



FOSIL News & Views IV

21st May 2020

Dear All

How is everyone doing? The new message about 'Being Alert' is certainly causing a great deal of discussion. More of us seem to be out and about – and continuing to practice 'Social Distancing'. Books left on doorsteps or hanging on front door knockers continues to be the norm as so many of us are running out of reading material. Do not forget – Borrow Box is still accessible and free using your library card. Our lovely library remains closed for now.

Take care and stay safe.

Our contact details remain the same: stivesfosi@gmail.com

FOSIL Committee:

Janet Axten Val Clayson Jane Dews Tricia Friskney-Adams Gill Malcolm Anna Martin Margaret Notman
Phil Saward Ann Wilcox



Book Recommendation

Liane Moriarty
Nine Perfect Strangers

I enjoy Liane's work, her books are set in Australia. This book is about nine people who, all for various reasons, have booked into a luxury retreat. It is great to get to know the characters and the reasons they have booked the retreat.

I am sure many of us will identify with some of the characters. It was certainly a page turner, waiting to see what will happen next. There is humour and suspense.

Definitely a great summer and lock-down read.

Warning, it may put you off going to a Health Spa or Retreat!

Reviewed by Jane Dews

Liane Moriarty is the author of the #1 New York Times bestsellers *Big Little Lies*, *The Husband's Secret*, and *Truly Madly Guilty*, the New York Times bestsellers *What Alice Forgot* and *The Last Anniversary*, and *The Hypnotist's Love Story* and *Three Wishes*. She lives in Sydney, Australia, with her husband and two children.

Please email your Book Review and / or Recommendation to:
stivesfosi@gmail.com

FOSIL Bookclub

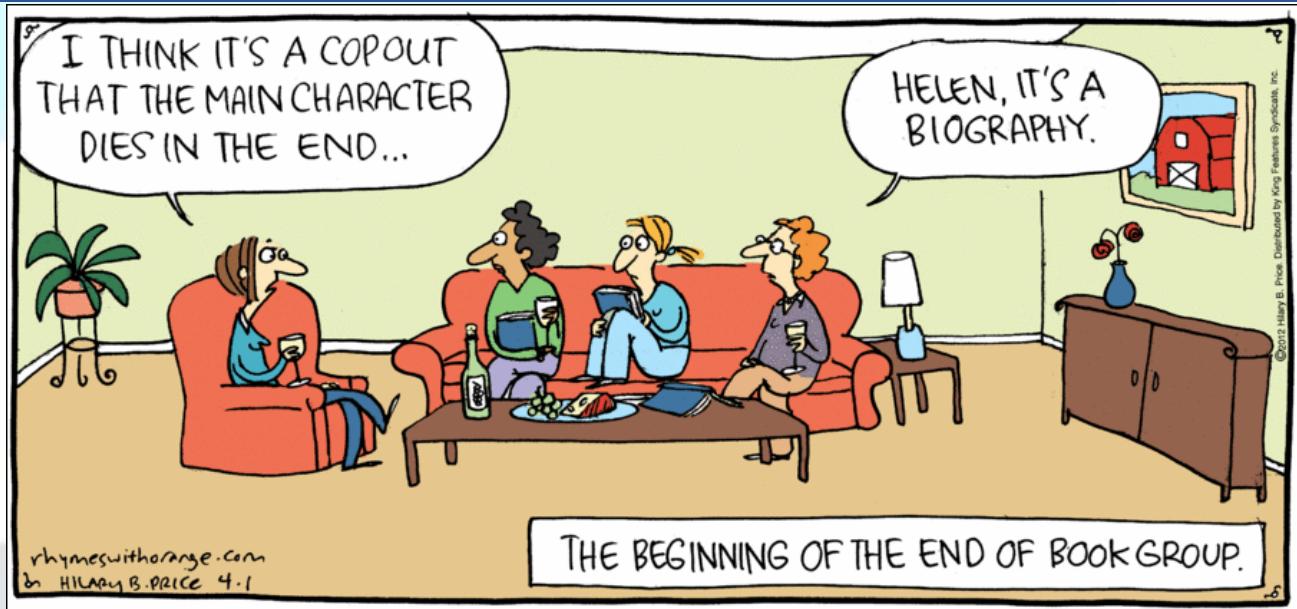


Every Wednesday afternoon we battle with the intricacies of ZOOM and 'meet' to discuss literary works (amongst other things) with our latest member joining in from Florida, USA.

Does it matter that we haven't read the same books? Not really as it provides opportunities for wider discussions and experiences to be raised.

Topics covered to date include Russian Literature, Poetry and travel writing. Last week we focussed on Greek Myths, with a focus on Medusa – who seemed to be having a significant affect on our software. Our next topic is 'Spanish Literature' and will investigate the influence of the Spanish Civil War. Once again, no doubt, it will lead to wider discussions around ... anything really!

Anyone can join – just email us so that an invite can be sent to you to enable us to join: stivesfosi@gmail.com



Do you keep a diary on your travels?

Extract by Bob Wilcox

In the summer of 2001 Anne and I were passengers on a container ship called 'The city of Istanbul'. We departed from Felixstowe on 7th August. I kept a log of our journey and the following is an extract.

Day 18 - Friday 24th August 2001

A Walk in Asia

If I die tomorrow this is the reason. I walked through the crazy bus station at Harem on the Asian side of Istanbul. My route was along the course of the Bosphorus towards Leander Tower. It was early evening with a romantic sky over the European city.

Nothing could be described as such on my walk, but I preferred it that way. Glitz – I cannot stand even the grandest Topkapi. It makes me recoil! Back to the walk... The Asian side of the Bosphorus is littered with crumbling boats. They are occupied. People fishing, cooking, and eating, throwing things at cats that try to steal food. On the banks, chickens and ducks scavenge amongst the rubble and rubbish on the waterline.

An old man sits at a makeshift table frying bits of meat, adding peppers and unknown spices. I produce a one million lira note. I give it to him and he smiled producing a small chair for me to sit on overlooking the boat village.

A crusty half loaf is presented to me with courtesy. The bread is fresh. The food he gave me was mysterious and the taste spicy. I ate every scrap, not even giving a piece to a little black and white cat that appeared between my legs. I thanked the old man and saw he was washing his utensils in a bucket of murky water probably obtained from the busy waterway. I dismissed this and wandered back to the Harem where the manic atmosphere had increased. Groups of men were hammering on home made drums, and cars were accelerating off the ferry with the obligatory sound of horns.

I reached my haven. The ships quarters are air conditioned with a constant sound of generators. This blocked out all activity that was taking place less than a few hundred yards from my room on the container ship called 'The City of Istanbul'.

AWAY FROM THE TOURIST SITES

Visit Asian Istanbul

Great tips on exploring the lesser known
Asian side of the mighty Bosphorus

Ship Details

Call Sign: Victor Two Mike Charlie

Cruising Range: 11000 N. Miles

Route Taken:

Felixstowe → Rotterdam → Antwerp → Tunis → Istanbul → Izmir → Felixstowe (5th September)

Total Distance: 6,560 N. Miles

Learn a language

Libraries online

CORONAVIRUS



¿Cómo estás?

Wie geht es?

お元気ですか？

Fatla genes?

Miten menee?

Hur mår du?

www.cornwall.gov.uk



Poetry Group

May 2020 – Reflection(s)

This month's theme / starting point has been 'Reflection(s)', inviting our contributors to tread either of two paths. Some poetry group members have written on reflection(s) by way of considering something, and then commenting upon it. 'Here's what I think.' 'Here's what I feel'. Some have approached the topic literally, seeing the images in a mirror, or on the surface of a lake, for example. But even here we can find ourselves reflecting, inwardly, on what the reflections say to us.

Ivor Frankell starts with a quotation

Reflections on the water

"La mer est ton miroir; tu contemples ton ame
Dans le deroulement infini de sa lame.." - Baudelaire

Reflections on the water

Reveal the turbulence beneath the surface

The sea is not a mirror

But a chasmal surge of broken stars

A jumble of prismatic glass.

There are bursts of sunlight

Flashing orbs across the sea,

Sparkling dragons' tails

Spray hurled across the front

As the sea crashes into the shore.

The smashed reflections are washed up

Like fragments of God's imagination

Dragged in on the flow of bubbling waves,

The stranded driftwood of the soul.

Keith Parker's mirror shows himself in the act of...

Reflecting on Reflections

Standing at the mirror I see

The reflected image of me,

Me reflecting on memories of years past,

Reflection in a tranquil sea

Of a vivid blue sky,

Reflection of a mountain panorama

In mirror focus on a loch,

Reflections of life on evening air

Of childhood memories and long summer days,

The mirror image of a window pane

Reflecting present life passing by,

That window on life reflected in the mirror

Staring back to the reflected me.

Liz White takes us further down the road of the image and what we make of it.

Reflections

Reflections come and go.

Fleeting images filtered through perceptions.
Their transitory nature turning the world's wheels,
like water through the old mills.

Reflections reveal points of view,
different takes on what is projected,
dark and sombre or sparkling with light.

The reflective mind sifts experiences
like flour falling through a sieve,
letting in the air through the myriad soft grains,
allowing lightness to infuse the mix.

Anne Wilcox surely speaks for many of us, contrasting memory and current experience, but ending positively.

Reflections on Restrictions

Sitting on a bench, at the end of Hain Walk,
I look over the bay to the island and my home,
The rain has passed and the sea sparkles in the sun
How lucky we are to live here.

In spite of all this, I remain restless.
I want to ride the buses, have coffee with friends,
Read my book in the comfort of a cafe or hotel,
Drop in for a chat or give someone a hug.

My mind drifts back to the past,
To long distance footpaths, to caves high in the desert,
To Italian cities and tiny haunts on the coasts,
But especially to India. Will I ever go again?

And then I realise how lucky I have been,
A happy life, varied and with love.
I am grateful for my seventy plus years.
And will I go to India again?

Clive Palmer (1943 – 2014) and Cornish Folk

Clive Palmer is probably best known as a founder member of the Incredible String Band (ISB), the legendary British psychedelic folk band from the mid-1960s. He was a singer, songwriter, band leader and multi-instrumentalist, with exceptional banjo skills, who never really sought fame within the music business. Following his beatnik principles, he travelled the hippy trail, hitching to Afghanistan and India, while his fellow ISB members started touring and promoting the group in the UK without him. Music was certainly a large part of his life but he loved arts and crafts of all types, being particularly skilled in leatherwork and woodwork, culminating in the making of the first set of Cornish bagpipes in 500 years!

Although not a Cornishman by birth, he chose to spend the majority of his life within the county – from initial musical trips with Wizz Jones busking and playing the emerging Cornish folk club circuit, to longer summer stays in caravans, until eventual permanent residence for much of his later years.

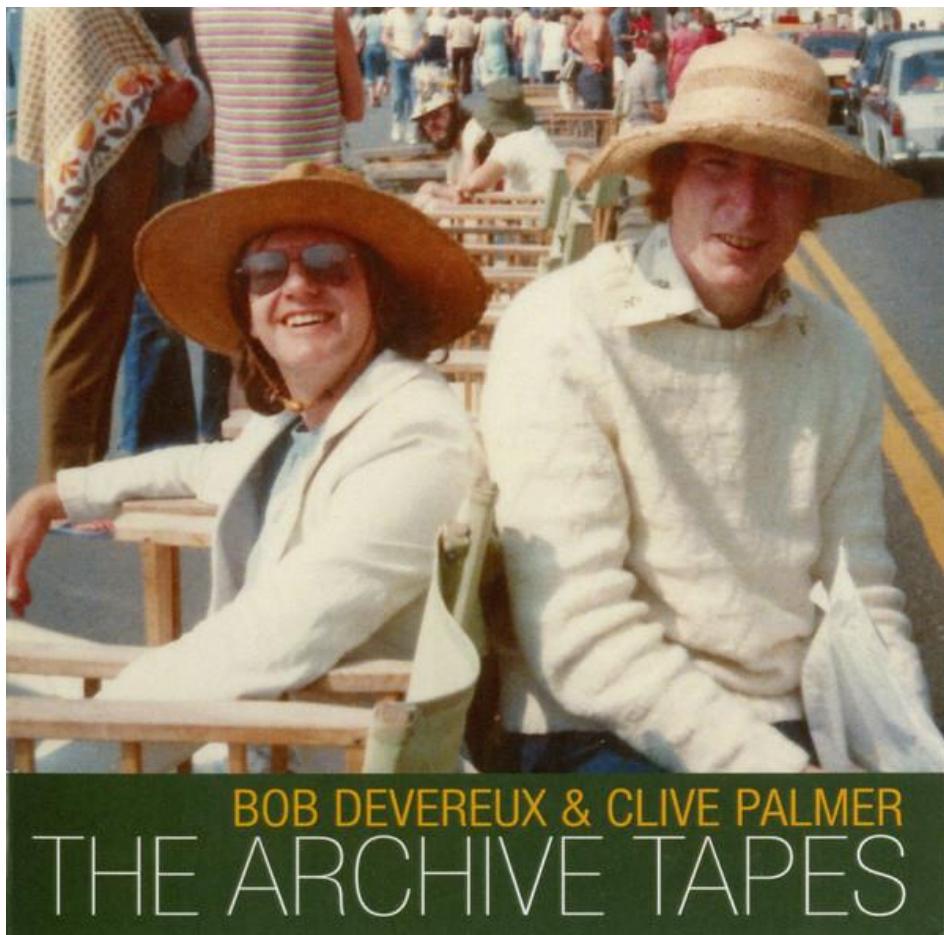
Rather than give a potted history of his life story here you can experience most of it in Clive's own words, recorded in his Penzance front room as part of an interview with 'Folk in Cornwall' author Rupert White during the summer of 2010. It is a fascinating tale lasting just over the hour and contains many of his Cornish adventures and connections to the local music scene, please use this link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s22dxdEBtf0&t=20s>

His duo work with St Ives poet Bob Devereux is not covered in the interview but references to this can be found in Rupert White's book and "Empty Pocket Blues" as mentioned below. One track from the duo's highly recommended "Suns & Moons" CD called 'Morris Room' was chosen as a Desert Island Disc by Billy Connolly on BBC Radio 4 and the CD's title track can be found here:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BwipWwQ5wv0&list=RDBwipWwQ5wv0&start_radio=1&t=26

Many other tracks by Clive in various guises can be found on YouTube or similar platforms. I would recommend seeking out the two C.O.B. (Clive's Original Band) LPs / CDs and the later CDs "Sands of Time" / "All Roads Lead To Land" and "The Land of No Return". For his earlier solo work search out the "Banjoland" CD and for a compilation of his live work check out the recordings from Pipers Folk Club (1975-85) on the CD "Clive – Live", although a limited edition released in 2015 it may still be available. Most fans would agree that Clive's finest self-penned song was with the Famous Jug Band titled "A Leaf Must Fall", so perhaps start here if you are new to his work:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ilzb9kWW_V8

Apart from many references to Clive in Rupert White's "Folk in Cornwall" book as previously mentioned, there is a very good biography by Grahame Hood called "Empty Pocket Blues – The Life and Music of Clive Palmer" (Helter Skelter Publishing 2008).



Cover of the recent CD reissue of 'The Archive Tapes' by Bob Devereux & Clive Palmer

A CIPHER TO CRACK

With the recent 75th anniversary of the ending of the war in Europe, the work of the Government Code and Cypher School at Bletchley Park should be remembered. The breaking of the axis Enigma and Lorenz codes shortened the war by many years.

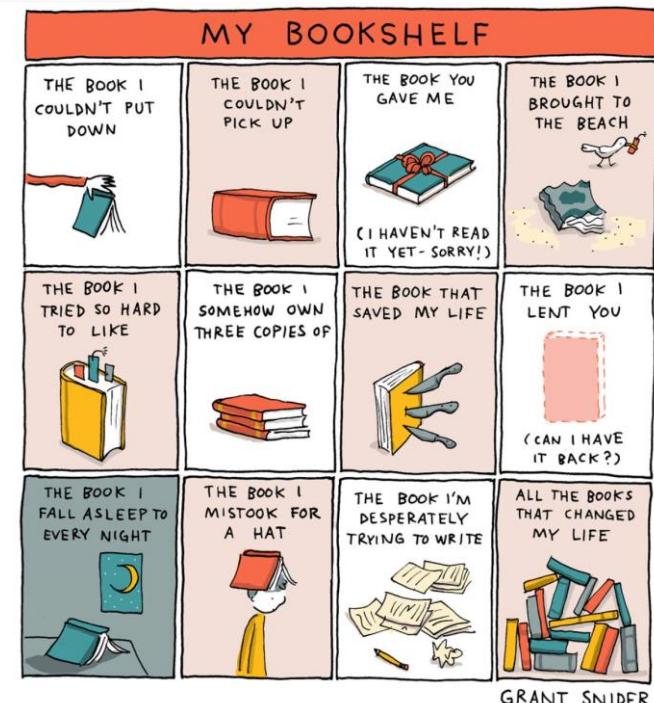
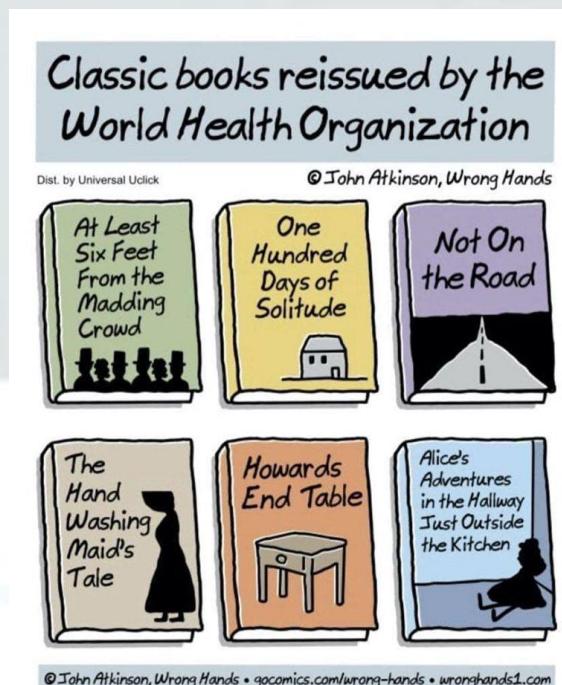
A code is a way of changing each word to become another word. For example, "library" could become "dentist". So, the sentence "Is the library open" would become "Is the dentist open".

A cipher is made by changing each letter for another letter by a rule or table.

Below is a cipher, see if you can crack it.

Mylkpl lewlyplujlk aol zvya vm hifzths zvbs-zhkulzz dopjo hmmspjaz vul vm Avszavf'z Ybzphu wlhzhuaz dolu, hmaly wbaapun pu h olhcf khf'z dvyr zayhunspun opz mhaoly, ilhapun opz dpml, huk kyvwwpun aol ihif puav aol jpaf'z ylzlycvpy, ol abyuz av aol jbivhykz, vusf av mpuk aol cvkrh ivaasl ltwaf.

Only Jane & Tony know the answer...!? Email the cracked cipher to: stivesfosi@gmail.com



The National Theatre At Home

Did you get to see this as a live screening? If you didn't (or if you did and want to see it again) simply search for '**National Theatre At Home**' and follow the link for **free** access (You Tube)
Available to all for a week.

A Streetcar Named Desire



Streaming from Thursday 21st May 2020

'I don't want realism, I want magic'

....Still, the evening belongs to Anderson, who makes each phase of the DuBois disintegration her own. She does not arrive with swivel-featured disturbance, but makes her distress delicately evident. Her fingers pick at things around her, smoothing, trying to get things under control. Her collapse is spectacular: a terror of blotched lipstick and flying petticoats. Her departure is a masterclass in how to make audiences weep. She comes down from the stage and processes between the spectators and the shattered action. She leans on the arm of the doctor who is to commit her to an asylum, sauntering gracefully, looking around her as if she were taking the air at a delightful seaside resort. To the end, aspiring and lying.'

The Guardian 3rd August 2014

Continuing our series of artworks currently in St Ives Library

**Robert Borlase Smart
(1881-1947)**

View of St Ives from Clodgy 1936

Oil on canvas

Framed, behind glass
Size 61.4 x 107cms

Owned by Cornwall Council



One of the best loved artists living and working in St Ives in the 20th century was Borlase Smart. Born in Kingsbridge, South Devon, he made his home in St Ives after the First World War, and died in 1947. His whole life was dedicated to hard work and enthusiasm for the St Ives Society of Artists, the people in the town and its heritage.

Smart studied at Plymouth College of Art and the Royal College of Art. During the First World War he made a name for himself producing powerful drawings of life on the Western Front, while serving with the Artists Rifles. A number of these were purchased by the Imperial War Museum in London. Once he had moved to St Ives, he took a Porthmeor Studio for a few years.

Smart joined the St Ives Society of Artists and became its Secretary. He made sure that the Society was put on a professional footing. He promoted its members by organising regular exhibitions at municipal galleries around the country. Although a traditional artist himself, he encouraged the young modernist painters, who arrived in St Ives during the Second World War, to exhibit with the Society, much to the consternation of many of the older traditional painters. Shortly after his untimely death, the Penwith Society of Arts, which broke away from the Society in 1949, was dedicated to Smart, as was the Trust set up to administer the iconic Porthmeor Studios. Smart also played a major role in the life of the town, being a Town Councillor for many years, as well as running the Sea Scouts and other local organisations. He wrote many letters to the *St Ives Times* exhorting its readers to preserve the heritage of the town.

Borlase Smart was primarily known as a maritime artist. He painted his large seascapes from life - carrying his easel and oil paints to precarious vantage points around the coast. Nevertheless, he also produced fine industrial and architectural drawings, including several depicting the old buildings in the downlong area of St Ives, prior to their demolition. He wrote and illustrated a seminal work - *The Technique of Seaside Painting*, which was first published in 1934, and which has recently been reprinted.

View of St Ives from Clodgy is an excellent example of his maritime work. It is not known when it first came into the Library. It was restored by Nadine Power of the Courtauld Institute of Art in 2005, with funding from Cornwall Council, and now hangs on the first floor.

Janet Axten



Knit One Weave One

With Jo McIntosh

Fancy joining in with an online Zoom Knit and Knatter Group? Jo runs such a group each Thursday at 7.00pm. Next session is Thursday 21st May 2020.

*Please email Jo McIntosh on
jo.mcintosh@knitweave.co.uk*

stivesfosi@gmail.com

Looking forward to hearing from you.