

Chapter 1 : Self-Styled Siren: In Memoriam: Joan Fontaine,

I would visit my father and mother every day in their small apartment, for an hour or so, and chat about baseball and hockey and prize fights on TV, maybe a few words about the latest scandal in our small city, or who had died and married, been born.

It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints, and over wastes of worldly fortunes sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star. She never existed before. The woman existed, but the mother, never. A mother is something absolutely new. They have clung to me all my life. Buck "Oh, mother, mother, mother," the boy groaned, and he longed, as if his heart was breaking, to lay his head on her knee, and look up for comfort to her face, as he had often done in his childish troubles. That is their tragedy. A mother always has to think twice, once for herself and once for her child. Everything gets reduced to essentials. Tell her you love her. The mother is queen of that realm and sways a scepter more potent than that of kings or priests. A child is a child. They get bigger, older, but grown? It need not be acquired, it need not be deserved. Something, seemingly, from Heaven That has come to me and you. Winnicott, *Playing and Reality*, The mother of boys work son-up to son-down. Thy image is still The deepest impressed on my heart. When I needed to get across, she steadied herself long enough for me to run across safely. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, comrades and friends "but only one mother in the whole world. They worked for me, both night and morning; They helped to smooth away my fears, For never were these dear hands idle; I think of them with love and tears! I thought their beauty was sublime; I felt no harm on earth could touch me If they were near me all the time! I may sometimes forget the words, but I always remember the tune. If it were easy, fathers would do it. To top that, I saw her reach into the wet garbage bag and fish around in there looking for a lost teaspoon. Bare hands "a kind of mad courage. Right or wrong, from her viewpoint you are always right. She may scold you for little things, but never for the big ones.

Chapter 2 : BET International | BETINTL

This text is about a life or a love story because the author describes the relationship between one couple and their arguments in family. The main characters are the old couple- husband and wife and their son, who is the narrator of this story.

His father also was born in Jamaica, the child of a black mother and Dutch Jewish father of Sephardi origins. Belafonte has described his grandfather, whom he never met, as "a white Dutch Jew who drifted over to the islands after chasing gold and diamonds, with no luck at all". He fell in love with the art form and also met Sidney Poitier. The financially struggling pair regularly purchased a single seat to local plays, trading places in between acts, after informing the other about the progression of the play. The first time he appeared in front of an audience, he was backed by the Charlie Parker band, which included Charlie Parker himself, Max Roach and Miles Davis , among others. With guitarist and friend Millard Thomas, Belafonte soon made his debut at the legendary jazz club The Village Vanguard. In , he received a contract with RCA Victor. Calypso[edit] His first widely released single , which went on to become his "signature" song with audience participation in virtually all his live performances, was " Matilda ", recorded April 27, He added that it was also the first million-selling album ever in England. The album introduced American audiences to calypso music which had originated in Trinidad and Tobago in the early 20th century , and Belafonte was dubbed the "King of Calypso", a title he wore with reservations since he had no claims to any Calypso Monarch titles. One of the songs included in the album is the now famous " Banana Boat Song " listed as "Day O" on the original release , which reached number five on the pop charts, and featured its signature lyric "Day-O". Middle career[edit] With Julie Andrews on the NBC special An Evening with Julie Andrews and Harry Belafonte While primarily known for calypso, Belafonte has recorded in many different genres, including blues , folk , gospel , show tunes , and American standards. His second-most popular hit, which came immediately after "The Banana Boat Song", was the comedic tune " Mama Look at Bubu ", also known as "Mama Look a Boo-Boo" originally recorded by Lord Melody in [18] , in which he sings humorously about misbehaving and disrespectful children. It reached number eleven on the pop chart. Tonight with Belafonte Two live albums, both recorded at Carnegie Hall in and , enjoyed critical and commercial success. From his album, " Hava Nagila " became part of his regular routine and one of his signature songs. That same year he released his second calypso album, Jump Up Calypso , which went on to become another million seller. His album Midnight Special included a young harmonica player named Bob Dylan. As The Beatles and other stars from Britain began to dominate the U. His last hit single, "A Strange Song", was released in and peaked at number 5 on the adult contemporary music charts. The latter album dealt with the political plight of black South Africans under apartheid. He earned six Gold Records. Among his interview guests were Martin Luther King Jr. Please help improve this section or discuss this issue on the talk page. From the mids to early s, Belafonte spent the greater part of his time touring Japan, Europe, Cuba and elsewhere. The album, with a strong focus on world music, was never issued in the United States. He subsequently was a guest star on a memorable episode of The Muppet Show in , in which he performed his signature song "Day-O" on television for the first time. He subsequently released his first album of original material in over a decade, Paradise in Gazankulu , in The album contains ten protest songs against the South African former Apartheid policy and is his last studio album. A Kodak video crew filmed the concert, which was released as a minute concert video titled "Global Carnival". It features many of the songs from the album Paradise in Gazankulu and some of his classic hits. The Long Road to Freedom: An Anthology of Black Music , a huge multi-artist project recorded by RCA during the s and s, was finally released by the label in Belafonte went on the Today Show to promote the album on September 11, , and was interviewed by Katie Couric just minutes before the first plane hit the World Trade Center. He performed sold-out concerts globally through the s to the s. Owing to illness, he was forced to cancel a reunion tour with Nana Mouskouri planned for the spring and summer of following a tour in Europe. His last concert was a benefit concert for the Atlanta Opera on October 25, In a interview, he stated that he had since retired from performing. Film career[edit] Belafonte at the Berlin Film Festival Belafonte

has starred in several films. His first film role was in *Bright Road*, in which he appeared alongside Dorothy Dandridge. Using his star clout, Belafonte was subsequently able to realize several then-controversial film roles. Dissatisfied with the film roles available to him, he returned to music during the s. In the early s, Belafonte appeared in more films among which are two with Poitier: *Buck and the Preacher* and *Uptown Saturday Night*. In , Belafonte produced and scored the musical film *Beat Street*, dealing with the rise of hip-hop culture. Together with Arthur Baker, he produced the gold-certified soundtrack of the same name. This section may stray from the topic of the article. April Belafonte and Marguerite Byrd were married from to . They have two daughters: Belafonte had an affair with actress Joan Collins during the filming of *Island in the Sun*. David, the only son of Harry Belafonte, is a former model and actor and is an Emmy -winning and Grammy nominated music producer and the executive director of the family-held company Belafonte Enterprises Inc. He is married to model and singer Malena Belafonte who toured with Mr. Gina Belafonte is a TV and film actress and worked with her father as coach and producer on more than six films. Gina helped found The Gathering For Justice, an intergenerational, intercultural non-profit organization working to reintroduce nonviolence to stop child incarceration. After 47 years of marriage, [29] Belafonte and Robinson got a divorce. In April , Belafonte married photographer Pamela Frank. Belafonte used his career and experiences with Dr. King to speak on the role of artists as activists. Robeson opposed not only racial prejudice in the United States but also western colonialism in Africa. He refused to perform there from until . In , he appeared in a campaign commercial for Democratic Presidential candidate John F. Civil Rights Movement activist[edit] This section of a biography of a living person needs additional citations for verification. Please help by adding reliable sources. Contentious material about living persons that is unsourced or poorly sourced must be removed immediately, especially if potentially libelous or harmful. Like many other civil rights activists, Belafonte was blacklisted during the McCarthy era. During the Birmingham Campaign, he bailed King out of Birmingham City Jail and raised thousands of dollars to release other civil rights protesters. He financed the Freedom Rides, supported voter registration drives, and helped to organize the March on Washington. Newspapers reported the controversy, [39] [40] Lott was relieved of his responsibilities, [41] and when the special aired, it attracted high ratings. Belafonte appeared on The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour on September 29, , performing a controversial " Mardi Gras " number intercut with footage from the Democratic National Convention riots. CBS censors deleted the segment. The full unedited content were broadcast in as part of a complete Smothers Brothers Hour syndication package. Humanitarian activist[edit] In , he helped organize the Grammy Award -winning song " We Are the World ", a multi-artist effort to raise funds for Africa. He performed in the Live Aid concert that same year. Following his appointment, Belafonte traveled to Dakar, Senegal, where he served as chairman of the International Symposium of Artists and Intellectuals for African Children. He also helped to raise funds alongside more than 20 other artists in the largest concert ever held in sub-Saharan Africa. In , he went on a mission to Rwanda and launched a media campaign to raise awareness of the needs of Rwandan children. In , Africare awarded him the Bishop John T. In , Belafonte went to Kenya to stress the importance of educating children in the region. Belafonte has been involved in prostate cancer advocacy since , when he was diagnosed and successfully treated for the disease. Belafonte was also an ambassador for the Bahamas.

Chapter 3 : Harry Belafonte - Wikipedia

In the text, aren't used many stylistic devices, just a few comparisons to describe how important mother's hands were for the husband: 'To my father, though, they must have been the hands of a young woman he loved, a woman who had stayed for a long time in his heart as precisely the same woman'.

Monday, December 16, In Memoriam: Joan Fontaine, Being a woman, I have found the road rougher than had I been born a man. I have preferred to shun what is known as feminine wiles, the subterfuge of subtlety, reliance on tears and coquetry to shape my way. I am forthright, often blunt. I have learned to be a realist despite my romantic, emotional nature. I have no illusions that age, the rigors of my profession, disappointments, and unfulfilled dreams have not left their mark. I am proud that I have carved my path on earth almost entirely by my own efforts, proud that I have compromised in my career only when I had no other recourse, when financial or contractual commitments dictated. Proud that I have never been involved in a physical liaison unless I was deeply attracted or in love. Proud that, whatever my worldly goods may be, they have been achieved by my own labors. Such as *The Constant Nymph*, in which Fontaine plays a teenage girl, Tessa, who is deeply in love with the adult composer played by Charles Boyer. And what should climb her through her window one night but godlike masculinity in the form of Burt Lancaster. The film is, despite the pulpy title, a noir love story more than anything. This exceedingly British observation has truth: Indeed, Fontaine was nearly always ladylike, even when she was, say, poisoning her bothersome husband in *Ivy*. Not in life, and certainly not on screen. The desire that a proper lady feels for an improper man is just as strong as the lust of a temptress. And it takes perhaps more courage for a lady to speak up for herself, to reach out for what she wants. Think of her standing up to Mrs. Van Hopper, and later even to Mrs. She had courage and intelligence in her own life. She chose the Stefan Zweig story because, she said, she wanted something that would appeal to women. It was produced by her joint venture, Rampart Productions, which she ran with her husband at the time, William Dozier, and released through Universal. She was instrumental in getting Max Ophuls to direct. The Internet is speckled with people who find it ridiculous to grieve at the death of a year-old movie star. For goodness sakes, did you expect her to live forever? And besides, did you know her? I feel colder without it. Here are a few of the things I have written over the years about Joan Fontaine. A birthday post from that includes the one personal story I have to tell about her.

Chapter 4 : : My Mother's Hands. by Robert Fontaine

My mom is getting up in years and has recently had a lot of issues with arthritis in her hands. When I read this poem, it brought tears to my eyes. I am going to include it in her mothers day card; to let her know that her hands were there when I needed them the most and that I will be there to return the favor now that they cannot.

Click on either site to access contributions to the blogathon. Burt Lancaster Does one rash act define a life or does a harsh life lived lead to a blur of wrong choices? A sock to the jaw of a barman and the unfortunate meeting of skull on furniture results in murder and desperation as Bill runs into the night. Harry Carter Robert Newton is a small time hood with grand ideas. Jane is also a deeply lonely human with the loss of her fiance during the war. Lloyd was in the RAF; one of the brave few to whom so much was owed as immortalized by Churchill. Jane is respected and well-liked in her profession as a nurse at a clinic where she enjoys the life-affirming feeling of being useful. Jane is basically kind, and that may be the motive behind her allowing Bill to go free when she could have turned him in to the authorities. Upon his return to society, Harry and Jane pull Bill in two very different directions. Through his work, Bill now knows that feeling of being useful and liked, and his relationship with Jane grows into love. There is a destiny in the dark city and even darker society that makes of their love a desperate thing. To run or to stay are the choices for Bill and Jane, and here is the conundrum. Perhaps that hopefulness is only something I read into the scene, and not intended by the filmmakers. Nonetheless, the ending felt unsatisfactory in execution. Bill at a crossroads in our story. The source novel by Gerald Butler was published in and was a popular success with its lonely and alienated character. Cinematographer Russell Metty tapped into his moody side creating a pervasively dark atmosphere to rival that of Touch of Evil. Director Norman Foster Woman on the Run, Rachel and the Stranger shows a lovely touch for the emotionalism inherit in this story where the plea of the title comes to define both Bill and Jane. Jane - reflected and reflecting. Joan Fontaine is lovely as our heroine Jane, timidly, yet bravely reaching out for love in a lonely and cruel world. Joan Fontaine was an actress to be reckoned with, and an actress to remember and admire.

Chapter 5 : Olivia de Havilland - Wikipedia

Paul C. Fontaine Portland, ME - Paul C. Fontaine, 53, of Portland died on Wednesday, July 6, at the Gosnell Memorial Hospice House in Scarborough. He was born on November 8, in Portland, ME a son of the late Henri O. & Irene E. (Mulkern) Fontaine.

I would visit my father and mother every day in their small apartment, for an hour or so, and chat about baseball and hockey and prize fights on TV, maybe a few words about the latest scandal in our small city, or who had died and married, been born. Now and then, sitting there, drinking the tea my mother inevitably brewed for me and helping my father out with the New York Times Sunday puzzle, searching for the highest peak in the Philippines or the name of an obscure Swiss commune, I would wonder with part of my mind, how it was with them in their hearts; how they picked up and juggled the days and made them sparkle, or if they did. They were in their late seventies and their lives were quiet outside as one could imagine "as quiet as the snow or the rain or the rustle of trees in midsummer. I would go home to where my wife and children were bustling and bickering, growing up and growing older, partying and dining and hoping for Paris or Broadway or Cape Cod, dreaming of yachts and sleek motors and brave deeds, impulsively finding life filled with twists and turns and fascinating reflections of unseen lights, beckoning toward them some adventure or other. I loved them and encouraged them. Life is to be lived, savoured, salted and consumed. But what do you dream about when you are almost eighty and have been in love for fifty years? Is not every avenue long explored, every lake sailed, every wave broken across a finite and decided shore, every star discovered? Now and then, my wife and I would take my father and mother on short trips. These trips excited but did not overwhelm my parents. They were pleased but not moved. My father gets up at seven-thirty and takes a briefcase and goes for a long walk, all dressed up as if he were an attorney about to stage his most thrilling case. He goes to a downtown hotel and sits in the lobby and smokes a cigar. He likes it there in the lobby early in the day. After that, he walks for miles through stores and shops and the public library. He knows many people, small people, or should I say, working people: He talks with them about the weather and the latest sports events. Then he buys half-a-dozen doughnuts, puts them in his briefcase, goes home, and takes a nap. My mother markets and plays canasta with her three girlfriends once a week. Otherwise they watch television or listen to the radio. They never go to the movies. Years and years ago my father played in movie theatres for silent pictures and afterwards for pictures vaudeville. He is just as happy if he never sees a motion picture again. Do they notice each other? Do they have strong emotions for each other? But how could they? The arms are inelastic. The eyes are dim. The fingers of my father which once rippled along a violin can barely make an unpleasant squeak on that instrument anymore. My mother walks carefully, for her glasses do not focus properly where her feet meet the stairs and sidewalks. Yet, one morning I came on my usual call, bringing a New York paper, as is my custom, and some Cape Scallops, which are a delicacy both my father and mother appreciate but cannot afford. When I got in the apartment, they were fighting. Now this in itself was most extraordinary. They were bickering and shouting about some obscure matter. As I recall, it has something to do with an event some twenty-five years previously and they had different ideas as to how the event had turned out or where it had occurred, and the discussion got hotter and hotter. At first I was amazed and then alarmed. They kept on at it like newly-weds for about fifteen minutes. Finally my father got real angry and took his hat off the bed that sat beside and rushed out of the apartment slamming the door. What were you fighting about? I was beginning to smell like Gloucester Mass. I told my mother not to worry. Around dinner time I began to wonder again, so I called up. I was all alone. My wife had taken the children to visit her mother. My mother answered the phone and said my father had not come home yet or called on the phone. I did not expect him to call on the phone. He just does not seem to trust them. I hopped on a bus and went down to see my mother. She was not as crisp as she had been. She had wilted a little and looked gloomy. Maybe I can find him. He had been head of a music school and the school had disbanded. For the first time in his life, he had decided to soothe himself with alcohol and he had chosen half-pint bottles of the worst sherry ever made in California. These he drank regularly, after which he became very talkative and a little belligerent, especially for a man five feet six,

weighing pounds neat. After a while he got over it and never touched the stuff again, not even at birthday parties or Christmas. Yet I had a notion he had probably gone off again, like a young, rebuffed lover. It was rather amazing to think of him, at this age, being sulky and irritated with my mother and she, for that matter, being wistful and lonesome like a girl at her first quarrel. In a way, it was refreshing. I did not think they had it in them. At any rate, it had begun to rain, so I began walking around the city, starting with the sherry hotel bars and working my way to the North End and the more disreputable places. In each one I expected to find him, full of sherry, relating his woes of his boyhood adventures, riding a butter wagon or taking violin lessons, to a group of souses. Once or twice I thought I had a glimpse of him, but when I got in, out of the rain, into the smell of hops and brews, it was not he but some other sad old character reeling about with a sad, silly grin on his face. I began to worry. He is an old man, I thought, I must remember that. If he got full and roamed around in the rain, it might be dangerous. Of course I was getting soaked myself, and drinking a little too much due to the excessive number of bars I felt I had to patronize. I had enough to drink that I was alternately frightened and full of unexpected laughter. Imagine, my father, almost eighty, having a fight with my mother and running away from home! With hardly a dime in his pocket too, probably. He was not there either. She was weeping gently now. I sat there, drinking tea for a long time. We talked of old days. She spoke as if they were all over and my father had deserted her for another woman. At last the door opened and my father walked calmly in. He had a small packet in his hands. My mother was forced to smile. She was so glad to see him. All in bright color. It hurt my eyes. It was a bottle of hand lotion, the sort that is guaranteed to make your hand as soft as silk. My father handed it to my mother and hung his head a little and blushed. It was quite touching. Her eyes gleamed behind her thick spectacles. To my father though, they must have been the hands of a young woman, of a woman he loved, a woman who had stayed for a long time in his heart as precisely the same woman—and her hands were as velvet to him and he wanted to keep them that way. My mother was weeping again, but this time with pleasure and love. It was a moment, I am sure, when they preferred no company. Thought it was worth sharing, hence posted it here. Posted by Lolopookie at

Chapter 6 : What is that man holding in his hands? - Review of Fontaine Schwendi, Colmar, France - TripA

A pictorial walk down memory lane of the life of Mary Idakaar. A women of love, courage and many friends set to the beautiful song 'My Mother's Hands'.

Just the way I feel about my mom. I lost her when I was 21 - a very important phase in my life when I was about to appear for my final year graduation exams and immediately report to a govt. My mom was always my best friend even when I had so many friends. This poem really, really made me feel so close to my mom. It was when she was ill and I realized how much she meant to me. It is true one never realizes that one best friend is ones mother till they are about to loose their best friend. I got this poem in my email and wondered if you had read mine, on www. I totally agree with Maggie. So He created Mothers. What a tribute to a dear Mother! Her hands do so much for us. Kennedy once said, "What I am or hope to be, I owe it to my dear. I remember the fond memories of mother sitting by my side whenever I used to fall ill. She often nursed me with her soft hands whenever I was down with fever or any other ailments. Her hands disciplined me whenever I went wrong. Her hands were always ready to wipe my tears whenever I cried. I looked down at the wrinkles and they looked so beautiful. I wondered at how many hours, years of service they had given to others and here she lay in a coma. I cried gently with so much love for her. She died the next day! The poem reminded me of this incident a long time ago I have never experienced this feeling with my own mother but my aunt who took me in when I was only 3 months old have been this and much more to me. My mother who is turning 70 yrs old, is suffering from severe arthritis on both her arms. She was operated on both hands for carpal tunnel. There were times she had swollen fingers due to cut or cooking. As I read the poem, I recalled how she was able to raise her eight children. Indeed being a good mother to us and a caring grandma to her grandchildren have caused her pains now on her arms and hands by Mark Dingus, Blountville 8 years ago My mother passed away on Just a few hours before she passed away, I took a photo of us holding hands just our hands. Just a mother and son holding hands. I am not sure she knew we werre holding each others hands but I was told that mothers know everything! I will cherish this photo as long as I live and the poem is so appropriate! I lost my mom to a drug overdose, and I read this and it made me think back to when my mother was alive, and it felt like she was right here next to me. I could actually feel "Her Hands" guiding me through the whole poem. More importantly to me is the fact that Maggie knows her mother now needs "Her Hands" to help her get through her twilight years and is willing to reciprocate. Often times people forget all that their Mom has done for them and forget about them when they get old. Were you touched by this poem? Share Your Story Here. All stories are moderated before being published. Check Your Spelling or your story will not be published!

Chapter 7 : Quotes about Mothers (Sayings about Mom, Moms, Mother, Mums, Mamas, Mommies, etc)

My Mother's hands are tired and worn The skin is cracked, the wrinkles are deep; The knuckles are swollen and red with pain "Years of labor of love" is the message emitted.

I would visit my father and mother every day in their small apartment, for an hour or so, and chat about baseball and hockey and prize fights on TV, maybe a few words about the latest scandal in our small city, or who had died and married, been born. Now and then, sitting there, drinking the tea my mother inevitably brewed for me and helping my father out with the New York Times Sunday puzzle, searching for the highest peak in the Philippines or the name of an obscure Swiss commune, I would wonder with part of my mind, how it was with them in their hearts; how they picked up and juggled the days and made them sparkle, or if they did. They were in their late seventies and their lives were quiet outside as one could imagine "as quiet as the snow or the rain or the rustle of trees in midsummer. I would go home to where my wife and children were bustling and bickering, growing up and growing older, partying and dining and hoping for Paris or Broadway or Cape Cod, dreaming of yachts and sleek motors and brave deeds, impulsively finding life filled with twists and turns and fascinating reflections of unseen lights, beckoning toward them some adventure or other. I loved them and encouraged them. Life is to be lived, savoured, salted and consumed. But what do you dream about when you are almost eighty and have been in love for fifty years? Is not every avenue long explored, every lake sailed, every wave broken across a finite and decided shore, every star discovered? Now and then, my wife and I would take my father and mother on short trips. These trips excited but did not overwhelm my parents. They were pleased but not moved. My father gets up at seven-thirty and takes a briefcase and goes for a long walk, all dressed up as if he were an attorney about to stage his most thrilling case. He goes to a downtown hotel and sits in the lobby and smokes a cigar. He likes it there in the lobby early in the day. After that, he walks for miles through stores and shops and the public library. He knows many people, small people, or should I say, working people: He talks with them about the weather and the latest sports events. Then he buys half-a-dozen doughnuts, puts them in his briefcase, goes home, and takes a nap. My mother markets and plays canasta with her three girlfriends once a week. Otherwise they watch television or listen to the radio. They never go to the movies. Years and years ago my father played in movie theatres for silent pictures and afterwards for pictures vaudeville. He is just as happy if he never sees a motion picture again. Do they notice each other? Do they have strong emotions for each other? But how could they? The arms are inelastic. The eyes are dim.

Chapter 8 : MY MOTHER'S HANDS - (THE LORD'S PRAYER)

"My mother's hands are always there. They touch me, hold me, care for me". From page one to the very last page this book leads us thru the special relationship of a mother and her daughter from the very 1st smile in the hospital bed to the daughter becoming a mom herself.

Chapter 9 : : Summary of the text My mother's hands by Robert Fountain

The book I read to research this post was No Bed Of Roses by Joan Fontaine which is an excellent book which I bought from Amazon. I got this book from the library and read it a long time ago but it was a book I really enjoyed so I thought I'd read it again and do a review on it.