

# Student Blogs Autumn 2015





# Jeanne Voisin

On our visit to the Art Gallery with the class, I was once again surrounded by outstanding works of art and beauty....That day however I took more attention than usual to the painting “*Strange bedfellows*” by Antonio Datillo-Rubbo. This painting intrigued and moved me with its brutal honesty. The scene portrayed could have played part in any era...The subjects all seem exhausted, maybe from the long day, or the previous events of their daily lives. The man on the far left of the bench seemed peaceful in his sleep but somehow, he sits almost upright holding his cane. He attire is demure yet he sports a suit and jacket and tie, somehow ruffled. He could be a clerk looking for work. He is sleeping like he is ‘At the ready’.

The middle aged woman could be also being looking for work, as a kitchen maid, maybe even a seamstress... What brought them all to that bench to sleep? Are they homeless? Or have simply missed the last bus? Are they escaping the bad weather? All these unanswered questions whirlwind through my mind when I look at the painting.

They all look in their sleep resigned to their current situation, maybe also exhausted by their unfruitful day. They are all there, the young, the old, sharing communal sleep with their downtrodden brothers and sister. This bench propped up against a brick wall, provides for a moment, human contact and warmth for these strangers. Misery doesn’t discriminate!

What Lawson wrote with a brush, Antonio Datillo-Rubbo painted with a pen. Antonio Datillo-Rubbo is somehow alike Henry Lawson .He wants to expose the inequalities and hardships of their fellow Australians. As a painter he described visually the social gulf occurring in that era in Australia.





# Michael Hunyh

**'A visit to the Art Gallery of NSW'**

**Located in the centre of Sydney's CBD, with the city's road network its boundaries, the world outside, separated, in this confined haven, the distraction of a frantic life seems to pause upon entry to these grounds. Suspended in peace and serenity, and to the exclusion of the busy city that lies across its defined borders, I followed a winding path that led me to, what felt like 'time travel', as I was transported, in a mental capacity, to a structure that is not of this generation.**

**Grand in stature and visually spectacular, made of refined sandstone, delicately constructed in the architecture of a bygone era, its entrance, held up by ten solid pillars, with a bronze statue on either side, and Latin inscriptions scattered in a formation along its upper ledges. Other than the single entrance, not one window was visible nor within sight, it resembled a tomb... or could it be a vault of some description; strong, fortified and solid. This building was constructed to keep out uninvited intruders, or in contrast, was built to keep safe, items of high value (priceless artefacts or those of its kind).**

**...**

**The artworks in the gallery were vast and diverse in range, each one attempted to visually capture and transfer a moment in time and space. I found it inspirational, and the beauty in each piece, effectively reflected the 'mood' and 'social perspective' of the time. It was interesting, having the ability to navigate through the many stages of change through history, and view/watch the evolution of civilisations, society, and mankind. Each room held its own significance,**

**different eras, stages of growth; a progression of thought, views and state of existence. Although I was physically present, my mind was mentally absent, a hundred thoughts and emotions streamed simultaneously throughout my body. Unable to grab hold or pinpoint any one particular sensation, I reverted back to deep self-reflection, only through words captured on a page, can I examine the overwhelming effects of yesterday.**



# Michael (Tibby) Aubrey

## My resumé on the Visit of the arts gallery (Tibby)

**First I was surprised that the paintings were disposed in specific rooms relating to their respective period of creation.**

**Then I found myself stricken by this so-called “art” from the eighteenth century making the apology of the riches, an art depicting arrogant kings finding pleasure in demonstrating their wealth. I came to wonder: should this type of painting actually even be considered as being part of the arts? ...**

**To that “fake art” interested in the superficiality of a minority of easygoing bureaucrats, I conversely loved the contrast toward the nineteenth century. An art more inclined to genuinely describe the harsh reality endured in these old days. An art driven by researching and revealing truths and thereby an art that could contribute elevating the collective consciousness of a whole generation... that is art in my sense!**



# Christopher Barry: Poetry

Judith Wright's poem concentrates on her description of this wonderful wattle tree in full summer, golden-coloured bloom with its human like character which she uses to connect us with her senses on this journey of being transformed and finding long lasting life.



The poet's use of a five word first line, punctuated by a hyphen, grabs our attention up front as she introduces us to the tree's awareness of the four classical natural elements (earth, water, air & sun fire) in the first 7 line stanza. The third line goes further mirroring the length of the 1st and extending this tree's capacity from the mental "knowing the four truths" to "holding" them in one physical form.

In her second part of the first stanza, we come from the contemplative full stop to a quickening pace of movement starting at the tree's root base then going up to its leaves which Wright shows leads into its seeds. This gives our tree again another human feature of "voice" to "rejoice" in its transformation into a new level of emotional consciousness as we and the tree "dream" of arriving fused together with life's four elements to reach a golden state.

In contrast to the florid, fullness of Wright's wattle journey, William Shakespeare's poem 'My Mistress' Eyes Are Nothing Like the Sun' is a very feet-on-the-ground, warts and all description of his mistress. The sonnet format forces tighter and shorter expression of ideas. In Wright's poem the feeling was of ever-present warmth and life, whereas in this sonnet the mistress is portrayed as plain, unattractive and his description is replete with less complimentary attributes. Despite this, the poet treasures the rarity of their loving relationship in all its rarity and authenticity.







# Scott Brennan

**Judith Wright Poem - The Wattle Tree.**

**‘Into a million images of the Sun, my God’.**

**This sentence I believe is a reflection of what the Poet "Judith Wright" see's visually when she views the said Wattle tree in full bloom and expresses this sight with the words "into a million images of the Sun". This sentence is then followed by the final two words of the poem and they are, "my God". These two words I imagine demonstrate what the poet feels in the relief in knowing that such beauty and awe at the said wattle tree while in full bloom can only have been created by the said God that she, the poet, is a believer in.**

# Greg Burns



Jack Davis's 'The Girl in the Park' is a poem with the themes of romance, sadness, loneliness and jilted expectations. The subject of the poem depicts a man who sees a girl in the park. He is instantly captivated. Granted there are many other girls around, every day he sees girls on the train, bus, at work, but this particular one stands out. Our Romantic ponders the future with this girl, marriage, children, live a long and happy life together...

Despite giving him a tiny smile, she looks sad, just staring at the pond... maybe from a broken romance, it is clear that she does not share the same feelings as our hapless Romantic. Untendered with still hope in his heart, every day he spends more time at the park with flowers in hand, sitting at that same spot, hoping to catch another glimpse, hoping this time her smile could be bigger and brighter, maybe this time he will have the courage to say something instead of letting her walk away. Sadly for our hero Romantic, she has disappeared from his life for ever.

# Ian Fountain

**“All the world’s a stage and all the men and women are merely players....” William Shakespeare**

**Here is my first thought on this statement. It is actually a quotation that John Bell said on stage at the Opera House in the play “As You like It”. All people, both those of bygone years and eras and those of the modern generation, can relate to this quotation over a great span in time, from the day they are born to the day of their departure from this world. We all play a part or a role in our interaction with others. Often we deceive as we play a part on the stage of the theatre of life. I recognise the many roles I have played in my journey through life. I regret the lack of skills I had earlier in life and would’ve preferred that I had acted on my intuitions during some of the challenges life presented. I wish I’d looked into a crystal ball so that I could’ve taken a different fork in the road.**





## The artwork I found most interesting

After our class excursion to the State Library and NSW Art Gallery I am responding to this blog topic.

I found most interesting the stained glass windows of the Shakespeare Room, combined with the reading from *As You Like It* ... Shakespeare was well ahead of his time in describing an individual's development over the lifespan. I would like to contrast what Shakespeare says with what more recent social scientists have said on this topic/theme

Lifespan can be described as the time beginning with the birth of a human to the time of their death (Venes 2013)... At first, the infant,

*Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.*

*Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel*

*And shining morning face, creeping like snail*

*Unwillingly to school*

...The establishment of schooling as an almost universal experience has been in development since the French and American revolutions. Many since the epoch Shakespeare inhabited have not had a school experience however...

*And then the lover,*

*Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad*

*Made to his mistress' eyebrow*

For me this describes the emotional turbulence of teenage years, especially the passions directed towards a loved one.

*And then the justice,*

*In fair round belly with good capon lined,*

*With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,*

*Full of wise saws and modern instances;*

*And so he plays his part.*

Again Erikson is relevant here as he describes this period as a time in our lives when we have weathered the joys and losses of earlier days and where the adoption of integrity appears imperative...

*Last scene of all,*

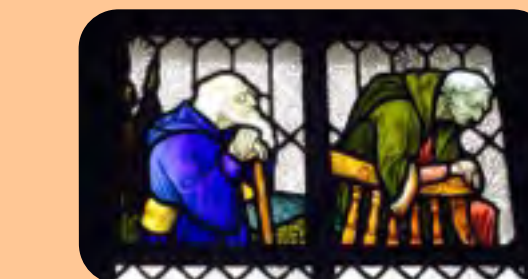
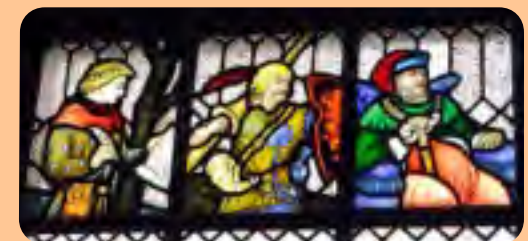
*That ends this strange eventful history,*

*Is second childishness and mere oblivion,*

*Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.*

I find the movement of individuals through their lifespan a fascinating area of research, so you can see the reading in front of the windows had an effect on me!

Shakespeare was noting lifespan development many years before there was any scientific investigation into this!



# Joey O'Reilly

# Thomas West

The country kid

*Bell Shakespeare's As You Like It*

Well I feel safe in saying that everyone got something out of last night's performance....I enjoyed the fact they tried to keep it as original to Shakespeare's penned words with the occasional slide into modern day terminology this helped me to sort of understand it.

I really enjoyed the 'meet and greet' session with not only John Bell and some of the cast, it was amazing to see that they were all too happy to answer some of our questions.

Both by watching and hearing them answer these questions I have gained some insight as to whom they are both as a group and by themselves. I can't help standing back and watching how people work, how a person holds themselves whilst interacting, how quick they speak, how slow they speak, if they speak quietly or loudly, all of these play a major part in who you are as a person. Now I understand that these guys and gals are professionals in either stage or screen and have been taught as to how they should act in public, however last night they were put on the spot with meeting us and answering our questions which made it easier to deduce who they are as a person.

Hoping to stir some thoughts up and will enjoy listening to your opinions on the above mentioned theory.



**Thomas- far right  
is playing  
"Touchstone" in  
tonight's  
performance!**

# Derek Asirvadem

## The Lesson

### After Henry Lawson

So often I remember, it was the  
middle of September,  
and he was teaching  
mathematics

He had quite a temper, they will  
tell you, any member  
of his club of little lunatics

I would hold up a textbook, then  
behind that a vexed look  
and in-between, Tin-tin or  
Asterisk !

I never saw the duster flying, all I  
knew was I was crying  
where is my Obelisk ?

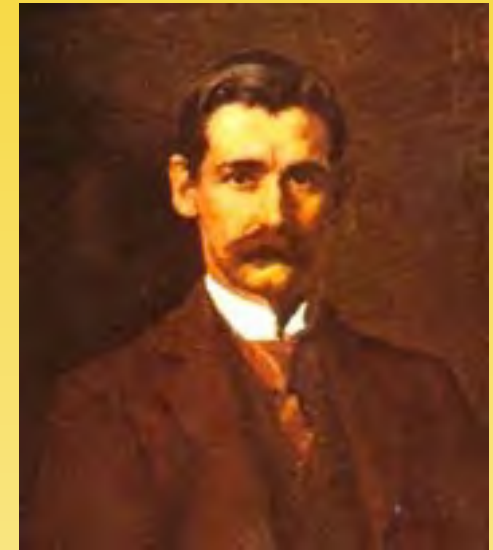
Now the doctor says I'm okay,  
but if not for the tourniquet  
I would've bled out and died.  
My mother talks of murder, or  
she'll get a court order  
and tan his blessed hide

But our good old headmaster  
who thinks his thoughts faster  
has got the gate good and tied  
while I sit here in detention with  
him (need I mention ?)  
wishing that I had never lied

When the year had ended, my pride  
and bones mended,  
I was over mathematics  
not from hate but more from fear,  
as maths was very dear,  
but not as dear as my tricks

Over maths I chose Latin, even  
though the class I sat in  
had many speech-affected  
dra-ma queens, who'd already  
been  
utterly rejected

The first day anticipated, shoes  
shined, breath sated  
with the smell of new books  
We awaited our new teacher, we  
knew he'd be a preacher  
but prayed for a nun with looks



A voice marched up the  
quadrangle, the language  
was quite mangled  
but the sound was sweet  
Oh ! it's Julius Cæsar , but  
recited by a master  
not some queen in heat

The fear came to the fore,  
as the thought down on us  
bore,  
that voice, it made us  
groan  
Our mathematics master !  
He had knowledge that was  
vaster  
than we had ever known



# Jeanne Voisin

**Who am I?**

**I am a gentle woman, originally from a gentle land.**

**Madagascar it is called, in the Indian Ocean.**

**Its inhabitants, mostly poor but noble and proud,**

**Alike its fauna and flora, one of a kind.**

**Being brought up without television,**

**Reading has always been my passion.**

**Privileged enough then to have access to as many books I could process.**

**Words entice me, stories move me, sometimes to joy and at times to sadness.**

**Yet, not being able to read would bring me great distress.**

**Literature is all I want to know,**

**The written word shapes me,**

**My thoughts, my beliefs,**

**All originating from expertly written words.**

**teaching me everything I need to know.**

**To enable me to survive my life's journey**

**I also like to write prose and short stories,**

**The paper is my audience**

**that is enough to fulfil me.**

**As English is my second language,**

**French being the first. I would like to explore,**

**learn and understand the language of my new nation,**

**the written thoughts of its common and worldly men and women.**

**I hope this unit in Literature will open my mind,**

**provide me with the written skills ,**

**enable me to write confidently in another language**

**and allow my pen to spell a good yarn.**