

Langtree NEWS

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Notes from the chair

For far too long we have relied on the the same people to help out at concerts, namely Sally's husband Brian and Jane's family. At each concert we need people to sell tickets at the door and others to serve drinks during the interval. It would be great if it didn't have to be the same people every time. If you have a friend or family member who would be willing to help please let me know so we can have a rota of volunteers to call upon.

As most of you know, Neil Isaacs is leaving the orchestra this term. We are very grateful to Neil for all he has done for the orchestra both as player and librarian and wish him all the best for the future. Maybe it will allow him more time to spend on his boat!

Neil's departure means that we will need a new librarian for the orchestra. Is there



anyone prepared to do this? If you're not sure what is involved I know Neil would be happy to give you more information. Hoping to be inundated with offers of help.

I'm sure everyone will join me in sending very best wishes to Melissa and her husband as they await the birth of their first child in October. It's been quite a while since we've had an orchestra baby!

Have a great summer. See you again for our first rehearsal on **September 9th**.

Chris Winch



FROM POETRY TO PETS, YOUR NEWSLETTER NEEDS YOU!

Please send your articles, poems, reviews, photographs to janita.clamp@btinternet.com



Concert!

Huge thanks to Adrian King for another wonderful poem - this time inspired by our last concert.

The cold and wet of May and June
In Reading (and with ne'er a tune)
Just seemed to add to routine stress,
Reducing Reading's happiness.
However (shunning London shows),
An opportunity arose
That made me get up off my perch
And hear a concert, in a church.
'Twas Langtree's annual Spring event!
To Abingdon I therefore went
And paid my tenner at the door
And crept inside, unseen, for sure:
But then she pounced! (a sweet bouquet
That nearly made me run away;
Had she mistaken me for some
Celebrity she thought would come?)
But no, dear Chris knew it was me
And asked with sensitivity
If I'd present the scented flowers
To Di (viola) who, for hours,
Had practised Harold's Roman notes.
(Those Lebhaft bits get Langtree's votes!)
To show amazing silken tone
When playing smoothly on her own.
Of course I chose, as you can guess,
To answer Chris by saying "yes",
And stored the flowers in my pew
Ensuring they were not in view.
The concert opened presently
With Robert's symphony in D.
Its minor key was sombre, dark,
And yet it had a radiant spark;
With energy from Paul's direction,
Strings and oboes, every section
Mastered every tricky part,
Despite a somewhat shaky start.

This poem you may think is trite
But actually, I know I'm right:
The sounds I heard were truly splendid
And I was sorry when it ended.
The setting was a lovely one:
The last rays of the setting sun
Were shafting through the church's glass
To stirring fortés from the brass.
(And, Bob, you must agree with that
Or else I'll have to eat my hat.)

The interval was just as sweet
With old friends I had longed to meet
A glass of wine, a friendly chat,
And who could wish for more than that?
The second half, then, soon began
With Harold (that was Hector's plan)
In scenes that whisked us all away
To Italy to laugh, to play,
And feel more melancholy mood:
Abruzzi, as his love he wooed.
Its beauty and its ebb and flow
Ensured the atmosphere would grow;
When that viola sweetly stirred,
Its tone was just the best I've heard.

From seating where I chanced to be
The angle meant I couldn't see
A worried look upon her face –
But did Diana lose here place?
Did concentration slowly fade?
The last 10 mins – she hardly played!
He maybe just said 'What the Hector!
I'll cut viola from this sector,
Show Paganini what's important,
Flashy playing: that he oughtn't!

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Then the flowers all neatly wrapped,
Presented while the crowd still clapped
Who'd shunned their TVs, sofas spurned:
A thrilling night for all concerned!
Another thing I must report,
Through turns of phrase, and careful thought
With pith and humour side by side
And facts amassed from far and wide.
The knowledge expertise promotes:
It's Mr Boughton's programme notes!

I'd heard some hints before the start
That playing through each faster part
Was taxing all that hard-earned skill,
Left players feeling slightly ill.
But Paul has clearly worked you hard
And it's paid off in that regard.
Orchestral verve was at a peak
And demonstrated sound technique,
Never mind anticipation:
Cause instead for celebration!

Adrian King, June 2015

A shaggy note story

A C, an E-flat, and a G go into a bar. The bartender says, 'Sorry, but we don't serve minors.' So the E-flat leaves and the C and the G have an open fifth between them. After a few drinks, the fifth is diminished and the G is out flat. An F comes in and tries to augment the situation but is not sharp enough. A D comes into the bar and heads straight for the bathroom saying, 'Excuse me. I'll just be a second.' Then an A comes into the bar but the bartender is not convinced that this relative of C is not a minor.

Then the bartender notices a B-flat hiding at the end of the bar and exclaims, 'Get out now. You're the seventh minor I've found in this bar tonight!' The E-flat, not easily deflated, comes back to the bar the next night in a 3-piece suit with shiny shoes. The bartender, who used to have a nice corporate job until his company downsized, says, 'You're looking

sharp tonight, come on in! This could be a major development.'

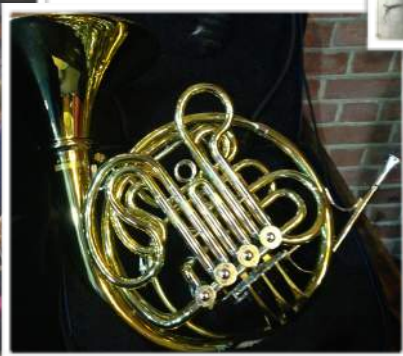
This proves to be the case as the E-flat takes off the suit and everything else and stands there au naturel.

Eventually the C sobers up and realises in horror that he's under a rest. The C is brought to trial, found guilty of contributing to the diminution of a minor, and sentenced to 10 years of DS without Coda. On appeal, however, the C is found innocent of any wrong doing, even accidental, and that all accusations to the contrary are baseless. The bartender decides, however, that since he's only had tenor so customers, the soprano is in the bathroom, and everything has become alto much treble, he needs a rest and closes the bar.

Thanks to Nick Kiff for this, although I'm glad that understanding it all is not an entry requirement for the second violins. Ed.



The February workshop



IT'S A SCARY THOUGHT, BUT THE NEXT NEWSLETTER WILL BE THE CHRISTMAS ISSUE!

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end notes...end notes...end

Dear All,

In an attempt to promote the Langtree Sinfonia to the local community I am taking part in a societies promotional day in Didcot, which judging by the link below, seems to be quite popular: www.didcotfirst.org.uk/sgallery-clubs_amp_societies_day

To help I might need a tripartite display board like the one in the attached document. If anyone has something like this can I please borrow it. The day is 13th Sept so you could bring it along to the first rehearsal.

Many thanks.

Nick Kiff

Ouch!



I spotted this in a newspaper a few months ago and realised there were errors both musical and editorial. Caption read:

'The men's loos in The Bell Inn, Sussex, feature trumpets which double as urinals'

I'm pretty sure those aren't trumpets and I really hope they aren't 'doubling'. Ed.

Small carnival of the Langtree animals



Mr Kiff's cats, Papageno and Sieglinde

Please do send in photos of your creatures - musical names not obligatory.

Reasons to be cheerful about rehearsing in the music room:

