

# My Somerset Life

## A diary by Brian Snellgrove

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# A trip to Bristol for a private art viewing

A friend of Francoise at her art class is showing 35 of her works in a club and hotel called The Square in a posh area of Bristol. We took the 11.37 No. 172 bus from Brookes the newsagent 6 minutes from our house to the centre of Bristol. Travel time is about one hour.

First to Za Za, the monstrous buffet said to be the largest in Europe. During the week the charges are moderate, £12.99 per head all you can eat. I had about five plates of food from three continents, and then a sweet course based on delicious sweet rice pudding, but it was better than our version. Creamy I would say.

Opposite was a girl of about 11 eating with her mum and (guess) grandmother. The girl who certainly seemed to us to be over weight. Her face was puffy was going to help herself to the most unhealthy flour and fat based foods. She stared into the middle distance, scarcely associating herself with what was on the plate. Her mother if she noticed did not pay any attention. She went back for a refill and filled her plate and left half of it.

Behind our table, 12 men came in obviously from the same affinity group and made merry but with such good humour as not to disturb us. It was around 2pm when we set off up the hill (there are a lot of hills in Bristol) to the Venue. Inside we were greeted by a young lady who offered us a glass of champagne. The works had been cleverly integrated into the sitting area, restaurant and downstairs in the club part.

We met the husband of the artist and her daughter Bethan who was about to go to university in Leeds. I found myself giving her a psychic reading but based on my experience of being at

Uni myself (Durham) and my knowledge of having been to Leeds but also a moderation based on tuning in to the young lady. I hope that what I said was helpful to her. I had no intention of doing anything for anyone but it flowed out of me. Normally this is a sign that the person is ready to hear. I am inclined to take any opportunity that presents itself as I will probably not meet the person again.

Back on the 16:52 bus which we caught with 30 seconds to spare. It took some time to get out of Bristol but we made it home in the evening sunshine with little drama.

This morning something had caught my attention. There was a recent Peace Day in the USA and Robert Kennedy, possible candidate for the 2024 USA elections said this including a comment on mRNA technologies

“God talks to human beings through many vectors: through each other, through organized religion, through the great books of those religions, through wise people, through art, music, literature, and poetry. But nowhere with such detail and grace, color, and joy as through creation. When we destroy a species, when we destroy a special place, we’re diminishing our capacity to sense the divine, understand who God is, and what our own potential is as human beings.”  
– RFK Jr. April 22, 2023,

Now here is someone who understands the nature of mankind. With people like him around there is some scintilla of hope for a world gradually becoming more incoherent.

Oh and before I forget, I have a Bluetooth widget/app on my phone which shows the number of devices within range. Whilst in Bristol I had a record of 275 signals in one place. Can you imagine what it does to the human body?

Yesterday I was suffering from my normal stomach problems listed over the years but then someone said that there was a link between such problems and tension. Now that may seem

obvious but on this occasion the truth really struck home. Today I threw at my stomach a miscellany of food if I can put it politely but not a murmur from my nether regions. I had had no pills or sodium bicarbonate or Gaviscon.

My holiday is overdue.



As a PS ...my video of the day was listening to Nobel Doctor Uncovers Future of Mankind: Will We Survive the Coming Great Shift? Dr Ervin Laszlo It is an honour to hearing a dispassionate view.

28:18

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