

• *Monday Morning Music* on BURST radio Mondays at 10am: **SPECIAL GUEST**

It is rumoured that the composer Professor John Pickard (formerly known as Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the USS Enterprise) will appear on this Monday’s broadcast (available at www.burstradio.org.uk). He is to have a frank and honest interview, described by some commentators as “A searing exposé of his life and times”. No doubt the maestro will weave one or two tales and spin a few yarns about the less-than-respectable culinary antics of his youth.

• *Contemporary Music Venture* concert 1: **Snare & Trombone, Victoria Rooms, Wednesday 2nd February 2011, 8 – 9pm:**

If you hadn’t heard(!) there is to be a FREE concert of modern and contemporary classics performed alongside brand new works written by students of the Bristol University Music Department all for either solo snare or solo trombone – how exciting. The concert will last between 45 minutes and one hour and will be followed by live jazz – ever-so-obligingly provided by the Waistcoat Collective – and drinks in Racks Bar behind the Victoria Rooms. One not to miss.

• *Dream On! Wickham Theatre, Cantock’s Close, Thursday 27th January 2011, 7:30-9:00pm:*

Performance 4 brings you an original and exciting piece of physical theatre that draws texts from Shakespeare and inspiration from Butoh, line-dancing and karaoke to explore desire and love in our digital age.

• **3rd Annual Bristol Lecture in East Asian Studies, Room 2D1, Social Sciences Complex, Priory Road, Bristol, Monday 31st January 2011, 4:00pm:**

Aidan Foster-Carter (University of Leeds) promises to give a fascinating, polemical paper entitled *North Korea: China’s Coming Takeover*. In this powder-keg of International Relations, Mr. Foster-Carter is a renown expert. His fascination with Korea has lasted the majority of his adult life and has seen him devote all of his academic efforts to the politics, society and culture of Korea since 1993.

• **Dr. Emma Hornby research seminar (Tuesday 18th Jan 2011)**

Many thanks to Dr. Emma Hornby for giving an extraordinary talk in the first of 2011’s research seminars and the last of the first semester’s talks. Dr. Hornby explained her ongoing research project in the untapped field of old Hispanic chant. It was refreshing to be immediately reminded that Universities are where stuff is found out first – the book explaining this research will illuminate a world of Medieval music that previously sat guiltily in the back of medieval scholar’s mind... and desk. Particularly fascinating were the conclusions to do with this repertoire’s relevance to the ‘every man’ in 7th Century Spain. Thank you Emma... Themma.

Across:

1. Composer, had a fabulous first name, wrote music for 11 across (8)
4. One-one (4)
6. French Troubadour’s really regretted having to hit la road, Jack (3)
7. At this Conservatoire they really ewe it down your throat (3)
8. Bob Dylan *Desired* her because she was the Goddess of Motherhood, Magic and Fertility (4)
9. Principal organ sound (8)
11. He maid three go to school (7)

Down:

1. Indian instrument, almost a Tardis (5)
2. This belongs to Edgard Victor Achille Charles. _____ oeuvre last fewer minutes than one Wagnerian Opera. Despite this, he was a hugely influential 20th Century composer (7)
3. Symphonist, just had number 5 & 6 recorded by the LSO, a favourite of the Captain of the USS Enterprise (7)
5. Bang! Bang! Bang! But in tune (7)
9. A deer, a female deer (2)
10. If Caronte had lost this, Orfeo really would have been up the creek without a paddle (3)

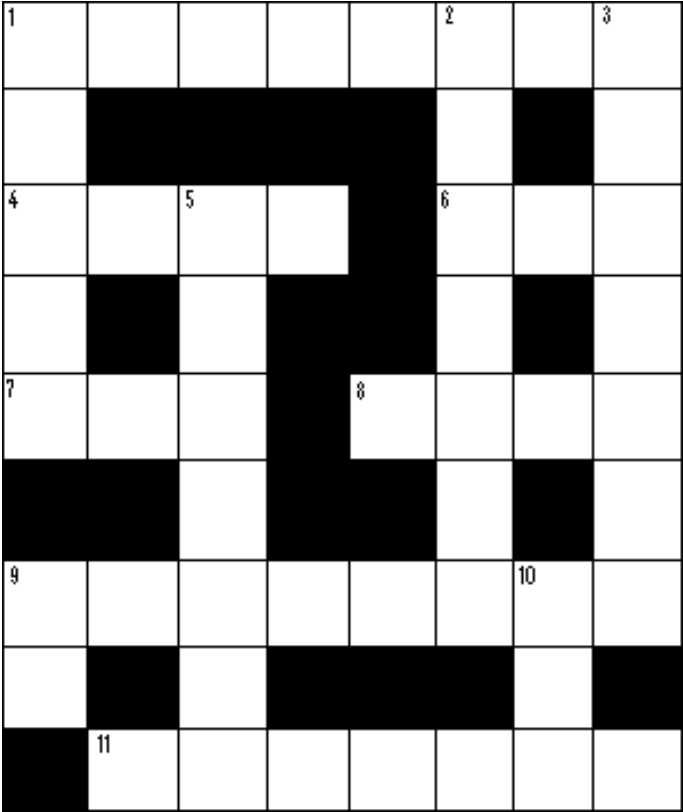
**Submit solutions to ak6750@bristol.ac.uk
first correct response in this week wins a Dairy Milk Fruit & Nut**

The lucky winner last time was:

Mummy & Daddy Fay

Congratulations to ewe both, enjoy your Mint Aero

Warning: Enjoy confectionary responsibly



We welcome submissions of reviews from all:
to submit a review, to write regularly, to receive this publication by e-mail or for any other query please contact:
ak6750@bristol.ac.uk



ctogenarian

καλωσόρισμα, καλωσόρισμα, καλωσόρισμα!

καλωσόρισμα back to the eleventh issue of *Octogenarian* – your friendly reviewer and lobbyist for Bristol’s music scene. We trust that you’ve spent a pleasant festive period; that your Clementines and nuts have been successfully digested and that you’ve resolved that 2011 will be the year that your contribution to the ‘bums-on-seats’ statistic will be a substantial one.

Regular readers will recognise that this issue presents far fewer ground-breaking, career-destroying reviews than usual... in fact just one review can be found in our not-so-glossy pages this time (though Humphrey St. Otterley explains some of the misguided decisions of a certain Charles Hazelwood with his usual brand of wit, charm and crushing, self-reflective loathing). For the first time I must admit there have been noticeably few concerts pouring out of Bristol’s musical power-houses. Whilst this lull is perhaps inevitable after the joviality of the Christmas period, it is of course, a shame. Nevertheless, we decided against filling the blank canvas of our innards with a centrefold of Borodin in naughty undies – though believe me, the temptation was hard to resist – and have lit the pages with features and columns. Brenda Mulvaney-Smithe presents her tortured thoughts on Radio 3’s Mozart Marathon that dominated the ear-box for twelve whole days following the New Year. Mark Thatcher presents his Obscure(ish) Composer of the Fortnight with the dogma one would expect of such a tyrant. Professor John Pickard bears all in his responses to the dreaded eight questions. And I, your humble narrator wax lyrical about a project very close to this pamphlet’s heart – the promotion of contemporary music in Bristol – a veritable feast of wordy nonsense, just for you.

Besides all the boring preaching we can begin the New Year with the tantalising prospect of a Dairy Milk Fruit & Nut prize in the crossword competition. Last issue’s prize was won by the joint effort of ~~Mummy~~ and ~~Daddy Fay~~. We hope they enjoyed the Mint Aero proffered as congratulatory sustenance as well as the joy of seeing their names here presented in ~~Old English~~ Text – their well-chosen font. Well done.

There is a tumult of concerts in the next few weeks, some really rather exciting visiting musicians and big hopes for the Octogenarian as we seek to ‘go digital’: in a move comparable to (and potentially as divisive as) Bob Dylan’s acceptance of the electric guitar we have taken on an online editor and are expanding into the world of the meta.... watch this space for more details. With this in mind, we are looking for contributors to this pamphlet – please do get in touch with any offer of reviews, news, rants, features, review requests etc. Thank you.

Upcoming Concerts:

When?	Where?	Who?	What?	How much?
1pm Thursday 27 January 2011	St. George’s	James Lisney (piano)	<i>Romantics I:</i> Beethoven/Schumann/Mendelssohn	£4 students
7.30pm Thursday 27 January	Colston Hall	Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra/Yan Pascal Tortelier	<i>Forbidden Love:</i> R Strauss/Tchaikovsky/Prokofiev	£8 students
1.05pm Tuesday 1 February	Colston Hall 2	The Artesian Quartet	Shostakovich/ Mendelssohn	£3 BUMS
1pm Thursday 3 February	St. George’s	James Lisney (piano)	<i>Romantics II:</i> Chopin	£4 students
7.30pm Friday 4 February	St. George’s	Paul Lewis (piano)	<i>Schubert Cycle I</i>	£11 student or £5 BUMS
7.45pm Saturday 5 February	St. George’s	Bristol Ensemble/ Jubovski	<i>Gypsy Baroque by Candlelight:</i> Cowdrey/Vivaldi/Telemann	£7 student
7.30pm Sunday 6 February	St. George’s	Bristol Classical Players	Brahms/Mendelssohn	£6 student
1.05pm Tuesday 8 February	Colston Hall 2	Hannah Hipp (sop)/Jennifer Edwards (viola)/Grzegorz Mania (piano)	Who knows...?	£3 BUMS

PICK OF THE NOSE: (predictably!)

8pm Wednesday 2 February	Vic Rooms Auditorium	Jonathan Godsall/ Steve Rockey	<i>CMV concert 1</i> Student compositions Másson/Arnold/ Bernstein	FREE
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Army of Generals Conducted by Charles Hazelwood
Mozart, Haydn, Schnittke
St George’s, 21.01.11, 7.30pm, £5

I think the inevitable has happened. My Mum warned me it would, and right she was; just like she was right about me taking a raincoat to school. It always did rain those days, and I, defiant young rascalion that I was, always returned home soaked and sheepish. Now, though, I have to admit, whilst munching on a large slice of humble pie, to the fact that 5 years studying music has made me into the dreaded monster that is the musical snob. For there must have been something separating me from the majority of the audience at St. George’s last Friday, some vast lacuna of expectations, some chasm of preference. I trust my reader will turn away in disgust at this heinous profession, but allow me, at least, to explain myself. When I go to a concert of classical music, I expect that concert to be about that music. Not about fashion, nor the charm of the conductor, and especially not about – wait for it – clouds. But at Charles Hazelwood’s concert, I felt I had to wade through all of the above to connect with the Haydn, Schnittke and Mozart that was programmed. First of all, the members of the bizarrely ‘schoolboy-football-team’ named ensemble, Army of Generals, walked on stage sporting clothes which were little smarter than those of the audience-members who applauded them: a baggy white shirt here, a sailor-stripped top there. Next, the energetic Mr. Hazelwood bounded on stage, himself wearing a suit with a collarless stripped jumper underneath. All very trendy, I suppose. After a lengthy but quite informative and very enthusiastic opening address, we heard the Generals’ period instruments strike up Haydn’s

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Symphony no.43. But apparently, Haydn’s delicate scoring and melodic genius were not enough to keep us in the audience entertained: we required a visual stimulus as well. And this is where the clouds come in. Projected onto a large screen in the centre of the stage, (which, incidentally, blocked the horns from my view), and onto the venue roof, was a slideshow of very beautiful photographs of clouds. Very beautiful indeed, but what did it have to do with the *music*? Charles’s answer was that “maybe, just maybe, these images might prompt us to hear something magically new in the music”. I don’t buy it. If anything, they clouded my mind (geddit?) with confusion at why anyone would make such a remarkable aesthetic choice at a concert of music from the Classical era. These images continued to be projected throughout the rest of the concert, which contained, as well as the Haydn, Schnittke’s extraordinary *Moz-Art à la Haydn*, and Mozart’s *Musical Joke* and *Symphony no.29*. All were performed with precision and vivacity, but it was only in the last movement of the Mozart symphony that I felt the energy truly radiating off the players in the way that perhaps it should’ve done throughout the whole concert. Maybe they were distracted by the clouds, or Charles’s cheeky charm, or their neighbour’s choice of trousers. Like this review.

Humphrey St. Otterley

Focus on...

Mozart Marathon, Every Note He Wrote

We can all breathe a sigh of relief. Finally, we’ve heard exactly what we’ve always wanted to: every single note that Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart wrote. At least we would have, had we listened non-stop to BBC Radio 3 for the first 12 days of this New Year. For, although I’m sure that there are some out there who pitched their tents early, set up camp next to their digital radios, and settled down for the marathon, I’m equally certain that the vast majority cannot lay claim to witnessing second-hand all 17 million dots that stemmed from Mozart’s quill. Of course there is no denying Wolfy’s genius, and anyone who claims that his music is anything but extraordinary needs their ears clearing out so that someone can see to their head. Nor is his music unsuitable for early morning, noon, the dinner table or the bedroom (although I’ve not tried this last one – any takers?). But 288 hours of it on the trot seems a trifle excessive, perhaps posey and – dare I say it – pointless. Kudos to the organisers who must’ve slaved over this for months on end: I hope they were satisfied with the oh-so-sentimental anecdotes with which listener upon listener bombarded their post-/inboxes, telephone lines and my ears. Yes, Mozart’s music is humanity sonified. Yes, I’m glad to know that your Great-Aunt Ada died choking on a Mozart chocolate whilst listening to the Flute and Harp Concerto. Yes, I’m pleased your dog likes it too. Yes, I’m sure you do wish Mozartiana had continued for all eternity.

But what of Beethoven? Where’s Haydn (hidin’)? Why deprive us of Schubert? How should we hear Britten, Byrd, Birtwistle and the dulcet tones of Philip Dodd? Are they unworthy of our ear-time this year? This is my main contention with The Genius of Mozart: it denies the genius of others, something of which the real Mozart would have been mortified, I’m sure; despite how cocky he sounds when his letters are recited by ‘actor’ Samuel Barber. And this, from a self-proclaimed ‘eclectic’ major radio station seems unforgivable.

Having said all this, I did indeed catch some utterly incredible Mozartian moments during the showcasing, for which I really remove my hat to the broadcasters. An acoustic recording from the 1920s of Strauss conducting Die Zauberflöte overture, and Mahan Esfahani playing a (substantial and harmonically interesting) fragment live in the studio – music that the 7-year-old Mozart wrote for his sister, found in a notebook – to name but two. It wasn’t as if Sean Rafferty had just brought in his box of 170 Mozart CDs and cracked them on; real time, effort, research and money went into the venture, and it was pulled off with a remarkable amount of stamina and enthusiasm by the presenters. But the question I’m left with, bouncing round my brain to Eine Kleine Nachtmusik is: was it all necessary? And the answer that comes bouncing back, in my mind at least is: not really.

Brenda Mulvaney-Smithe

8 Questions innate seconds:

We asked Professor John Pickard, our resident academic in the sky with diamonds eight questions. Here are his 8 answers:

1. Mustn’t grumble
2. Worcester Sauce (Elgar’s favourite too)
3. There-and-back-again Lane
4. Nielsen’s 4th and 5th Symphonies (the new LSO-Live recording with Colin Davis – very good)
5. Reginald Dixon at the Might Wurlitzer of Blackpool Tower
6. Richard (I thought his Ali G impression was quite funny)
7. The whole of the Lake District (apart from anywhere associated with Beatrix Potter)
8. I would casserole the venison fillet in a whole bottle of red wine (anything from the Medoc will do) and vegetable stock, with thyme, rosemary, bay leaves, juniper berries, shallots, pancetta and maybe some button mushrooms. I would use my slow-cooker set to low and cook for about 10 hours, thickening towards the end with little pieces of butter rolled in flour. I would serve it with mash (I like to make it with olive oil, instead of milk or butter) and green beans

Questions: 1.How are you? 2. What is your favourite flavour of crisps? 3. Which is your favourite street in Bristol? 4. What’s the C.D./tape/record in your car stereo right now? 5. What was the first C.D./tape/record you ever bought? 6. Who do you prefer: Richar or Judy? 7. Can you name one desirable location in the North of England? 8. Do you prefer a casserole or a fillet of venison braised in coca-cola on a bed of rocket and wild-flower salad with Potato Dauphinoise

Obscure(ish) Composer of the Fortnight:

Illuminating the Father of the Nocturne – JOHN FIELD

By Mark Thatcher

I would like to introduce you to John Field. The man who wrote the first Nocturne. Field was born into a musical family in Dublin in 1782. In his lifetime Field received acclaim all over Europe and in Russia. Not just as a composer but also as a musician. His dual virtuosity earned him comparisons to Paganini and it was said of his playing “*As a pianist he has no rival whether as regards genre or method*”. The relative obscurity in which his name now resides is surely due to his race. Said Franz Liszt of Field “*None have quite attained to these vague eolian harmonies, these half-formed sighs floating through the air, softly lamenting and dissolved in delicious melancholy*”. I think if an English composer had developed such a musical style we would all know his name. Field died of arse cancer in Moscow in 1837. When his friends saw he was dying they wanted to fetch him a religious minister so they asked him “*--Are you a Catholic? – No ! -- Are you a Protestant? – No ! -- Are you a Calvinist? – Not that either*”, replied Field; “*Not a Calvinist but a pianist!*”

Thank you very much for that frank and wholly inaccurate account of John Field. Despite the inaccuracies, frivolities, liberties and idiocies we at the Octo consider it something of a coup to have Mark Thatcher appear at all. BOOM-BOOM.

