

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

Given the title of the show, it's fortunate that the extensive team behind *Monday Morning Music* managed to land the 10am – 12pm Monday slot on BURST radio. Be sure to keep tuning in to this fully *Octogenarian*-endorsed endeavour, in the hope that the presence of the music of Karl Jenkins on this week's outing was due to a mere technical fault, and not a frankly sickening lapse of taste on behalf of the presenters. Should anyone have seen them in the vicinity of St. George's for the Einaudi concert on Monday evening, please contact this publication urgently and in complete confidence. Do not attempt to take matters into your own hands.

• **Cabaret at the Canteen – Saturday 20 November 2010 in the evening:**

A new venture has sprung up above the very trendy, ever-so-popular *Canteen* on Stokes Croft: there is now a black box theatre operating in its eves. Run by a small, local company specialising in contemporary theatre and art, this weekend will see them perform an extraordinary cabaret, including, as far as I understand, some rather saucy aspects, perfect for the weekend wind-down... Ooh Matron!

• ***Octogenarian* implements long-awaited extension of coverage:**

Following a prolonged legal process, we are pleased to announce a victory in our fight to extend the Bristol-centric remit of the *Octogenarian* beyond its current geographic bounds. From next issue, expect full coverage of Bristol Palin's exploits on the US TV show *Dancing with the Stars*, beginning with an exclusive interview and pictures in a glossy two-page centrefold.

• **FREE workshop in music production at the Cube Micro-complex – Saturday 20th of November 2pm:**

MJ Cole will be hosting a *FREE* music production workshop at the Cube Microplex Cinema. This is a rare opportunity to see one of the UK underground dance music scene's finest demonstrating how the root of a tune can be taken and re-crafted into something fresh. There will be a Q&A session and attendance at this event grants a *FREE* ticket to the club night, that evening (worth £12.50) The whole event then is *FREE*, but you must register for tickets through the website: [www.rizlarecrafted.co.uk](http://www.rizlarecrafted.co.uk).

• **Gang-war update:**

The latest development in the music-war that threatens to embellish Bristol life immeasurably has made national news... Emma Kirkby descended on our little backwater last week and has fuelled the arms race between Easton gang the Riley *BOYZ* and the Russian Conductor's Union that operates from New Marketgrad (the area formerly known as Old Market). Kirkby is rumoured to be supplying chin rests and other equipment to the string players of the Riley *BOYZ*. Operating out of Bath The Dame produces all manner of musical equipment in underground sweatshops employing hundreds of failed singers in back-breaking and illegal work. This aid given has boosted Riley *BOYZ* considerably and they are pushing the Conductor's Union back, West street to Bond street is littered with smashed batons, from unsuccessful retaliatory skirmishes led by Gergiev's military wing. It is said that the political wing of the Union, represented by Ashkenazy, is willing to enter peace-talks but as yet no satisfactory venue has been agreed upon.

• **John Irving latest:**

The ongoing saga of Professor John Irving's mysterious disappearance took an unexpected twist last week. The Mozart specialist, nicknamed 'Wolfgang Amadeus Flee-Vic's (Room)' by the tabloids, was spotted in the Department on Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup> November, but once again evaded capture following a dramatic but ultimately one-sided harpsichord duel with John the porter.

With the IMR in London – where Irving is supposed to be on secondment – continuing to deny any knowledge of his existence, let alone employment, the situation is becoming ever more sinister. Speculation is rife that Dr. Pauline Fairclough is in league with WAFV(R) (acronym pronounced as in 'sport'), and that her current research trip is in fact an attempt to sell musicological secrets to the Russian government.

Meanwhile, the related staff shortages mean that marking of upcoming essay submissions will reportedly by undertaken by a small brigade of trained mallards. We can only hope that they fit the bill.

Across:

1. Bangin' Indian pop music (6)
4. Italian King, er, drop of golden sun? (2)
6. Igor, you crazy modernist! (10)
9. Evening service, singular, i.e. Rach (5)
11. French composer, accidentally killed himself by smashing his own foot with his conducting stick! (5)

Down:

1. Conductors do it, so do boxers (4)
2. Suffer from pre-performance butterflies or mess up the river Severn (6)
3. You're a star if you study these ever-important, ever-underfunded subjects (4)
5. Large orchestra(1 piece)'s "cool" nickname (5)
6. Double-bassists use this to rest their plates o'meat (5)
7. Un\_\_\_\_\_ this mystery: French orchestration expert (5)
8. Edgy contemporary departmental performance ensemble (3)
10. In short, slow down (3)

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

**Dark-Chocolate Bounty**

Small print:  
In case of allergy a Boost chocolate bar will be provided as replacement – in no case shall this be in addition to and is strictly subject to availability, editors whim and full medical documentation proving the winners not disability

The lucky winner last time was:

Γεοργε Αδφε

Congratulations to yours & you & Linford Christie too

Warning: Enjoy confectionary responsibly



# Octogenari

Välkomna, Välkomna, Välkomna!

Välkomna, to the eighth issue of *Octogenarian* – your friendly reviewer and lobbyist for Bristol's music scene. For you to nibble delicately on this time are reviews of Emma Kirkby and her all singing all dancing band, an expose of *Exultate Singers* performance of Rachmaninov's vespers (with a notable lack of poppy-wearing, tut tut) and several seditious scribe's scrawlings on other concerts enjoyed in Bristol over the last fortnight.

We're delighted to announce that last fortnight's issue was the most successful (in terms of bums on seats) to date – thank you for your support. The high readership sparked a great battle for the crossword competition's Starbar. We say thank you to all the losers and a big-ass congratulations to Γεοργε Αδφε on his incredibly quick and accurate response. Delightfully, he chose *symbol* as his font – innovative.

Despite these heady readership figures there are dark clouds rising over this publication's continued existence. Last issue we issued a call to arms for any willing volunteer to submit a (very) short, inaccurate, silly, incompetent review... I have to tell you now, that no such undertaking has been received. We at the *Octogenarian* do not have the option of conscription so are relying on enthusiasm of 'the every man', student, staff member and flautist, yes, even flautists are welcome. We expect every music enthusiast to do their duty!

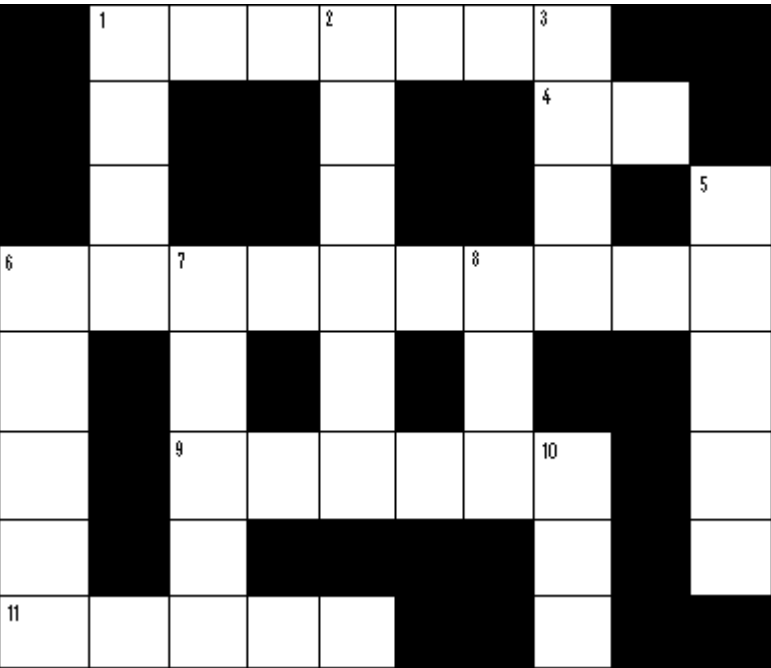
Please do contact us with reviews, rants, letters, or anything you think deserves attention – our lines are open, this is not a repeat, Claudia Winkleman and Dermot O'Leary are waiting on your call. – Do your duty, write for the *Octogenarian*. Thank you.

**Upcoming Concerts:**

When?	Where?	Who?	What?	How much?
7.30pm Friday 19 November	St. George's	Richard Casey (piano)	<i>Rutherford's Lights: 24 Studies in Light and Colour</i> Edward Cowie	£9 student or £5 BUMS
7:30pm Saturday 20 November	Trinity-Henleaze U.R.C	Bristol chamber Orchestra Solo: Thomas Porter	Weber – Bassoon concerto Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Rossini	£8 Advance £10 n the door £5 Students
3pm Sunday 21 November	St. George's	Jack Gibbons (piano)	The Life of Gershwin	£11 or £5 BUMS
7.30pm Sunday 21 November	St. George's	Ludovico Einaudi (piano)	Einaudi	£11 or £5 BUMS
1.05 Tuesday 23 November	Colston Hall 2	Tenorissimi	Who knows...?	£5 or £3 BUMS
8pm Wednesday 24 November	St. George's	Courtney Pine	<i>Transition in Tradition</i>	£11 or £5 BUMS
1pm Thursday 25 November	St. George's	Julia Hwang (violin)/ Christopher Northam (piano)	Schumann/Ravel/ Brahms/Wieniawski	<b>FREE</b> (Cavatina discount)
7.30pm Thursday 25 November	Colston Hall	Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra/Paul Lewis (piano)	Britten/Beethoven/ Rachmaninov	£8 under-26
3pm Saturday 27 November	St. Mary Redcliffe	Thomas Trotter (organ)	Organ Restoration Opening Concert	£10 (Adult price)
7.30pm Saturday 27 November	Colston Hall	Bristol Choral Society/ Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra	Vaughan Williams/ Holst/Elgar	£5 under-25
7.45pm Saturday 27 November	St. George's	Bristol Camarata/ Il coro Camerata	Mahler/Copland/ Nielsen/MacMillan	£10 student
7.30pm Sunday 28 November	St. George's	Bristol Classical Players	Mozart/Schubert	£6 student
1.05pm Tuesday 30 November	Colston Hall 2	James Bower (percussion)	Maric/Smadbeck/ Norton/Hollinden	£5 or £3 BUMS

**PICK OF THE NOSE:**

<b>8pm Wednesday 17 November (TONIGHT)</b>	<b>Colston Hall 2</b>	<b>Elektrostatic</b>	<b><i>Twisted Blues</i> Frank Zappa/Turnage</b>	<b>£7 student</b>
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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)**

Dame Emma Kirkby & Michael Chance  
with Musica Petropolitana  
11.11.10 7:30pm  
St George’s £5



Historical performance musicians can be said, in a sense, to be living in the past. The small Russian ensemble Musica Petropolitana certainly had something anachronistic about them, aside from their baroque instruments and techniques. I think it must have been their 70s hair. Anyway, it is not my place to comment on performers’ aesthetic qualities or stylistic decisions. (Or is it?) I’m here to report on the music, which was lovely. Vivaldi’s *Sinfonia for Strings in C RV 112* opened the concert, and a very interesting rendition of the bouncy little number it was too, mainly because the group (which consisted of only 5 players) stripped things down to one player per part, thus transforming what normally is played as a string orchestra work into a chamber ‘quintet’, increasing the vulnerability and emphasising individuality of each part, to very pleasing effect. The countertenor Michael Chance then entered the scene and proved to everyone present why he’s regarded as one of the big dogs of the male alto world, giving a delightful performance of Vivaldi’s *Cantata ‘Caro selve, amici prati’ RV 671*. Forgive me, ladies and gentlemen, but I always experience the slightest feeling of nauseated shock when a big man like Chance opens his gob and out comes a sound befitting a cherub, but fortunately it is fleeting enough and probably actually heightens my subsequent enjoyment of the performance – it certainly did in this instance. Next we had another ‘orchestral’ work, Heinrich Biber’s *Partita No. 6 in G minor*, of which the most remarkable aspect was without a doubt way it

petered out at the end, in the midst of some contrapuntal string writing. I was a little perplexed by this, but it was carried off in a very merry way by the two violinists and provoked a rumble of satisfied amusement from the audience. The pure voice of Emma Kirkby then made its first appearance, as did she, complete with ginger ‘fro and ensconced in velvet, curtain-like velvet, for some wonderful Bach Cantata numbers, which demonstrated that though the afro be greying, her vocal chords certainly ain’t. After the interval we were all enraptured by a complete performance of Giovanni Pergolesi’s masterpiece, the incredible, heart-wrenching *Stabat Mater*, which from the opening discords, like shards of steel through the soul, to the final, peaceful ‘amen’, was a truly spiritual musical experience. The intimacy of this occasion, performed as it was by the minimum of frill but retaining a maximum emotional expressivity, struck me as perfect testimony to the power of unassuming, pure, beautiful Music.

Sarah Junstone-Miller

***The relevant box***

**Mini quote:** An artist, in giving a concert, should not demand an entrance fee but should ask the public to pay, just before leaving, as much as they like. From the sum he would be able to judge what the world thinks of him - and we would have fewer mediocre concerts. - Kit Coleman

**8 Questions innate seconds:**

We asked Dr. Neal Farwell eight questions. Here are his 8 answers:

1. Marvellous! How are you?
2. Beetroot.
3. None, rarely drive. But there's a diverse stack of discs next to my desk.
4. The one I live on.
5. Landscape. It had "Einstein A Go Go" on it.
6. Jumpers.
7. London.
8. Syzygy.

**Questions:** 1.How are you? 2. What is your favourite flavour of crisps? 3. What’s the C.D./tape/record in your car stereo right now? 4. Which is your favourite street in Bristol? 5. What was the first C.D./tape/record you ever bought? 6. Do you prefer jumpers, cardigans or tank-tops? 7. Where is the best place to go for a long weekend in the UK, around April time? 8.What is your favourite word in the English language?



Let us spare a thought for the Lurpak trombone man.

This guy has probably done more for raising awareness of the trombone than any other cult figure involved in dairy product promotion. Cheers Lurpak... Cheerpak.

**Exultate Singers - cond. David Ogden**  
**07.11.10**  
**St. George’s £9**



“When you’re smiling, when you’re smiling, the whole world smiles with you...” remember your Gran playing this lovely ditty (probably the drippingly sexy Nat King Cole version)? Well, David Ogden doesn’t. Following their traumatic experience, one might expect the Chandlers not to “wear a smile” and certainly with the pressure of maintaining her faux-supermodel haughty attitude and aloof posturing no-one would dream of suggesting that Victoria Beckham might want to cure her sour-faced pout with a big toothy grin... However, having performed a concert that lifted the souls of many with some beautiful singing on a crisp winters evening I think I was within my rights to expect a smile from the conductor – not a sausage. Mr Ogden refused to smile whilst receiving (well-earned) applause at the end of each piece, at the interval and in the many repeat bows of the end. This was a shame, and one of only two shames that this concert offered, the other I’ll come to!...

On this fine winter evening the audience were treated to a full rendition of Rachmaninov’s *Vespers*, and all for the not-so-measly sum of £9 (how we are spoiled by student & cavatina discounts) it’s a shame that smaller ensembles like Exultate are in no position to provide discount tickets, the trade off between covering costs and bums on seats apparent in the 25% empty seats for this very popular work.

The concert was thoughtfully structured by splitting the sections of the *Vespers* (*Vespers*, *Matins* and *First Hour*) which gave both the audience a breather, and allowed the choir to breath. Meaning that in between, cellist Richard May could perform one movement of Shostakovich’s *Cello Sonata*, Rachmaninov’s *complete* cello sonata and join with the choir to perform a

spirited new work *Epistle* – receiving its premiere – for cello and choir. Those that joined me had mixed feelings about this mixed programme, but, mixing it up, yours truly suggested that to get the vespers *and* Yuri Yukechev’s new work (*Epistle*) into the mix, nothing short of salad mixers would do the trick – salad mixers in this case being the sonatas that made the link between a piece for choir and piece for choir and cello... make sense?!

The vespers were sung very well indeed: some of the solos felt a trifle nervy, though there was a particularly notable effort from bass Martin Le Poidevin, producing a terrific sound. As a group Exultate were convincing, producing a strong sound in the climaxes, though rather more vulnerable and inconsistent at softer moments. Nonetheless, this was a terrifically challenging programme, and long too – there really was a lot to sing. Giving this performance 3½ stars would have been easy were it not for the two shames, the second of which opens up a wider issue that the Daily Mail seem to find abhorrent every year – the issue of poppy wearing. The BBC insist on it, and now so do ITV, this year the complaint by the Mail was that they weren’t worn early enough... it was a good job that no-one from that fine publication was reviewing this concert. There was not a poppy to be seen amongst the performers, not one. It was odd, so many in the audience had donned the bright red remembrance symbol and for the performers to have forgotten is something of an oversight. Obviously this did not affect the music, and thus it feels harsh to criticise, but at the Octogenarian we like to make as much of dress-code (and smiley conductors) as of music, so three stars for a jolly good show.

**B. E. Cummings**

**Galatzin Quartet**  
**Thursday 4 November 1pm**  
**St. George’s £0**



Free music often sounds the same as expensive music. The music in this concert – Haydn and Beethoven string quartets – sounded like it should’ve cost lots to listen to, and yet I didn’t pay jack-diddly-squat. The Galatzin Quartet consists of four finely dressed young gentlemen from different parts of the world, united in this most intimately perfect of formations for the sole purpose of making sweet music (and making money doing it). Their dynamic range and control throughout the concert was highly impressive, particularly in Haydn’s *‘Sunrise’ String Quartet No. 63 in B flat Op. 76 No.4*, one of F.J.H.’s best-known and loved late quartets. The ‘improvisatory’ violin I part at the opening under the static chords of the other three musicians was played with a delightfully expressive *rubato* which contrasted strongly with the rhythmic jostling of the first subject, which was played with energy and verve. I thought this energy was lost slightly on the recapitulation, which felt a bit ‘flat’ (i.e. saggy) in contrast, but what was lost was recovered quickly, and the movement ended in a

Sprite™-like fashion. The *Adagio* was tranquillity itself. The Galitzin lads kept up the drive through the third and fourth movements, the *accelerando* at the end of the latter really made you sit up and start twitching in anticipation of the final cadence (not in a bad way, in a good way). Beethoven’s *‘Rasumovsky’ String Quartet No. 8 in E minor Op.59 No. 2* provided a stark contrast to the sunny Haydn, and the jump from B flat major to E minor was a little jarring. This aside, it’s always marvellous to hear Beethoven’s quartets; they’re such a paragon of classical music. Having said this, Galitzin’s performance suffered somewhat from another energy dip, and throughout the first two movements my mind wandered somewhat. However, the almost tango-like rhythms of the *Allegretto* and the scotch snaps of the *Finale* re-injected that vital *élan* which drove the quartet through to the end tremendously, and provoked a rigorous response from a thoroughly contented audience.

Bertrand Humberstone