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# Bray Arts Journal

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Issue 8

April 2013

Volume 18



**FREE**

## REVIEW

Bray Arts Night , March 4<sup>th</sup> 2013

by Shane Harrison



*Shane Harrison* reviewing the performers.

All roads must have led to the Martello on March 4<sup>th</sup> as the First Monday Club of Bray Arts hosted a bumper audience.

I

It was standing room only by the time **Stephen Cloak** opened proceedings and the crowds just kept coming. Big bro **Niall Cloak**, a familiar face at Bray Arts, was in accompaniment, providing introductions, narrative, violin and all manner of colour to his siblings creativity. Bob Dylan and Josh Ritter are admitted influences, but I think I detect an Appalachian core there. You could imagine a jug of moonshine on the hearth and the refrain of the fiddle drifting across the hollow, a music straining to set off into the western frontier. From Woodstock Gardens we traversed the prairies and soon the Cloaks were serenading us with coyote howls.



*Stephen Cloak*



*Niall Cloak*

Around the world we came, a Dylanesque ditty that was written in Madrid and finally a song written about Bray. Stephen, according to Niall, offloaded fifty eight of his own compositions at his first recording session, a record in more ways than one, so the music keeps on coming. The last number saw him looking out at the seafront musing about travelling. I knew a sailor who never went to sea, he sang, and took us again on a manic journey across waves of sound.

**John Ivory's** own journey is a voyage of light. Infected by a mania for photography just a few years ago he has built an impressive body of work in a short time. Starting on an iphone he quickly became fascinated with what can be achieved by the rude art of pointing and clicking. John has thoughtfully analysed his muse, filing his creativity under various banners. He does landscapes, streetscapes, street life and what he calls 'macro' - startling close-ups of flora and natural phenomena. His landscape explorations are particularly successful. An evocative shot of the Cliff Walk - which



*John Ivory*

he claims not to like - is his most viewed moment. Elsewhere, his use of towering skies was impressive. Little tableau of streetlife were amusing and well observed - though I would reconsider the titling. All told, we're glad he emerged from the dark, and the (metaphorical) darkroom.

The familiarity of **Liz McManus's** face is due to a political career that has taken her to the seat of government and regular appearances on television and radio. Yes, I know you can't actually appear on radio but the gaffe is deliberate. Words make stories but stories are more than words, they are made of blood and bones, they appear before you in their telling. Fact is, Liz has been a writer all along and not entirely closetted either. Her first book *Acts of Subversion* was issued many moons ago before the bright sun of politics blotted all else out. Now, in quieter times, she is disinclined to be less interesting. An accomplished short story writer, she has won a Hennessy Award, it comes natural for her to spin



*Liz McManus*

a yarn with words. No, I'm not getting at politicians here, I wish more of them could write, or speak...or think. Liz gave us three short pieces, the first, *Vlad*, was a quick and unusual take on the world of the vampire, not quite *Twilight*, but tasty. An extract of her second novel took us to the Donegal of the sixties, yet contemporary Bray informed the narrative with the intrusion of a belligerent swan. Liz lives in the old James Joyce house on the snot green, scrotum tightening seafront. Can't keep it out of your writing, can you. She finished with a poem on the travails of the traveling TD. Well, somebody has to do it.

**Huegrass** took a similarly circuitous route to the Martello stage. Bursting out of Greystones they were fired by the Americana and



*Huegrass*

Roots festival of last year. Metaphorically they've sailed the Atlantic to sample a rich vein of Bluegrass music, Country and Old Timey. Now they're bringing it all back home with the washboards, banjos and more funny hats than Jacky Healy Rae. Mind you, in this particular stomping ground of the turpscurian muse, Wicklow is not exactly bereft. Perhaps it's the hillbilly in us, too many check shirts

and gun salvos poured into county hall ceilings. Whatever, but with the Cujo Family, I Draw Slow - great cover of their Goldmine - and Huegrass we've carved a little corner of Dixie for ourselves here. The repertoire told it all, from the Blue Moon of Kentucky to strains of Oh Susanna we were jiving in the backwoods, sipping what was left of the Cloak's moonshine jug and deep, deep into the mystical south of Oh Brother Where Art Thou. The quintet had it all, great instrumentation, lusty singing and plaintive harmonising, winsome loveliness on shapely legs; and the four weemin' weren't bad neither.

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## PREVIEW

Bray Arts Night

Monday April 8<sup>th</sup>

Martello Hotel, Bray

Everyone Welcome Adm. €5 / €4 conc.

by *Cearbhall O'Meadhra*

### Anne Ffrench and Brian Harte - Artists

will talk about their collaborative experience undertaking an ambitious project to build a 22 metre hand-crafted rope bridge that temporarily linked the gap between a rocky outcrop locally known as "The



*Rope Bridge across The Sovereigns*

Sovereigns" on two uninhabited islands 8km off the south coast of Ireland. They will show a clip of the film and photographic study of the event as a taster for the full Exhibition which can be seen in the Mermaid Arts Centre until 11 April featuring photographs, a video and the bridge accompanied by a short written response by writer Sean O'Sullivan.

### Eoin Dixon Murphy - singer / songwriter

Eoin will sing and play from his repertoire collected over ten years performing all over Ireland and abroad with bands, musical societies and choirs. Recently, 22 year old Eoin made it through to the Battle stages of RTE's 'The Voice of Ireland' contest, where he was coached by musicians Bressie and Jerry Fish. Currently Eoin is in the final year of his business degree and gigs solo in various pubs and venues in

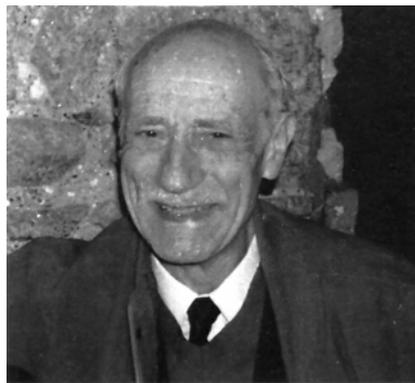


*Eoin Dixon Murphy*

Dublin on the weekend.

### Padruig MacFarlane - Writer / Musician

Will deliver a fascinating account of The hazards and blessings of a major cycling pilgrimage which still linger vividly in mind after 60 years. Setting out only five years after World War II, as Europe was still struggling to emerge from the devastation and poverty of war, Padruig and his sister, Bridie, set out from the Scottish Highlands on the daunting expedition to Rome with carefree, youthful enthusiasm and great excitement. Despite several unforeseen mishaps en route, they did achieve their goal and return home six weeks later having clocked up more than 1,500 miles.



*Padruig MacFarlane*

### Tambourine - A band of Irish and Italian musicians



*Tambourine*

have come together to take the personal musical histories and influences of each of the performers and integrate them with the music from the South of Italy which they all love and which has a special affinity for each of them. They take the ancient dance and song forms of Pizzica, Tammurriata, Villanelles' etc. into new territories to create a fusion of old and new. The band consists of Antonella who plays the tamburello and sings, Karina on flute and guitar, Gerry

Anderson on guitar and mandolin and Oonagh McFarland on violin. The performance also includes audience participation.



Front Cover : Sculpture by  
Helen O'Connell  
Upcoming exhibition in  
Signal Arts Centre see pg 7

## Easter, 1916

By William Butler Yeats

I have met them at close of day  
Coming with vivid faces  
From counter or desk among grey  
Eighteenth-century houses.  
I have passed with a nod of the head  
Or polite meaningless words,  
Or have lingered awhile and said  
Polite meaningless words,  
And thought before I had done  
Of a mocking tale or a gibe  
To please a companion  
Around the fire at the club,  
Being certain that they and I  
But lived where motley is worn:  
All changed, changed utterly:  
A terrible beauty is born.

That woman's days were spent  
In ignorant good-will,  
Her nights in argument  
Until her voice grew shrill.  
What voice more sweet than hers  
When, young and beautiful,  
She rode to harriers?  
This man had kept a school  
And rode our wingèd horse;  
This other his helper and friend  
Was coming into his force;  
He might have won fame in the end,  
So sensitive his nature seemed,  
So daring and sweet his thought.  
This other man I had dreamed  
A drunken, vainglorious lout.  
He had done most bitter wrong  
To some who are near my heart,  
Yet I number him in the song;  
He, too, has resigned his part  
In the casual comedy;  
He, too, has been changed in his turn,  
Transformed utterly:  
A terrible beauty is born.

Hearts with one purpose alone  
Through summer and winter seem  
Enchanted to a stone  
To trouble the living stream.  
The horse that comes from the road,  
The rider, the birds that range  
From cloud to tumbling cloud,  
Minute by minute they change;  
A shadow of cloud on the stream  
Changes minute by minute;  
A horse-hoof slides on the brim,  
And a horse plashes within it;

The long-legged moor-hens dive,  
And hens to moor-cocks call;  
Minute by minute they live:  
The stone's in the midst of all.

Too long a sacrifice  
Can make a stone of the heart.  
O when may it suffice?  
That is Heaven's part, our part  
To murmur name upon name,  
As a mother names her child  
When sleep at last has come  
On limbs that had run wild.  
What is it but nightfall?  
No, no, not night but death;  
Was it needless death after all?  
For England may keep faith  
For all that is done and said.  
We know their dream; enough  
To know they dreamed and are dead;  
And what if excess of love  
Bewildered them till they died?  
I write it out in a verse—  
MacDonagh and MacBride  
And Connolly and Pearse  
Now and in time to be,  
Wherever green is worn,  
Are changed, changed utterly:  
A terrible beauty is born.



## THE CURLEW FIELD

by Ken Davis

Mine was a place of wind  
roaring in the woods,  
singing across the curlew field.

Its salted screams called danger,  
a song of angry waters.  
And when it stopped  
the curlews cried.

Timing the night with the smiling moon;  
hollow wheels would sing on iron rods,  
shattering across the curlew field;  
and with the stillness came  
the throb of distant winding gear.

## Be Sure To Wear Clean Underwear

by Stan Regal



Kevin stopped walking, listened and took in a deep breath. There was a faint odour of wood smoke in the air. He turned and continued into the valley, having no time to stop and admire the beauty of the Wicklow mountains.

Reaching the valley floor, he took in another deep breath. Now that the winds were changing directions, he was a bit unsure about which way to go. He decided to follow the stream through the woods further into the valley.

He walked for another hour when he heard something. He stopped again, and listened. It was the sound of laughter. Through the trees he saw small clearing. He moved slowly through the woods and hid behind a large oak. He stared towards the laughter, debating if he should make himself known.

After about a quarter of an hour, he stepped into the clearing. Two hikers were resting beside the stream. He walked slowly towards them. They both looked up and waved at him.

Kevin was a bit cautious. One couldn't be too careful about strangers. His grandfather had warned him about outsiders many times. He told Kevin many tales about his meetings with strangers in these hills. All true he told him, but Kevin had his doubts. Still it didn't hurt to be careful. He moved slowly towards the pair.

"Hi," they both shouted, "come over and join us." His ears crinkled at their speech. He could tell they were Americans by their accents. His grandfather had warned him about Americans, so much that the thought of them made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

"I'm Slim," one said sticking out his hand for Kevin to shake. He took it then quickly dropped it feeling that he had touched something repulsive.

Slim, who was actually quite heavy, poked a finger in the direction of the other hiker. "His name is Speedy, we're from Boston, we go to Boston College, not B.U.."

Speedy was sitting on a rock with his bare feet in the water. He reached into his backpack, pulled out a beer, and popped the tab. "Want one," he offered?

Kevin shook his head.

Speedy shrugged his shoulders and sucked the contents dry. He burped loudly and crushed the empty can against his head. As he casually tossed the crumpled can into the stream, he broke into a chorus of "Another One Bites The Dust."

"You from round here," Slim asked?

Kevin nodded.

"I think we're lost," Slim continued, "someone told us there was some nice scenery round here. We been walkin' all day and we ain't seen none yet. Know where we can find some?"

Kevin first looked at him, and then at the beauty of the surrounding hills. They surely must be Americans he thought. "Sallygap," he said. The word seemed to have a hard time getting out. Kevin swallowed hoping they wouldn't ask him too many questions.

"If you're going that way, we'll tag along," Speedy said not expecting to be turned down.

Kevin nodded, knowing it would be useless to protest.

"You sure don't say much, do you," Slim added.

Kevin shook his head.

"Whenever you're ready," they both added in unison as if they had been practising it.

Kevin nodded and held up five fingers, indicating for them to wait till he was ready. He turned and headed back into the woods. The

Americans quickly scrambled up and started to follow him. Speedy hopped on one leg trying to get his hiking boot on his foot.

Kevin turned and gave them an angry look. They stopped in their tracks, confused at his actions. A smile broke onto Slim's face as he finally understood. He poked Speedy in the ribs with his elbow. "Hey Speed, I think he wants to use the little boy's tree, don't you pal?" Speedy bent over, giggling. "We're all bears in these woods, ain't we Slim?"

"Yea," Slim answered, "don't all bears shit in the woods." He laughed at his cleverness.

"Ready now," Speedy asked as Kevin came out of the woods?

"Move out," Slim yelled at the top of his voice.

Kevin set a fast pace, not really sure if he wanted to lose them or if he wanted them to follow. His hand reached for his stomach. It would be a long time before he would be able to eat, and he was really beginning to feel the hunger.

They walked for the rest of the afternoon, climbing higher into the mountains. The Americans followed about a hundred paces behind him making as much noise as a herd of elephants. The day was starting to cool. The heat lessened as the sun got lower in the sky.

A voice from behind Kevin shouted, "You know what we need." There was no response. "A marching song," it continued.

"Yes," the other voice said and started to sing, "Ninety nine bottles of beer on the wall."

"Ninety nine bottles of beer," the second voice joined in. Their voices were more like off key screaming than singing.

Kevin tried to shut out the offending noise, but it still disturbed the stillness, and permeated his brain. The sun was almost touching the western horizon. They were hiking through some rocky ground. Just as they passed a large outcrop, they almost fell over a tent that was pitched in their path. "It must be a leprechaun," laughed Speedy.

"Or a fairy," added Slim. They both ran over to the tent and shook the ropes. "Come out, come out, whatever you are," they both shouted.

There was a low growl from behind them. A very wrinkled, frail looking old man just seemed to materialise from out of the ground.

"Jesus, you scared the shit out of us," yelled Slim. The old man frowned at the sound of his voice.

"Americans," Kevin said lowering his eyes to the ground. The old man raised an eyebrow and stared at Kevin a for long time. Kevin's eyes met the old man's for a second. He shrugged his shoulders, then gazed at the ground again.

"It's getting dark, I think we'll pitch camp here with you, old man. That OK with you, Speed." Slim didn't bother to ask the old man. The Americans sat down and drank a can of beer apiece. Slim started to set up the tent while Speedy went looking for wood to make a fire. They finally got the tent set up. Kevin doubted it would stand up to the heavy winds that were starting to blow.

They were getting drunk on the beer. Building their fire, they nearly set their tent alight. After an hour they had a good blaze going. The Americans huddled close to the fire for warmth. Kevin and the old man kept to the outer edge of the camp because the smoke hurt their noses and the flames stung their eyes. Kevin was a bit afraid of the fire.

They were settling down for the night. The Americans were piling up the empty beer cans. The night fog was floating across the hills, covering them like a blanket. The whole valley had an eerie look to it.

"Anybody know any spooky stories," Slim asked?

Speedy told a story of a haunted house. Slim's hairs on his head stood on end. In the eerie night, even Speedy was starting to scare himself with his story. He looked around to see what effect the story was having on the group. Kevin and the old man seemed unaffected. Slim was sitting forward with his arms around his knees. He was sweating with excitement.

The old man could smell their fear. Kevin glanced at the old man. It looked as though he was smiling. Slim gave a nervous laugh when Speedy finished the story. Speedy joined in the laughter and soon they were both on their backs laughing like fools. The spell of fear was broken.

"I've got a horror story for you Speed. No...More...Beer." Slim made a point to emphasise each word with a pointing finger. He gave Speedy a serious look and then burst out laughing.

The old man spoke up. His voice seemed too strong and deep for his frail looking body. Both Americans stopped laughing and looked at the old man in amazement. "Ghosts are no problem in these hills. They are just a myth. A figment of the imagination, not even solid flesh and blood like you and I. Just like this fog, one blast of wind and they are gone. I'll tell you a true tale of these Wicklow hills. Living in these mountains are a race of beings that are shape shifters. They can change their shape to any form of animal they like. They are meat eaters, preferring to kill their own and not scavenge off those already dead like other carrion. Did you see any half eaten sheep on your way here? Any rabbits? Any deer? Any other animal carcasses?"

They stared at the old man listening intently.

He continued. "They are called the Brethren of the Hills. They have survived in these mountains for many thousands of years living off wild animals, when there is nothing else to eat." "But," he raised his voice on the but for emphasis, "their favourite food is human flesh." He looked at the Americans watching his words sink in. "They eat mostly campers and hikers who get lost or are lured to their campfires in the dark." He stared at them again and his face broke into a smile.

The mood was broken. Slim smiled back and then started to laugh. The old man had made a fool of him he thought.

"And, I suppose you've seen one of them," Speedy asked?

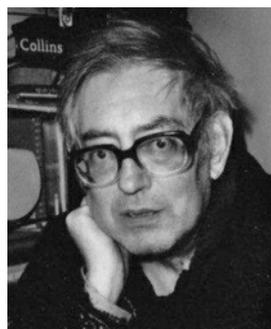
The old man smiled again. He shook his head and rose slowly to his feet with the aid of a stick. "No...no, I've not SEEN one." He walked slowly over to Slim and sat down next to him. He put his arm around the American's shoulders and pulled him towards him. His smile got very wide. "I am one." His voice penetrated into Slim's brain. The old man saw the fear in Slim's eyes as he changed shape and tore the American's throat out. He quickly jumped to the second American who was too paralysed with fear to run, not that escape was possible. He opened his mouth and felt his teeth sink into the warm flesh. He shook his prey to break it's neck.

He looked over at Kevin. The warm blood was dribbling down his chin. The only thing I have against Americans," he mumbled with his mouth full of warm flesh, "is that they are too damn greasy. It must be all that junk food they eat. I'll probably be up all night with heartburn."

Kevin was too busy devouring the first kill to hear what his grandfather was saying.

THE END

Stan Regal (1947 - 2011) Stan first saw the light in Carbondale City, Lackawanna County, Pennsylvania (population 8,800 and falling). He lived just a mile outside the small city in a tiny village called Simpson (population tiny) on the banks of the Lackawanna. After college he



Carbondale, Pennsylvania.

joined the American Airforce Veterinary Service. His duties brought him to Ireland where he retired, married and lived the best part of his adult life in the rolling green hills of Wicklow; a total contrast to the grey dusty coal mining district of

## MERMAID THEATRE

### Annie -Bray Musical Society

Wed 10 - 13 Apr

Annie is a fiery young orphan girl who must live in a miserable



orphanage run by the tyrannical Miss Hannigan. Her seemingly hopeless situation changes dramatically when she is selected to spend a short time at the residence of Oliver Warbucks. Quickly, she charms the hearts of the household staff and even the

seemingly cold-hearted Warbucks cannot help but learn to love her. A classic musical with lots of show tune favourites such as Tomorrow, Maybe and It's a Hard Knock Life.

### Calendar Girls - Square One

Tue 16 - 20 Apr

This April, make a date with Square One's production of Calendar Girls, Tim Firth's stage adaptation of his 2003 hit comedy. When Annie Clarke's husband John dies from leukaemia, her close friend Chris Harper hits on an inventive way of raising money for a commemorative sofa for the hospital in which he

was treated. Soon, she enlists a few brave members of local Women's Institute to grin and bare it for a calendar: they'll be photographed nude, but while discreetly engaged in everyday activities such as gardening, baking and knitting. The calendar is a huge hit, leading to a slot on Jay Leno's Tonight Show, but as their celebrity snowballs tensions inevitably mount between Annie and Chris. Will the success of the calendar be at the cost of their friendship?

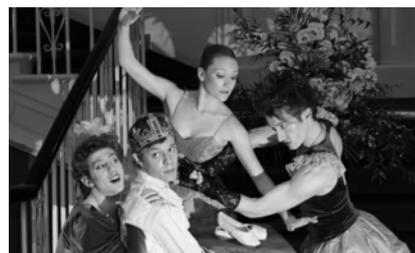


Let Square One's calendar girls entertain you at the Mermaid this April 16th to the 20th. A perfect night out with the girls (and one for the boys too)! Early booking advisable.

### Cinderella – Ballet Ireland

Wed 24 Apr 2013

Ever wondered what happened to Cinderella and Prince Charming



after they got married? Ballet Ireland takes up the story when the pair return from their honeymoon! What Cinderella doesn't realise

is that the Prince is bankrupt and he plans to auction off the glass slippers! Her fairy Godmother comes to the rescue once again and needless to say all's well that ends well and the pair truly are on the road to happily ever after. Choreography by Morgann Runacre-Temple

## **Maria Doyle Kennedy**

Sat 27 Apr 2013

• I have found my voice," sings Maria Doyle Kennedy on "The Silence", a track from her beguiling new album, Sing. And what a



voice! Sometimes melancholy, other times joyful, always passionate elemental folk shot through with a potent soulful impulse. This, her most recent album and arguably her most celebrated to date, sees Maria collaborate with John Prine, Damien Rice and Paul Brady. A bright shining star in her own right you can be sure that an outstanding evening of music awaits Mermaid audiences.

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## SIGNAL ARTS CENTRE

### **'To Whom It May Concern III'**

An Exhibition of Sculpture by Mary Cooke

From 9<sup>th</sup> April to 21<sup>st</sup> April 2013

Mary Cooke's time at Winchester School of Art, Hampshire, UK opened up her knowledge of materials and her own personal language.

All materials are heavy with meaning and history which Mary uses to



"flesh" the bones of her own narrative. At the moment she is working with paper and thread.....

Something that requires painstaking, meticulous detail made by hand seems a long way from a memory that is fading away or a dream that slips like sand through fingers. Yet Mary Cooke's sculptures are delicate, fragile works of intense application, reminiscing of things akin to cobwebs or butterfly wings or a foggy landscape.

Mary's desire is to allow the audience to move within the landscape, in doing so their own memories and experiences are encouraged and explored, thus making their stories and experience intertwine and enriching the installation. Her process is very organic; the process, the repetition, the thoughts, the experience of making, building, the narrative layer upon layer, one word at a time.

**Opening Reception: Thursday 11th April 2013 7 -9 pm**

The Exhibition will be opened by Suzy O'Mullane  
Artist and co-founder of ArtTrail Festival Cork.

## **'Carraige na Farrage'**

An Exhibition of Sculpture by Helen O'Connell

**From Tuesday April 23<sup>rd</sup> to Sunday May 5<sup>th</sup> 2013**

Wicklow based stone sculptor Helen O'Connell exhibits a body of work inspired by the sea. Using stone such as Iranian and Italian travertine, Portuguese marble and Kilkenny limestone she celebrates the various ways in which powerful aquatic forces create a beautiful underwater world and 'sculpt' the stone they interact with. The sculptures range from recognizably maritime subjects such as corals, to more abstract studies of marine life.



'The sculptural formations found in coastlines eroded by the sea and the panoply of organic life forms to be found underwater from radiolaria to corals and seaweeds all inform these sculptures. While acknowledging mother nature as the finest sculptor, my work aims to celebrate the materiality of the stones themselves and pay homage to the ever present consolation of the sea - a repository for so many of our dreams and longings...'

This is Helen O'Connell's second solo show. She has exhibited in numerous group exhibitions in Ireland and abroad. Her work has been collected by Bono, Anne Madden and the HSE among many private collectors. She has received Arts Council and Crafts Council awards and in 2006 was listed in Whyte's 'Buyers guide to Irish Art' as 'one to look out for'. She works from her Wicklow studio at home and D15 studios.

**Opening Reception: Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> April 7-9pm**



## Message from the Editor, D. McCabe

I will be resigning as editor of the Bray Arts Journal after the final edition of this season in June. This means we will need a new editor to continue from September on.

It has been a privilege and a pleasure to edit the Journal for almost ten years. It is time for some new blood, and new ideas.

If you feel you are the right person to take on this task, or you'd like to know more, then please contact me at 2829536. Training, advice and assistance will be available to the new editor while he/she gets to grips with the job. This is a voluntary position but a great opportunity for anyone interested in the print media.

### Submission Guidelines

Editor : Dermot McCabe : [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  
 'Casino', Killarney Rd., Bray,  
 Co. Wicklow  
 Text in Microsoft Word  
 Pictures/Logos etc Jpeg preferably 300 dpi

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# Bray Arts Night Mon April 8<sup>th</sup> 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). Information 2864623

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### Eoin Dixon Murphy - singer / songwriter

Fresh from the Battle stages of RTE's "The Voice of Ireland" contest, Will sing and play from ten years performing all over Ireland and abroad with bands, musical societies and choirs.

### Padruig MacFarlane - Writer / Musician

Will deliver an illustrated account of The daunting 1,500 mile cycling pilgrimage from the Scottish Highlands to Rome which he and his syster Bridie undertook with youthful enthusiasm 60 years ago

### Tambourine - A band of Irish and Italian musicians

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