

THE Artful DODGER

NOVEMBER: 2007

1.n. loveable young pickpocket from Lionel Bart's "Oliver!" 2.n. printed handbill full of tidings from the W.M.I.&A.A. with a closing date for contributions of 17th of every month to Alan Cornell on 9844 4995 or alan@commercialventure.com.au



CHRISTIE LAWRENCE AND LUKE MAYALL AWARD

For the last nine years, the Christie Lawrence and Luke Mayall Award had been made to promising young local talent, rotating between the areas of the performing arts and hospitality. This year's Award was the last, the family and committee having decided it was time to end what has been a magnificent memorial that has helped some wonderful young people along their chosen path. The winners received their certificates and cheques at the Community Centre on Saturday the 17th and some wonderful stories made this final gathering suitably special.

The 2007 winner was Winnie Huang, a talented young violinist studying at the VCA. Her excellent progress to date has been achieved on a violin that her father made for her! But a new instrument was needed to take her studies further and the Award had made that possible. Winnie proudly showed her new violin on the night, a handsome instrument from Italy, and delighted the gathering with a sublime rendition of a Bach Sonata.

As part of the winding up of the Trust, two additional Recognition Awards were possible. One went to Matt Moran who you'll remember as Director and performer in the Theatre Company's recent production of *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*. Given Christie's strong involvement in the Theatre group it was wonderful to see one of our own acknowledged in this way. Matt delivered a moving monologue that powerfully demonstrated his impressive talent.

Another Recognition Award was made to Loughlan Prior, a young dancer who is currently studying at the New Zealand School of Dance. This too was especially fitting given that Loughlan started at the Dance school conducted by Luke's mother, Marlene Mayall. Loughlan's mother accepted the Award on behalf of her son who was performing in New Zealand that same night.

So ends an inspired legacy of two treasured young people from our community.



This being the last issue for the year, we send you wishes for an Artful Christmas and a Dodgy New Year with one of Pauline Cross's gorgeous oil paintings!

CHRISTMAS WRAP UP

NO MUSIC, no plays, no rain, November. It's that time of the year when things are winding down on some fronts and winding up towards Christmas on the other. (Did you realise November is Peanut Butter Month?) So let's start with Christmas. Sadly, Pat's plans for a Medieval Night have stumbled, hopefully to rear their head again on some more propitious occasion. Instead there will be a gathering at the Hall on Saturday night the 15th, complete with Karaoke, all WMI&AA members welcome.

The last Central Committee meeting dealt with its usual quota of burning issues including Hall wiring, new lighting equipment, handbag hooks in the ladies cubicles and our new website. In terms of the latter we're hoping to be on the air in the new year, with David Tynan as webmaster.

Incidentally, David is just back from Tanzania, so given Jack's report on the cultural delights of Uzbekistan that starts on page 2, we look forward to a report out of Africa!

Follies plans are proceeding with auditions now scheduled for 4 and 9 December!

And finally my thanks to Evie Eitle for her hours of folding, stapling, bundling and posting the Dodger throughout the year. Maybe next year you can get yours by email!



Dates to Remember:

- Tuesday 4 Dec & Sunday 9 Dec ~ *Follies Auditions*
- Tuesday 11 Dec ~ *Potter's Christmas lunch @ 'Landfall'*
- Wednesday 12 Dec ~ *Painter's Christmas Lunch @ Jill Chivell's*
- Saturday 15 Dec ~ *Christmas Party @ the Hall*



Group reports.

Pottery



This month seems to have been one of great celebrations. Thankyou to all the potters for making my milestone one to remember

Christmas is frighteningly close. Our luncheon will be at 'Landfall', bring a plate - Tuesday 11th December.

The potters join me in wishing all the members a very happy Christmas and a healthy New year.

Marj Beecham 9844 3206

Painting



We have had a good month painting along Yarra Street - The Bakery Bookshop, Grand Hotel, street scenes and the old Post Office, there should be some interesting works eventuate from our efforts.

Jill Chivell has kindly invited us to her home for our Christmas break-up. The date 12th December around 12.00noon at 59 Cambridge Road, Mooroolbark. Hope you all can make it, give Jill a ring if you are coming. This day will be our last meeting for the year we will resume on the 6th February, 08.

All the best to all members for Christmas and the New Year, have a pleasant and safe holiday season.

Pauline Cross 9439 1775 Gill Beddington 9844 1203

Theatre



1. An Inconvenient Follies

Auditions at the Hall :

Tuesday December 4 - 7.30 pm

Sunday December - 2.00 pm

New, Young & Old Stagers most welcome!

Performances start 13th March. Ring Darren for full details or queries on 0413 494 658.

Half a dozen scripts have been penned, but we need more, quickly, for the workshopping idea to be effective.

2. Christmas

Unfortunately, the proposed winery tour failed to attract sufficient numbers to proceed, leaving Adrian frustrated and Simone in need of a drink.

Still, it means people will be in better condition to enjoy the party and karaoke bash on the Saturday night of 15 December. Please come!

David Tynan 9844 5727 and 0414 832 183

Music



Craft



Happy Christmas from to all Music and Craft members!

Pat Anderson 9844 3442
Rosemary Climas 9844 2154

Jack goes to Uzbekistan.



Uzbekistan, on the map, is like a sausage dog kicking its back legs up a bit and barking at China to the East. The head bit is the Ferghana Valley and the body is the vast Kyzyl Kum desert. The official rainfall is buggar all but luckily there is one major river, the Amudar'ya, flowing from the mountains that form the southern wall of the F Valley north-westward along the border with Afghanistan and then Turkmenistan towards the almost dead Aral Sea. In olden times this river was called the Oxus and everything north of it was regarded as 'There be dragons' country. The mountain range it flows out of is the Pamir range - a magical and romantic name from my childhood reading of adventure stories. Similarly from my childhood comes the name Samarkand. As a 10 year old I had no hope of resisting verse like this;

Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells

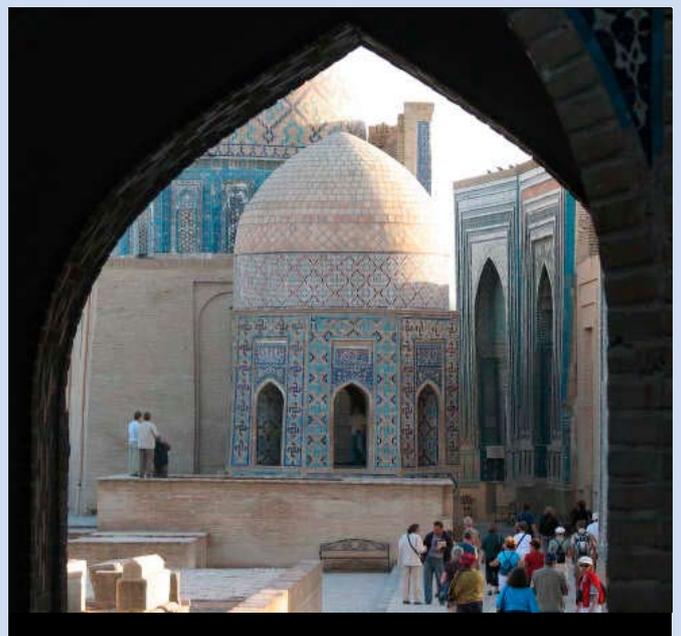
When shadows lie gigantic on the sand.

And softly through the silence beat the bells

Along the Golden Road to Samarkand.

Samarkand turned out to be fantastical. Jammed full [well the bit near where I stayed] of mosques, minarets, mausoleums, maddrassas [religious universities], potteries, carpet and textile makers and dodgy money changers it flowed over and around curves in the topography [was it an ancient burial mound?] or opened into a dusty park with a dry fountain or disappeared into spotless streets of low mud walled buildings.

Tashkent, the capital where I landed first, was very different. An earthquake there in 1966 levelled large slabs of the city and the Soviet government built a gracious wide-boulevarded, well treed and attractive city. I went to three operas in the charming, slightly going to seed, opera house. La Traviata was excellent. Marriage of Figaro was hmmm and Carmen was bad. Ticket price \$3 !



Most tourists head west. From Samarkand to Bukhara to Khiva is drab, dusty, flat, treeless and dreary. Camel-thorn and saxaul [a desert plant even more depressing than

Jack, still going to Uzbekistan.



worms] and working fountains apart from agriculture.

The food was execrable - tasteless and expensive. The beer was excellent and so was the bread and you can go a long way on those two. The atmosphere was calm and felt secure. The Aus. Gov. travel warning says "Do not go the Ferghana Valley." Well I did and felt safe and comfortable. It's a secular country and extreme Islamic views are stamped on savagely. The president, Karimov, is reputed to have salted away billions in Switzerland and so has his daughter. Is it true? Dunno. But we were told so on a few occasions. The people we met were, for the most part, just as friendly and wonderful as are to be found anywhere else, and the others were the same collection of rogues and thieves. Uzbekistan is a very poor country economically and it's getting poorer. It has few of our benefits and little chance of much future. It makes you glad to get home.

camel-thorn] are the only vegetation and the occasional goat or fat-tailed sheep herd is the only fauna apart from the ubiquitous donkeys. I never get over the donkeys. Such beautiful fairy-tale creatures treated like the least appealing beast of burden imaginable.

Bukhara and Khiva are like theatre sets. For a start they're spotlessly clean - a feature of the whole country actually - and they're exotic as all get out. Palaces, forts, more madrassas, more mosques - all decommissioned/deconsecrated now. Built mainly of mud they glow warm in the morning or evening light and the sparing colour of tiles or glass gleam with constant blue, turquoise or gold. You can actually get over blue, turquoise and gold reasonably quickly. What I would have given for a nice purple or red.

It all gives the feeling of an empire long gone and I'm an absolute sucker for such derelict grandeur.

I was told that in Khiva it rains once a year. I can believe it. The last time it rained it went on for three days and unprotected houses melted away. The fort itself was in danger of disappearing into the Amudar'ya. I was in U for seven days before I saw a cloud and in the seventeen days I spent there not one drop of rain fell anywhere in the country. Day after day the sky was a brilliant Australian blue.

Of course the country lives on irrigation. The Amudar'ya no longer reaches the Aral sea. Its waters go, like our Darling river's, into cotton growing and any that sneaks past that voracious maw grows edible crops like melons - most of which I ate. In the Ferghana valley there's plenty of water, canals criss-cross the land and the countryside is green and fertile enough for lawns and trees [particularly mulberry for the silk-



Dress

I've always
 prided myself
 on not being
 vain about
 DRESS
 this old thing
 a hand me up
 a hand me down
 missionary cast off
 curtain fragments of
 Riveresque Warrandyte
 Aquascutum sales
 with my friend
 Lorraine Riach
 to the uninitiated
 of London shops
 it was the
 DRESS
 of the announcer
 in Dancing with
 the Stars unzipped
 my pride I wanted
 to shout from
 rooftops I had a
 DRESS
 like that once

In Love

IN LOVE
 how dare I
 presume to
 pen words on
 IN LOVE
 like a scavenger
 in the venerable
 traditions of our
 patron saint
 The Artful Dodger
 I've picked a pocket
 for delectation
 of Warrandyte
 Mechanics Institute
 and Arts Association
 readers familiar
 with deliciousness
 of being
 IN LOVE

Candidates

CANDIDATES
 it seemed to me
 in a good old
 fashioned political
 meeting heavily
 chaired legal style
 it was Independent
 CANDIDATES
 free from trammels
 of machine politics
 most lively comment
 impassioned views
 lifts my heart
 from dull tedium of
 mechanistic rote
 CANDIDATES
 parroting party line
 Iraq -Why?
 Warrandyte politics
 breathe freedom
 Green Wedge
 CANDIDATES
 maybe only in
 films the good
 CANDIDATES
 win

DELICIOUSNESS: Ian McEwan ON CHESIL BEACH
 Jonathan Cape 2007 Best Seller
 p.125 He was discovering that being in love was not a steady state, but a matter of fresh surges or waves. She was in a trance-like contentment as she settled down to work with her friends. That was one of the exquisite moments of early love, when they went slowly, arm in arm, back up the glorious avenue. p.130 their lives seemed hilarious and free, and the whole weekend lay before them (a novel of 1950's manners)

DANCING WITH THE STARS: based on the format of British series Strictly Come Dancing, all the glitz, glamour and fun of Australian Ballroom Dancing (Google)
 "I knew I was hooked when I found I really cared who won" (Anon)

DRESS: Victorian Fashion History for Women 1860 - 1900. Women in the Garden by Claude Monet 1866 - 67 Picture of apron style bustle dress The Louvre Paris(Google)

Twentieth Century Costume History of Fashion (1795 - 1970). The evolution of dress can be seen as a visual history of a culture - we will discuss men's dress separately.

"I feel pretty, oh, so pretty, I feel pretty and witty and bright, and I pity any girl who isn't me tonight. I feel charming, oh, so charming. It's alarming how charming I feel."

p.2-5 Vocal Selections from West Side Story. Music by Leonard Bernstein Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim Boosey and Hawkes.

Entire original production directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins

Make a New Year's resolution.
Get your Dodger by email!
 Get it sooner, in colour, complete with 'extras'. And save Evie's ailing hands from folding and stapling and posting. Email me at alan@commercialventure.com.au

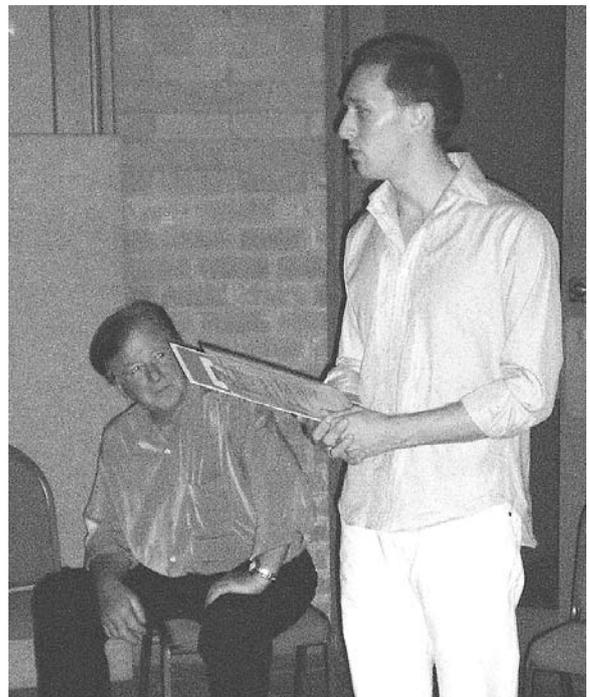
trammel: Concise Oxford p.1230 "impediment(s) to free movement or action"

Iraq - Why?: Meeting 7pm Friday 26 October 2007 As your local candidates. Bullen Senior Citizens Hall Tea Coffee gold coin (actually excellent dips and Arab bread)

The Guardian Weekly 26-10-2007 p. 9 International News Washington Diary Gary Yonge "We dream that the good guy will win but then vote for someone else. There's a reason why these candidates win in movies, and that's because they rarely win in real life. A 'new kind of politics' - presidential hopeful Barack Obama addressing supporters in Las Vegas."

The Manchurian Candidate 1959 psychological thriller novel by Richard Condon adapted for films in 1962 and 2004, starring Denzel Washington as Army Major Benett Marco, a career soldier who becomes suspicious... (Google)

Warrandyte Mechanics Institute & Arts Association Inc 0009153X



From Christie Lawrence and Luke Mayall Award presentations - Ben Mayall and Mrs. Prior, Matt Moran