

MAY

2006

# VOODOO NEWS

ISSUE 7

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## ADMINISTRATOR'S CORNER

### IMPROVING WHAT YOU DO BY INCREASING YOUR SELF CONFIDENCE

by: Harry O'Connor

In this issue of VoodooNews I want to share something of a more personal nature than any of the previous articles I have written. As a child I was an extremely shy person, and this continued throughout my late teens. I didn't get on with many kids my own age and disliked adults as all they seemed to do was boss me around and tell me what to do. Although I managed to hide much of my shyness by over compensating, and appearing like a loud mouth, I was still truly shy and lacking in confidence underneath. After finishing my degree in Illustration, I worked as a freelancer doing illustration, web design and any other work I could get my hands on, but I very quickly realised I was being held back by a severe lack of self confidence, especially when in client facing situations. I missed many job opportunities because I was simply too shy to meet up with a new client or take that ever important phone call.

con't on page 3, see **CONFIDENCE**

## IMAGE OF THE MONTH

May, 2006



Featured artist:

### Tapiwa Chapo

Artist's quote:

"This batik is a celebration of Women and the family. It is a celebration of Life Continued.

## VOODOOCHILLI ADMINISTRATORS

Harry O'Connor

Becky Needs • Carl-Johan Palm  
Deborah Smith • Cally Davies  
Michael Hughes • Dave Underwood  
James Taylor • Thomas Osborn  
Nyanda Yekwai • Art Winstanley



A regular feature, "Missing Links" hopes to be an eclectic collection of interesting, informative and art related websites, discovered by our members.

To share your on-line discoveries, just pop an e-mail to: [art@voodoochilli.net](mailto:art@voodoochilli.net)

[www.fla-keys.com](http://www.fla-keys.com)

[www.metmuseum.org](http://www.metmuseum.org)

[www.victorianweb.org](http://www.victorianweb.org)

[www.artcyclopedia.com](http://www.artcyclopedia.com)

[www.artistresource.org](http://www.artistresource.org)

[www.dumbassdaily.com](http://www.dumbassdaily.com)

[www.howstuffworks.com](http://www.howstuffworks.com)

[www.understandingduchamp.com](http://www.understandingduchamp.com)

[www.ibiblio.org/wm/paint/auth/cassatt](http://www.ibiblio.org/wm/paint/auth/cassatt)



## MUSINGS

### **LIVING WITH YOUR ART (The Tale of the Demanding Mistress)**

by Art Winstanley

After a long spell of not being seen out and about town, I found my way in for happy hour at my neighborhood watering hole. After taking my place on a stool beside my old friends Captain Finbar and Harry the Dutchman, bartender Angus brought over a round cold ones and commented, "hey man, haven't seen you around much lately! Got yourself a new woman?" I took a long slow sip of what seemed like my first cold draft in ages, the Captain and the Dutchman looked at each other just shaking their heads when the lovely Smithers, also working behind the bar, reminded Angus, "That boy's got no time for a new woman, he's living with his art!"

It was true, I knew it and so did most of the big dogs around the outdoor waterfront bar. As we all sat around there drinkin' and talking and taking in the live tunes, the sun set into the sea. In the back of my head, I couldn't stop thinking, "I ought to get back, I have got to get back to the studio".

con't on page 4, see **LIVING**



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## CONFIDENCE, con't from page 1



Occasionally I did some work for a local photographic company called Eatimages (www.eatimages.com). As well as helping out with bits of design work and fixing their computers, I was also forced to man the phones from time to time, and the director of Eatimages was always forcing me to meet new clients of his in the hope I would gain self confidence. I didn't appreciate it at the time but soon realised that my lack of confidence was simply a lack of experience in a situation I found difficult.

My next job was a technical demonstrator position in IT at the art college where I did my degree. Basically I was to teach students and support academic staff with the use of computers. This was truly daunting on a new scale. I was literally thrown in at the deep end and by the second or third day I was explaining the ins and outs of image editing software to groups of students as large as 40. Again, after being put in this situation a couple of times the task became easier and easier.

By the time I set up my company Voodoochilli Design Limited (www.voodoochilli.com) I had completely overcome my lack of self confidence. I believe I only managed this seemingly impossible task by being put in these situations that I found so difficult at the time.

Here is a rather relevant quote from the BBC website which sums it up to me:

"You can read up on the theory for ever, but one day you're gonna have to get on the saddle and start peddling. True you may come off and graze your knee but it'll be easier next time. Same for an area of your life you lack confidence with, repeated experience will overcome your fears, even if you do suffer setbacks along the way."

### Related Links

[www.bbc.co.uk/dna/h2g2/A841358](http://www.bbc.co.uk/dna/h2g2/A841358)

[www.bbc.co.uk/health/confidence/](http://www.bbc.co.uk/health/confidence/)

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/health/confidence/work.shtml>


[http://nvnv.essortment.com/boostselfconfi\\_rtv.html](http://nvnv.essortment.com/boostselfconfi_rtv.html)

<http://www.lifehacker.com/software/office-culture/confidence-at-work-124295.php>

<http://www.buzzle.com/editorials/2-25-2005-66242.asp>

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Confidence>

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**LIVING, con't from page 2**

We started out as childhood friends, whiling away time as children do. . . two weeks with the mumps, sleepless nights after “bedtime” and tedious days at school. As teens we shared flirtatious summer afternoons alone at the beach and as young adults we passed occasionally, like ships in the night, on our way to and the rewards of successful careers. But now, later in life and our revels ended, came our new commitment. The promise to stay together no matter what the cost.

Most of the time our relationship goes along swimmingly and swell. Then there are times, sometimes very long times, when we don't talk at all. (and it's always my fault). Sometimes our relationship demands just so much attention that there is hardly time for anything else.

Spending days, often weeks, sometimes months at a time together alone, we'd barely stop to eat or sleep. One in our communion, we'd conspire, dream new ideas, plan and prepare for our future together. I was entranced, captivated, there was nothing I wouldn't do. Still, I knew it would only be a matter of time before the cat would escape from the bag and we'd have to be seen in public together.

One night, while we were alone in the studio, I knew my wife was having guests at the house for dinner. I'd remembered my promise to be home,

but still I lingered. Basking in the glow of our creative reporté, I couldn't tear myself away from our acrylic bliss. When finally, in the early morning hours of the next day, I stumbled in blind exhaustion up the dark staircase to our bedroom, my clothes stained with alizarin crimson, hookers green and cerulean blue, I found my bride still awake. “Where have you been” she demanded to know; “working late”, was my feeble reply. She broke into tears and cried until dawn, then packed her belongings and went home to her mother in Detroit.

Now we were alone at last. There was nothing to stop us. We carried on like reckless children in complete bliss. I was oblivious, obsessed. We were always together, “day and night, night and day” (as the song goes). I couldn't get enough there could never be enough. Joy, pure joy in the intimate magic that danced between us in our own private expressionist universe.

And then one day it happened, an invitation to an opening. It had come in our first class mail. I didn't open it, tried to hide it and ignore its invasion into our sanctuary. But it was no good. We'd been found out, caught in the act. Denial was pointless, resistance was futile.

My mind ran wild, at last it had come, our inevitable public debut.

**con't on page 5, see LIVING**

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**LIVING, con't from page 4**

I was thrilled and terrified at the same time.

. . .were we really ready?

. . .how would we be received?

In the end the questions and doubt didn't matter, the decision had been made and it was out of my hands. There would be no turning back for us now.

We lived in the studio more intensely than ever before. Not, this time, with our focus only on each other or for the sole, simple joy of being together. Now, focused on our purpose, we were swept up in a fever of the preparation we were collaborators, conspirators, partners in crime, driven and determined to have our day.

After endless hours, gallons of coffee and an extra carton of cigarettes, we could do no more.

Stepping back from our frenzy, our passions spent, all we could do now was hope against all hope that we were ready for tomorrow.

I took a deep breath of the air of excitement as we stood at the threshold. The gallery was a buzz of small talk, laughter and light. There was a scent in the air, patchouli I thought, while a soft jazz piano whispered behind the din.

We made our entrance and it seemed all eyes turned our way. Introductions being made, a kind of hush fell over the crowded room that seemed to last forever and ever and then some. I felt a change in the temperature and then slowly, so softly, the silence surrendered to a sea of smiles I will never forget. We were a hit.

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**WHO'S NEW?**

As I'm writing this, VoodooChilli Membership is up to 2942 creative souls. We welcome all our newest members and their creative talents and would like to encourage all of you to post your best work, take an active part in our forum discussions, vote and comment on the work of other artists in the community and share your views and visions for the future of the arts. Here is a random sampling of "who's new". . .

Jody Mayfield



Adam Rushton



tkH4N.of.the.tkeru





## CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

I knew we were asking for trouble back around our second or third issue of VooDooNews, by using our image of each month as cover art. Lo & behold, in the few months that we have not published, a lot of great art missed the opportunity. But it was never overlooked, (with the one exception of Milos' "my art is what i eat" series).

As I've made the decision to move VooDooNews to a quarterly, rather than monthly publishing schedule, I'm introducing this page. "**Credit Where Credit Is Due**" will take up the slack on the images that could not make the VooDooNews cover for no other reasons than timing & tides.



December 2005  
Featured artist: **Cody Schibi**  
Artist's quote:  
"...we all have them."



February 2006  
Featured artist: **Linda Ayala**  
Artist's quote: "This piece was commissioned by a past co-worker. It's of his wife when she was about 5 years old. Of all the work I have done, this is my favorite. I enjoyed drawing it from beginning to end."



January 2006  
Featured artist:  
**fester aka**  
Artist's quote:  
» The Thames carnival, London. Like so many of my images I have embraced the impressionist ideas of colour and blur...  
... A saxophone player swinging the beat in front of his swaying dressed like-wise band. It's all about energy, flow and movement..."



March 2006  
Featured artist: **Christopher**  
Artist's quote:  
"A patrol of vassal knights makes one last circuit of their lord's castle before nightfall..."



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## FROM THE FORUM

**006-04-26 2:54**

**Subject: ahhh posted by christena schuler**

**Message edited on the 2006-04-26**

Turtamed

Forrests deep in thoughts that splinter,

Summer melts might sweat.

If the sun lit heat from fury my black drained is wet.

Tamed in torment a twisted wisper softly into your ear.

Soundly sighed only warmth of lips as shivers did you hear.

**2006-03-24 12:15**

**Subject: The Re-Calling posted by Nyanda Yekwai**

The process of thinking is never finite and my own utterances often re-visit me like a familiar scent in the breeze; it is then I retrace what I had not forgotten and attentively open the petals of the muse a little wider. "We are all called, but few choose to listen"... To hear and respond to those deep and quiet hankerings that can tell us who we really are. Soaking in the echoes, which hold all the answers we need. Questions... Basking in the light as we reconnect the connection of ALL that is, that can be and that will be...

As a child, fresh, timeless and free, my eyes were clear, unhindered and welcoming. Smear-free windowpanes reciprocating the lights of Life, eagerly awaiting and relishing the delights of just 'Being'. The world as a hopeful place, not 'perfect' but full of potential like a ripe seed... The horizon of Love ever expanding, rejoicing with the sun on our faces and the wind to our backs... A Symbiotic River of Love.

But why would anyone choose not to listen? Could this omnipresent 'deafness' really be a choice that has been wilfully chosen? Or is it a raging war where the battleground and the primary casualty is the isolated mind?

Somewhere, somehow a contorted reality infiltrated the serene circumference of my being, an unfamiliar tide carrying foreboding narratives. Its alien touch strangling my primordial orbit, pulling me closer into its intoxicating body - the mission, to suffocate all that 'Is'... Silent shrieks muffle the sweet lullabies that had caressed my Spirit till then, songs that had reverberated eternity now devitalised. But the "Truth that is lost in the morning always comes home to roost in the evening" and so The Calling had never ceased...

Calm zephyrs carrying unforgotten chronicles diminish those unspoken fears and pulsate rhythmically in the incubating darkness; flickering shadows dance

con't on page 8, see FORUM



## MORE FROM THE FORUM

with ebbing lights evoking a not so distant memory while drawing it ALL in to a clarified focus.

The quest has always been and will always be to 'listen', to gather the remnants of this enduring consciousness and reclaim my birthright to 'Be Free'. To make Art is to answer this 'Calling' and pursue the silken threads of re-realisation...

This is not the end, just another beginning...

**2006-04-09 3:52**

**Subject: did anyone notice posted by christena schuler**  
that the sky is falling?

**2006-04-09 11:29**

**Subject: sky posted by Peter Farrington**  
.....only Henny Penny, and you know how SHE tells lies!

**2006-04-09 12:35**

**Subject: the sky is falling? posted by Art Winstaney**  
is that what woke me up this morning?

**2006-04-21 10:49**

**Subject: Tanks for the comment! posted by fester aka**  
Thanks for the comment Harry about silver shadow, you have just started some creative cogs turning in my head!!

**2006-04-16 11:20**

**Subject: Formatting posted by Harry O'Connor**  
Interesting thought. I am sure we have discussed this before. I think it merits more discussion though. Cheers

**2006-02-05 23:58**

**Subject: . posted by christena schuler**  
ah yes. . .

Peter Farrington



Christena Schuler



Nyanda Yekwai



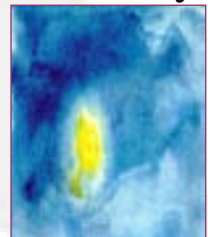
Harry O'Connor



fester aka



Art Winstanley



## COMMUNITY NEWS

### VooDooNews WANTS YOU!

VooDooNews, our own International Quarterly E-Zine, is interested in organizing a team of 6 very talented community members with some experience or interest in e-zine publishing.

We are looking for:

- 2 WRITERS
- 2 GRAPHIC DESIGNERS
- 1 CARTOONIST
- 1 PHOTOGRAPHER

These are voluntary positions (which means there is no salary) but the experience you gain and your generosity to the community will come back to you ten-fold. A spirit of community is, after all, what potential, real world employers like to see and your experience will look really good on your resumé.

If you have an interest and want more information, do please drop me a line: [art@voodoochilli.net](mailto:art@voodoochilli.net)

## THE LAST WORD

### bodhisattva

a future buddha who has vowed to help all sentient beings rather than enjoy the state of enlightenment for himself alone.



## ARTMAN'S ALPHABET



“**Genius** is the transcendent capacity of taking the trouble first of all.”

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881)

“**Genius**, is the capacity to see ten things where the ordinary man sees one, and where the man of talent sees two or three, plus the ability to register that multiple perception in the material of his art.”

Ezra Pound (1885–1972)

“Everybody denies I am a **genius**. . . .but nobody’s ever called me one!”

Orson Welles (1915–1985)

