



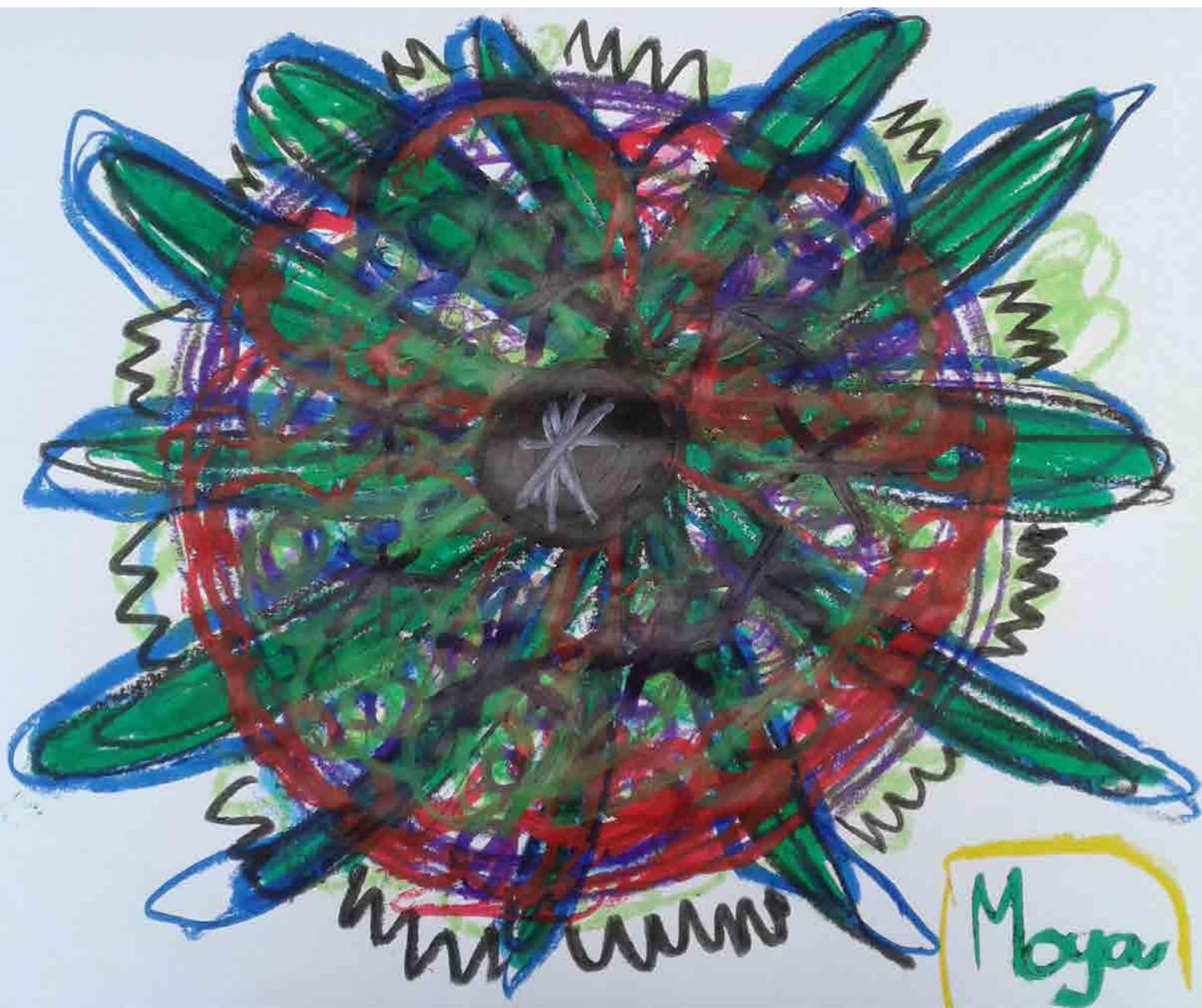
Art to Heart

Heartbeats

www.arttoheart.ie

Artwork by Moya Russell

Autumn 2014



STRANGE BOATS

By Jole Bortoli

KEEP CLOSED AT SEA said the sign on the door of the fishing boat berthed in Howth's harbour. I took mental note of it feeling it was a coded message of some sort which I had to pay particular attention to, which I did. Those four words have been playing in my mind ever since as numerous images of boats and of vessels of different kinds have been appearing in my art work in recent months.

The lyrics of The Waterboys' song *Strange Boat* have also been present with some insistence as I kept playing the song over and over:

We're sailing on a strange boat
Heading for a strange shore
Carrying the strangest cargo
That was ever hauled aboard

We're sailing on a strange sea
Blown by a strange wind
Carrying the strangest crew
That ever sinned

We're riding in a strange car
We're followin' a strange star
We're climbing on the strangest ladder
That was ever there to climb

We're living in a strange time
Working for a strange goal
We're turning flesh and body
Into soul

I know that the sea in question is a metaphor for life and that the vessels I keep drawing and painting are lifeboats of a kind that take us on particular journeys. They are boats in which we can travel safely even in rough waters provided the door is kept closed while we are at sea. A safe place and space, a particular vessel well designed, crafted and beautifully decorated; an Art vessel.

So as I criss-cross the oceans of imagination and facilitate others in doing the same I can't help thinking that art can indeed be a lifeboat for many individuals or communities, people living in particularly stressful or dangerous situations. People who simply find solace in art making of every kind and know how important is to make time to take trips of the imagination to strange shores and play and work with the images and symbols that come along unexpectedly: those intriguing and fascinating 'coded messages'.

NOURISHING THE SPIRIT



Again and again the arts have been the lifeboat that has made it possible to bear ugliness, pain, sorrow connecting you to some larger beauty.

I Never Saw Another Butterfly is a collection of works of art and poetry by Jewish children who lived in the concentration camp of Terezin during the Second World War. Their artwork was shown in one of the first exhibitions when The Ark, the cultural centre for children in Dublin opened many years ago and I remember being very moved by it. The cellist Vedran Smailović, regularly played his cello in ruined buildings during the siege of Sarajevo, performing Albinoni's Adagio in G Minor.

Every day, everywhere around the world individuals and communities of all kinds get together and embark on journeys that can heal, excite, inspire and nourish. Everywhere around the world Art's vessels are berthed waiting for you to get on board, close the door and sail!

Vedran Smailovic playing in the ruins of the National Library in Sarajevo.



Programme For Children

THE FAIRY RING PROJECT

We had a truly fantastic week during early August in the wilds of the Burren with a lively group of children enjoying painting, drawing, printing and weaving. Time was also spent outdoors observing flowers, apple trees, birds, looking for frogs, swinging on the hammock, running around and sheltering from sudden showers!

We were also very excited to let the children know that Art to Heart's grounds now include the site of an ancient fairy ring that has stood in a field adjacent to us undisturbed for years until one day... (the story is being written and illustrated at the moment and you have to wait to know it!).

The Fairy Ring Project is about restoring the site to its original magical state and of conserving it along with the rest of its 3 acres land. This area is part of the Burren National Park and includes a turlough and the Whale's Back. "What is the Whale's Back?" you may ask. Well this is another story.

P.S. The Fairy Ring Project's Manager is John Sutton.

Come away, O human child! To the waters and the wild With a faery, hand in hand...



MID-TERM HALLOWEEN ART

ROCKFOREST, THE BURREN, CO. CLARE

Art to Heart studio, Rockforest, Co. Clare

Mon 27th October, from 10am to 1pm.

€15 per child.

DUBLIN Art to Heart studio, Killester, Dublin 5.

Wed 29th October, from 10am to 1pm.

€15 per child.

Bookings: jole@arttoheart.ie Tel 085 1532220

Get ready to celebrate the spookiest night of the year with a morning of art and scary-story making.

DUBLIN

TUESDAY NIGHTS' JOURNEYS

Art to Heart Studio, Killester, Dublin 5.

8 consecutive Tuesday nights starting

14th October. Time: 6,30 to 9pm.

Fee: €180 – includes art material.

Bookings: jole@arttoheart.ie

These classes are a very pleasant way to spend an evening drawing and painting while developing a personal theme that will carry the participant on a journey of personal discovery.

MAX 6 PEOPLE – ONLY 3 PLACES LEFT!

Contact: jole@arttoheart.ie Tel. 085 1532220

WEDNESDAY MORNINGS ART

Art to Heart Studio, Killester, Dublin 5.

Starts 8th October. Time: 10am to 12,30.

Fee: €20 per class.

This course is now booked out.

ONE-TO-ONE

Art to Heart Studio, Killester, Dublin 5.

Fee: €95 for each 90min class, by appointment.

These one-to-one classes are rooted in the arts and in art history's representation of mythological and symbolical images. Facilitated by Jole Bortoli they would be of particular interest for therapists and for people who would like to do some personal work in this field.

Bookings: jole@arttoheart.ie Tel 085 1532220

THE WINTER ART STUDIO APPROACH FOR TEACHERS

The Ark, 11a Eustace St, Temple Bar, Dublin 2.

22nd November from 10,30am to 3,30pm.

Booking on line: <http://ark.ie/events/view/the-winter-art-studio-approach-for-teachers>

Phone 016707788 or email boxoffice@ark.ie if you have any questions.

A CPD Course for Primary School Teachers run by the Ark in partnership with Dublin West Education Centre.

'Experience an innovative and non-prescriptive approach to visual arts education and how it could be applied within your school.

This session will take place in The Ark's new Winter Art Studio which is a stimulating visual arts experience that incorporates all six strands of the Visual Arts Curriculum.

Programme For Adults



'Fabrics and Fibres' day at the week long, visual arts teachers summer course in The Ark in partnership with Dublin West Education Centre.

The studio is a visually and mentally stimulating space with an innovative and non-prescriptive approach to visual arts education, designed to promote independent learning. This vibrant, visually rich space is packed with inspiring winter themed 'things': artwork, books, diagrams, plants, tactile 3D objects, photographs and illustrations designed to inspire and engage you, complete with many different tools and materials to work with. During your time in the studio, you will experience aspects of an artist's studio environment and processes including observation, discussion, experimentation with materials and techniques, creating artwork and reflecting on finished work, all facilitated by a professional artist and support team.

Artist Jole Bortoli will lead this session where you will explore the theme of winter through a range of different media and processes. You will have the space to freely experiment, create and enjoy visual art. Jole will demonstrate different techniques and provide inspiration and support, and suggest ways you can bring elements of the studio experience into the classroom. Throughout the session, you will build on your skills to deliver creative visual arts sessions in the classroom.'

(Extract from the Ark's website: www.ark.ie)

ROCKFOREST, CO. CLARE

THE ART OF A GOOD SATURDAY

Art to Heart, Rockforest, Tubber, Co. Clare

Popular Saturday art encounters in the beautiful surroundings of the Burren National Park. Through painting and drawing we explore life in all its manifestations, enjoying a morning of art making accompanied by good cups of coffee and excellent cake tasting.

Dates: September 27th,

October 11th, 25th (full-day option),

November 8th, 15th,

December 6th (full-day option) and 20th.

Time: 10am to 12,30pm. Cost €20 per morning, material included.

Full days, 10am to 4pm. Cost €60 full day, material and lunch included.

Morning dates are booked out but full days – 25th September and 6th December – are open for bookings.

Programme

For Adults

COURSES IN ITALY

We are off to the volcanic island of Stromboli on the 12th of September with a great group of brave adventurers. We will report on our return.

New 2015 Italian courses will be posted on www.arttoheart.ie at the end of September.



Art to Heart's venue in Ginostra, Stromboli



Margaret Hennessy at work in Art to Heart's studio, Rockforest, Co. Clare.

The Magic Turtles

May and June were busy months for our Magic Turtles who have delivered their own workshops as well as assisting Art to Heart in its day-to-day programme.

During *Glasnevin Educate Together School, Art Day*, Saoirse and Cameron have facilitated dozens of children with marble paper making, collage and with a special sensory workshop aimed at a group of children in the autism spectrum. In the *Eco Village, Cloughjordan*, they have delivered workshops for a group of young asylum seekers in Direct Provisions under the watchful eyes of Senior Turtles Denise and Fiona.

In *Monkstown Educate Together School*, Saoirse assisted Jole in delivering a visual arts project "The Illumination of Monks Town", a very precious illuminated book illustrated by 6th class as a parting gift to their school.

We are now working on the Autumn/Winter programme which is full of promising projects.



VSI workshop, Cloughjordan.

Glasnevin Educate Together School, Art Day.



The Magic Turtles is a Mentoring Programme run by Art to Heart with the aim of training a group of emerging artists to become facilitators in delivering art workshops to many children and adults. The Mentoring Programme will assist and support these artists.

See: <http://www.arttoheart.ie/the-magic-turtles/>

THAT PARTICULAR, PRECIOUS INGREDIENT

Travel Diary – 21 July 2014

As I travelled by train from Sondrio to Malpensa airport I reflected on the holiday that was ending and on what seemed to have been the most recurring topic of conversation during my stay: food, Italy's national obsession.

The first day of the holiday my husband and myself arrived at the beach in Pesaro to 'Bagni Bibi' a place my friends rent every summer along with umbrella and deck chairs. There is also a bar with veranda, changing huts and showers which makes it a very civilized beach-bums kind of experience, the very opposite to the Irish style: wind-swept and cold where very brave people go armed with just an all-purpose towel to use after a fast dip-and-freeze swim.

Here at the Bagni we were warmly greeted by the group of local regulars who recognized us as 'the Irish who come back every year' making me feel foreign in my own country but then, after taking a look at my white sun-starved skin, who could blame them for bunching me up with the North Europeans? As we were creaming up before going for a walk along the shore I could hear them exchanging tips on the best way to grill vegetables while just a few metres away two people, standing knee-deep in water were discussing tomatoes "so you slice them across first and then you fill them with..." with what I'll never know because the wind carried away that particular, precious ingredient.

A woman wearing a bright colourful swimsuit was walking fast talking loudly on her mobile "In the oven" she shouted "You put them in the oven!" Who? What? Another lost opportunity!

Solitary men and women were walking slowly in the shallow water, head bent staring into the sand looking for clams which, once found, were stored in a plastic bag that they were carrying for that purpose. Later on at home they'd use the clams to make a quick savoury sauce for a lunchtime spaghetti dish.

One morning my friend Bruna announced that she was going to pick up vegetables at Maria and Augusto's place because once a week the couple prepare bags of goodies full with the product of their hard work in the much loved vegetable plot. Would I go with her? Sure.

The plot turned out to be a huge field entirely cultivated with vegetables of all sorts, which Maria and Augusto divvy out amongst relatives and friends for free.

Bruna invited them to dinner for the following Friday;

Nourishing The Body



Maria and Augusto's gift.

they accepted and promptly offered also a couple of rabbits to put in the pot. Maria would cook them. "Let me do the cooking" I insisted not wanting Maria to cook as well as providing the food. "How are you going to make them?" she asked suspiciously. "In my mamma's style" I said not wanting to compete with the local recipe. She smiled politely but a worried shadow crossed her face.

At the dinner they appreciated my roast (or so they said) but Maria could not refrain from declaring that the local recipe, which involves the use of wild fennel was surely the best. "You can't beat it!" she declared. "And how do you cook it?" I asked to please her.

MARIA'S ROASTED RABBIT

You need a rabbit cut into pieces including liver and kidneys, white wine, 200g streaky rashers finely sliced, olive oil, wild fennel, garlic, rosemary and sage, salt and pepper.

Put the rabbit pieces into a bowl and cover with white wine for a couple of hours and then drain.

Put a couple of spoons olive oil on the bottom of a roasting pan and cover with slices of bacon.

Arrange the pieces of rabbit on the bacon, including liver and kidneys; spread the herbs and garlic roughly chopped on the meat, season with salt and pepper and some more oil. Cover the rabbit with another layer of bacon. Seal the pan over with aluminium foil and put it in the oven gas mark 7 or 220C for about 1 hour.

Remove the foil and let brown well.

Serve with roast potatoes.

Once started on the sharing of recipes there was no stopping it. Two hours went by and during that time many topics were covered: how to marinate olives, how to make a special cake called *crostata*, what to do with an excess of plums, of courgettes, of tomatoes, what's the best way to fry sage leaves which, by the way are delicious.

FRIED SAGE LEAVES

For this preparation you need 20g big green and healthy looking fresh sage leaves with stalk, 100g white flour, 125ml beer or sparkling water, 1 egg, salt and oil for frying.

Put the flour in a bowl and mix in the egg. Add the beer or the sparkling water (either must be very cold from the fridge) and mix well. Add the salt and keep mixing until smooth. Cover the bowl with a tea towel and let rest for a while. Wash and pat dry the sage leaves. Heat up the oil in the frying pan. Dip the sage leaves one by one in the mixture holding them by the stalk and fry until golden. Drain and arrange on a serving dish covered with paper towel, season with salt and serve hot.



Little Maia enjoying a small slice of watermelon.

Over the next two weeks we gorged on ice cream, watermelons and succulent peaches. Our friend Irene joined us from Modena and every night we either cooked for a small crowd (but everybody also brought something special to share) or we were invited to eat with a crowd.

On the last evening we walked up to the village to join the locals in a fund-raising event to help a young woman go to Peru for a month to work with a small community there. The event, needless to say, was a dinner, a 3 course meal for roughly 100 people cooked by the local women in the village hall for the amazing sum of €12, wine included.

At the end of the week my husband returned to Ireland and I took the train north to join my cousins in the Alps in our mothers' village.

Here the menu changed drastically in content but not in quality.



Fund raising eating event in the village hall.
No ice buckets here!

As soon as I arrived I was informed that the *mirtilli*, a local variety of blueberries, had been spotted in a valley nearby and, without delay, we set off armed with baskets after promising our cousin Edilio that we would be back the following day with a cake. All he would have to do was to brew the tea.

BLUEBERRY JAM CAKE

Make a shortcut pastry mixing 150g white flour and 150g corn flour (the type used for polenta), 120g unsalted butter, 1 yolk, 100g sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Cool it in the fridge for 20min and then roll out. Line a cake tin with the pastry and spread a layer of blueberry jam on top.

Mix 60g butter with 60g of sugar and 1 egg; add 150g of white and buckwheat flour in equal measure mixed together and blend into the mixture. Pour the mixture over the pastry and the jam. Bake for 40min in the oven, gas mark 5 or 180C. When the cake has cooled sprinkle with icing sugar.

Once the *mirtilli*-picking task was done and dusted, it was the turn of wild mushrooms picking; a much harder task because the competition from other mushroom gatherers was fierce.

One morning we spent four hours scouring the side of the mountain, climbing a steep slope with no paths, trying to keep upright while looking at the ground and keep loosely together so as not to get lost in the thick of the forest.

I didn't mind much about finding the mushrooms because just being there amongst the pines and chestnut trees and hearing the sound of the birds and the stream running by was enough reward. The smell of the forest was invigorating and the solitude precious to the point that I was even enjoying the tiredness, the aching legs and the sweat. My body was alive, all my senses were alert and the three mushrooms I found were well worth the effort.

We ate them the following day in a risotto dish.

PORCINI RISOTTO FOR 4 PEOPLE

300 g fresh porcini mushrooms cleaned but not washed (or 25g dried previously soaked in warm water), 2 medium garlic cloves crushed, 1 small yellow onion thinly sliced, 4 big handfuls risotto rice (1 handful per person plus 2 for the pot), olive oil, butter, small pot of broth (vegetable or meat), splash of red wine, salt to taste.

In a small pot heat your broth and keep simmering on low. In a pan, heat 2 tablespoon olive oil with the crushed garlic cloves until the garlic is fragrant and starts to become golden. Remove the garlic cloves. Keeping oil on medium heat, add the sliced mushrooms. Add a splash of wine and a sprinkle of salt and cook on a low flame until the mushrooms darken and the liquid mostly evaporates. This should take around 6 minutes. Turn off heat and set aside. Some cook the rice and mushrooms together. In a low saucepan or large pan, heat 3 tablespoon olive oil, and then add sliced onions and cook until softened. Add the rice and toast until fragrant, and then add half a glass of wine. Using a ladle, add broth until the rice is well moistened and almost covered with liquid. Start stirring with a wooden spoon, and keep stirring until it is ready to serve. Whenever the risotto starts to dry out, add another ladle or two of broth. After about 10min add the cooked porcini mushrooms. Cook until the risotto is 'al dente', tender, but with some almost crunchy firmness, and salt to taste. Before serving you will want to do the 'mantecatura', which is to stir in a knot of butter. This creates a beautiful creamy texture. You can also stir in a handful or two of chopped parsley at this point.

Serve hot, top with freshly grated parmesan.

At the end of each day as the sun gloriously set behind the mountain tops, clouds would gather quickly and a storm would break out with an abundance of rain that drove the locals mad because you are not meant to have so many summer storms in



Who's buying coffee?

July! Their dramatic outbursts only added to the one being played over the valley. In vain I tried to point out the beauty of all those layers of greys, to teach them to admire their subtleties, something I said to them that living in Ireland taught me to appreciate. They weren't having any of it.

So we would resort to playing cards in the kitchen, whoever lost would pay the coffees next morning at the bar where all the cousins would gather to exchange the news of the day and... recipes.



Cheese making at 2,000 MAMSL.

Looking back I found that I spent that week in the mountains looking at the mountains for hours on end, enjoying the nightly storms, walking in the forests, driving to refuges and alpine passes. Yet the most challenging and rewarding day came towards the end of the week when I went on a hard trek up to San Stefano's dams at 2,000mt above sea level.

My cousin Vanda and myself set out early in the morning and slowly but steadily negotiated the three-hour climb until we reached the first dam, which was shrouded in mist. From there we walked to the shepherds' hut and sat down to exchange a few words with them and to catch our breath. They had just finished making the cheese of the day and the room smelled pleasantly of fresh milk. Having rested enough we decided to continue and to go see the glacier taking the path along the side of the mountain. When we arrived at our destination we finally sat on the bench and looked at the glacier in all its majesty both of us speechless. Only after a long while I took out of my rucksack the very special panino I had prepared early that morning. I ate it with great gusto and flushed it down with gulps of crystal clear water from the stream.

PANINO TO EAT WHILE LOOKING AT A GLACIER

I used a soft, bap-like rye bread cut in two halves. I coated one side with some mayonnaise and topped it with tuna and quarters of artichoke hearts under oil and covered it with the other half of bread.

It is my favourite panino ever!