

COMMITTEE 2020

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1	Secretary
11	Treasurer

1	Nola	Cavanaugh
2	Liz	Cruickshank
3	Diane	Fletcher
4	Robyn	Garden
5	John	Henderson
6	Isabel	Hopkins
7	David	Karran
8	Brian	Lucy
9	Rosemary	McGeachie
10	Jean	McIlwrick
11	Daniel	Phillips
12	Robyn	Savage
13	Jennifer	Sinclair
14	Leila	Stokes



NEWSLETTER CABIN FEVER



I'm in the mood to do
some spring cleaning.
Apparently,
cabin fever
has made
me delirious.



CABIN FEVER 1

On this first day of our enforced incarceration your committee thought you might like to have a weekly Newsletter to keep us all in touch whilst twiddling our thumbs and taking up knitting or woodcarving?

Did you notice the irony in yesterday's paper the banner headline advertising Peacehaven:

“Experience Social Connections at Peacehaven Village”!

while on the opposite page the headline read:

“Brace for a big hit and reality of a new world – confirmed virus cases jump to 28 – and on the next page “NZ shuts borders to visitors”.

Most unfortunate juxtaposition thanks to the rapid rate of change.

As the old proverb would have it:
May you live in interesting times.

We are certainly not the first to be in this situation as F Scott Fitzgerald writes:

A LETTER FROM F. SCOTT FITZGERALD QUARANTINED IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE DURING THE SPANISH INFLUENZA OUTBREAK.

Dearest Rosemary,
It was a limpid dreary day, hung as in a basket from a single dull star. I thank you for your letter. Outside I perceive what may be a collection of fallen leaves tussling against a trash can. It rings like jazz in my ears. The streets are that empty. It seems as though the bulk of the city has retreated to the quarters, rightfully so. At this time, it seems so very poignant to avoid all public spaces. Even the bars, as I told Hemingway, but to that he punched me in the stomach, to which I asked him if he had washed his hands. He hadn't. He is much the denier, that one. Why, he considers the virus to be just influenza. I'm curious of his sources.

The officials have alerted us to ensure we have a month's worth of necessities. Zelda and I have stocked up on red wine, whiskey, rum, vermouth, absinthe, white wine, sherry, gin, and lord, if we need it, brandy. Please pray for us.

You should see the square, oh, it is terrible. I weep for the damned eventualities this future brings. The long afternoons rolling forward slowly on the ever-slick bottomless highball.

Z. says it's no excuse to drink, but I just can't seem to steady my hand. In the distance, from my brooding perch, the shoreline is cloaked in a dull haze where I can discern an unremitting penance that has been heading this way for a long, long while. And yet, amongst the cracked cloudline of an evening's cast, I focus on a single strain of light, calling me forth to believe in a better morrow.

Faithfully yours,
F.Scott Fitzgerald

That's all from your committee for now, but all contributions to this weekly letter are welcome (subject to rigorous vetting by the Editors....)

Hats off to the past – coats off to the future. (whatever that may be!)

Liz Cruickshank

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