foreshortening and so on. Stripped of the cultural constraints of clothing, the nude figure can express every aspect of humanity' (CJB 09). With this show we hope to demonstrate the relevance and significance of anatomical draughtsmanship and the art of drawing the human figure, and to return it to its deserved status as an independent art form.

The exhibition can be seen from Thursday the 26th November (opening) to Wednesday the 9th December at the No Grants Gallery (NGG) at the Temple Bar Cultural Information Centre-12 East Essex Street, Temple Bar.

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Instructor :

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Course commences Jan 18 to Mar 8, 2010
7.00 pm - 9.00 pm every Monday
Signal Arts Centre

Euro 150 (8 Sessions)

Places are limited to 8, so book early : Contact Conall McCabe 087 9702173

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Holy Redeemer Church
Bray
Saturday 12 December at 8:00pm

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Submission Guidelines

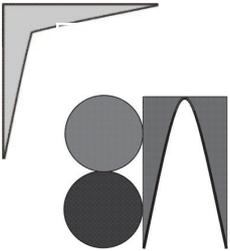
Editor : Dermot McCabe : editor@brayarts.net

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

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

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Killarney Rd. Bray,
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Deadline 15th of each month.
Bray Arts website : www.brayarts.net

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Arts Evening Monday 7th Dec
Heather House, Strand Road
5 Euro / 4 Euro Conc. Everyone is welcome.
Come Early Doors open: 8:00pm sharp

Alex Mathias: Brilliant young Bray Saxophonist whose band has been
making a huge impression on the country's Jazz scene.

The Bray Gospel Choir: Under their talented Director/Singer Ross
Scanlon, this choir can get your hands clapping, feet tapping and touch
your heart with their singing.

Christsmas Surprises: to be revealed on the night.

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