

THE *Artful* DODGER

OCTOBER: 2006

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



At the September Central Committee meeting Alan suggested that the Crafties, Painters and Potters from time to time should submit photos of their work. Ceri has very kindly submitted a photograph of Pan.

Pan developed over many months. He sat on the edge of the bench under the windows in the studio and grew and changed lots of times poor fellow. Before he could fit into the kiln he had both legs amputated as if that wasn't enough he was also beheaded.

Made from the all forgiving paper clay, Ceri added and subtracted bits at will. We all had a say as to his various appendages.

The studio seems quite empty without him. All is not lost however as a lady friend to keep him company on the garden seat is now in progress.

Marj Beecham



A couple of pretty maypole maids rehearsing for a memorable 1981 Medieval music night.

Now, twenty-five years later, little flaxen-haired Eleanor Anderson (not sure of her married name) has just produced her first born, Ned! Congratulations Eleanor - and proud Pat and John on joining the grandparents club!

Maybe there's room in these pages for Member's News column? Send me a note of any relevant snippets and we'll see how we go.

P.S. Chris and Jaki Cornell produces our second grandson Marley this month too!

Dates to remember

- 29 October ~ 2pm One Act Play Workshop "Foreplay" at the Hall
- 5 November ~ 2pm One Act Play Workshop "The Window" at the Hall
- 11 November ~ 8pm Music Night at the Andersons
- 19 November ~ 2pm One Act Play Workshop "The Boat" at the Hall
- 26 November ~ 2pm One Act Play Workshop "The Proposal" at the Hall



Group reports.

Pottery



We were delighted to welcome Charlette to the Tuesday groups. Charlette shares my birthday - so Happy Birthday Charlette, may there be many more. Also back in the fold are Val and Faye both of whom had last term off.

All down hill to Christmas so please get started on your presents NOW.

Sadly Mrs Potters' Folly had her hand stolen several weeks ago. Ceri has already created a new one - thank you Ceri. Also the brass plaque telling of Pi's garden was stolen. It seems so sad that the local youth are unable to find better ways to channel their energy.



Ceri with the fruit of her kiln.

Marj Beecham 9844 3206

Painting



We have had a good month outdoors, painting at Pound Bend, a lovely day at Yarra Glen painting the landscape with curious Heifers in the scene making good models. Last Wednesday found us at "Riverlea" Winery thanks to Linda, the old boat by the lake in the bush, could have been a scene up along the Murray River.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY AUDREY" Hope you had a pleasant day on the 17th October, all our love, from the girls.

Pauline Cross 9439 1775 Gill Beddington 98441203

Music



Please note the revised time and venue for our last gathering for the year. Louise is now unable to host the event on Nov 11th at 2pm as planned. So, instead we will stick to the same date, but move the time to our traditional slot of 8pm and have the gathering at 98 Bradleys Lane,

Warrandyte. This will be our last gathering for the year, so please try and make it a fun and varied night. Please bring something to drink or a plate of supper and try to bring a musical friend too. Better still, try to get together with friends to prepare something to play or sing. Don't forget to ring to let us know if you are coming on 9844 3442. See you there.

Pat & John Anderson 9844 3442

PS Sadly Sue didn't send a notice to this newsletter about the recent Eltham Community Band Concert. We only found out about it at the last minute but we were very pleased to attend. It was a lovely programme entitled "Best of British" and included plenty of evocative arrangements of traditional tunes, as well as some rousing patriotic items sung by two excellent students from the VCA. I thoroughly recommend these events - usually very informal, cabaret settings at the Eltham Community Centre.

Craft



Sorry, didn't catch up with Craft Group this month, so here's an older pic of a younger Rosemary chained to the wheel.



Theatre



One Act Play Workshops:

Following our huge success at recent festivals we will be running a series of workshops prior to the 2007 season, held at the Hall from 2-5pm Sundays as follows. Call Simone for more details.

29 October	'Foreplay'	Director Caroline Shaw
5 November	'The Window'	Director Carolyn O'Meara
19 November	'The Boat'	Director Lynne counsel
26 November	'The Proposal'	Director Adrian Rice

Simone Keifer 9818 4662

Thanks Bendigo!

One of the most appreciative tables at recent "Follies" productions has been the friendly staff from the Bendigo Bank. So in 2007 they've decided to be part of it. Not on stage (although who knows who'll turn up to auditions?) but as a sponsor, to the handsome tune of a \$1000. This generous donation is part of the Community Bank Branch's policy of applying part of its profits to support programmes and initiatives driven by the community. Their support will be acknowledged by featuring their logo in our next "Follies" promotions.

Jack Stringer and Pauline Cross accepted the award on our behalf at a recent function at the Warrandyte Club where they were wined and dined with other local groups also being supported by the Bank. Naturally the Bank would like our members to learn about their many services. Without getting too commercial I can only express the pleasure I take in once again experiencing personal banking service in our town after it was abandoned by the big banks (who I have in turn abandoned with glee).

A Curious Glimpse of "Honour"

by Barry McKimm
in response to the play
Honour by Joanna Murray-Smith
produced by WMI&AA September 2006
directed by Noelene Cooper

Cast

Honor..... Raine Dinale
Gus..... Bill Conolly
Claudia.... Becca Posterino
Sophie..... Kate Warner

A common enough theme.
Or a commonly held dream?
We all know what's going on
As the tide slowly turns and waters recede,
His feelings are hollow.
His veins cannot bleed.
It is not just the women
who laugh and are driven
by the weight of experience,
pressing so heavily
on our hero left dangling
like a hand held libido.

And the voice of past glories
forever whispering,
leaves the poor man in tatters,
as measure by measure, his many dreams,
his allusions drift with the chatter
of a greatness that barely knows itself.

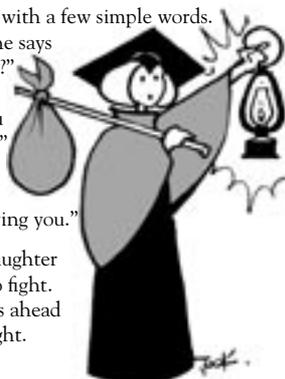


Claudia, sweet sharp Claudia,
moves with the grace of a panther,
Her heels spike and flash
with the confidence and dash
of Diana on the scent,
of a suitable prey.
And so be it, with a resonance striking hard
like a golden striker.
It is as though from a distant memory,
his elegant young wife has reappeared,
as if from the grave of grateful acquiescence,
lying buried, but lightly sleeping,
within the embrace of elegant domesticity.

Little does he know
how the glories
to which such willing sublimation
of feminine culmination
falls deeply into the gentle laughter of care.
How can this gain so much power?

Honor reels with shock.
She cannot believe it.
The repetitions of a life time
are swept aside with a few simple words.
"I'm leaving," he says
"You're leaving?"
"Yes"
"Where are you
leaving for?"
"I don't know."
"What?"
"I'm ---I'm leaving you."

She tells her daughter
who tells her to fight.
But no, she sees ahead
a glimmer of light.



No time to mope,
no need for hope.
There is much to do
that has not been done.
With an intoxicating sweep
she throws off her habit;
the habit of years,
the habit of tears that have no need.
For habit to breed
it must have use,
and when use is no longer,
the game is played out.

Totally smitten,
with delicious, intoxicating fervor,
he thrusts himself into the deep embrace
of steely youth.
Stealing folly he scampers across the horizon.
His heart and his senses reel with surprise on
which he fathoms the enormity
of his leap across the river of woe.
And finding no lasting match
is left with nowhere to go.

Long before these events unfold,
his daughter Sophie,
who had neither measure
against his radiant mind,
nor match for the martyrdom of mother so kind,
is silenced, for a time at least,
by the platitudes of parenthood
which give claim to the chorus.
"We did the best we could,
but could have done more."

Sophie believes, she's been told often enough,
that she has no real talent beyond the dutiful
daughter.
Is she, in her father's eyes, nothing more
than a petite brocatel for the glittering elite.
A touch of conformity ever so sweet?
Her father, busy lighting his own candle,
makes such little fuss of her.
The imposed humility of neglect
concentrates her puzzled countenance,
and beyond which but few can see,
there lies a vast ocean of insight.
And all the while she stands there before them,
Illuminating their darkness with excessive light.
This precious couple, husband and wife,
the two shining icons of her childhood and youth,
lost in the flurry of careless desire and troubled dreams,
with little left for truth.

So too with Claudia, elegant and bright
her youthful body entwines him,

and like a serpent she will bite.
Not with venom, just a painful sting
that frees her from his withering woe,
and so
she casts him off as a vanquished king
to leave him wandering loose and free
like Oedipus, blinded by bitter fate.

For Sophie, Claudia is both her guide and approbation.
Claudia is the very one she would love to be like,
Together, but not knowing so,
they move from the acquisitive grasp
of aging and failing sensibilities
and wing their own flight.

Gus too attempts to flee.
He wants a boat!
One can only guess why.
An attractive option, so he can gloat?
And perhaps cross beyond his wanton desire,
that they, two lovers, can endlessly cruise
the magic oceans of continuous embrace.

As though struck by a dagger, this fatal thrust,
The thought of a boat bobbing on the high seas of boredom,
pushes her back into the winds eye of ambition.
She thinks to herself with voracious intent
"Hmm, the editor might do,"
and pushes Gus away
with the gentle insistence of a passionless kiss.
Nothing to say beyond the hollow ringing of an empty drum,
or at least the realization of "what loss is within me?"

No loss at all.
Beyond such joy as ambition finds
the craving for the perfect family.
A daddy so sweet,
Mother, elegantly wise,
Little sister so neat.
She cries and she cries,
"what loss is within me?"



So Honor and Gus, together complete the duologue.
"The husband who leaves" his wife and cannot find her.
Her transformation is complete.
Unwittingly he has thrust upon her
the unwelcomed panacea
that lifts her free from his domain
for which, by this time, even he has little interest.
Except perhaps to sleep.

Music

There is a difference between
being musical and having
a good musical education
and for that I thank
MLC my family and
The Melbourne Philharmonic Choir

always standing next to Trudy
keeping the alto line
it was a rushed journey
from Warrandyte
after milking Dr. Gault's cow
tethered opposite the police station
at the home of Mr. Hornidge
who, leaving his elderly mother,
took Meiti and me to the Choir

Now Meiti could sing
and sings now in the French choir
and that's a long story
from a Zurich choir

Sir John Barbirolli
conducting us in the 'fifties
The Dream of Gerontius
each Easter
St. John or *St. Matthew*
Passions by Bach
and suddenly a whole new sound
Cammina Burana by Carl Orf

Massed choirs now
no quavering altos
for *Cammina Burana*
and Stravinsky too
Symphony of Psalms
the mythic quality of Latin
Laudate Dominem
crashing in early twentieth century surprise
John Peterson
early twenty first century
World Premiere
Marvellous Melbourne
Marvellous Melbourne Town Hall

Travellers' Tales: Nigeria

Athletic
Hardworking
Black
Nigerian
Visa problems

Literate
delighting in
Chinua Achebe
Nigerian novelist
prescribed in schools

chef
eulogised by
French German
El Salvador colleagues
transcending boundaries

Passionate
for African soil
to which
his body returned

Wandering
by the Yarra at
Warrandyte
with his lady love
Nigerian idyll

Achebe, Chinua (1958, 1962, 1964,
1965, 1966, 1967, 1968)

Things fall apart African Writers Series
Heinemann Educational Books Ltd. Ibadan,
Melbourne

Demmer, Jo and Collins, Gail (Compiled and
edited 2005)

Nigerian Gems: Expatriate Tales of Adventure
All proceeds support Nigerian children's education
Published by Ishahayi Beach School Foundation
*Australian Jo Demmer originally trained as an electrical
engineer. In her latest metamorphosis a trailing spouse in
Nigeria, teamed an international collection of women to
form the Ishahayi Beach School Foundation. Nigerians
were gracious hosts and offered inspiration for these
stories, checking for authenticity.*

Travellers Tales: South Africa

Athletic
Hard working
White
South African
Visa problems

Well educated
literate
delighting in poems
in the evening of
his grandfather's farm

Bitterly snatched land
Bitter
transformed reading
Nelson Mandela
young man
transcending boundaries

Passionate for African soil
Creating landscaping
Warrandyte soil
The same

Wandering by the Yarra
at Warrandyte
with his lady love
South African idyll

Gregory, James (1995)

Goodbye Bafana Nelson Mandela My Prisoner My Friend
Headline Warrandyte elibrary

Paton, Alan (1977, 1989) *Cry the Beloved Country*
Penguin Warrandyte elibrary

**Imagine all this in colour,
with no staples!**

For those of you still receiving your Dodger by
snail mail, Pan is earthy terracotta and Eleanor's
gown is royal purple. Alas email takeup has
stalled! We're hoping it will become the norm
and so save us the labour of folding, stapling,
labelling and trudging down to the Post Office
(for all of which we are much indebted to Evie)
and of course postage! To join the email list,
email alan@commercialventure.com.au with your
name and "Email Dodger please" in the subject.

Registered Australia Post
Publication No pp346802/00003

Warrandyte Mechanics Institute & Arts Association Inc.
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SURFACE

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