

Muesli News & Events:

• **Monday Morning Music on [www.burstradio.org.uk](http://www.burstradio.org.uk) NEW TIME SLOT (9-11am):**  
Yes, your favourite morning radio show has found competition with *Woman’s Hour* impossibly difficult and have decided to pick a fight with that old Scottish rapsallion Andrew Marr and his *Start the Week*, beginning as the show now does at **9am** in the morning. ‘The boys’ (Chas & Dave) are delighted to welcome Angela Landsbury to the show as weather-girl and co-co-host so expect some absurdly patronising and sexist outbursts in the weeks to come. This week sees MMM set its sights on the String Quartet and maestro Claire Lampon will be in the studio hot off the podium with her Musical Pick and to face the interview panel that have sunk a thousand ships. Don’t miss it. **9-11am** every Monday.

• **Wednesday, 9th February 2011, 5pm in the Common Room of the Department of Philosophy, 9 Woodland Road**  
*Why mechanisms can't help us generalize the results of randomized trials* a talk given by Dr. Jeremy Howick. This sounds incredibly boring.

• **The Cube Cinema all this week 8pm (9pm Friday) – *The Genius Within: The life of Glenn Gould* (£4)**  
This week the Cube cinema will be screening a biopic of Canadian Bach specialist Glenn Gould. An impassioned pianist, in some ways an eccentric performer, but a dedicated and renowned authority on Bach’s keyboard music; this promises to be a fascinating film. For those who really can’t get enough - on Friday the cube will present 32 short films about Glenn Gould before the main (later) showing of the feature-length biopic. One not to be missed.

• Thanks must go to Dr. Adrian Moore and the University of Sheffield for arranging an inter-university series of talks between De Montford, Bristol and Sheffield. This week Dr. Neal Farwell gave a fascinating paper explaining his research into combining live acoustic instruments/players with electronics. Illustrating some practical and aesthetic problems for the composer of such works. Thank you Neal... Theal.  
The next in the series of talks is due to be given on the 7th March by Daniel Teruggi.  
(It’s worth going if only for enjoying the elaborate technology – it feels like you’re actually at University)

- Across:**
- 1. Weep ye no more, ye Son Of a Bitch (3)
  - 3. Play this note duration crisp and ‘floaty light’ (6)
  - 6. Turkish string instrument (2)
  - 9. A round woman dedicates this round venue to her dear Prince Schnitzel (10)
  - 10. Operatic ice-cream, Pavarotti certainly didn’t have “Just one...” (8)
  - 12. Eroica was dedicated “\_\_ Boneparte” (2)
  - 13. Student body, the reverse of the centre of the Solar System (3)
  - 14. Exclusive post-code of nine across (2)
  - 15. Exclamation of string player when they break their playing implement/\_\_\_\_ d’Amore (4)
  - 17. String player uses this to make their sticky stick that little bit stickier (5)

- Down:**
- 1. A briefly rehearsed concert that really cures that itch (7)
  - 2. A quartet with impeccable hair (and harmonies) (10)
  - 3. Fo(u)r string players (pl.) (8)
  - 4. Who’d put the same answer as across?! (2)
  - 5. Tinker gently with the treble, middle, bass (2)
  - 7. Conductor’s ‘baguette magique’ (5)
  - 8. A performer hopes to hear these after every performance (5)
  - 11. Gesualdo wrote confused in the tallest part of his castle (5)
  - 16. “A name I call myself” (2)

Submit solutions to [ak6750@bristol.ac.uk](mailto:ak6750@bristol.ac.uk)  
first correct response wins a Toffee Crisp

The lucky winner last time was:

Thomas Porter

Congratulations and enjoy your Starburst (replacement prize due to milk disability).

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](mailto:ak6750@bristol.ac.uk)**



Octogenarian

Fáilte, fáilte, fáilte!  
Fáilte to the twelfth issue of Octogenarian – your friendly reviewer and lobbyist for Bristol’s music scene. Here we present reports from some of the most bewitching, bothering and bewildering concerts that have graced the soundscape of Bristol over the last two weeks. There was no shortage of celebrity pianists tinkling in the wondrous acoustics of St. George’s (for piano music in particular St. George’s Hall really is the last word on acoustics) – we have reviews of James Lisney’s series of Romantic concerts (this week – Chopin) from E. M. Humperdink. Paul Lewis’s Schubert was witnessed by a rather excited J. B. Freibdon-Smithe and M. S. Underwood explains why he was blown away by a quartet of young’uns from the RAM. The gauntlet of our 8 questions is run by Claire Lampon (good luck for your concert this weekend) and Idi Amin (no less!) insults Paul Lewis’s gums in this issues filthy Rant.  
As usual we have provided you with a crossword on which you are invited to bake your noodle and to allow some precious ‘you-time’. Last week’s particularly fiendish quiz was destroyed by previous Bristol inmate **Thomas Porter** (Humous Snorter). Sadly, due to an intolerance of milk – he is very unreasonable – we substituted the Dairy Milk Fruit & Nut with a packet of Starburst for his delectation. Well done for sacrificing dignity and deciding **Elephant** was a fitting choice of font. Next week’s prize (as chosen by this issue’s winner) is a Toffee Crisp, so if you want to set your taste buds alight with nostalgia for the junior school tuck shop, submit your answers to [ak6750@bristol.ac.uk](mailto:ak6750@bristol.ac.uk)  
Be sure to check our listings for what promises to be a very exciting couple of weeks for the Bristolian concert-goer – there really is A LOT on: from classical ballet to contemporary chamber music, from a live feed of the Met’s new production of Nixon in China beamed direct from New York, to our very own University Symphony Orchestra performing Britten and Vaughan-Williams, from 32 short films (and one long film) all about Canadian pianist Glenn Gould to the continuation of St. George’s chamber music series and much more! Surely one of these is attractive enough actually to get you not to tread the well-worn path to the pub, but to dive off in a different direction toward musical refreshment (which can always be followed by a trip to the pub). Have a very merry fortnight.  
Thank you.

Upcoming Concerts:

When?	Where?	Who?	What?	How much?
7.30pm Wednesday 9 February	Colston Hall	Vienna Tonkustler Orchestra	Mozart/Brahms/Beethoven	£8 under-26
8pm Wednesday 9 February	Colston Hall 2	Elektrostatic	Skempton/Poole	£7 students
8pm Wednesday 9-Friday 11 February (9pm on Friday)	The Cube Cinema	Michèle Hozer & Peter Raymont	<i>Genius Within: The Inner Life of Glenn Gould</i>	£4 students
1pm Thursday 10 February	St. George’s	Carducci Quartet	Mozart/Mendelssohn	<b>FREE</b> (CAVATINA discount)
7.30pm Friday 11 February	The Cube Cinema	François Girard	<i>32 Short Films about Glenn Gould</i>	£4 students
7.30pm Friday 11 February	St. George’s	Bristol Ensemble	<i>Beethoven by Candlelight I</i>	£7 students
6pm Saturday 12 February	Showcase Cinema de Lux	Metropolitan Opera (Live Feed)	Adams: <i>Nixon in China</i>	£10 students
7.45pm Saturday 12 February	St. George’s	Brandon Hill Chamber Orchestra	Elgar/Beethoven	£6 students
7.30pm Sunday 13 February	St. George’s	Exultate Singers	<i>A Sense of the Devine</i>	£5 BUMS
1.05pm Tuesday 15 February	Colston Hall 2	Veronika Shoot (piano)	Scarlatti/Brahms	£3.50 BUMS
7pm Tuesday 15 February	Showcase Cinema de Lux	Metropolitan Opera (‘Encore’)	Adams: <i>Nixon in China</i>	£8 students
7.30pm Tuesday 15 February	St. George’s	The English Consort/Maurice Steger	<i>Mr Corelli in London</i>	£5 BUMS
1pm Thursday 17 February	St. George’s	Brass Soloists of the OAE	Gabrieli/Monteverdi/Scheidt/King Henry VIII	£5
1.05pm Tuesday 22 February	Colston Hall 2	Elisse Campbell (horn)/Timothy End (piano)	Messiaen/Beethoven/Strauss	£3.50 BUMS

PICK OF THE NOSE:

<b>7.30pm Monday 14 – Saturday 19 February</b>	<b>Bristol Hippodrome</b>	<b>Russian State Ballet of Siberia</b>	<b>Prokofiev: <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> (Mon/Tues)</b> <b>Tchaikovsky: <i>Sleeping Beauty</i> (Wed)</b> <b>Minkus: <i>Don Quixote</i> (Thurs)</b> <b>Tchaikovsky: <i>Swan Lake</i> (Fri/Sat)</b>	<b>£3.75 student!</b>
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**The Artesian Quartet**  
**Colston Hall 2**  
**Tuesday 1st February 2011, 1.05pm, £3.50**  
**(BUMS)**

It has been a long time, perhaps over a year, since I’ve attended one of the Tuesday lunchtime concerts put on in the charmingly shabby ‘Hall 2’ of the Colston Hall. The series features the nemeses of any University music student: conservatoire kids. Every Tuesday, the Royal Academy of Music and the Guildhall pack off their most promising students on the Megabus to provide entertainment for the poor provincial poppets down in Bristol. This week, four second-years from the RAM, baby-faced and seemingly still wet behind the ears, absolutely enthralled their tiny audience with some truly first-class string quartet playing. What a shock it was! Rarely have I been so completely immersed in any live performance; be it orchestral, professional, recital or song cycle. It was truly one of the most inspired performances I’ve seen these many years. How did the Artesian quartet manage to thrill to such an extent? By a combination of perfect programming, technical wizardry, exemplary communication and a joyous sense of occasion, rarely found at lunchtime

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events. And yet there were two more vital ingredients: a youthful confidence in each other, their audience, and, most importantly, themselves; but simultaneously and paradoxically, a genuine, mature, deeply musical engagement with the works they performed with such ‘naïve’ freshness. Haydn’s *Joke quartet* (Op.33, no.2) was really funny (as in, *really* funny: I laughed out loud), the quartet really toying teasingly with the audience; Shostakovich’s *String quartet no. 7* was as dark, foreboding and frantically exciting as if Stalin was stood grooming his moustaches in the cheap seats; and Mendelssohn’s *No. 2 in A minor* (op. 13!) was drippingly romantic and would silence any idiot who questions Felix’s inventiveness or inspiration. The whole experience was utterly refreshing and extremely exciting – music at its most inspirational. Keep an ear out for these guys when they hit their twenties – they’re going to be big!

M. S. Underwood

**James Lisney**  
**St. George’s**  
**Thurs. 3<sup>rd</sup> February 2011, 1:00pm, £4 (BUMS)**

I once heard lunchtime concerts described as an “Oasis” (I believe it was written in a less-than-reputable fortnightly review publication). If this is true then James Lisney’s Chopin recital was a plush lagoon, dripping at every crevice, bursting forth with all the *Werther’s Original* any Octogenarian could desire. St. George’s – on this crisp, bright day – took on filmic qualities worthy of such a description as the light streamed through the gridded panes that reach higher than they ought. The dust reflecting beautifully against the soft light was disturbed only when strode forth Mr. Lisney. Quietly, with purpose, but amiably he took a brief, acknowledging bow before taking his time to settle and begin his recital.

From the first note I could relax... we were in safe hands. Lisney has the most reassuring presence; he looks like a man stuck in a hellish 9-5 job, whose day is punctuated only by frustrated glances at young interns and the occasional triumph of taking a bit more stationary than he is entitled to... a plodder. This is what he looks like, NOT what he plays like; his playing was extraordinary. He juiced the fleshy orange of Chopin with enough rubato

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to ensure that all the good juice ran freely into our open ears, but not so much as to leave us with a bitter taste of rind and an over-worked sweating mess of a squeezer! The programme was delightful – two *Nocturnes* punctuated with a more brusque *Fantasia* and (the highlight of the show) an emotionally diverse *Fantaisie-Polonoise*. Every note was played with a considered (and considerate) expression, each phrase crafted, but maintaining the sense of the whole... wholly terrific.

It may seem counter-intuitive but I felt so much happier in the hands of a balding, middle-aged man who drives a Vauxhall (I know: I saw) and wears a terribly boring tie than I would have been if given over to a flashy, young kid on the block – a controversial figure who agonises for weeks on how to dress that bit less formally – shirts with no collar, no tie because that’s ‘old-fashioned’ and the way to get younger audiences into the concert hall is by being all ‘rad’ and ‘cool’ so the tie is an absolute no no... (so is colour, for that matter: only ‘new music black’ will suffice). Thank you Mr. Lisney for a refreshingly ordinary presentation of a terrific programme played beautifully.

E. M. Humperdink

## Rant of the fortnight:

*What is a smile?* A letter to Paul Lewis from **Idi Amin**

Dear Mr. Lewis,

Where do you get off? You are not actually Beethoven. You are allowed to smile. We won’t think of you as a talentless schmuck just because you accept your applause with a grin. In fact, we’re more likely to respond warmly and not think you are, in fact, a pretentious arsehole who is so insecure about his career that he must use a surly image as a tool to make sure that the plebs don’t accuse you of merely being good. That the comparisons to Beethoven do not dry up, and that no-one calls “Emperor’s New Clothes” as regards the snorts, sniffles, grunts and humming you’re so delighted to include as part of your performance.

Please, please smile.

Yours forevermore my darling,

Idi x (lolz)

**Paul Lewis**  
**St. George’s**  
**Friday 4th February 2011, 7:30pm, £5 (BUMS)**

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It seems like a normal Friday night. I casually walk down Park Street; a few people are around, here and there, but it’s a little quieter than usual. So where is everyone? I’ll tell you where; anyone who is anyone is packed into the underground bar of St George’s, frantically necking drinks before pushing past each other to get to their seats to witness the first (completely sold out) of eight concerts by the brilliant pianist Paul Lewis, showcasing Schubert’s late solo piano music, and accompanying the celebrated tenor Mark Padmore for the three song cycles. Let’s get straight to the point. It is no secret that I am absolutely, head over heels infatuated by Lewis. He is the Classical Music poster boy for middle aged (and some 21-year-old) women everywhere, and there is no doubt that his record label has milked his resemblance to Beethoven dry, as in each publicity shot and album cover he is coiffed and moulded to Ludwig van-perfection.

There is an air of frenzied excitement as we wait for Lewis to appear. Eventually he strides on. Before the audience have had time to cough and shuffle, he dives straight into the *Sonata for Piano No 15 in C* (D840). A piece tinged with the anguish and resignation of late Schubert, he injects it with vivacity; the cobwebs of previous pianists dusted off to reveal, with such lucid precision, a new beauty.

This was followed by a rare performance of the *Drei Klavierstucke* (D946), which galloped at a quick pace towards the interval. Lewis adopted a quicker speed and lighter touch than his mentor Alfred Brendel’s 1994 recording, which gave the pieces an impetuous momentum. The arresting stormy opening figure of the first movement contrasted gloriously with its tender middle section, whilst the delicacy of the second movement gently swayed and the syncopation of the third raced on like a runaway train.

But it was in the second half that Lewis really showed his prowess with the Sonata for *Piano No 17 in D* (D850). I am cynical at the best of times and often have the concentration span of a small child, but there is something so intoxicatingly hypnotic about Lewis’s playing that not even I can deny his hold over me. He was fully immersed in the music, swaying and murmuring, tapping his feet, but it was seldom too much, never embarrassingly over-emotional. He never gets in the way of the music, instead acting as a phenomenally skilled instrument for the music to be expressed to its full potential.

Don’t miss out on the next concerts in this series, and check out Lewis’s recordings of the Beethoven piano sonatas and concertos for a fresh and exciting approach to this popular repertoire.

J. B. Freibdon-Smithe

## 8 Questions innate seconds:

We asked Claire Lampon, Conductor of Chamber Orchestra and all round ‘good egg’ eight questions, here are her 8 answers:

1. I’m very well thank you
2. Salt & Vinegar
3. Rite of Spring, I woke up to it this morning
4. Park Street
5. Craig David’s album ‘Born to Do It’
6. Cider in an ‘old man’ pub
7. Definitely cereal – Mini chocolate Weetabix!
8. Jumper

**Questions:** 1.How are you? 2. What is your favourite flavour of crisp? 3. What’s the C.D./tape/record in your music playing device right now? 4. Which is your favourite street in Bristol? 5. What was the first C.D./tape/record/mp3 you ever bought? 6. Would you prefer a glass of Merlot in a trendy wine bar, a pint of Cider in an ‘old man’ pub, a glass of chai in an ethnic café or 16 Apple Sourz in Lizard Lounge? 7. Cereal, toast, Fry-up or fruit, nuts and yoghurt? 8. A man in a jumper, a man in a cardigan or a man in a tank-top?



A Smile



Paul Lewis