SEPTEMBER: 2006

THE Artful DODGER

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

We all knew it wouldn't last! So here I am, running late, scrabbling to fill the space.

Adrian Rice is off globetrotting, so I hassled Darren Bowers and Noelene Cooper for some last minute theatre stuff - did you know Noel's off to Italy for a couple of weeks? Fantastico! She deserves it after her fabulous effort with Honour.

Grabbed a few archival folders from Pat Anderson but couldn't really find anything with pictures that would reproduce well enough. I enjoyed this review though from 1982. It was my second Follies, directed by the ever-affable Phil Taylor. I know, I've been doing it too long!

Louise Joy of course has peppered the inbox with esoteric musings, so at least the back page is taken care of - if you're wondering how I select them Louise, I stick in whatever fits best. *(Philistine!)*

I even had to resort to my own bottom draw to pad out page 3 - something for the kiddies!

Oh, and a lovely little item from Marj Beecham under the pottery report, too.

So here it is. Maybe you can help with a contribution next month? Email me at alan@commercialventure.com.au, and ask for your Dodger by email while you're at it.

DATES TO REMEMBER

26, 27, 28 September (12-3 pm)

Physical Theatre and Impro Workshops

8, 22 October, 5, 19 November

One Act Play Workshops

16 October (11:30am)

Craft Group, at the Hall

FUNNY, VERY FUNNY

You would think the place a gold mine still, the way they go on turning up talent. Not all new. Talent isn't like that. But after a quiet spell of pay dirt, it's on again.

Festival frolics is spelled with little effs — low key —and like the compere's introduction helped lull everyone's expectations. Four very fetching musical women - in - movement were followed by four well -run-in men, singing and sending it up to appropriate piano accompaniment.

Is Warrandyte the only place where so much is packed into small groups like these?

And speaking of the performance of little groups how about the absolutely hilarious advertisements that punctuated the evening, the sketch, the folk who sang sweetly and wistfully of Californian days, the crowded poker game or Polly Perkins impeccably done. Weren't they good!

The stage grew for the lumber jacks, became a rush for klondike daze and finally broke its banks in the melodrama.

Make a point of finding out who was in it, who ran it, what instruments were used, what novel techniques. You should, really, if you didn't get along.

The lucky ones glimpsed prodigal talent. Funny, very funny. Good humoured. Precisely timed. Confident (for the most part). Stage, actor and compere management so skilled that the gold just flowed. And all splendid talent, some new, some with the paydirt clinging. But all-in-all, a Bonanza.

The W.A.A. say their next production is in May 1982. I would make a note of it.

The Diary took the advice of our anonymous theatre critic and found out more about the Frollicks.

Cecil B. De Mille, eat your heart out!

The Warrandyte Arts Association Drama Group certainly staged another success with their "Festival Frollicks". It was presented over four nights to capacity audiences at the Mechanics Institute Hall and was greeted with enormous enthusiasm.

This year's show was produced and directed by Phillip Taylor who blended a pot pourri of humour, satire and sheer insanity into a well balanced tapestry that rarely gave the audience a respite from laughter.

The perennial Martin Walker again compered the revue, his slick patter and quick retorts provided ideal continuity. His one man act titled "the Poker Game" illustrated the real depth of his talent.

Other principal performances were from Jock McNeish and Tim Sherwood who appeared in several of the acts, each time delighting the audience with their varied portrayals.

The show started with two numbers from "mango Jerry" made up of four girls from Warrandyte High School, Sue World, Kerry Brimacombe, Rosie Joy and Genny Hassal who gave a satirical send up of two pop songs. The Barbershop Quartet bobbed up again throughout the performance with a selection of fine old favourites that had the audience singing along. Immaculate in tails were Pi Beecham, Anthony Burgess, Doug Linton-Smith and Don MacRae.

The dramatic dissertation for the evening was provided by Howard Geldard and Carol Keating with their "Loveliest Afternoon of the Year" which was well acted with quite a surprise ending.

The arrival of the cutest bunch of lumberjacks you would ever hope to meet (Don McRae and his woody friends) injected a touch of Pythonism into the revue.

By far the most exciting act of the night came with the flickering strobe light and the stuccato movement of the cast of "Klondike Daze" with Bob Karl; ably supported by Sharry McKenzie, Martin Walker and a host of rough and ready extras in the bar of a gold rush saloon.

Jock McNeish, his son Eddy, Tony Dimmock and Michael Williamson gave us music and humour as they parodied the Pop Group, "Sky".

Throughout the performance commercial appeared featuring Jock McNeish, Ray Norman (whose performance gave him stitches), Alan Cornell and Jenny Harkin. These send ups had the audiences rolling in the aisles. Tim Sherwood's cockney lament of "Pretty Polly Perkins" was solidly presented and the folk duo of Libby Walker and Alan Cornell commanded complete silence with the excellence of their presentation.

The feature of the Revue each year is the melodrama and 1982 was no exception. Directed by David Crockett, the medieval play "Once a knight" presented a vista of damsels, dragons and diabolical villains who beset the heroes, Sir Loin of Beef and the gardner Joe as they struggled to overcome adversity. Brilliantly narrated by the minstrel (Tim Sherwood) all comes out well in the end as love triumphs.

The cast of Jenny Harkin, Sharrie McKenzie, Jack Wood, Nick Parsons, Ken Virtue, Pat Hannah (with a cameo appearance of "Mango Jerry" as the Gypsies) co-ordinated well in an hilarious performance. Special mention must be made of two younger members Amanda Egglestone (the mechanic) and Nicole Volk (The Herald) for their efforts.

A rousing sing-a-long with the whole cast and the audience capped a fine presentation. Congratulations went to the cast, the producer, musical accompaniament (Delsie Griffiths, lighting and special effects (Ron Golding), costumes (Fran Batrouney) and all those who assisted in the production.

Group reports.

Pottery

I am sitting here at the table in the vast kitchen of Rosedale cattle station racking my brains for some rivetting pottery news. Being holidays there is very litle. So I have decided to write this short story about three of the most unlikely jillaroos of the west.

We - that is Beryl, Heather and Marjorie, all erstwhile potters of Warrandyte - departed at 4am on a bleak Saturday morning, arriving in Brisbane at 8am. *(Next day I presume Marj? - Ed)* There we rode the "Citycat" up the river for breakfast in the company of my two grandchildren. They then returned us safely to Roma Station where we boarded the "City of the Outback" for the 1,000 km journey to Jericho, central Queensland. We arrived at 9am the following morning at the Jericho rail siding and drove the last 55km to Rosedale Station.

After a delicious morning tea of freshly baked lemonade scones, Creina casually mentioned there were cattle in the yard needing drafting. "How about changing into work clothes and coming down?" We drafted 150 huge Brahmans, Beryl and Heather on the bridge opening the gates, I on foot among the cattle and the dust and the noise - a rude introduction for the new jillaroos.

The next day was much more relaxing. We went over ther range some 45km from the homestead to where Ewen was grading a new road to make it easier for Creina to check the waters. It was so beautiful! There were lots of wildflowers coupled with the red earth, gray spinifex and the blue of the sky. A day to remember! We saw brumbies, wild pigs, emus, deer, stacks of kangaroos, herons, brolgas and, of course, cattle. We picniced in a dry creek bed upon homemade bread sandwiches and billty tea.

Over the weeks we settled into a routine. Beryl became the kennel maid - there were five cattle dogs, three pups and a much loved dachsund to be fed daily - and I was the rouseabout picking the vegetables, mulberries, strawberries and passionfruit before the birds found them; Heather had had to return home after the first week.

Whenever I leave Rosedale I leave a little of my heart, and reacknowledge that we live in a vast country which is so beautiful but cruel, harsh and demanding for those who have chosen life in the outback.

Marj Beecham 9844 3206

Craft

Our sincere thoughts are with Isbel following the passing of her husband recently. We wish her strength to get through this difficult time, and we hope to see her at craft to continue that support at our craft groups.

At our September meeting Ronda was making colourful little jumpers for her "new born AIDS suffering babies" born on the African continent, many of whom are sent home form hospital wrapped in newspaper for warmth.

Our next meeting will be on Monday 16th October at the Hall at 11.30am. Bring lunch and craft.

Rosemary Climas 9844 2154

Painting

We have had some good days painting, the golds of the wattle along the Yarra, up amongst the early wildflowers on Melbourne Hill and today off out to Yarra Glen.

We took part in the Warrandyte Community Market, made a few sales, mostly a fun social night getting together with other groups in the community. The monies raised went towards local and missionary works.

Our thoughts are with Craft member Isbel Plunkett and family, at this sad time with the passing of Bill her husband.

Pauline Cross 9439 1775 Gill Beddington 98441203

Theatre

Passed with Honour

Our September production of Joanna Murray-Smith's "Honour" had a successful six performance run and was well attended, particularly in the second week. Mmmmmm.....Not so well attended in the first week..... Maybe it's a line from the script. *It seems so familiar.* Has anyone heard it before?

Congratulations to the cast - Raine Dinale, Bill Connolly, Becca Posterino and Kate Warner for such a fabulous collective effort. There have been so many wonderful, enthusiastic responses from the audiences to your work. A mammoth effort from all four. What an introduction to Warrandyte audiences from our to new WTC members Kate and Becca.

A huge 'Thankyou!' to all the production team who were committed to their cause. They were ever so smoothly coordinated by producer, Gail Macrae who calmly went about her business.

Assistant director Lea Stringer, who also doubled as the sound operator, provided great guidance, support and assistance to the novice director.

Jan Nance was a great nurturer back stage and a very efficient stage manager. Onya Jan!

How good was it to have Phil Dyer, the quiet achiever, building the set in a blink? Excellent!

And, June Buck, those cakes and sundry goodies every night for the punters were a treat and a half. Poor old Jurgen got a tongue lashing from June because he ate too many. Who can blame him?!

Jack Stringer.....your musical selections were perfect. This man of little talent also needs to be credited for the lighting design and operation.

Caroline Shaw provided a fabulous set design and costuming.

Joan Rogers' generous and patient approach to ticket booking makes life so much easier for all.

Help came to all in the forms of Simone Kiefer and David Tynan. Backstage, front of house, behind the bar and full on gophering.

Publicity was managed by the Deb Silva and Darren Bowers .

Noelene Cooper

Physical Theatre and Improvisation Workshops

- 26, 27, 28 September 12 noon- 3 pm with Josh Mitchell and Renae Peck – qualified teachers of dance and drama.

The aims of the workshops are to cover various elements of physical theatre including improvisation, developing character elements, learning acro-balance and physical characterisation.

Cost of three workshops is $75.

Workshops for the following One Act Plays:

Boat, Foreplay, The Window, Hidden Agenda

- Come along to one or come to all
- Sundays: 8/10/06, 22/10/06, 5/11/06, 19/11/06
- Call Simone: 9818 4662 for details.

Darren Bowers 9844 1528

Music

First of all, congratulations to everyone involved in the production of "Honour". This was an absolutely first rate performance – brilliant casting, brilliant, acting, brilliant direction, brilliant music. Noelene had apologised for being unable to attend the Sept. music night. I'm not surprised. For a first go at directing a full length play, this was a great achievement.

Thank you Ann (Arnold) for hosting our third music night for the year. Our numbers were a bit down as several people were away or had already apologised, but those that attended had a pleasant time, making the most of Ann's two pianos. We even had one piece for 8 hands (ie 2 people per piano) that we found in the Op Shop! Quite a bit of the music was unrehearsed, but that didn't matter. Most people had a go, and most of us also played "Pass the baby".

Yes, Rory Samaan Halliday, aged four weeks, attended his first music night and didn't cry once. Mind you, he was certainly well cuddled by everyone. Congratulations to Katrina and Owen on the safe arrival of their handsome little fellow, news of which was too late for the last *"Dodger"*.

Our hearts go out to Louise and family on the tragic death of her son-in-law. Rosie had been married such a short time when Uche died very suddenly of a stroke, caused by a weakness of muscles near the heart, a condition which apparently occurs sometimes in very athletic people.

At the close of the last music night, people were asking when the next one would be. Our forward planning had not considered this. However, Louise Joy will be hosting a gathering for a similar group, *"Music in the Hills"* in November and has suggested that perhaps we might combine the two groups. This may foster a whole heap of useful associations. So, the next occasion will be on Saturday, 11th November in the afternoon - 2pm for a 2.15pm start. It is possible that an afternoon timeslot might suit some people better. Louise's address is 47, Brackenbury Street. Her house is very well designed for a music gathering, including a grand piano, and parking is extremely easy (opposite the Warrandyte Primary School). Given the circumstances of this combined gathering, please ring me (see below) or Louise (9844 3600) to let us know if you will be coming, and if you are coming, please bring the usual plate of food or something to drink.

So, looking forward to catching up with everyone in November.

Pat Anderson 9844 3442

Kid's corner

~

There was once a pirate whose name was Albert Persil.

Which was fine for a bus conductor or an accountant but quite unsuitable for a pirate.

So Albert asked his mother if he could have another name.

She said don't be silly and laughed so hard she snorted like a pig.

Somebody really should tell grown-ups not to laugh at kids thought Albert and ran away to sea.

Now it happened that the infamous Miserable Roger was taking on crew just as Albert got off the bus at Ne'er-do-well Pier and Albert joined the queue of layabouts and desperados with names like Terrible Tom, Greasy Pete, Barnacle Bob and Beige Jake.

But Albert was more than ready for them when he stood before the captain in his father's long underwear with his pet budgie Ralph on his shoulder.

"What's your name?" said the captain.

"Ralph" said the budgie.

"Long John Silver" said Albert, which was the only pirate's name he knew.

"Long John Silver!" said the captain and dived over the side in fright.

Fortunately for Albert, the captain had read the book but had never seen the film.

When people heard that Long John Silver was back on the seven seas, there was pandemonium.

When the Miserable Roger crossed the bows of an ocean liner, Albert and his dastardly crew would swarm over the sides, round up the passengers, steal their jewellery and order lavish meals of pate de fois gras, Peeking duck and chocolate cake.

When they pulled into port, people would lock their doors and leave for the country while Albert and his renegades raced around the streets shouting "Yo HoHo" and singing the sort of songs you wouldn't sing if your mother was listening.

Then one day the Miserable Roger came over the horizon face to face with another pirate ship.

"Avast there!" hailed a voice from the bridge.

But Albert wasn't taking orders from anyone, partly because he was starting to believe he really was Long John Silver and partly because he didn't know how to avast in any case.

"Who do you think you are talking to me like that" retorted Albert as fiercely as a seven year old can retort.

"I be Cap'n Hook!" shouted a person about the size of a seven year old with a terrifying wave of his hook.

Albert gasped and took a step backwards. Which caused the first mate to take a step backwards. Which caused the second mate to take a step backwards. Which caused each of the crew in turn to take a step backwards until Beige Jake, who was at the back, stepped backwards into the sea.

"Just a minute" said Albert, who had seen Peter Pan and Wendy on television only the week before.

"You're not Captain Hook!"

"Yes I am. See this crocodile that follows me everywhere? He's the one who swallowed the clock".

"Then why isn't it ticking?" asked Albert.

"It's a digital clock" said Hook.

"That's not a real crocodile and you're not a real pirate captain" cried Albert who knew an inflatable rubber crocodile when he saw one.

"Oh yeah?" said the other. "Well that's no parrot on your underwear and you're no more of a pirate captain than I am".

"What!" said the crew of the Miserable Roger.

"What!" said the crew of the S.S.Hook.

"Oops" said the two boys together.

Shortly afterwards, Albert Persil and Morris Norris (for that was Captain Hook's real name) walked off their ships by way of the plank.

Two days later they were spotted floating on Morris's inflatable crocodile by the lookout on the HMS Bounty.

"What are your names lads?' asked Captain Bligh when they were safely on board.

"They call me Mr. Christian" said Albert knocking Bligh neatly over the side.

"Fibber" said Morris.

Four Funerals and a Wedding

Warrandyte Man
David Hirt Artist
Warrandyte Community Centre
alive with
unaccompanied Bach cello
and Chocolate Lilies choir
from the Cathedral Gallery

Warrandyte flowers crowding his coffin
his huge canvasses blue green red
massed like wall flowers
creation of Liz Horner his new wife
of his dying months
and the mechanics were right too
Jack Stringer's years of Warrandyte Theatre
Company
gave pounding sound to David's favorite jazz CD's
uncrackling tributes to his adoption reform
anti hanging political theological
tender reading to his children

Warrandyte Man
Stewart Joy
Farewelled with *Jerusalem*
England's green and pleasant land
rumbling with British Rail, his
Train That Ran Away
springboard of mid twentieth century optimism
transport consulting in
Karachi and Urumqui
Moscow and Manila
Delightedly transporting our family to
Mussoorie and Vellore
Los Angeles and Legoland
Ein' Feste Burg A Mighty Fortress
Gone

Sudden death
After three weeks marriage
small patch of Nigeria in Brunswick
massed with mourners
Later Rain Chapel
Pentecostal
Praise the Lord

Wedding celebrant
Canterbury Gardens gazebo
Western modernity
Breezes Casino Restaurant
Warrandyte High School girl

Rosemary Joy
her name unchanged at marriage
modern woman

return to Nigerian soil
four days of funeral ritual
at Uche's death
tragic irony
she became
Rosemary Joy Nawabachili

every day life rushed to meet us
petrol with a Safeway voucher at 126.9
every day friends
our Warrandyte home crowding again
with flowers and food
pasta in Hawthorn
with monument of sorrow
Handel's Messiah

Travellers' Tales: Ireland

Bloomsday
In Dublin
echoed in Melbourne
too complex for me

Angela's Ashes
drinking the family away
too devastating

Come Listen A While
around Trillick way
now there we have it
football teams in County Tyrone
like Warrandyte
and Trillick
Warrandyte stone home
in Yarra Street
of Adelaide Gault
remembering the forebears

Dubh Linn
AD 430
now there's a revelation
from the Celtic repository
in Taroona Avenue
the High King O'Neills
celebrated by
Warrandyte's High Queen
Jean Chapman

Traveller's Tales: Japan

Haiku in Bendigo
guests bringing their own
celebrating 70th birthday
and 30 years marriage

Haiku in Warrandyte
Rudolf Steiner trainee Toshi
boarding in my Alistair Knox home
cherishing Yayoi & baby Ai &
the grandmother's 300 haiku poems

Haiku in Brunswick
recollections of Werner Pelz'
tortuous journey
Jewish émigré stacking hay Anglican priest
Latrobe Uni Sociology Lecturer
in the shambolical seventies
composing rigorous haiku

Haiku in Hawthorn
Conductor *Extraordinaire*
Pavanne & Requeim by Gabriel Faure
Composing Haiku
haiku is to musical canon
as blank verse is to dissonance

The Ode Less Travelled
Competitive delight of the Japanese Imperial Court
erupting everywhere in 2006
not forgetting
Mount Fuji-yama's influence on Monet's haystack

The Artful Dodger is at it again
The Haiku Seasons: Poetry of the Seasons
by William Higginson Kodansha International
1996
(in Bendigo with Dr. John Gault once swimming
in the Yarra at Warrandyte past the willows)

The Haiku Handbook
(Warrandyte elibrary 808.1 HIG)

email my Dodger!

Thanks everyone who gets their Dodger earlier and in colour. Join them by sending an email to *alan@commercialventure.com.au* with your name and "Email Dodger please" in the subject.

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SURFACE

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