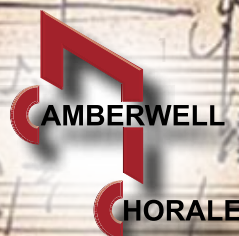


# Sounds Organised



August 2011

1/11

My whole trick is to keep the tune well out in front. If I play Tchaikovsky, I play his melodies and skip his spiritual struggle.

*Liberace (1919-1987) American pianist*

## Three Generations of Mozart

The concert featured the music of three generations of Mozarts, from Leopold (*Litaniae de Venerabili*) to Wolfgang Amadeus (his Great Mass in C minor K427) to Franz Xavier (Piano Concerto in E flat, Op.25). We were fortunate to be joined by a brilliant array of soloists: Katherine Shiell (pianist in F.X.'s Concerto), Emily Uhrich and Lauren Oldham (sopranos), Kerrie Bolton (mezzo soprano), Brenton Spiteri (tenor) and Jerzy Kozlowski (bass). Reviewer, Jesam Stewart-Rech, also doubled as harpsichordist in the concert. [Ed.]

I gained a new perspective of our conductor 'Doug' from my audience chair. During the concert I noticed him dishing out the 'nods-and-smiles' to anyone going slightly astray, MY nods!! I then realised that Douglas has the remarkable talent of being right on top of every single part, with assistance and eyeballing so instantaneous that you could be forgiven for thinking he was only reading your line. I was also able to witness his very clear beat and phrasing from more than my usual metre away and thought again how lucky the choir and orchestra are to work with such a talented professional musician.

From the orchestra, I cannot say



much about the *Litany* by Leopold Mozart (except that Douglas' clear beat got me out of a confusing eight bars of repeated quavers!)

I will say how wonderful Mary's baroque playing is, and how she coaxes a clear, light sound from the strings by both example and instruction.

Katherine's performance of Franz Mozart's piano concerto was so joyous, and the sensitive orchestra seemed to be in absolute partnership, playing games with her. Throughout those never ending semiquavers, Katherine maintained such a beautiful tone, and put care into the phrasing of every note; the phrasing was magical. As a pianist I was admiring the beauty of her



exquisite pedalling in the *andante* movement – Katherine certainly has a special affinity for Mozart.

Glory, what a Gloria!! The not so small orchestra was really working up a big sound, but it was battered by the huge wash of sound coming from the choir! There were many thrilling moments like this in the Mass in C minor by Wolfgang Mozart. Lauren performed the *Laudamus* like a coloratura songbird, so clear and precise. Emily sang *Et incarnatus est* with such effortless poise and pitched perfect entries. The choir seemed to really enjoy the *Sanctus*, giving a great sound, and proving the arrangement of the voice parts worked well. Another highlight was the solo quartet in the *Benedictus*: these voices blended so beautifully and they passed phrases from one to another seamlessly. As with all

the soloists, Brenton's performance was technically sound and this enabled the listener to relax and enjoy the musical interest the singers brought to the piece. I admired the ability of Jerzy to stand up for the first time in the piece only in this last movement – and nail it!



In this thoroughly enjoyable concert, only the empty audience chairs were a disappointment – each one could have been one more person that experienced this unique and fascinating program.

**JS-R**

As well as freelancing as an accompanist and repetiteur, Jesam is the Music Co-ordinator and cycle three classroom music teacher at Melbourne Montessori School. Teaching is not something she had in mind when completing her degrees in performance and accompaniment at WAAPA and the Tasmanian Conservatorium, but Jesam has found her calling and will begin her Masters of Education next year.

### Inside . . .

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# Start collecting your Bits-and-pieces and Treasures

As you all know, the financial viability of the Chorale relies heavily on members contributing that little bit extra through the year via raffles, Margaret Keighley's wonderful assortment of fund-raising activities, and the new trading table initiative.

The annual Monster Garage Sale has also become a very enjoyable, but very necessary part of our fund-raising / friend-raising calendar! This year we aim to clear \$5,000. The big date is **Saturday, October 8<sup>th</sup>, opening at 8am.** As usual, it will be at the Ashburton Scout Hall, Ashburton Reserve, High Street, Ashburton!

Weather permitting, the crowd of dealers and eager buyers builds from 7am on the morning of the sale, jostling for position, unaware of the sausage sizzler setting up his stall only metres away. From the minute the doors open at 8.00am the masses pour in, surging past the cake and jam stall and straight to mecca, the tables bulging with bargains! The selling frenzy is intense and sales staff are run off their feet!

However, activity does tend to subside towards our closing time of 2pm,

allowing helpers to sort, discard, re-pack, and generally clean up the hall ready for the hand-back to Bruce Eager, President of the Ashburton Scouts, by 5pm on the Saturday.

From **9am, Friday 7<sup>th</sup>** will also be very important – Set-up Day, requiring an enormous effort from as many Chorale members as possible.

The hard work begins at **9am** with deliveries of goods coming from all directions, but mostly from Sean Dillon's storage facility. We spend the day sifting through the amazing volume of donated goods and sorting them into categories/mini departments – eg, art work, crockery, glassware, Christmas, books, CDs, DVDs, sporting goods, toys, manchester, quality clothing, etc. The day is great fun, with lots of chatter and laughs, and we're always well fed, thanks to our volunteer caterer!

**TO MAKE ALL OF THIS HAPPEN, WE NEED YOU!** We need as many volunteers as possible – choir members plus family and friends, if possible. In past years we have had up to fifty helpers, spread over the two days. Helpers on Friday 7<sup>th</sup>

have the wonderful opportunity of advance bargain purchases. We need lots of sales people, particularly first thing on Saturday morning. The 7.30-9.30am shift is frenetic, but exciting. Unsurprisingly, most cash is taken during this period.

Co-ordinators for this year's event will again be Helen Brown, Margaret Hill and Sean Dillon, but we're on the hunt for a new caterer, and some budding co-captains to train up and help spread the load! So, can we see any hands up?? Shortly we'll be taking names of those willing to help.

In addition, if you have suitable goods to donate please note that **Op-Shop quality is regarded as the minimum standard!** We do not accept heavy furniture or white goods, and we do not offer a home-delivery service.

Please see Sean, Margaret or Helen if you have items to donate. If you are unable to bring them along on Friday 7<sup>th</sup>, we can arrange storage for you.

Thank you.

**MH**

## COMMITTEE, 2011-12

**President** – Adam Brown  
(Ph - 9809 4806)

**Vice-President** –

**Music Director** – Douglas Heywood  
OAM  
(Ph - 9391 2086)

**Secretary** – Dianne Camilleri  
(Ph - 9855 1221)

**Treasurer** – Peter FitzRoy  
(Ph - 9500 0542)

**Membership** – Marieke van de Graaff  
(Ph - 9872 4077)

**Publicity** – Judi Graham  
(Ph - 9885 9899)

**Librarians** – Dan Linsten  
(Ph - 9882 4882) and  
Sean Dillon  
(Ph - 9894 1898)

**Website Liaison** – Rodney van Cooten  
(Ph - 9421 0525)

**Fund Raising** – Margaret Keighley  
(Ph - 9561 2531)

**Uniforms** – Helen Brown  
(Ph - 9836 9704)

**Newsletter** –

**Stage Management** – Sean Dillon  
(Ph - 9894 1898), and  
Rodney van Cooten  
(Ph - 9421 0525)

**Church Liaison** – Isobel North  
(Ph - 9808 1668)

**Social Secretary** –

**Ticket Sales** – Helen Brown  
(Ph - 9836 9704)

**Venue Bookings** – Isobel North  
(Ph - 9808 1668)

**General Duties** – Bruce McLaren  
(Ph - 9817 3214)

### Non-Committee Positions

**Newsletter Editor** – John Gregory  
**Website and Newsletter Assistant** –  
David Dyson

## How do you say “Goodbye” to Someone who has meant So Much to So Many?

*Doug Heywood gave this eulogy at the funeral for Marj Marks.*

What a joy, what an absolute joy and privilege it has been to have known Marj for nigh on forty years, and to have had the chance to share so much with her.

How do you say ‘goodbye’ to someone who has meant so much to you, to me, to Alex, to the choir, and to so many more.

Of course there is sorrow in our hearts, for sorrow is a human condition; but there must also be room for joy, room to celebrate the life of such a wonderful person.

As we sit here today we can quietly reflect and remember all that she has given us, the joy she that has shared with us, and the joy that she has left in our hearts.

Marj was a person of many talents: an artist, a singer, a floral decorator, a practical person, and a great organizer. Her commitment to any activity she was involved in was total; whether it was doing a floral arrangement for the church, or for a special occasion for her friends. I remember the magnificent floral arrangement Marj did for our wedding: it was beautiful and greatly admired by all the guests. I remember also the cheeky table flowers Marj arranged for my recent 70<sup>th</sup>; they were just terrific.

Whether it was singing in the choir, greeting new members, helping prepare for upcoming concerts, no matter what it was, Marj did it, and it was always done with grace, diligence and a tremendous sense of pride. She always led by example.

Her involvement with the Camberwell Chorale began thirty-nine years ago under the baton of Dr Hermann Schildberger, a man she greatly admired. When I was appointed conductor in 1974 after the death of Dr Schildberger, it was not long before I became aware of her commitment to the choir, her undoubted love of singing, and her willingness to help in any way possible. She

was a conductor’s ideal chorister: always punctual, marked her scores, paid attention to detail, and practiced at home. And she was always there to tactfully sort out the seating for the concerts.

When the Victorian Concert Choir – an occasional choir of three hundred voices was formed by the Camberwell Chorale in 1983 – it was Marj and Lionel who became the backbone of this organization. They both worked tirelessly for the choir, and their wisdom and guidance ensured that every concert was a resounding success.

I remember with great affection the many meetings we had at 9 Greenways Road for the VCC and the Camberwell Chorale. Apart from the formal business, there was always time for a laugh, a chance to solve some of the world’s problems, the opportunity to eat Lionel’s world renowned *Anzac Biscuits*, and of course, to have a wee nip. Marj loved a brandy and dry and recently told Alex, so that she could try one, the perfect proportions – a slosh of brandy, a slosh of dry, and enjoy it. Well, it took Alex several attempts to find the right amount of slosh. And she did enjoy it!

With all the extra work-load involved in organizing the VCC’s annual concerts, Marj and Lionel’s commitment to the Camberwell Chorale never wavered. Lionel became President of the choir, and guided it for the ten years. He was not only a wise President, he was a terrific ambassador for the choir. Marj continued to be an essential and valued member, and without question, it was Marj’s remarkable energy, her sense of fun, the warmth of her personality, and her unquestionable love of singing that pervaded rehearsals and every performance. She was an inspiration to so many. And how proud she was of the choir’s achievements!

On concert day, Marj and Lionel were a team – Lionel would greet the audience at the door and, with a warm smile and steady

hand, collect the ticket money; Marj would be behind the stage quietly making certain that the choir was suitably attired. For the ladies, jewellery was NOT to be to prominent, short skirts were not tolerated, (I used to think that was a pity for it could be an interesting look! But on reflection, she was right) and bare skin was definitely a no-no. And of course, the men had to be wearing the correct tie. After the performance Marj and Lionel would make certain that everything was in order before the doors were closed and they left.

During the nearly forty years that Marj had been with the Camberwell Chorale, including the fifteen years with the VCC, many hundreds of people were touched by her warm heart and generosity of spirit as she guided them, helped them, and showed them the importance of caring for others, and also the importance of living life to its fullest.

I am certain that, throughout her life, Marj never once asked what the community could do for her, but rather what could she do for the community.

I am sure that from all the communities that Marj been involved in, there are many hundreds of people whose lives have been touched by her. I know they will have a very personal and special place in their hearts for this most wonderful, kind and caring person. I do know that Alex and I will never forget Marj for her love, her friendship, her wise words and the twinkle in her eye.

Marj’s life has been a celebration of all that is good, and from her life we have all profited. I have no doubt that we will continue to celebrate those moments that this very special person has shared with us.

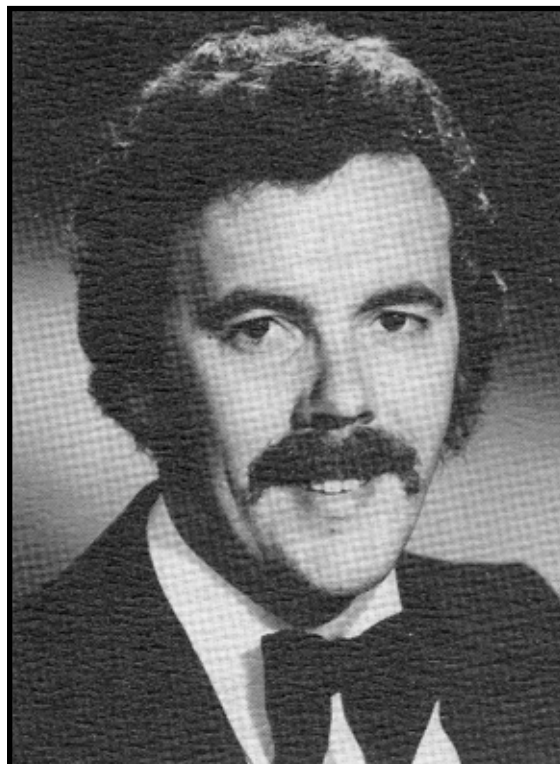
Lionel, Libby, Prue, Andrew and all the members of the family, thanks for giving me the honour of speaking today.

Thanks Marj for the wonderful legacy you have left.

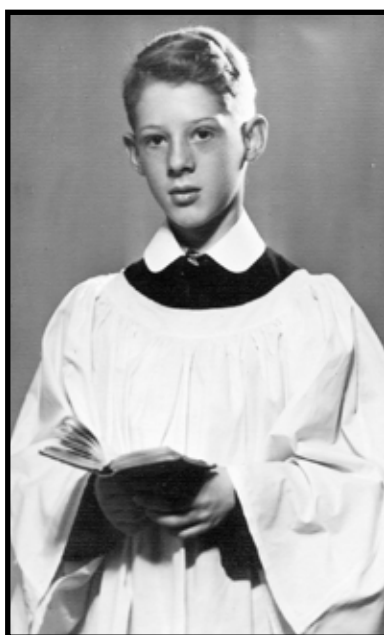
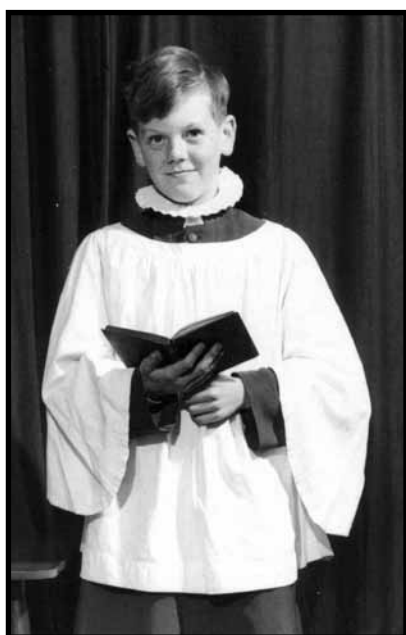


## Time's Winged Chariot . . .

Despite some people's delusions, we're all getting older. Clear evidence follows, in the form of old photos of several individuals better known to choir members in their current incarnation.



No, it's not Starsky and Hutch, but Heywood and Cousins (Doug and Ian), as featured in the programme for the Victorian Concert Choir's performance of Haydn's 'Creation,' Melbourne Concert Hall, 28 July, 1985.



Guess who?! The members of this 'angelic' trio (as photographed 50+ years ago) are all current members of the Camberwell Chorale. Hint: the photo on the left has already appeared in an earlier issue of *Sounds Organised* (April 2007).

*Chorale members are invited to contribute their own photos, in similar vein, for inclusion in future issues of the Newsletter. [Ed.]*

# The History of Applause

How often have you seen a performer raise a hand to hush the applause breaking out after the first movement of a symphony or a concerto? Perhaps you're one of those people who turns angrily towards the 'offenders' to hush them up. If so, I doubt Mozart is on your side.

He was delighted with the applause in Paris that greeted an effect in the last movement of his symphony for that city: a very quiet beginning, which made the audience hush their companions so that it could be heard, then a sudden loud outburst.

Yes, people used to talk during the performance, and not just as they still do from time to time in Latin countries such as Italy and Spain. A report from Amsterdam in 1808 describes audiences beginning to chat during the slow movements of Beethoven symphonies. Eighteenth century composers took this for granted; Mozart, for example, writing to his father about Count Salern, who really listened to the performance of a Mozart divertimento, whereas the other courtiers went on talking, taking snuff and so on.

Louis Spohr, in similar circumstances, asserted himself in favour of the music. In 1801-2, when Spohr was in the service of the Duke of Brunswick, concerts were listened to in silence when the Duke was present; when he was not, so that the Duchess's card party would not be disturbed, the orchestra was forbidden to play loudly, a carpet was spread to deaden the sound, and the bidding of the card players was often louder than the music. On one occasion, Spohr relates, he forgot the prohibition, and played 'with all the vigour and fire of inspiration, so that I even carried the orchestra with

me. Suddenly, in the middle of a solo, my arm was seized by a lackey, who whispered to me "her Highness sends me to tell you that you are not to scrape away so furiously". Enraged, Spohr played even more loudly, and was rebuked by the marshal of the court.

Before you think 'those were the bad old days', pause a moment to reflect that this is still the way most people experience music. On radio or recordings it is often background to other activities, and at rock or jazz concerts people talk and applaud without guilt during the performances. There's something very unusual about the concert experience in which you are participating as you read. In its earliest days, this new, less participatory concert behaviour seemed unusual. A music journalist in Leipzig in the 1820s commented with pride that 'symphonies are played here as they ought to be played elsewhere, but unfortunately rarely are in other places, namely entire and complete, with no other pieces between the movements'.

The Leipzig burgher subscribers were proud of their attention span. They believed serious listening was the solution to the problem of keeping a passive audience from boredom. In Beethoven's day this problem had been tackled by kaleidoscopic programs, including arias, solos, and choral works as well as symphonies, and inserting other pieces between the movements of a symphony. At the premiere of Beethoven's Violin Concerto in Vienna, Franz Clement followed the first movement by playing a solo holding his violin upside down! Concert programs were much longer than ours, but not everything

was expected to be heard with equal attention.

If the middle-class concert, as opposed to the salon or court concert patronised by the aristocracy, became shorter, it was partly because busy people earning their living had to rationalise their time. But there was more to it than that. Applause is the clue. Percy Scholes, whose *Oxford Companion to Music* is a valuable contributor to the cultivation of the 'music appreciation' needed for the new kind of concert, comments that in matters of applause 'we tend to be more restrained than our forbears'. Clapping after singers' arias, he comments, is more common at the opera than at orchestral concerts, since their audiences 'are usually more knowledgeable than those at the opera'. Scholes seems unaware of the question-begging and snobbery in this statement.

Applause is, after all, a form of audience participation, and appreciation – perhaps the only one left to the audience at a symphony concert. Throughout the nineteenth century, musicians and their public seemed uncertain whether they were participating in a ritual or an entertainment. Mendelssohn, for example, helped pioneer the new kind of concert in Leipzig and elsewhere (the kind in which pieces were heard whole, in which representative masterpieces from the past were included along with contemporary compositions, and in which the key elements became the concerto and the symphony). These concerts were recognisable precursors of our 'subscription orchestral concerts'. Yet Mendelssohn recognised that applause would break in – a *tutti*, he thought, should always be inserted by a composer

# Tracks

When the Editor asked me to write about my recent travel, I wondered what would interest fellow choristers, given that most of you have been to where I went, if not in person, then via a documentary, film or book. Since it is probably the personal experience rather than the travelogue that will keep you awake, that is what you'll get if you read on.

The trip was in three parts – the first, a 300 kilometre walk across England from west to east, and the last, a five-day walk through the Maliau Basin in Sabah on the island of Borneo. The middle was a nine-day tour around Scotland in a hire car, followed by three days in London.

So why "Tracks"?

The walking aspect is obvious. In the more remote regions of Scotland, there are main roads comprising a single lane with a slight widening every fifty metres or so, that are called 'passing places'. In Australia they would be called tracks. And to stretch the metaphor to breaking point, when I travel, I seek out musical performances, and they provided the sound track to the trip.

## The Coast-to-Coast Walk

Alfred Wainright, a public servant who spent a lot of his life walking the countryside of northern England, published a book in the 1950s that promoted the idea of walking across England from St Bees to Robin Hood's Bay, through the Lake District of Cumbria and the North

Yorkshire moors. I had heard about it a while ago, and when four of my bushwalking friends decided to do it this year, I joined them, dipped my toe in the Irish Sea and set off.

I won't describe the beautiful scenery, as this is about the personal impressions. Read Wordsworth for the Lake District, and watch Heartbeat



*In case you are not into poetry, a typical scene in the Lake District*

for the North Yorkshire Moors.

A highlight was the friendliness and generosity of the people. We stayed in youth hostels, bed-and-breakfasts and small hotels, which meant that we relied on the people running them for a lot of advice and other assistance. It was always given freely. I sometimes had to stay off the track for lack of closer accommodation, and was always picked up and driven back, which saved a lot of pain (see below) when the extra distance sometimes amounted to five or more kilometres. In one instance, where a cash payment was required for an overnight stay, I looked in my wallet and found it bare. The proprietor said without prompting that it was

fine if I sent the money when I got back to Australia (I later found my stash in the pack). In another, I forgot to pick up my lunch pack from the hotel I had stayed in, and the landlord drove along the road to find me.

The walk goes through farm land, villages and towns and so is accessible in a way that Australian bushwalking

tracks are not, and I was struck by the range and number of people walking it. English law enshrines the right of anyone to walk virtually anywhere in the countryside, and they certainly take advantage of it, often accompanied by a dog. There were also runners and bicyclists who, to us, appeared to be doing it the hard way, since much of the track is rocky and uneven.

I can't leave this track though, without some mention of the pain. Being a tenor, I'm not too bright, and carried a 17.5 kilogram pack for the whole three hundred kilometres at an average rate of twenty kilometres per day. My sensible companions were carrying no more than eight kilograms. The overall trip meant that I needed that weight of stuff, but I should have twigged to the service provided by local entrepreneurs who transport your luggage by van between accommodation points. The result was a fierce set of blisters by about Day 5, stretched tendons, and God knows what else, that each night, caused me to lie on the bed throbbing with pain. The other ailment, about which you will be spared the ugly detail, resulted from drinking water directly from the River Swale when my water bottle ran out. "DO NOT DRINK UNTREATED WATER" is in all the guidebooks, of course.

To end on a positive note, however, I greatly enjoyed the experience of walking through the beautiful, and at times, dramatic English countryside, and I would recommend anyone who has the time and the legs [*and feet? Ed*], to do it. But do it smart, with a light pack and with your luggage in a van.

## Driving around Scotland

After dipping my toe in the North Sea, I caught the train to Edinburgh, where my wife and I met up. She had been shopping and touring in London over the previous week. We hired a car and spent nine days in Scotland, following the coastline counter-clockwise. We stopped wherever something caught our interest,



*Helen, Ian and I on the low road; John and Geoff were taking the high road this day*





Sue; you can see where she is

and in between, enjoyed the charming countryside and seaside of the lowlands and the dramatic mountains and streams of the highlands.

We had a Castles-of-Scotland ticket which admitted us to seven castles over thirteen days. My favourite was Fort George near Inverness, an enormous 17<sup>th</sup> century structure built to squash the rebellious highlanders, and still a working army base. A contrast was provided by Threave Castle near the town of Castle Douglas in the lowlands. It is on a small island in the River Dee, once the centre of a thriving village, and only accessible by a walk through farmland and a rowboat ride, the oarsmen being summoned by ringing a brass bell. Because it is still in the countryside, and largely intact, it took little imagination to conjure it back into its original mediæval life.

Scotland is not only history though. We visited Talisker distillery on the Isle of Skye to enjoy an informative tour and taste the product, and in Oban we were stirred by the sounds of the High School pipe band practising on the seafront one misty evening. On the ferry from the Isle of Arran to the mainland, I eavesdropped on a group of retired ladies discussing

their day walking to its highest point, Goat Fell, and other walks they had done or were planning. My feet sent me a warning twinge, as the ladies swapped bushwalking stories about the tribulations they had experienced on past tracks.

We finished our tour with two days in Glasgow before boarding the train back to London; and two days later flew to Singapore.

### **The Maliau Basin**

The following day I flew to Kota Kinabalu, the capital of the Malaysian State of Sabah, while Sue explored the retail delights of Singapore for another two days before flying home. A friend living in Sabah had arranged the walk in the Maliau Basin through a local touring company. He and his wife had collected four of us for the trip, none of whom knew each other. But as it turned out we were highly compatible and greatly enjoyed each others' company.



Photo taken of the group by Chris, showing Clem, Ahmed, Celia, Alice, Meril, Tom, Joe and Dom

South from Kota Kinabalu for about 250 kilometres took us, initially, through the populated coastlands before springing up on to the central mountain range, where the tarmac road eventually turned to pot-holed gravel, with the odd washed-out section. The last fifty kilometres to the Park entrance took two hours. From there along an even more primitive track of twenty-five kilometres to the Maliau Basin Research Centre took another two hours. The final highway section had been through thick tropical forest, but that was nothing compared to what bordered

the track into the Park, which has never been logged. A four-hundred-year-old tree that rises eighty metres into the sky is truly awe-inspiring. Which made it somewhat of a shock to arrive at the Research Centre and find a fair-sized village with made roads, individual houses and apartment blocks, a hostel and a virtual five-star hotel, plus substantial offices and a laboratory, and what is more, street lights!

The Maliau Basin was only discovered in 1947 when a pilot chanced upon it, and saw an uplifted area up to seventy kilometres across, protected on three sides by a steep escarpment. It was first entered on foot in 1988. It has been open to tourists for less than ten years. The tourists are confined to a well beaten set of tracks which connect a series of camps originally established for researchers. We spent four nights in three camps, as well as the first and last nights in the Research Centre, walking for five days, about ten kilometres per day.

The main advertised attraction is the wildlife, surveys of the Park having recorded hundreds of species of arthropods, reptiles and mammals. And you can certainly hear them . . . the whooping calls of gibbons, the rat-a-tat-tat of woodpeckers, the manic calls of the hornbills, and the thumping rush of a disturbed deer escaping through

the undergrowth. But sightings are rare and fleeting, and you have to be very alert and quick with the binoculars. We actually did see quite a few when you add them up, but for me the highlight remained the trees – especially significant to me as a woodworker. Although I think it is essential that areas like this remain untouched by loggers, as I walked past I could not help thinking how many beautiful dining-room tables and chests-of-drawers could be made.

# Bassic Notes

As scientific experiments prove, basses have unique brains that equip them for many unusual tasks and activities. Further evidence follows on these two pages.

... about

## Stuart Hamilton



Attentive readers of The Weekend Australian (July 16-17, 2011: Weekend Professional section, p.8: Education) will have noted that Stuart is about to relinquish the position of Chief Executive Officer of Open Universities Australia, after about eight years in the post.

Running the organization, co-owned by seven Australian universities, offering courses from about twenty tertiary institutions to students ranging in age from 13 to 93, and with an annual revenue of \$119 million and a profit of \$16m (in 2010), requires a blend of commercial and academic skills. During Stuart's period in office, enrolled students have increased from about 25,000 to over 130,000 – a growth he attributes largely to the introduction of online delivery while he has been in charge.

Well done indeed, Stuart. A position on the Camberwell Chorale Committee clearly beckons!

... from Don Helmore

## Our Choir

It's a bonny Boroondara choir  
Camberwell Chorale its name.  
Sixty years long, and even prior,  
Singing Latin is its name.

Songs well sung, both sad and glee,  
Require the kind of practice  
Which stretch the leaders, he and she,  
With love and angst and av'rice.

The two up front get very blunt  
When notes not there are sung,  
The soft cajole becomes a grunt,  
'Piano to double forte' tongue.

Mozart and Handel take the prize.  
Hebrew history is exalted.  
Penguin singers with black ties  
Burst their lungs, with morals jolted.

Eyes that weep and mouths like clowns,  
Arms with weighty music droop.  
Tuesday practice tries for sounds  
Of tone superb, and chortling as a group.

Latin text needs laughing gas  
To thwart the sacred tedium  
Of vespers, matins, endless mass,  
And the odd Ave Verium.

Contraltos cool, all hot the sops.,  
Tenors fierce and basses grumpy,  
We feel we're often 'on the hops',  
The staves are lumpy, bumpy, jumpy.

We oft have trouble where we sit.  
May we sound and look a picture?  
We spend much time and space and wit  
Moving chairs for the best mixture.

We, behoven, Bach or Beethoven  
Seek the Handel to ope' 'Messiah'.  
Treas'rer Pete and Wolfgang meet  
To seek the cash for our desire.

It's a load to bear but we get there  
Much to our Pres's pleasure.  
We have good fun if we can dare  
Match volume, notes and measure.

But definit'ly, we do enjoy  
Our music, hopes, endeavour,  
And sing like birds "Bravo", "Ahoy"  
We'll warble on for ever.

We sing so oft 'Our Fathers' love  
Through thick and thin and weather  
And when we rest, we really find  
We're at the far end of our tether.

**DH**

... and from David Dyson, ex-bass, in Tasmania



David Dyson was a long-term, rather average bass with CC, and in May, moved to a slightly isolated cottage in Bothwell, a town of 350 about an hour NW of Hobart. Ed

## A Bellow from Bothwell

Manifestations of meteorology, sociology, physics and anatomy have dominated the early stages of Bothwellian life.

Forewarned is forearmed. Or so they say ... Meteorologically, Bothwell has lived up to its reputation exquisitely, exemplarily – and disappointingly. A couple of days of snow, strings of deep frosts (-5° or 'more'), rain pushing the river up close to the house and covering three-quarters of the block, and wind reflecting the 178 kph blast which hit Mt Wellington have been highlights. Happily, other than occasional minor rattles of corrugated iron, the cottage seems sound, and in general, all domestic systems seem to be functioning well.

The cottage's heating facilities are 'underdeveloped', and the quest for warmth has gone through stages. In early weeks, it was not quite a crouch over the Dickensian-flicker-in-the-hearth situation, but not a lot better. Moving to an open fire required a number of steps, and its advent was transformative.

The pursuit of warmth, or its retention, has channelled me into a string of lamentable – if also, pragmatic – firsts, for many years, or for ever:

- the wearing of long johns
- the wearing of bed socks
- use of fire lighters
- a warming shower just before bolting to bed
- donning of a dressing gown, over clothes, at about 3pm
- purchase and use of Ugg (ugh) slippers and tracky-dacks
- the wearing of pyjamas



A stoop to a hot-water bottle has been totally eschewed.

Our learned periodical deserves an 'exclusiv'e. For the first time, an illness common to high latitude zones is to be named in the literature: Steam Roller Syndrome. You'll understand that sleeping under seventeen layers of bedding is quite a compressing experience.

It's been 'encouraging' that the locals reckon it's the coldest winter for a long time. It could be the cold, global warming, or something else, but . . . is now the normal time for (cold-requiring) daffodils to be showing themselves? And gorse in full bloom, and hawthorn box to be fruiting? Why were frogs croaking last night for the first time? The cherry blossom is out.

On matters anatomical, the settling-in process has scarcely started. Have you ever snapped an Achilles'? Doing it within a day of arrival at a new residence (20<sup>th</sup> May) presents some major constraints, and unpacking is all but impossible.

Following surgery, driving was impossible, and a mild bout of cabin fever ensued. A second cast allowed driving again – against strict instructions – and getting down to the town, one-and-a-half kilometres, meets many needs. The third incarnation of restorative 'footware' – a boot type of device – transformed life a couple of weeks ago. It allows walking (on two legs), lifting of objects heavier than the newspaper, and it's good for driving (still illegal).

And, now to physics – that most detestable of disciplines. Have you ever

been on crutches? It means that hands are not readily available or able, and that holding, and the placing of many objects, is clumsy. Suffice it to say that awareness of gravity and its perverse ways was greatly magnified. Hanging out the washing would have afforded an onlooker a laugh or two: balancing on one foot whilst hanging on to the unpredictably rotating Hills hoist, I was nearly swung into mid-air on a number of occasions. Those weeks saw sharp honing of fruity invective (but no new, juicy words were acquired at the pub).

Socially and sociologically, inroads are being developed, not least because of self-introduction, willy-nilly, around the town to many encountered. The response has been somewhat varied, but, most commonly, positive. Between the general store, the pub, the coffee shop, the Bothwell Angling Club's annual dinner, an afternoon in a shearing shed, neighbours and an old friend, I'm meeting people right across the social spectrum. There is something of a 'graziers/land-owners-and-the-rest' mentality, and the two groups seem to socialise very little together. Possession of two-and-a-bit hectares is unlikely to give automatic membership of the grazier/landowner club, but nevertheless, a foot in both camps would be nice. Actually, I already have a foot in a third social group: a few half-frozen mice are keen to share my cottage and food.

On a more personal social note, it's comfortable to hypothecate that the grim Bothwellian winter has propelled Cupid into deep hibernation. Reality is probably different: with a one-

legged (until recently) late-sixties-year old in his sights, ammunition fired is deemed a waste; arrows are better conserved in the quiver.

What does life in Bothwell lack? Other than the obvious things – people, facilities, etc – in no order of importance and very incompletely, are things like a quality newspaper with local content; people like Jon Faine and Red Symons; a choir (but that should be rectified shortly). A swimming pool would be great. Not that it's my scene, but, umm, Bothwell ain't exactly a hot-spot of 'glamourati'.

The move to Bothwell had a number of motivating factors: one was change. Bad, life wasn't, in any sense, but I didn't wish to continue in the same vague rut for my remaining fifteen to twenty years. Bothwell's cold, floods on three-quarters of the block, a divided rural community of 350, parochiality, sharing the cottage with mice, frozen pipes, ready access to fishing and other bushy joys, silence and space, crackly radios, a blackberry problem, and an open fire; within the immediate vicinity of the cottage, bumble-bees, platypus, an echidna, various macropods and snakes; an on-the-spot refresher on shearing and agronomy, a garden, good old country blackouts, no Melbourne traffic, and an outside clothes line! together with many other things, all add up to a big change.

Is life richer? Well, it's rich with change, but, overall, no. That takes time . . .

*Regards to all. Visitors welcome!*

**DD**



Pesky puddles periodically 'pear. My damp little patch occupies the left half, below, and the right half, above, of the photos



## The Spirit of Christmas in Winter

Many choir members battled the bitter cold to join in the annual 'Christmas in July' dinner.

To get into the swing, the Barber Shop Quartet sang a traditional carol and a humorous take on 'When I'm 64'.

The main fare provided an array of dishes including pea and ham soup, cold meats, salmon, mince kebabs, salads, and chipolatas wrapped in bacon.

To finish, sweets that ranged from the old favourites to chocolate crackles were on offer.

Committee member, and one of the event's organisers Isobel North said "We always have a plum pudding with some custard and cream and mince pies, however other people bring along something a bit different and that is just as enjoyable. It is a lovely experience and a time for people to just enjoy each other's company".

Also, deputy conductor, Alex Cameron, was presented a with bouquet of flowers for her contribution in the recent concert, 'A Classical Experience', where works from Mozart and Beethoven were performed.

As always, the raffle proved to be popular. Two lucky recipients won a gourmet hamper each.

All in all, it was a joyous occasion.

PM (alto)

 ... continued from page 7 – Tracks

Waterfalls were another highlight. The water rushes over one or two stone ledges to rock-lined pools up to twenty metres below, and above and around the pools, stretching a hundred metres up, is a curtain of greenery supported by the majestic trees. We swam in three of the pools, a sensuous experience after walking eight kilometres through 100% humidity in 40° heat. Stripping to our togs also provided the opportunity to check for the ubiquitous leeches.

### What about the Music?

I go to a Melbourne Symphony Orchestra series every year, and this year had been looking forward to Haydn's *Creation*, so was somewhat disappointed that it coincided with the trip. But, as happens when the stars are in alignment, the Edinburgh Bach Choir was doing it while we were there. The performance was in Greyfriars Kirk (of Greyfriars Bobby fame – Google it). The sixty-member choir and Scottish Sinfonia Orchestra gave a very fine performance to a full church. An uncanny aspect



Henry Herford looking like  
Ian Cousins

was the resemblance of the bass soloist to Ian Cousins. And there was the usual Bob Adams look-alike in the choir.

One of the series of free lunchtime concerts given

every Saturday was an organ recital by Jonathan Melling in Renfield St Stephens Church in Bath Street, Glasgow. Melling is organist at All Hallows Church by the Tower of London. Among others, he played pieces by Bach and Elgar in a very enjoyable and intimate performance, as there were about fifteen people in the audience. The Glasgow Royal Concert Hall advertised a 'Praise Gathering', which boasted a four-hundred-member choir, so I bought a ticket on spec. It turned out to be a combined concert / prayer meeting, in which the choir and soloists performed religious songs.

I was missing singing so I joined in heartily when they invited audience (congregation?)-participation.

In London I discovered that Daniel Barenboim was giving a recital of Liszt concertos with Pierre Boulez as conductor, together with some Wagner. I ran down to Festival Hall on Southbank, but understandably, it was sold out. The booking office lady said I could wait for cancellations, but there was already a man in the queue, so I passed. Instead, I went to a chamber music recital at Wigmore Hall by the Belcea Quartet, who presented quartets by Janáček and Dvořák. There I got the last ticket sold, and had to stand at the back of the auditorium. Hard on the feet, but good on the ears.

### And then home . . .

But all things pass, and I landed at Tullamarine six weeks after leaving, with significantly less physical bulk but an additional store of memories to treasure . . . which is the purpose of travel, isn't it?

JS (tenor)

... continued from page 5 – Applause

after the soloist's cadenza, lest applause disrupt the rest of the movement.

Wagner, who, more than Mendelssohn advanced the cult of the virtuoso conductor, had even more influence on the transformation of the performance venue, whether it be opera house or concert hall, into a kind of temple. Edward Dent, in *Opera*, tells us we owe it to Wagner that the doors are shut and latecomers are made to wait outside, and that applause is reserved for the end of an act. It was Wagner, too, who insisted that the auditorium be darkened as a matter of course during a performance. This has been generally applied in the opera house, but not in the concert hall, where it is a matter of some controversy.

Those who would enforce the rule that the concert ritual should be heard in silence often favour dimming the house lights. This, however, works against another doctrine of modern concert-giving: that the audience, to become knowledgeable, must be informed. Quite early in the nineteenth century, audiences were provided with printed programs listing the performers, the pieces, and even the movements. In the second half of the century explanatory program notes were included, as an expression of the movement for 'concert reform'. One purpose of the printed program is (like an order of service) to indicate when participation is required and allowed. Hence the careful listing of movements, with dashes to indicate which are continuous. The audience must know where it is up to so as not to disturb the ritual with untimely (and embarrassing) applause.

There is something moral about all this: gone are the pauses for refreshment, the wandering in and out. The

mood must not be disturbed. No accident that Leo Tolstoy, in his novella, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, finds something deeply inappropriate in applause after such a piece as that sonata's first movement: 'Is it right to play [it] ... and then to applaud it, and immediately afterwards to eat ice-cream and discuss the latest scandal? Such pieces as this should only be performed in rare and solemn circumstances of life, and even then, only if certain deeds that accord with the music are to be accomplished'. The aristocratic Tolstoy takes to a moralistic extreme the idea that music has a moral function, one which for the bourgeoisie was more often expressed as education. Aesthetic contemplation of music meant it was not only to be enjoyed, but to be 'understood', which forced audiences to listen silently

The audience, in the new kind of concert, participates silently, experiencing each overture, concerto and symphony, played whole and uninterrupted by applause, as a self-sufficient entity, worthy of sustained attention, which should take the form of silently retracing the act of composition in the mind. This ideal emphasises preparation (which is one reason programs, as well as artists, are announced well in advance), knowledge and the developed listening skill of an audience, whose members are not, by contrast with their aristocratic precursors, as likely to be practising musicians themselves.

There is a widespread feeling today that the consensus on which modern concert-going was built no longer exists – that instead, concerts have become an alienating experience for audiences. The question of why they keep coming is answered in an extreme way by the Palestinian-American cultural commentator and writer on music, Edward W Said, who points to the social

abnormality of the concert ritual, and suggests that 'what attracts audiences to concerts is that, what performers attempt on the concert or opera stage is exactly what most members of the audience cannot emulate or aspire to'. The listener sits in 'poignant speechlessness', witnessing specialised eccentric skills of interpreters, themselves 'fenced in' by 'obligatory muteness', but providing an onslaught of such refinement, articulation and technique as almost to constitute a sadomasochistic experience. Thus performances of Western classical music are highly concentrated, rarefied, and extreme occasions, in which performance has been completely professionalised, and performance can only be experienced under relatively severe and unyielding conditions.

Debating Said's claims would take another essay. Within the terms of this one, however, two final observations. First, it is true that some of the public does seem to be seeking more of these extreme performance experiences, whether sadomasochistic or not. Catering to the demand for the sensational virtuoso and the cult conductor will (perhaps always has) draw some people away from the idea of a balanced, representative range of musical experiences, educative and enjoyable at the same time, which is what an orchestral subscription series represents.

Yet, and secondly, there is a feeling among musicians and concert presenters that a new audience may exist for just such a non-extreme way of experiencing music, if only the rituals which surround it could be demystified, made less alienating, even removed. That's something to think about next time you hear clapping between movements.

**David Garrett**

MSO Concert Programme,  
October 1994



# Big-time Birthdays

**DH's  
70<sup>th</sup>**

**Marj's  
90<sup>th</sup>**

