



Journal Two - The Holiday

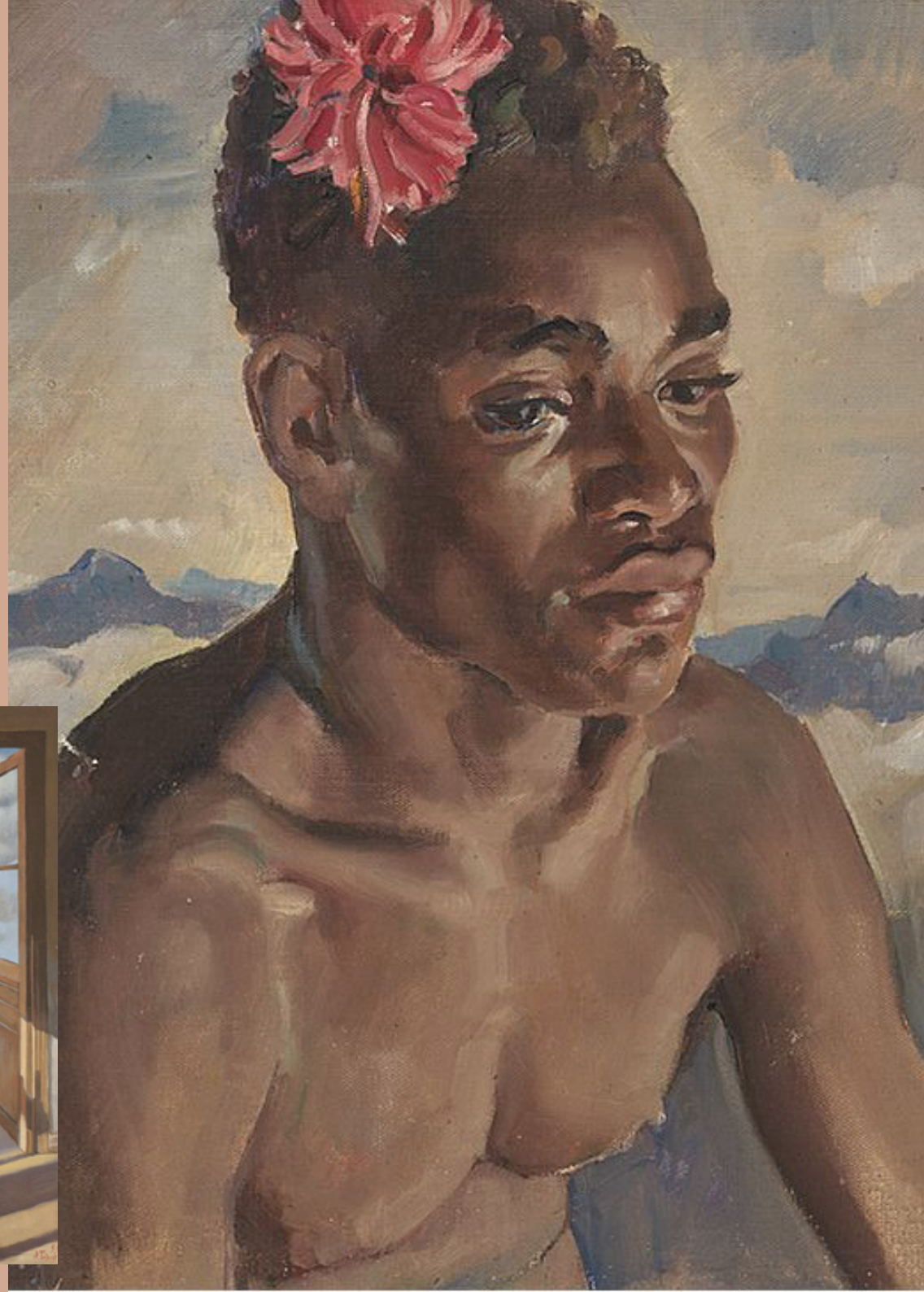
'Memories of summer past in the long winter to come will survive as faded magic'

Lincoln Kirstein

The concept of holidays often originated in connection with religious observances. The intention of a holiday was typically to allow individuals to tend to religious duties associated with important dates on the calendar. In most modern societies, however, holidays serve as much of a recreational function as any other weekend days or activities.

The word holiday comes from the Old English word *hāligdæg* (*hālig* "holy" + *dæg* "day"). The word originally referred only to special religious days. The modern use varies geographically. In North America, it means any dedicated day or period of rest or relaxation. In the United Kingdom, Australia and New Zealand, holiday is often used instead of the word vacation.

This time is usually set aside for rest, travel or the participation in recreational activities, with entire industries targeted to coincide or enhance these experiences.





The new road runs along the old road. I can see it still imprinted on the earth, not twenty feet away as I drive west past silos and farmsteads, fruit stands and hogs.

Once in Kansas, I stood in a field and watched the stars on the horizon revolve around my ankles. People are always moving, even those standing still because the world keeps changing around them, changing them.

When will the cities meet? When will they spread until there is a single city—avenue to avenue, coast to coast? What we call "the country" is an undeveloped area by the side of the road. There is no "country," there is no "road."

It's one big National Park, no longer the wilderness it was. But the old world exists under the present world the way an original painting exists under a newer one.

The animals know: their ancient, invisible trails cross and re-cross our own like scars that have healed long ago. Their country is not our country but another place altogether.

Anything of importance there comes out of the sky. In Amarillo the wind tries to erase everything, even the future.

It swoops down to scrape the desert clean as a scapula. Here among bones and bleached arroyos the sun leans through my window at dawn to let me know

I'm not going anywhere. There's no more anywhere to go.

Poem by Kurt Brown

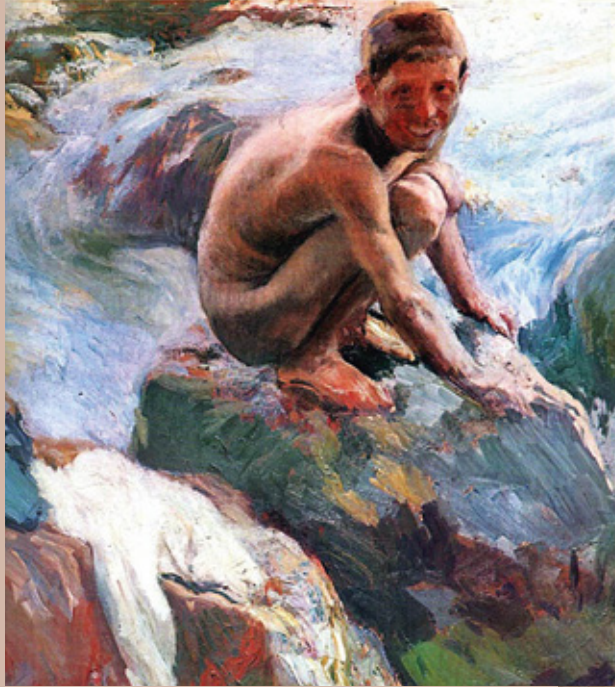




Life is still
With peaches
Eaten on the streets
Of the Italian town
Four please from the market stall
A full lunged
Deep smell
Of the warm skin
Washed
As you jump back from the splash
And you lean forward to bite
And slurp
And still it drips on your summer dress
And tickles your wrist
As it makes its way
From your sculpted hand
That has become as big as a Rodin
It knows it is the centre of that moment
The cathedral of your senses
The concentrated stillness
And the smile of
The sugar
That slips you down the street
And leaves you with
Sticky hands and
A simple moment

Poem by Sorcha Collister







Alain Delon vs Matt Damon – Who's the perfect Tom Ripley?

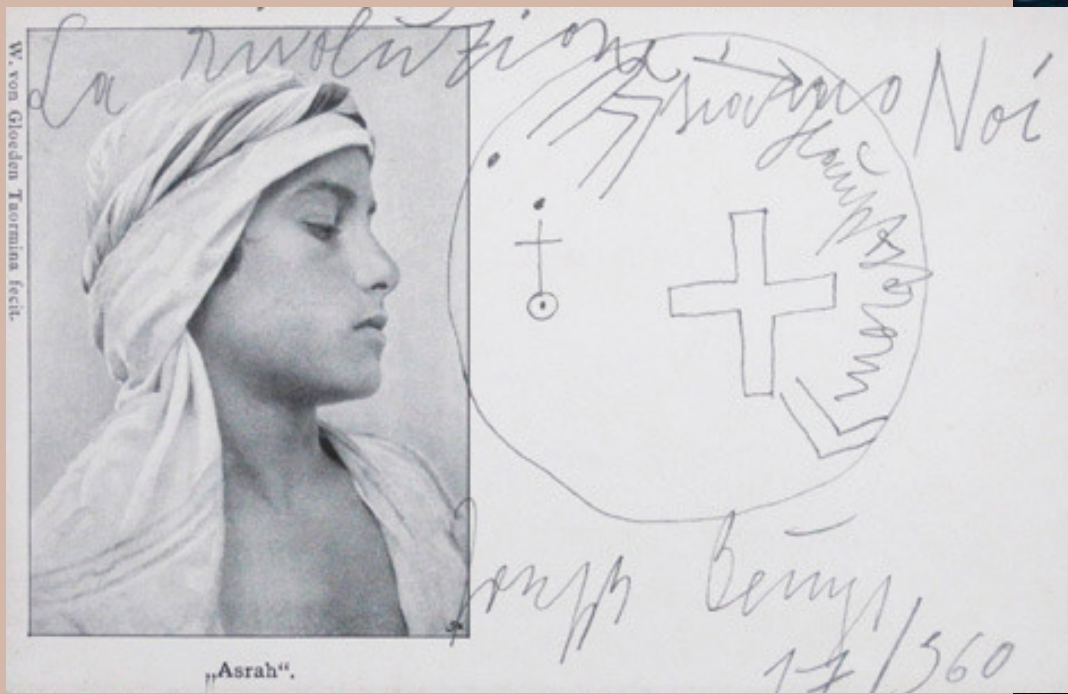
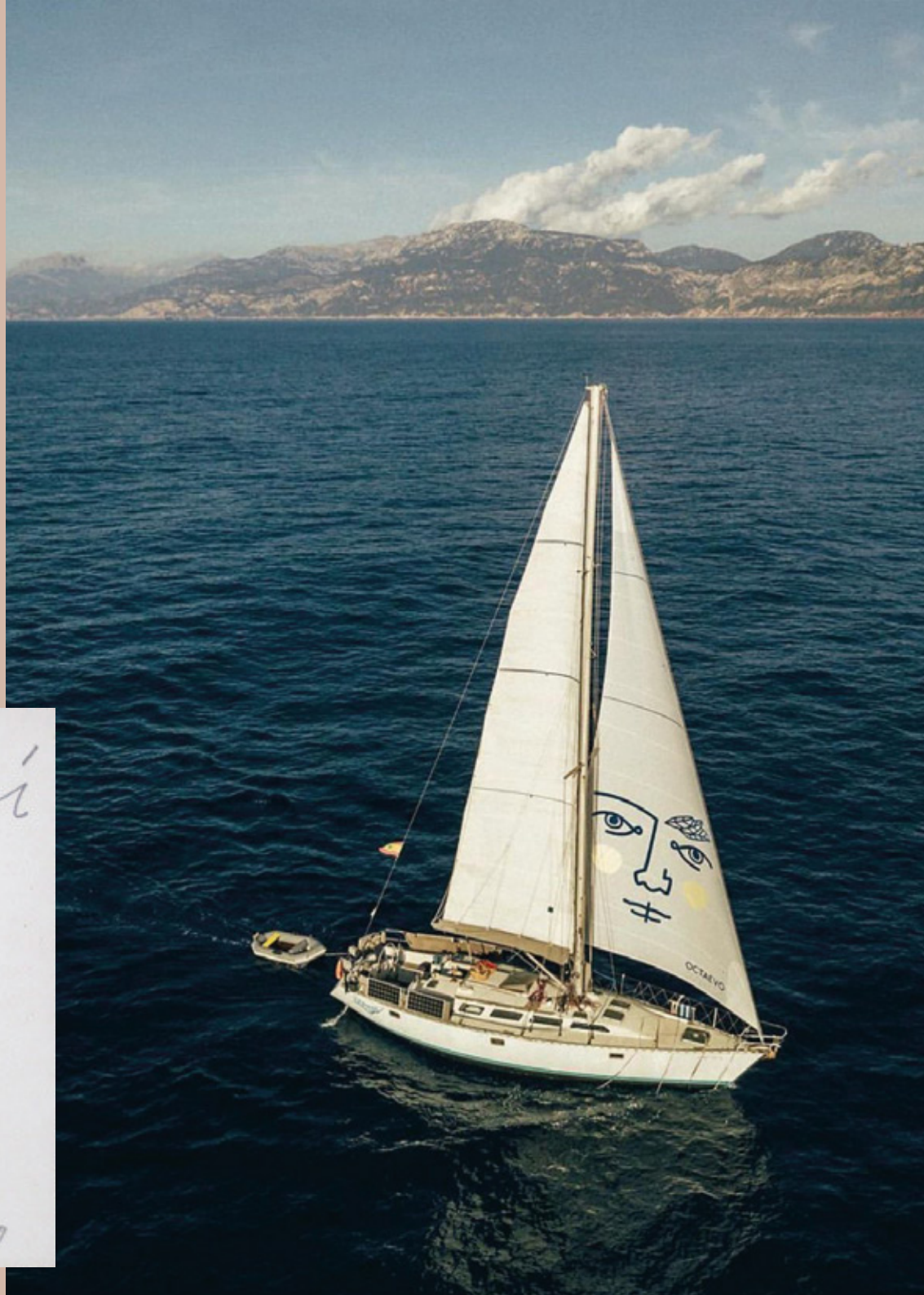
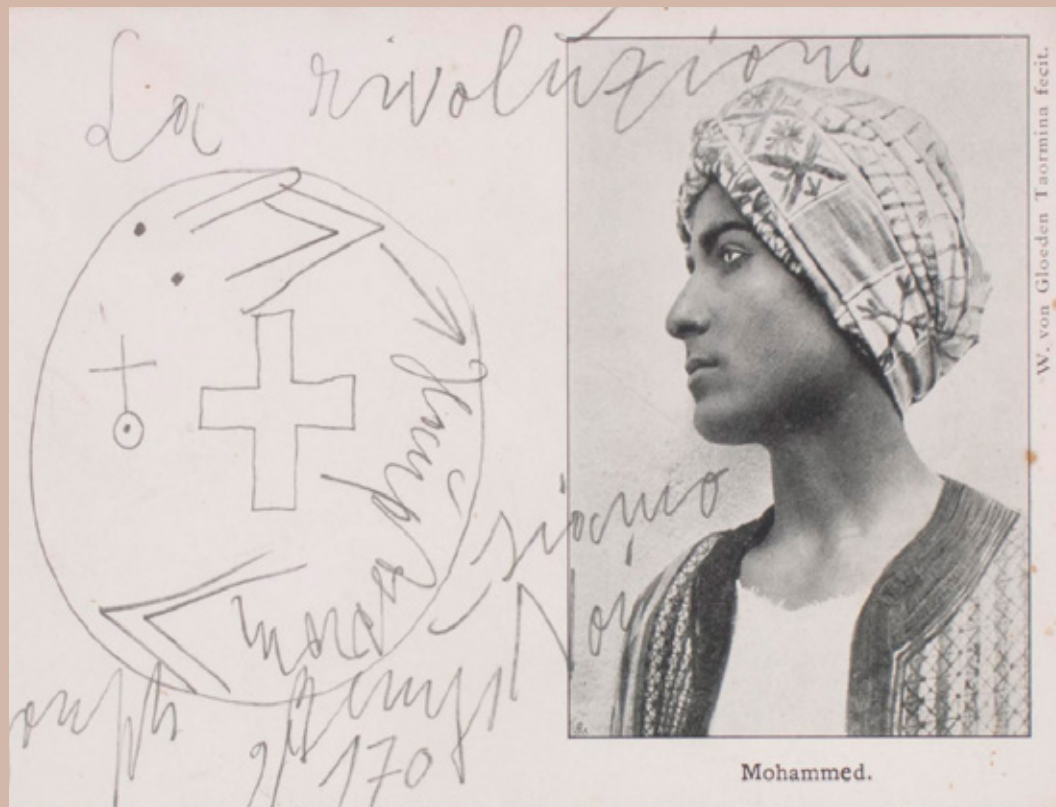
How do you like your murderous antihero, a calculating predator who coolly eliminates and manipulates those in his way or a little boy lost, often seeming victim as much as perpetrator.

The two movies of Patricia Highsmith's 1955 novel the talented Mr. Ripley offer intriguing contrasts in using or discarding key elements of her literary talisman Tom Ripley is a charming sociopathic social climber with certain useful skills whose criminal enterprises she detailed across five books and four decades.

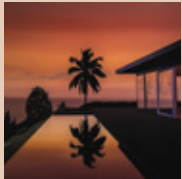
Highsmith probes existential questions of duplicity and duality, identity and sexuality, upending conventional notions of good and evil and which ultimately triumphs. Matt Damon's Ripley engenders confusion and vulnerability. Whereas Allen Delon's grows in confidence developing an appetite for 'life on the edge'.

Both Movies play with the audience's identification, seducing us into rooting, on some level, for this scheming monster to get away with it all.

Leigh Singer (Little White Lies)



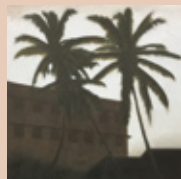




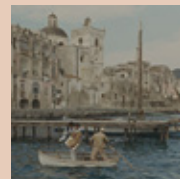
'Infinity Pool', 2019.
Laurence Jones



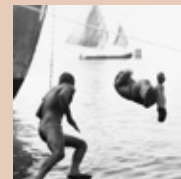
'Untitled (Youths on a Lakeshore).'
Hughie Lee-Smith



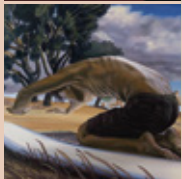
'Hotel de Suez', 2015
Gonzalo Sicre



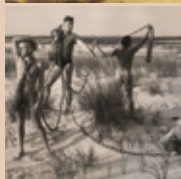
Purple Noon (Plein soleil)
1961, Movie still
Director: René Clément



'Venice, 1948',
Richard Avedon



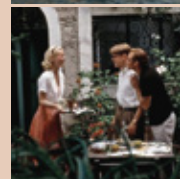
'Enduring Freedom', 2003
Nicola Verlato



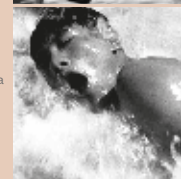
'Glenway Wescott, George Platt Lynes, Paul Cadmus, [Unidentified]', 1941.



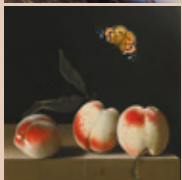
'Cafe in Cartagena, Colombia National Geographic' April 1989
Louis Mazzatenta.



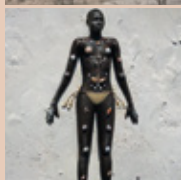
'The Talented Mr. Ripley'
1996, Movie still
Director: Anthony Minghella



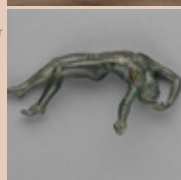
'Berlin olympics'
Leni Riefenstahl



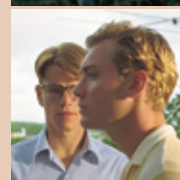
'Still life with three peaches on a stone ledge and a butterfly', 1695
Adriaen Coorte



Grace Bol by Txema Yeste for Numero Magazine, May 2017



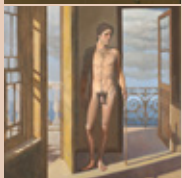
Statuette of a Dead Youth.
Culture: Greek Place of origin: Greece
Date: ca. 475 B.C



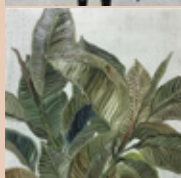
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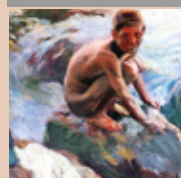
Unknown photographer



'Balcony doors', 1974
Pavlos Samios



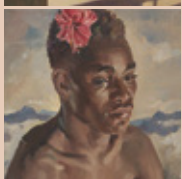
'Rubber Tree in the morning' 2019.
Liu Chich-Hung



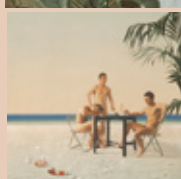
'Boy on the Rocks, Javaea', 1905
Joaquín Sorolla



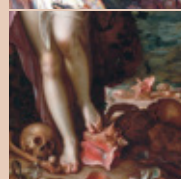
Wilhelm von Gloeden Postcards series. 1978.



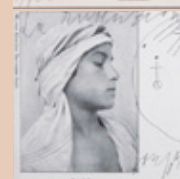
'Papuan with Flower', 1943.
Geoffrey Mainwaring



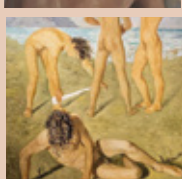
'A proposed memorial to hesitation'
Michalis Makroulakis



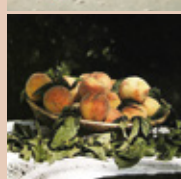
'Perseus and Andromeda', Detail
Joachim Wtewael



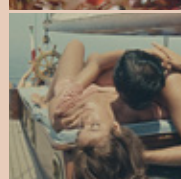
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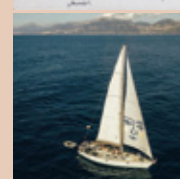
'Gli Argonauti', 1943.
Giovanni Colacicch



'Still life with peaches', 1912.
Laura Gilpin



Purple Noon (Plein soleil)
1961, Movie still
Director: René Clément



Unknown photographer