

Sounds Organised



December 2011

2/11

In art, and in the higher ranges of science, there is a feeling of harmony which underlies all endeavour. There is no true greatness in art or science without that sense of harmony.

Albert Einstein (1879-1955) German-American physicist

Sing in the City

Over three days in September 2011, ten Camberwell Chorale singers took advantage of your collective generosity by registering for the community choir stream of *Sing in the City*. It all culminated in our singing Mozart's *Requiem* with over a hundred people from other Victorian choirs. We thought we would repay your generosity by giving an account of what turned out to be a very enjoyable gig.

Sing in the City was an initiative of the Australian National Choral Association, a collective of Australian choirs which, in its own words, "is a non-profit organisation set up to encourage and promote choral music in Australia". Doug Heywood is a member of the committee of the Victorian Chapter. One of its council members is Robert Stewart, who has sung tenor solo with the Chorale in various recent concerts including *Elijah* and *A Child of Our Time* (both in 2009) and Haydn's *Creation* (2010). Robert was the lead organiser of this event, which he promised was only the first of a series of bigger and better ones in future years. For this one, the ANCA commissioned five singing teachers to lead streams for primary and secondary schools, professional singers and community choirs over the Friday and Saturday leading up to a performance in the auditorium at Melbourne High School on Sunday, 18th.

We gathered for the first rehearsal in the BMW Edge auditorium in Federation Square on Friday afternoon, picked up name tags, and caught up with each other and fellow singing tragics we knew

from other choirs. Being singers in a singing environment, we also started up conversations with people from other choirs whom we didn't know, talking, naturally, singing "Who do you sing with"? "What are you rehearsing at present"? "How many in the choir"?

Eventually we were called to order and introduced to Margaret Pride, the leader of the community choir stream. She immediately showed she knew how to mould a bunch of choristers from ten choirs across Victoria into something capable of doing Mozart proud in two days' time. The warm-up exercises ended up with us turning sideways and shoulder massaging, and being shoulder massaged in turn, by the persons next to us, which very successfully relaxed everyone's vocal chords.

Margaret leads the Collegium Symphonic Chorus in Perth, and has worked with many eminent choral teachers in her career, Rodney Eichelberger, Robert Shaw and Christopher Wilcock among them. She set up the first choral Music Masters Degree in Australia at the University of Western Australia, and still lectures there. So she has choir cred, which she reinforced with many anecdotes in the course of four rehearsals.

Though laden with singing expertise, she was down to earth and practical about how to get the best sound and interpretation out of ourselves. A key element of her approach is linking body movement to the music. After flicking our heads, stepping from one foot to another, standing in circles to the music we

were physically exhausted after the rehearsals. While some of us can bop very rhythmically to Bruce Springsteen, we found it a bit harder with Mozart – try it some time. Margaret Keighley's favourite warm-up was one where we sang a series of Hallelujahs while clapping on the offbeat and gradually raising our hands; mind-bending. We were also frequently told to sit on the very edge of our seats, all the time, even when she was telling one of her stories.

You all know Mozart's *Requiem*, so you know what the other highlight was. It is glorious music, and since most of the choir had sung it before, rehearsal was a matter of revision and getting a common approach to each chorus, mainly in terms of tempos and dynamics. Soloists were Rosel Labone, Casselle Bonollo, Jacob Lawrence and Oliver Mann. Oliver was the bass in our Puccini concert. It worked pretty well by the audience's reaction to the performance.

We were preceded at the concert by the secondary school choir, which sang some very challenging pieces, including *Lux aurumque* by Eric Whitacre and *Wana baraka*, arranged by Shawn Kirchner. They were very impressive, especially since everything was sung from memory.

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Some heady stuff for you all . . .

Is Hell Exothermic or Endothermic?

The following is an actual question given on a University of Arizona chemistry mid-term, and an actual answer turned in by a student. The answer by one student was so 'profound' that the professor shared it with colleagues.

Bonus Question: Is Hell exothermic (gives off heat) or endothermic (absorbs heat)?

Most of the students wrote proofs of their beliefs using Boyle's Law (gas cools when it expands and heats when it is compressed) or some variant. One student, however, wrote the following:

First, we need to know how the mass of Hell is changing in time. So we need to know the rate at which souls are moving into Hell, and the rate at which they are leaving, which is unlikely. I think that we can safely assume that once a soul gets to Hell, it will not leave. Therefore, no souls are leaving.

As for how many souls are entering Hell, let's look at the different religions that exist in the world today. Most of these religions state that, if you are not a member of their religion, you will go to Hell. Since there is more than one of these religions, and since people do not belong to more than one religion, we can project that all souls go to Hell. With birth and death rates as they are, we can

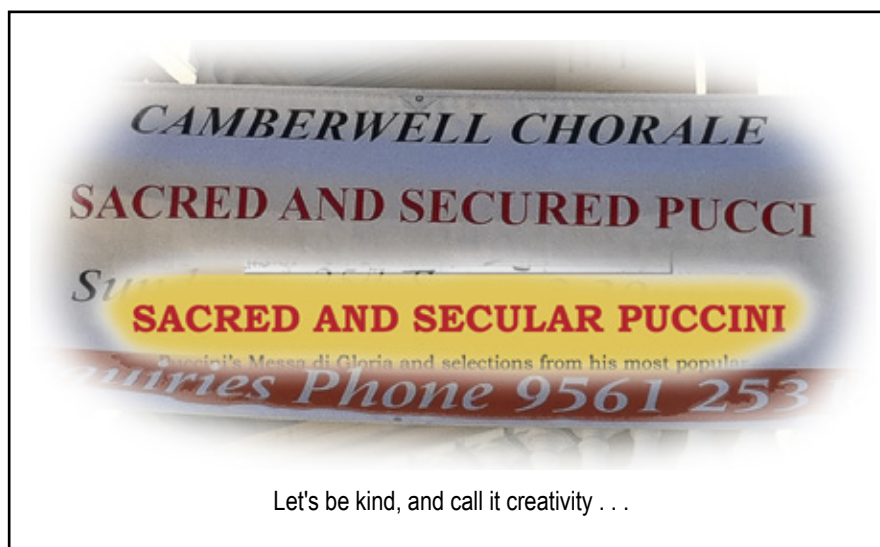
expect the number of souls in Hell to increase exponentially. Now, we look at the rate of change of the volume in Hell because Boyle's Law states that, in order for the temperature and pressure in Hell to stay the same, the volume of Hell has to expand proportionately as souls are added.

This gives two possibilities:

1. If Hell is expanding at a slower rate than the rate at which souls enter Hell, then the temperature and pressure in Hell will increase until all Hell breaks loose.
2. If Hell is expanding at a rate faster than the increase of souls in Hell, then the temperature and pressure will drop until Hell freezes over ... So which is it?

If we accept the postulate given to me by Teresa during my Freshman year that, 'It will be a cold day in Hell before I sleep with you', and take into account the fact that I slept with her last night, then number two must be true, and thus I am sure that Hell is exothermic and has already frozen over.

The corollary of this theory is that since Hell has frozen over, it follows that it is not accepting any more souls and is therefore, extinct, leaving only Heaven, thereby proving the existence of a divine being. This explains why, last night, Teresa kept shouting 'Oh my God'.



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The Pleasures of Music while Travelling *

In September and October this year, my wife, Shirley, and I travelled to Italy and Spain, initially in connection with some teaching I was doing in Tuscany; then, simply, on holiday. These countries (along with Greece, etc.)

may not be in perfect economic health – at least from a dour northern European perspective – but they offer a rich array of historic, cultural and gastronomic treats typical of the Mediterranean.

We also enjoyed marvellous

autumn weather for almost the entire time, simply adding to the pleasures involved – and nearly making up for missing the Chorale's Puccini concert.

Not the least part of our enjoyment of such travel is the rich variety of music available – a theme I discussed in the first article of this series in 2006. On this trip, though, moving around a lot more than we usually do, we were unlucky enough to miss several promising concerts by only a day or two. In fact, five weeks into our trip, we were beginning to despair of experiencing a musical highlight to match the art, architecture, food and wine we'd enjoyed thus far. However, all that changed in Spain.

In Seville, we saw one of the many flamenco performances on offer, and were most impressed by the high standard involved – despite the heat – and by the fact that the audience was made up almost entirely of foreign tourists. The performers – guitarist, singer, and male and female dancers – threw themselves into it with tremendous verve, telling dark tales of thwarted love and revenge. The exact details escaped us, being richly provided with no translations of the traditional



texts. But there was no mistaking the desire, passion and intensity involved, and the discipline and physical effort displayed by all four performers were extraordinary. The acoustic was

also superb, enhanced by the setting – the interior courtyard of an old Jewish house (similar to the hotel we stayed in, comprising several such houses dating back to the middle ages). The music itself was inflected with a distinctly Arabic sound, reflecting the same rich blend of European and middle-eastern characteristics that make the whole area of Andalucia so

fascinating. Very satisfyingly, then, the music and dance involved in this performance added an additional layer to our earlier visits to mediæval Islamic palaces, gardens and mosques in Granada, Cordoba, and Seville itself, reinforcing our sense that that heritage has left a powerful and enduring impression on Spanish culture as a whole.

A week or so later, in Madrid, we were alerted by an interested guy in the tourist office to two free guitar concerts, part of the 25th Festival Internacional dedicated to the memory of legendary guitarist, Andres Segovia. Both these performances really repaid the effort involved in tracking them down – after some intricate map-reading and negotiation of the Madrid metro system. We turned up early (as advised) to the church where the first concert was taking place, only to discover that the local priest was celebrating a short mass just before the concert was due to begin. We were reassured we were in the right place by

several charming locals, one of whom – a very stately, older lady – turned out later to be the guest of honour (perhaps Segovia's daughter, we mused). The concert featured contemporary works by local composers – ranging from a "difficult" concerto for guitar and double-bass, to a popular work for five guitars and strings. Our favourite was a moody concerto for cello and guitar written especially for the event by a young composer who was simply thrilled to bits at the end.

The second concert was a real joy, performed by a talented visiting guitar duo from Italy. Their overall theme was the cross-cultural nature of Spanish guitar music. They played some fascinating works by Italian composers working in Spain, from Boccherini to the 20th century, as well as some beautiful, moody pieces by both Spanish and Italian composers writing in the Spanish tradition in 19th-century South and Latin America. Salvatore Zema, the spokesperson for the duo, bamboozled and then surprised the audience (including



us) by speaking in Italian with a smattering of Spanish thrown in, matching my own rather lame efforts at speaking Spanish during our trip. Again, the acoustic was superb, this time

in a small museum devoted to the origins and history of Madrid. As possibly the only non-locals at both these concerts, we felt very privileged, and came away with a much richer sense of the way the guitar, and flamenco and similar forms, remain so central to the culture and character of the Spanish tradition as a whole.

JG

* [Editor's note: this is the second in an occasional series initiated in the June 2006 of *Sounds Organised*.]



Garage Sale



We meet at High St., Ashburton Hall
eight o'clock sharp with money and all.
Bargains to buy, dollars to spend,
go home with stuff, perhaps a new friend.

Customers come from all Boroondara,
sweet girls from Kew, and a cute chap from Lara;
all hungry to cash in, on bargains galore,
they waited in queues to bash down the door.

To buy dainty dishes, soft toys, and used skirts,
grandmas and kids, dealers and flirts.
Sausages sold by the hundred that day,
fried onions stank till we all went away.

Jokes told by Douglas to keep us all jolly.
There's saucepans and lamps, even a brolly.
Sale of the goodies made Adam's face smile,
Even Levi and John had a grin on their dial.

To Dave went two boxes of grim thirty-threes,
a carton of records, a bag of CDs,
to stack them away in a mid-Tassie hollow.
Go hear all the music if you care to follow.

Doggerelist, Doggerelist, on the Garage Sale

Margaret and Peter bought
Stuff from the ol' home, us
turned up on the stalls all
with dozens of books, some

Louise, a keen alto, sold v
books and magazines, du
bent torn paperbacks, Bib
a couple of sex books, lea

Margaret, the raffle queen
hunting for something to b
three dozen worn hankies
a frock, or some undies, a

Used clothes stall was rea
they tried it all on but 'twe
There was chutney and ca
bedding and gizmos and

ge

ets 4,100



n, reports ge Sale

nt a new house.
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spick and span,
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sty and grey,
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aving some toey.

, walked all around
uy with her pound,
, a drill or a phone,
pot made of bone.

lly a basses delight,
re mostly too tight.
rds, golf clubs and chairs,
ten teddy bears.

The money kept flowing as rubbish was sold
mostly all tawdry but some thought it gold.
Choir had saved stuff up for many a year,
goods, over years would appear and appear.

Some sops. didn't come, and we're wondering why
a few tenors too, didn't give it a try
Basses missed out on remarkable wins
of albums and razors plus old rusty tins.

Those who worked hard were weary for weeks.
Sean set the pace with his truck of all creaks.
Four Judies, two Annes, the flossies and fellas
all did their bit as keen buyers and sellers.

What about Helen, Joe, Carmel and John,
Johanna, Val, Alex, Tina, Betty and Don.
Who's been forgotten? There'll be some for sure,
and many crept in who nobody saw.

A few thought it boring, others had fun,
some worked for weeks and some didn't come.
At the end of the day the choir made a bob,
So let's say we accomplished a jolly fine job.

' can't help himself.
' never could.



ILLUSIONS OF BLUE





This year's Blue Illusion Fundraiser, held at the Malvern shop on Thursday November 17th, was a huge success, financially and in every other way. The evening commenced with a toast to 'Our Marge' who, with her family, had been a great supporter of the Blue Illusions nights.

Our wonderful host Esta, and helpers Patrizia and Mandy, plied our party of twenty with champagne, soft drinks and plenty of smooth talk! Attendees generously brought along a delectable selection of savouries to enjoy through the fashion parade. Tina Clifton-Jones, Janet Ooi and Margaret Hill modelled some fabulous outfits. They must have looked good because our girls spent a record amount of money – in excess of \$4,000.

Blue Illusion has a policy of refunding 20% of all monies spent on these fundraising nights, so this year they handed us back a cheque for \$887! This amount together with the \$10 per head charge raised us \$1,087 this year! Indeed, a fantastic contribution to CC's coffers.

Nobody who attends these nights finds it a chore to open their purse for such a good cause. Accordingly, we would like to thank everyone for their support and look forward to another fun event with Blue Illusion in 2012.



This article by Alix Kirsta was originally printed in Readers Digest November 2011. It has been reproduced with their permission. What follows has been edited for Sounds Organised. We are grateful to Levi Orenstein for organising availability of this article for reproduction – Ed.

MEDICINE MUSIC

“Take one dose of Bach twice a day, and one of Vivaldi just before bedtime”.

Could I be turning into a junkie?

At bedtime every night, I look forward to my nightly fix. Lights off, eyes shut, stereo headphones in place, the strains of Vivaldi, Tchaikowsky, Bach and other composers lull me to sleep.

Most nights I'm out long before the 30-minute sleep-CD has finished.

Unlike sleeping pills or alcohol, there are no ill effects, and no wearing off of the therapeutic powers of this particular drug. On the contrary, the more you use the music, the better it works.

As the science behind “music medicine” begins to emerge, what was once dismissed as one of the weirder elements of fringe therapy is now entering the mainstream. In some US hospitals, classical music is played in the operating theatre to help patients relax and soothe pre-operative nerves. Research also suggests that playing music to patients after major surgery helps to lower blood pressure and heart rate, and accelerates healing. Advanced brain mapping technology, including functional MRI scans to pinpoint which areas of the brain respond to different stimuli, enables therapists to identify which types of music have calming, energising or even negative effects on mind and body.

This has led to the most exciting discovery of all: that different musical rhythms and tempi seem to mirror our individual brainwave frequencies – electrical wave patterns generated by the brain. Since these patterns reflect how tense or relaxed we are, researchers speculate that various forms of “custom-made” music therapy, fine-tuned to suit each of our mental and physical needs, could soon be prescribed alongside – or instead of – conventional medicines.

Using music as therapy is likely to involve more than listening

to your favourite sounds, be it Abba or Mozart. Despite claims by many New Age CD manufacturers, soporific melodies are not necessarily the best for banishing anxiety or insomnia, especially for people who go to bed wide awake and tense.

The sleep tape I'm now hooked on, *Sleep Sounds for Grown Ups*, was developed largely by chance by Scottish GP Dr Elizabeth Scott, while trying to calm her crying, sleepless grandchild. Eventually she discovered a selection of tunes that sent the baby to sleep almost instantly (resulting in the best-selling CD, *Sound Asleep for Babies*). What surprised her was which tempos worked best. “He didn't fall asleep when I played him slow music: instead he dropped off after I put on uptempo works, such as Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons*”.

When Dr Scott began researching how brainwave patterns change, and how different frequencies predominate as we go from being wide awake to sound asleep, she realised that for music to induce sleep it should match these changing brainwaves as closely as possible.

Brainwave frequencies are measured in hertz (Hz), or cycles per second, ranging from the highest – 35Hz, when we are wide awake – to under 3Hz during sleep. So “sleep” music should mirror high-frequency (gamma and beta) brainwaves, before gradually slowing down to correspond to mid- and low-frequency (alpha and theta) waves, ending with music that matches the lowest (delta) sleep waves. Specially recorded on piano and violin, I found the initial upbeat tunes of Scott's compilation irritating, and anticipated each change in tempo, only falling asleep after 30 minutes. Now I drift off within a few minutes, and hardly notice the tunes; it's as though music and brain chemistry become one, eliminating thought and tension.

Each slowing down of the music leads a stage deeper into sleep. Although Dr Scott's method of matching music to brainwaves has been around for over two decades, its scientific credibility has received a major boost thanks to a development called brain-music therapy (BMT). Pioneered recently in Russia by Dr Iakov Levine, and now popular among US psychologists, the technique relies almost wholly on advanced computer technology. Using electroencephalograph (EEG) equipment, a person's brainwaves are recorded as they consciously relax or meditate. Then, using a mathematical algorithm, the recorded brainwaves are digitally converted into musical notes that patients later listen to on a CD to encourage relaxation or stimulate energy. This “brain music” corresponds to subtle variations in human brainwaves, and is, according to psychiatrist Dr Galina Mindlin, director of New York's Brain Therapy Centre, “more personal than a fingerprint – no two sound alike”. Most brain music, she says, sounds like classical piano music, varying in tempo, pitch, rhythm and harmony from person to person, depending on how relaxed or agitated they are. According to Damian Fowler, a New York music critic who has tried BMT, his brainwaves “sounded like a cross between Phillip Glass and Bach, played on a piano by a competent amateur. The key was C minor”.

Reports from the US suggest BMT produces more benefits than listening to conventional relaxing music, and has proved especially effective in relieving migraines, anxiety disorders, depression and insomnia. Patients are given two personalised CDs for daily home use: one to relax, another to raise energy. Although mood and health can take several weeks to improve, eventually the music can become so familiar

that the brain automatically switches to its own relaxed rhythm – similar to my experience with Dr Scott's sleep tapes. Other studies confirm the influence of brain music; listening to slow, classical music has been shown to release the sleep hormone melatonin while reducing the stress chemicals, cortisol and adrenalin.

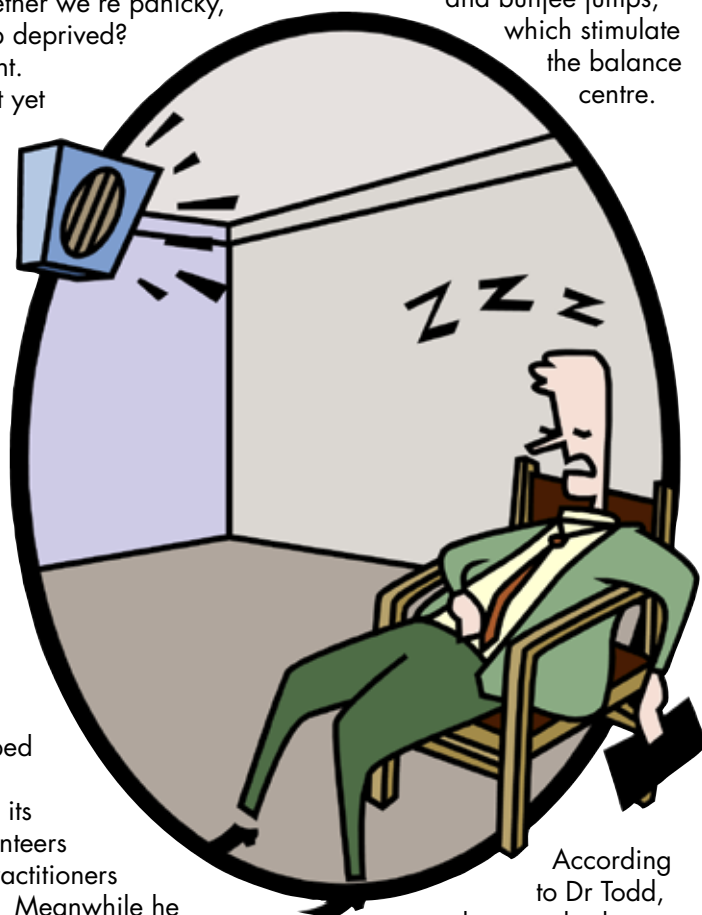
So might we one day reach for the appropriate musical "prescription" depending on whether we're panicky, depressed or sleep deprived?

Well, yes, we might.

Although BMT isn't yet available outside the US, where it's a pricey \$550 a session, researchers at London Metropolitan University have perfected new algorithms and cheaper EEG system no larger than an iPod, which, when marketed, will make BMT relatively inexpensive.

Researcher Adrian Trevisan, who helped develop the British system, is studying its effect on sixty volunteers prior to training practitioners in how to apply it. Meanwhile he believes online adverts purporting to offer BMT should be approached with caution. "Many BMT 'practitioners' don't have proper training or any accreditation. Until there are protocols to follow, the area remains unregulated. You can harm someone if, say, you increase their lowest brainwaves so much that it interferes with normal working brain function" he says. "Over-stimulating certain rhythms can make brain receptors go haywire, like taking cocaine". But if the future looks promising for those of us who are sleepless, stressed and anxious, what about when we need to boost energy and motivation, focus concentration and increase memory? Researchers at the University of Manchester have identified a primitive hearing

mechanism responsible for inducing pleasure when we immerse ourselves in very loud music at a disco or aerobics class. Dr Neil Todd, a specialist in music perception, discovered that the sacculus – an organ that forms part of the balancing mechanism of the inner ear – responds to the frequency and beat of loud rock 'n' roll. Apparently it replicates the thrills of roller-coaster funfair rides and bungee jumps, which stimulate the balance centre.



According to Dr Todd, the sacculus has no hearing function, but is linked to the pleasure centre of the brain, which drives our desire for food, sex, and drugs. It also creates the buzz we get from listening, singing or dancing to pop music – but only if played loudly, at frequencies over 90 Hz. Studies demonstrate that the sacculus is most responsive to frequencies between 300 and 350Hz (as a guide on a musical scale, middle C is 261Hz). "The distribution of frequencies at rock concerts and at dance clubs almost seems designed to stimulate the sacculus" he says. "They're right in this range of sensitivity". After extended stimulation, the release of endorphins and other feel-good hormones leaves us feeling happier and more energetic.

I don't find Todd's findings surprising; they explain my enjoyment of hip-hop and disco beats in keep-fit and dance classes, and why, after exercising to fast, upbeat music, my head is clearer, reactions sharper, and mood and energy elevated. It doesn't have to be an aerobic exercise; a brisk power walk with the iPod works equally well (the tracks that always do it for me include "I'm Still Standing", "Material Girl", "I Will Survive", "YMCA", "Mamma Mia", "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go" and "La Bamba").

Other research is now starting to reveal some of the more puzzling ways in which music influences us. Why, for instance, are relaxing or uplifting effects sometimes only experienced after listening? Does a change of tempo in a soundtrack, or even silence itself, have a delayed impact on the nervous system? Dr Luciano Bernardi of the University of Pavia, Italy, measured the fluctuating heart, breathing rates and blood pressure of twenty-four men as they listened to selections of slow and fast classical music, techno, rap and more. To Bernardi's surprise, bodily functions dropped significantly when the music slowed down or ended – or when he inserted an unexpected two-minute pause into each track. This delayed response occurred whatever music the subjects listened to, and was most noticeable during gaps in slower music. According to Bernardi, listening to music involves some focus of attention, and it's only when that focus ends that the body fully relaxes (in the same way that physical relaxation is deeper after concentration on, or tensing of, your muscles). Bernardi claims we could tackle physical and mental stress by creating our own music, alternating between fast and slow rhythms, and "doctoring" the tracks to include pauses and longer gaps. Bernardi's research highlights an intriguing fact: it may not be what we listen to, but how we listen to it – the volume, speed, pauses and rhythm – that turns music into therapy. Now excuse me while I pop on my headphones and turn up the volume.

A Modern Choir-master

Solo 1

I am the very model of a modern choir ma-a-ster,
I've information lyrical, and musical and digital.
I know my sharps and flats, and I can read the dots *ad nauseam*,
From mediæval plainsong to your modern gospel rhy-y-thms.

All

He knows his sharps and flats, and he can read the dots *ad nauseam*,
From mediæval plainsong to your modern gospel rhy-y-thms.

Solo 2

I'm very well acquainted, too, with hymns both old and mo-o-dern.
We even sing in Zulu when we need some extra exercise.
I understand rubato, and adagio and 'lle-e-gro,
Including many cheerful facts about the way vivace goes.

All

He understands rubato, and adagio and 'lle-e-gro
Including many cheerful facts about the way vivace goes.

Solo 3

I'm very good with my guitar, can blow a tune upon my horn,
I know the rudiments of chords from A to G, and back again.
In short I can accompany the choir on every string and key –
I am the very model of a modern choir ma-a-ster

All

In short he can accompany the choir on every string and key –
He is the very model of a modern choir ma-a-ster

Solo 4

Rehearsals are a lot of fun, as I put them through their paces
With coloured leather, number counting, clapping and foot sta-a-mping
I sing along with basses, the sopranos and the altos too,
But when I get to tenors, we all take it very quietly

All

He sings along with basses, the sopranos and the altos too,
But when he gets to tenors, they all take it very quietly.

All

We've all performed on Christmas Eve, at festivals and bi-i-rthdays,
We do an Easter service with great dignity and reverence
We love to sing the praises of Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour, and
We thank our friend and me-e-ntor, our modern choir ma-a-ster.

We love to sing the praises of Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour, and
We thank our friend and me-e-ntor, our modern choir ma-a-ster.

 ... continued from page 1 – Sing in the City'

A side benefit of this event was the opportunity to interact with, and to get to know better, fellow choir members. There was plenty of time in between rehearsals and in breaks to chat, and even to dine together. That can only feed back into greater cohesion and spirit within the Camberwell Chorale. For the record, the people from the Camberwell Chorale who attended were Ray Abbott, Carmel Barnwell, Di Camilleri, Phil Joubert, Margaret Keighley, Rosie Leslie, Kathy Mclean, Christine Millward, Levi Orenstein and Joe Sullivan. So if the opportunity arises in 2012, we recommend you go!

 ... continued from page 9 – Medicine'

A PRESCRIPTION FOR SLEEP?

Dr Scott's compilations for adults start off with uptempo pieces such as Vivaldi's "Concerto in A Minor" and Grieg's "Holberg Suite:Prelude", followed by sweeping lyrical melodies including Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty:Panorama" and Saint-Saens' "the Dying Swan". They culminate in hypnotic, drawn-out compositions like Rachmaninoff's "Vocalise", Elgar's "Salut d'Amour". To download, visit sleep-sounds.co.uk

A sample track from one of the Sleep Sounds for Grown-Ups compilations includes:

Bohm: "Perpetuo Mobile" followed by "Moto perpetuo"; Kjerulf: "Spring Song"; Saint-Saens: "The Dying Swan"; Godard: "Idylle"; Tchaikovsky: "Sleeping Beauty – Panorama"; Messenger: "The Two Pigeons"; J.S. Bach: "Sicilienne"; Massenet: "Meditation"; Rachmaninoff: "Vocalise".

For babies, the track list is somewhat different:

Debussy: "Dr Gradus ad Parnassum"; J.S. Bach: "Little Prelude in C Minor"; C.P.E. Bach: "Solfegietto"; Sibelius: "Opus 94 No 2"; Schubert: "Opus 90 No 3"; Handel: "The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba"; Beethoven: "Opus 13 2nd Movement"; Bartok: "Rumanian Dances 5 & 6"; F David: "Etude"; Tchaikovsky: "Swan Lake"; Vivaldi "Opus 8 No 1: Spring"; Hensel: "The Fountain"; Vivaldi: "Opus 8 No 4:Winter".

Why different music for adults and babies?

Because, says Dr Scott, the baby track list starts with faster, regular music to catch a howling baby's attention, then gently slows into the brainwave rate of people going to sleep, taking baby to sleep with it. The adult tapes start more slowly and offer relaxation that slides into sleep because adults are ready to relax. But we all slide into sleep with much the same brainwave rates.

Young babies up to about three months old slide in and out of rapid-eye movement sleep much more, which is why the baby tape becomes more effective after three months, when their sleep pattern becomes more like the grown-up form.

Garage Sale

nets \$4,100



We meet at High St., Ashburton Hall
eight o'clock sharp with money and all.
Bargains to buy, dollars to spend,
go home with stuff, perhaps a new friend.

Customers come from all Boroondara,
sweet girls from Kew, and a cute chap from Lara;
all hungry to cash in, on bargains galore,
they waited in queues to bash down the door.

To buy dainty dishes, soft toys, and used skirts,
grandmas and kids, dealers and flirts.
Sausages sold by the hundred that day,
fried onions stank till we all went away.

Jokes told by Douglas to keep us all jolly.
There's saucepans and lamps, even a brolly.
Sale of the goodies made Adam's face smile,
Even Levi and John had a grin on their dial.

To Dave went two boxes of grim thirty-threes,
a carton of records, a bag of CDs,
to stack them away in a mid-Tassie hollow.
Go hear all the music if you care to follow.

Doggerelist, Don, reports on the Garage Sale

Margaret and Peter bought a new house.
Stuff from the ol' home, useless and grouse
turned up on the stalls all spick and span,
with dozens of books, some that you'd ban.

Louise, a keen alto, sold volumes all day,
books and magazines, dusty and grey,
bent torn paperbacks, Bibles and Cloe,
a couple of sex books, leaving some toey.

Margaret, the raffle queen, walked all around
hunting for something to buy with her pound,
three dozen worn hankies, a drill or a phone,
a frock, or some undies, a pot made of bone.

Used clothes stall was really a basses delight,
they tried it all on but 'twere mostly too tight.
There was chutney and cards, golf clubs and chairs,
bedding and gizmos and ten teddy bears.

The money kept flowing as rubbish was sold
mostly all tawdry but some thought it gold.
Choir had saved stuff up for many a year,
goods, over years would appear and appear.

Some sops. didn't come, and we're wondering why
a few tenors too, didn't give it a try
Basses missed out on remarkable wins
of albums and razors plus old rusty tins.

Those who worked hard were weary for weeks.
Sean set the pace with his truck of all creaks.
Four Judies, two Annes, the flossies and fellas
all did their bit as keen buyers and sellers.

What about Helen, Joe, Carmel and John,
Johanna, Val, Alex, Tina, Betty and Don.
Who's been forgotten? There'll be some for sure,
and many crept in who nobody saw.

A few thought it boring, others had fun,
some worked for weeks and some didn't come.
At the end of the day the choir made a bob,
So let's say we accomplished a jolly fine job.

'can't help himself.
'never could.