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# Bray Arts Journal

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Issue 4

December 2013

Volume 22



**FREE**

## REVIEW

### Bray Arts Show

Mon November 4th, 2013

**Aoife Hester** is no stranger to Bray Arts. She is the expert eye and talent that has been designing our poster and flyers for a number of years. At her presentation of photographs and video work for our November Bray Arts Show she again displayed her prodigious talent in a stunning display of glorious images.

Aoife began off by explaining how she does photography in her spare time. Working in a photographic studio in her first job she became fascinated by the possibilities the dark room allowed to trick around with images. She began to experiment by producing films where the photograph was exposed on the other side of the film. We were shown the result in a display of highly coloured scenes drawing the eye and forcing the observer to sit up and take notice. Aoife is not afraid to take chances with her work and the results are striking. An eerie atmosphere is created by an observation of a big wheel, taken from an oblique angle, or by the silhouette of two people against a highly coloured sky. Always the viewer is compelled to stay and look as this expert photographer draws us into her vision of the world, one where nature predominates and originality is prized. Photography is fun, Aoife says. She loves cheap plastic cameras just as much as her new and much cherished digital one. She is dedicated to her art and determined to stretch conventional boundaries. One of the most striking pieces I saw was of the night sky from her bedroom window. This was using a technique of rapidly taken multiple photographs that give the impression a video is being made. The effect is startlingly simple yet beautiful, giving the pieces a feeling of peace and oneness with nature that could not otherwise be produced. We saw Aoife's award winning photographs as well as those she takes on a daily basis, and all were stunning. Her love of Bray and her capacity for following her instincts and taking that shot others would miss are always to the fore. We saw a sunrise on Bray Head and stars on the Sugarloaf. There was a striking single tree on the Sally Gap and another standing alone in the snow. Photographs poured in our direction in a consummate display of ability and artistic sensibility. Congratulations to Aoife for her dedication, determination and ability to produce images and work that stay in the mind for long afterwards.

**Helen Harrison's** poetry is a celebration of the ordinary. She, as she says herself, loves that mid-air feeling, and somehow the line sums up what is good about her verse. We are brought for long moments into the mid-stream of other worlds, of the lives



*Aoife Hester*

of country people of Monaghan. We meet the poet's mother, potato peelings blocking sink, no time to think. A farmer tills fields, another cuts wood, engaged in the necessary activities that create the rituals of life from which Helen's poetry, in the likeness of Patrick Kavanagh's, is drawn. Just as Helen has freed herself from the realm of her childhood peers, in their neat clipped lives, she releases us to contemplate wonder through the beauty of her lines. In dappled light my speckled thoughts take flight. Helen's voice clear and lucid, and her poetic vision is profound.



*Helen Harrison*

Her love of nature is ever present as well as a passionate need to preserve it from human depredations. Wildlife doesn't mind absence of human-kind, she assures us. She shows her capacity to mine deep feeling, to empathise with loss, in her poem to a recently passed-away father. You smelt the lane before you saw the edge,- aromas of a time before,- you absorbed the tears of a broken mother, while they put wet clay over your father. Balanced thought combined with strong emotion and perfectly wrought original lines lead us to believe we will hear much more from Helen Harrison in the future.

### *By Carmen Cullen*

The award-winning ladies barbershop chorus, **Serendipity**, directed by Pauline Edmondson took the floor to loud cheers of welcome. The Fifteen members of this fun loving group of women were dressed in bright colourful outfits clearly enjoying



*Serendipity*

every moment as they opened up with "Thunder away my Lord" singing & performing in the Barbershop Style. With voices ranging from deep contralto to high soprano they delivered a full, rich sound as they moved into "My troubles roll away Lord" and "Little dream". The

remarkable bass sound added power to their rendition combined with the classic tight harmony of the barber shop style. Since they are singing a capella, they made use of some of the voices to deliver a rhythmic accompaniment with staccato vocal sounds as the lead singers brought out the song words and melody. Two numbers were delivered by their own prize-winning barber shop Quartet who sang "I can't run away if you love me!" in intriguingly close harmony that must be very difficult to maintain. They added a touch of humour with "Don't sit under the apple tree" as they returned to the full Serendipity choral group to close with "One fine day" to loud acclaim from everyone.

The final act was **Cafe L'Amore**, in the persons of Geraldine Mangan and Joe Domican Beattie. Dressed beautifully in trim black and white evening dress, they charmed their audience with soft vocals blending beautifully with the accompanying backing track of the traditional café orchestra.



#### Front Cover

"Snow Tree Bray - November 2010"

By Aoife Hester

See page 4

Their sound equipment was equally elegant and of such good quality that the orchestra might well have been live in the room. They took turns to perform a mixture of Jazz, Bossa Nova, Swing and Pop with such delightful numbers as "I've got you under my skin" in the Crooning voice of Joe to Geraldine's gentle "Sweethearts and the summer wind". Their easy, professional style delivered with cool confidence eased the evening to a close as the audience applauded the charming performance.



Café L'Amore

Cearbhall E. O'Meadhra

## PREVIEW

Bray Arts Night

Monday December 2nd 2013

Martello Hotel, Bray

Everyone Welcome: Adm. €5 / €4 conc.

### Jack Latin – Teen Band

Jack Latin are the latest 4-piece to break the topsoil of the thriving Kilcoole music collective. The departure of original drummer Philip Hehir after the recording of a 5 track EP gave way to the band's current line-up of Dylan Minnock (18)-Rhythm Guitar, Ed Salley (18)-Bass, Andrew Hartnett (18)-Lead guitar and Fionn Healy (18)-Drums, with each lending to vocal duties.



Since the band's first practice together in November of last year, they have gone on to win Phantom 105.2's School's battle of the bands, and have appeared on the station to promote their single "Church State

Relations". They have also played at some of the more established music venues in Dublin such as "The Sugar Club", "The Mercantile", "Whelan's" and Bray's own "Jim Doyle's". Their infectious energetic pop-punk sound has been likened to that of "Arctic Monkeys" and "Biffy Clyro", and is sure to leave you humming away their hooks for some time to come!

Catch them at The Martello Hotel, Bray, on the 2nd of December, alongside fellow "Kilcoole (Boosegank) Collective" band, "BIRDS".



### Mary McNeill - Jewellery

Mary is the constant crafter, having had a love of good craft since childhood. She has tried her hand at many and varied crafts, including weaving, candle making and ceramics. She has at last found what she wants to do when she grows up! For the past 3 years she has been developing as a maker of silver jewellery, also using semi-precious stones in some pieces. With no formal training she has explored the medium of silver and



has arrived at a point where she is ready to show the world her designs. Inspired by nature, art and archaeology she crafts pieces that are intended to be worn for enjoyment and which are designed to please the eye. Tel 087 2405998



Email [macneillmary@yahoo.ie](mailto:macneillmary@yahoo.ie)  
[https://www.facebook.com Mary-MacNeillDesigns](https://www.facebook.com/Mary-MacNeillDesigns)

### David Butler - Writer

Since returning to Ireland after ten years of wandering, David Butler has worked as Education Officer at the James Joyce Centre, and has lectured in Spanish Literature at TCD, Essex University, Carlow College and UCD. His novel *The Last European* was published in 2005 (Wynkin de Worde), while his debut poetry collection *Via Crucis (Doghouse)* appeared in 2011. The *Judas Kiss* (New Island, 2012) was favourably reviewed in the *Sunday Times* by Alan Murdoch, who in particular noted Butler's talent for characterisation. No *Greater Love*, a collection of his short stories, is due to be launched in London early this year (Ward Wood) and a third novel, *City of Dis*, in 2014 (New Island). He currently lives in Bray.



### Darragh O'Neill - Guitarist

Darragh O'Neill is one of the leading Irish guitarists of his generation. His international career as a solo concert guitarist composer has taken him to many of the great concert venues around the world. Highlights include Carnegie Hall in New York, Wigmore Hall in London, Oude Kerk in Amsterdam, The Manggha Theatre in Krakow, and numerous sell out performances back home in his native Dublin's National Concert Hall. His highly acclaimed performances are always noted for their stylistic awareness, with equal measures of delicacy and virtuosity, firing the imagination and touching the heart. His original compositions for solo guitar have been described by *The Irish Times* as

*'Descriptive, openly charming, and so based on traditional guitar techniques that they seem to spring from inside the instrument...'*

His musical training began at age of seven, studying violin with David Lillis at the Royal Irish Academy of Music Dublin. Later, changing over to the guitar Darragh went on to study a variety



## Joe & Helen: Menage a Trois

Joe shut his front door and took in a deep breath of warm spring air. He watched as a female blackbird landed on his front lawn, pulled up a worm and flew off to the oak tree across the road. Joe smiled. "Everything is right with the world," he said to himself, "God sure knew what he was doing when he took a rib from man and made woman to serve him. That bird, taking back worms to her mate, proves that God's plan is working."

He took in another deep breath and stared at the oak tree in envy. It was spring, the time when every man's fancy turns to trying to find a female to take care of him. If he already doesn't have one that is, and Joe didn't, and that made him sad.

Joe had to fetch and open his own beer, his own crisps, and generally do all those things for himself that a woman should do for him. It was nature's way, and he was fighting it. It was time he found someone for himself. Sucking in his belly, he buttoned the bottom of his shirt to try to hide the pizza stain on his vest. The over sized stomach pressed against his undersized shirt, causing a strain on the buttons. Joe gave it an apprehensive look, then continued on his way as the buttons held against the mass. "You are quite a good catch, Joe," he said to himself. "You may be a bit heavy, but you need that bulk to put on muscle. You can't create something from nothing." He was going to start an exercise programme any day now, just as soon as the weather warmed up a bit more.

Joe speeded up his shuffle and reached the road in time to catch the bus. It was only two blocks to the supermarket, but, as he told that snotty young conductor last week, he didn't expect an eagle to walk. An eagle flies, and Joe certainly felt that he was an eagle.

As he shuffled along, he almost lost his shoe. He would have to tape that sole on again. There was no need to buy a new pair when he could easily wrap tape around the whole shoe, to hold the sole on.

He pushed the stop button and quickly got off before the conductor could collect the fare. He discovered that if he headed upstairs when he got on, few conductors would come up until there were a few more passengers. Joe usually got off before then. It didn't always work, but it did most of the time. He didn't feel that he should pay the minimum fare for a quarter mile journey, when he was only going two blocks.

The supermarket was across the busy road from the bus stop. Joe simply refused to walk the fifty feet up the road to the zebra crossing. He thought the crossing was in the wrong place, and complained the council about it, but they refused to move it. They even had the temerity to laugh at him when he threatened them with the European court. He would get even with them though. He would vote for the greens in the next council election. He might even stand as an independent candidate, but the thought of all that walking and canvassing put him off, that and the amount of money needed for a deposit.

He waited for a slight lull in the traffic and then started across with his best imitation of a limp. He was half way across when a sentimental driver stopped to allow him to continue. Suddenly Joe quit his limping and rushed to the curb to pick up a shiny coin that he spotted lying on the pavement. The now

of different styles of music and approaches on the instrument before attending the Royal College of Music London for advanced studies with Carlos Bonell. During his time in London Darragh earned both his Bachelor and Master's Degrees in music performance, and upon graduation took both the British Reserve String Prize, and The Louis Krasner Award for most outstanding string recitalist.

His debut CD 'Fountain' is a collection of his own arrangements of some of the best loved baroque classics from the guitar repertoire including music by J.S.Bach, Domenico Scarlatti, Gaspar Sanz, and Turlough Carolan. The CD also features six of Darragh's own original compositions for solo guitar.

Alongside his solo guitar pursuits he has also been invited to share the stage as featured soloist with Enrique Iglesias on his hit 'I can be your hero' (for the MTV awards) both West-end's Michael Ball, and Russell 'The Voice' Watson, (For RTE's Late Show) and for Vanessa Amorosi's televised appearance at the O2 Dublin.

Currently based in Dublin, Darragh, in addition to teaching his beloved students at Blackrock College and Rathdown School, is currently working on compositions for his forthcoming CD...

"...delicacy and virtuosity in equal measure" - Carlos Bonell

## Christmas Cards by Aoife Hester

Aoife Hester has designed a series of Christmas cards featuring snowy photographs of Bray. If you wish to purchase any Christmas cards or printed photos, Aoife will be selling at the following markets: **St. Cronan's Bray Christmas Craft Fair - 24/11**, **Boutique Bray in the Esplanade Hotel Bray - 30/11** and **Bray Flea Market in the Harbour Bar Bray on 7/11 & 14/11**.



Alternatively, you can email [aoifehesterphotography@gmail.com](mailto:aoifehesterphotography@gmail.com) to get in touch with Aoife or check out [facebook.com aoifehesterphotography](https://www.facebook.com/aoifehesterphotography).

cross driver leaned on the horn and put his foot down. He shouted something obscene at Joe as he sped past.

Joe turned and smiled at the driver, showing him the coin in one hand and two fingers with the other.

In the parking lot, Helen got out of the car in a bit of a hurry. There was a film on television that she wanted to get home to. She wondered why she had ever agreed to go shopping with her elder sister, Sara. She even put on her best business suit because Sara insisted that she didn't wear anything casual.

Helen was about forty something, ever so slightly plump, with short dark hair just starting to get flecks of grey in it. She was married to her job at the bank, but secretly longed for marriage of a different kind, but there were no offers. In fact there weren't even any long-term prospects. All of her co-workers at the bank were much younger than her, or they were married and only interested in a bit on the side. Helen was a whole woman who wouldn't be anybody's bit. Of course there were the gays, they were safe. The last one she went out with was a very stylish dresser. He had a fantastic knowledge of wines, and a gourmet taste in food, buying her the best meal she had ever eaten. But he went home with the waiter. She should have been suspicious by the numerous trips the waiter made to the table to check on them, but she thought it was just good service.

Sara was the complete opposite. She was two years older than Helen, even though she told people that they were twins. They could easily pass for twins since they looked so much alike, except that they dressed so differently.

Sara was divorced and looking for husband number five. Helen could tell that she was getting desperate by the tarty way she dressed. The more desperate she was, the tartier her dress became. Helen had seen it all before, many times before. She took so much time shopping, fawning over all the male shop assistants. Even a wedding ring didn't put her off. Number two was married to someone else when she met him. She was shopping for men and nothing else. Still, Sara got a car from number four, or was it three, Helen couldn't remember. All Sara's previous husbands were shallow and flashy, all capped teeth, medallions, and gold jewellery, with no depth or substance, very much like Sara. She could be seen around town from time to time with one of her exes when she was stuck for a date for a party. All except number one, he was dead. He choked on a pearl from an oyster while on holiday in Spain. Sara was really broken up about his death. He was the richest of the lot, but he didn't believe in life insurance. It was a whole four months before she remarried. She still had the pearl. She wore it on a chain next to her heart.

Both women spotted Joe coming towards them. Sara started to laugh, but stifled it down to a broad smile. "What a slob," she whispered to her sister. Helen saw Joe in a different light. To her he was a diamond, a rough diamond, but one that with a little prompting and moulding could be brought to sparkle. Helen wanted to be the one to try her hand at this diamond polishing.

She had never liked those showy men that Sara seemed to go for. She liked her men down to earth. She didn't want to have to fight a man for the mirror. She wanted someone with character, and on first glance she could see plenty in Joe, which could be brought out with a little of her coaxing. She took an

other look at Joe, maybe a lot of coaxing. But given the chance she would change him, kicking and screaming if necessary, into a presentable well mannered, well dressed human being.

Joe spotted an unattended shopping cart near the entrance. He rushed towards it and got there a half a step before Sara. He looked up and saw her smile. She fancies me he thought. Joe smiled back and pulled the cart towards him. He regretted that action. He turned to offer Sara the cart, but saw that she already found another.

She pushed past him, brushing his thigh with her cart as she tried to run over his toes with it. Joe was now sure that she fancied him. She must be shy. He would have to make the first move. He spit on his hands, and smoothed down his hair.

Helen gave him a coy smile as she passed.

Joe tried to push his cart after them, but he found that one wheel wouldn't turn. He swore to himself and went in search of another. He spotted a smallish woman who had just about finished packing her grocery bags into the boot of a red Mini. Joe ran over and grabbed the last two bags from the cart and hurled them into the boot. Seizing the cart despite her protestations, he rushed towards the entrance of crowded Saturday shoppers in the supermarket.

He wasn't sure if he should get his weekly staples of beer, crisps, biscuits, and chocolate, or to try to engineer a way to meet that heavenly woman who fancied him so much. He chose the woman.

Once inside the store Sara laughed out loud. "That was a close one Helen. I thought that he might try to start a conversation with one of us. Did you see how disgusting he looked, just one-step up from the gutter. I wonder if he is even house trained, and he has that lean and hungry look."

"Mmmm," Helen answered, still thinking of Joe. "I thought you liked them lean and hungry. That was the one way you could tell if they were good in bed."

"Yes I do," Sara answered, "but I also like them rich and his looks do not say rich to me. He isn't lean either. The only thing that he looks like he can do in bed, is sleep, although by the looks of him I don't think he uses one, but I'll bet he has a very nice cave. And another thing, did you have a look at his gut?"

"Yes Sara, he obviously is a man who appreciates his food, Helen answered, "and the woman who prepares it for him," she added to herself. She pulled down her suit jacket trying to hide her own slight plumpness.

Joe entered the store at high speed. He quickly gave the store a quick once over searching for the woman. He bumped into a woman in the vegetable aisle. "Blind bat, get out of my way," he growled at her. He whipped the cart around to the can goods forcing a child to jump from his mother's side. The child ran from Joe's charging cart, ducking into a side aisle to save himself from Joe. The labels were all blurry as he sped past. He saw the rear end of a woman turn the corner at the end of the aisle of frozen foods. That must be them, Joe thought, that other woman with her had a large behind. He forced his way backwards and entered the frozen food aisle from the opposite end.

In frozen foods, Sara kept a watchful eye open for Joe. If she spotted him before he spotted her, she could turn around and run. Sara was going through the store at record speed. She usually took her time. Supermarkets were especially good hunting grounds for men. There were usually a plethora of divorced men shopping with their kids, and they were so helpless. They were always on the lookout for a woman to ask to help with some part of their purchases. Sara had met two of her previous husbands in supermarkets.

Helen also kept a watchful eye for Joe. She knew Sara's record with supermarkets. Maybe it would be her turn today.

They just started down the frozen food aisle. It was crowded with shoppers. Frozen chickens were ten pence off per pound this week and the store had a hard time keeping them stocked up. A woman bumped Sara from behind. "Please move along, I want to get a chicken."

Joe headed up the aisle. At first he didn't see the women, and they didn't see him. Sara thought that he had been lost in the crowd. Helen still lived in hope.

They all spotted each other at the same time. Joe's heart skipped a beat. Helen's speeded up a bit. Sara's sank in despair. She tried to turn her cart around, but there were too many people in the way. She was trapped. "Please move along." Sara heard from behind her. There was no way to go except straight ahead, towards Joe.

Joe took another step towards them. They took another step towards Joe. His hands started to sweat. Helen felt a tightening in her throat. Sara felt quite ill.

Another step closer and Joe looked to his right trying not to appear so eager. Sara looked to the left trying to find a place to hide. Helen sighed as she took another look at Joe. She heard the mood music over the loudspeaker, and hummed along finally singing to herself, "some where my love," the only words she remembered to the tune.

A woman in front of Helen and Sara moved a few feet forward. Joe jammed his cart into the space before they could move ahead. He picked out a frozen chicken, fondling it as if he actually knew what he was doing.

Helen plucked up her courage and spoke up. "They are really good value aren't they."

Joe tried to be nonchalant and continued to stare at the chicken. Thinking it was Sara speaking to him he tried to think of something impressive to say. "Yes I wanted one to make," he paused for a moment, trying to remember what those women in front of him were talking about, "cuckoo von." He finally remembered, the dish mispronouncing what he had overheard.

Sara saw the slight gap left by Joe and slipped her cart through to freedom. Not bothering to look back, she rushed to the checkout, leaving over half the items on her list not purchased. Helen would have to make her own way out. She would wait for her in the car.

"I love coc au vin," Helen said quickly, a slight blush showed on her cheeks. "Do you use Bisto or do you make it from scratch?"

Joe felt an attack of panic coming over him. He had no idea what she was talking about. How would he get out of this? "I've used both," he lied. Looking up, he got a shock. It wasn't his woman but the one she was with. He twisted his head from side to side searching for her, but she was nowhere in sight. He looked at Helen. She smiled back.

Helen stepped around Joe's cart and leaned against it, pressing it to the side of the freezer box so it couldn't move. "Which do you find has a better flavour?"

Joe shrugged his shoulders, feeling himself drawn deeper into a trap by one of his own lies.

She saw the terror in his eyes. She needed to give him a face saving escape. "Do you really think so. You must have a fantastic scratch recipe."

Joe gave her a stupid grin, and nodded.

"I've been looking for a good recipe for years. Could you give it to me?"

Joe felt the panic again. He was about to shake his head, when Helen cut in.

"Oh how silly of me, I'm the same way. I can make something blindfolded in my kitchen, or my sister's kitchen I should say. That was my sister Sara, with the cart. But if you ask me to tell it to you, my mind goes blank. Maybe I could come over and watch you make it. I'm sure Sara wouldn't mind."

Joe couldn't believe he was hearing this. All he had to do was say so, and the woman would come over to his house. What did it matter if she brought this talkative sister with her? He would have an accident, bandage his hand. Then he wouldn't be able to cook.

"I'm Helen, Helen Warner." She smiled and held out her hand.

Joe took it. "I'm Joe Upwood. I live at Number Two, Pine Street."

"Would tomorrow lunchtime be all right with you Joe? Perhaps we could make it together."

Joe nodded. Helen felt like a giddy schoolgirl. She had a spring in her step as she walked through the door.

Joe wondered what else he would have to buy. He wanted to impress the woman. I guess I'll have to buy the chicken. He searched through the birds till he was sure he found the least expensive one. He thought about wine, but rejected the idea when he looked at the prices. He put another couple of beers in the basket. She would have to bring wine she wanted any. Joe bought the chicken and besides, I might not really like her.

He finished his weekly shopping. Joe pushed his cart loaded with beer, crisps, biscuits, and chocolate. "That woman better appreciate all the expense I went through for her," he said as he lugged the grocery-laden bags to the bus stop.

## Bridget O' Brien - Art Exhibition

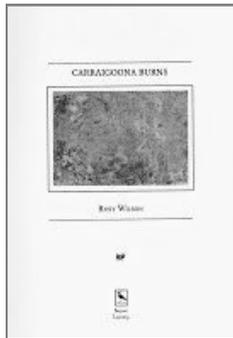
I love drawing, I love the problem solving of it and even when it goes wrong which is about as much as when it goes right, there's a lesson in it. There's three of us involved, the subject to be observed and recorded, the materials, paper, pens, paints etc. and there's me. If one of us isn't tuned in, the work fails. Alternatively, when things slide out of control, it can be a discovery of a more interesting method or means to an end. In other words, necessity really is the mother of invention.

I always work better on my own. In the car, on the dart, in cafés and at home at the kitchen table at night.



*Hawthorn Tree*

The following is an upcoming exhibition that's taking place in the Signal Arts Gallery on Friday December 6th at 7pm to celebrate the launch of two books of poetry published by Lapwing Publishers, Belfast



*Carraigoona Burns by Rosy Wilson*



*Wind Horses by Judy Russell*

## SIGNAL ARTS CENTRE

### Meitheal 2013

3 – 24th December 2013

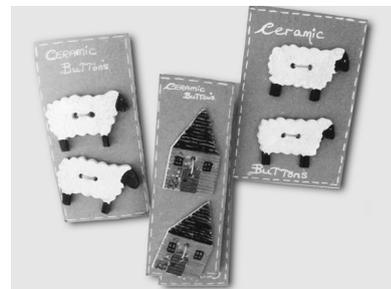
Art and Craft from Signal Staff

Yes folks, it's that time of year again, September – The kids are back at school, the days are getting shorter and Selection boxes are on the supermarket shelves – Proof that it's never too early to start planning for Christmas!

With that in mind, Signal Arts Centre is delighted to announce the return of "Meitheal", an annual event at the gallery, showcasing the best handcrafted gifts available in the county. All work is made by Signal Staff, past and present, and includes ceramics, embroidery, jewellery, metalwork and much more.....



As always we aim to keep as competitive as possible, and there will be a wide range of unique items available to suit all budgets. Meitheal starts on Tuesday 3rd December and runs right up to Christmas Eve, so drop in to the Signal Arts Centre to find that special gift.



You can also follow us on Facebook for updates on special events happening at the gallery throughout Meitheal.

**Gallery Opening Hours:**

**Tuesday to Friday: 10am – 1pm/2pm - 5pm**

**Saturday/Sunday: 12pm – 5pm**

## Monoprint Workshops

The December journal is being sponsored by **Gerard Thomas** long time supporter and member of the Bray arts committee.



### Submission Guidelines

**Editor :** Karen Quinn - [editor@brayarts.net](mailto:editor@brayarts.net)

**Creative Writing Editor :** Anne Fitzgerald - [annefitz3@gmail.com](mailto:annefitz3@gmail.com)

**Email submissions to the above or post to :**  
Editor Bray Arts Journal, 14 Dwyer Park, Bray,  
Co. Wicklow, Ireland

#### Text in Microsoft Word

Pictures/Logos etc Jpeg preferably 300 dpi

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ENNISKERRY, CO. WICKLOW**

**Contact:**  
[schoolhouseforart@gmail.com](mailto:schoolhouseforart@gmail.com)  
**Neil Condron 087 234 2026**  
[www.yannypetters.net](http://www.yannypetters.net)

**PRICE PER SESSION € 55**  
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**[www.schoolhouseforart.com](http://www.schoolhouseforart.com)**

## Bray Arts Night Monday 2nd December 2013

Martello, Seafront, Bray Doors open 8:00pm Adm: €5/€4 conc. Everyone welcome.

More on Bray Arts on Facebook and [www.brayarts.net](http://www.brayarts.net). For more information call: 01 2864623

#### Jack Latin - Pop-Punk

This infectious, young, energetic and new 4-piece band fresh from the thriving Kilcoole music collective will put out their pop-punk hooks to leave us humming away for some time to come!

#### Mary McNeill - Hand Made Jewellery

Will show her designs in the medium of silver and semiprecious stones inspired by nature, art and archaeology in pieces that are intended to be worn for enjoyment and to please the eye.

#### David Butler - Writer

Will read from his collection of new and published novels and poetry drawing on everything from Alice in Wonderland to Dostoyevsky, from Shakespeare to Faulkner and years of wandering abroad.

#### Darragh O'Neill - Guitarist

Will perform musical magic with his own compositions and some of the great classics in equal measures of delicacy and virtuosity, firing the imagination and touching the heart.