



TACET TIMES – 12

It's a bumper edition this week, with a letter from our new Chair, Robert Skone James, and lovely story of her childhood from a new contributor, Madeline Gammie.

As we move into autumn the colours – and the weather – are beginning to change. We may have seen the last of stifling nights and brilliant days, but we haven't done with the effects of the virus quite yet. It has had such an impact on the activities of our Society, but the recent surveys have shown heartening evidence of the members' desire to keep everything going.

We continue to watch carefully the information that is being provided about how to keep everyone safe while being able to get together. It is quite confused at the moment, with different interpretations of the government's guidelines being read as we can or cannot get together, that we should distance by 1 metre or 2 metres, that we can sing safely back to back (!) or in the open air. We are waiting for an update of Making Music's guidance and their risk assessment tool which should be out soon.

Some venues are now being declared as 'COVID-19 secure', which may allow some groups to get together. It is clear also that places with high ceilings (such as churches and cathedrals) are likely to be safer than those with low ceilings. But that leaves most of us much where we have been for months now, although there is a chink of light for the strings and other orchestral musicians. We shall cross our fingers, and in the meantime find other ways of maintaining our friendship and desire to come together to make music.

Joanna Mace

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PS – did you see the Treasurer's message re subs? If not, contact me and I'll send you a copy!

News update: Robert Skone James formally takes up the rôle of Society Chair

I would like to welcome you all to the start of our 75th season. I take over as your Chair in interesting times, with challenges and problems that are unprecedented in the 75 years of the Society's history. However, we have a strong group of people in the Executive Committee, and I know that I will have lots of support as we go forward. As of 1st September Rosie will move to the position of Deputy Chair, and her rich experience both in TPS and in her professional life will continue to be an amazing resource for the Society. Graham Bignell becomes Treasurer, and I look forward to working closely with him to assure the strong financial position is maintained. We welcome Sue Gray to ExCo as Deputy Orchestral Chair, and I am sure that Steve Minton, Orchestral Chair, will be happy to have her help with the many tasks that are necessary to keep the Orchestra going.

What is most important to all of us is that we stay united as a Society, and take whatever opportunities present themselves to get together, and I would like to say 'thank you' to the members who took part in the survey regarding the activities and communications that ExCo have initiated during the period since March 2020. It was a great help to us going forward as we develop the plan for the Society until we can resume our normal activities, and I attach the results of the survey so that you can see what was recorded.

As I write, the situation is different for the various groups within the membership. We have studied information from the government regarding the COVID-19 restrictions, together with interpretation from bodies such as Making Music and the Royal School of Church Music. It is clear that, for some such as string players, the possibilities of coming together are growing, providing that the venue used is COVID-19 secure (which covers one-way flows, hand-washing and sanitising, social distancing etc). However, for those whose musical activities generate high levels of aerosol distribution, the wind and brass instruments and, of course, singers, the prohibitions on rehearsing and performing are still very much in place. You may also remember that I have written to our local MPs to seek their support and I am very pleased that they have been very responsive and have passed on our thoughts and concerns to the Department of Digital, Culture, Media and Sport. Time will tell as to whether these representations will be reflected in actions.

We will, therefore, concentrate on continuing to offer music making and non-music making activities online to keep our members involved and entertained. We are in discussion with Ben about what he is going to do, and also whether the Society can support him with the provision of training and/or equipment. Jong-Gyung Park, Choir Accompanist, is preparing to provide a 'concert' with discussion. We are also exploring how other societies are approaching the situation and whether we can borrow from their experiences.

The input of every member of our Society is important, and so if you have ideas that you think will interest members, see a different way of us coming together or can identify someone outside our organisation who can help us, please do not hesitate to contact me or another member of the ExCo (contact details on the Members' page of the website).

Until we meet again face to face, I look forward to doing all I can, with the help of the ExCo, to fill the void that COVID-19 has created in our Society's activities, and hope that it will not be too long before we are back to making music together once more.

With best wishes to you all

Robert Skone James, Chair, Tonbridge Philharmonic Society

More news:

You may have seen this lovely story about the power of music to restore hope and health – this is an extract from an article in the Sunday Times (16th August) by Andrew Gregory, Health Editor:

Radio 3 star brought out of 17-day coma by Bach and funk

Clemency Burton-Hill, BBC classical music presenter and violinist, is having to relearn how to speak and walk after suffering a life-threatening brain haemorrhage. She revealed that she had undergone emergency surgery after collapsing during a meeting in New York. She was taken to a hospital in Manhattan where a neurosurgeon removed half her skull to save her life.

The haemorrhage, which happened in January, was caused by a previously undiagnosed condition called an arteriovenous malformation (AVM), which means that an abnormal cluster of blood vessels had tangled the arteries and veins in her brain and triggered the massive bleed.

Burton-Hill, whose husband is a British diplomat at the United Nations, had moved from the BBC to America to become creative director of a classical radio station, WXQR. Yesterday she told how she was unconscious for 17 days while a mixture of music – Bach, jazz, Renaissance music and funk – was played to her night and day through a tiny speaker by her bedside. As a musician she has played the violin in some of the world's leading concert halls, and said she believed the playlist, compiled by friends and family, had given her hope.

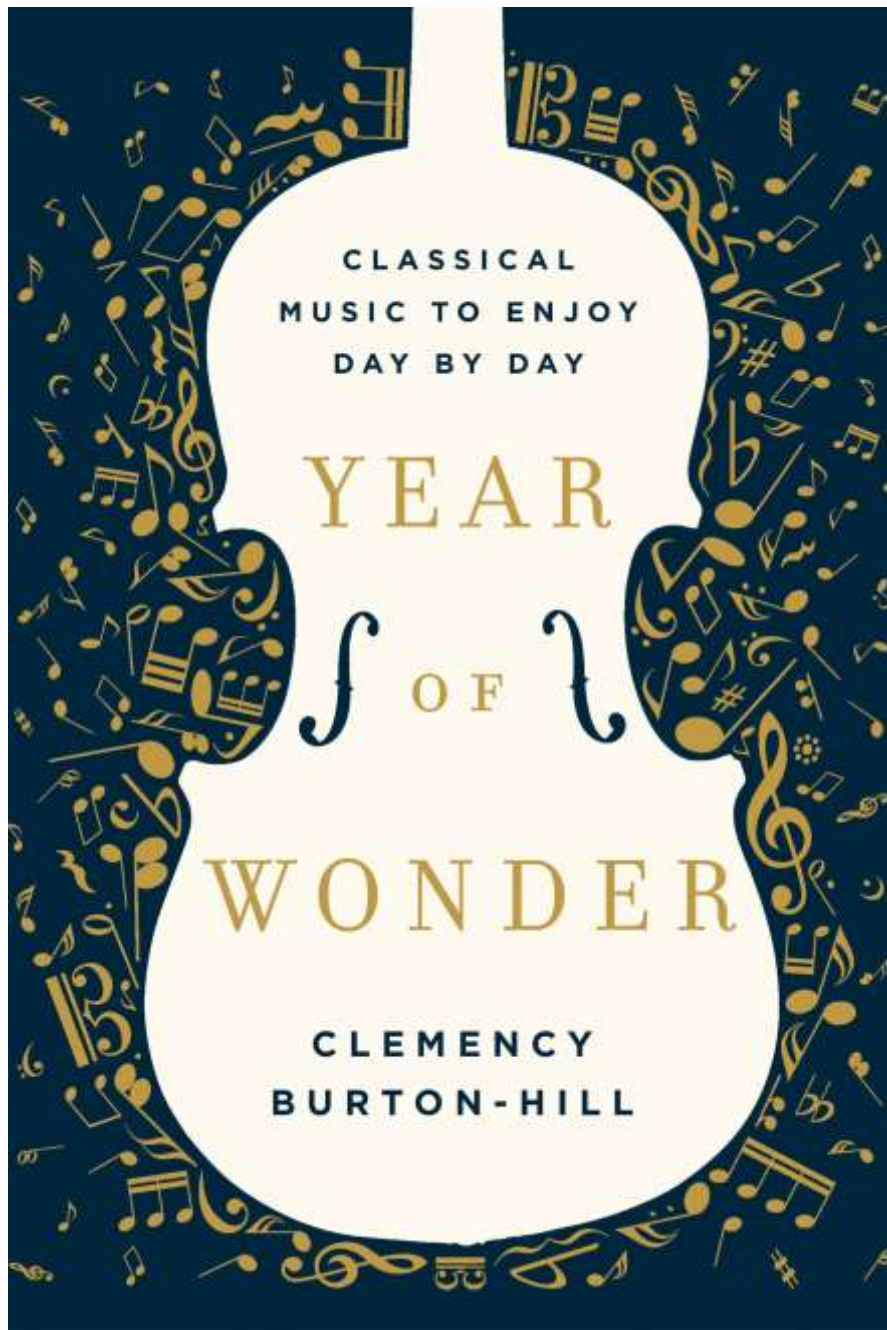
Shortly before regaining consciousness, the broadcaster recalled having to make a choice of whether to give up or to live. She said, 'It was literally: I can do this, I'm going to get through this.' She believes that 'Music is the opposite of despair. It was going to be worth the fight.'

The British opera singer Andrew Staples was in New York when she collapsed, and spent many days by her side in the hospital. Before she showed any sign of consciousness he recalled her left foot tapping along to a piece of music by Brahms. 'I forget what exactly,' said Staples, 'but I remember it struck me as a non-typical piece to inspire toe-tapping.'

A week later, after her doctors had removed the tubes that had helped her to breathe, one of her favourite pieces of music, Richard Strauss's *Morgen*, happened to play through the speaker by her bedside. Years ago Burton-Hill had performed it with Staples at the Hay Festival. 'With her good hand she grabbed my wrist as I leant over her shaven head and I sang the words to her,' Staples said. 'The opening of the poem goes *And tomorrow the sun will shine again....* We both cried a lot. I wasn't worried from then on about whether she was *in there* anymore.'

Burton-Hill is now relearning to speak and walk, and having therapy to strengthen the right side of her body, which was affected by the bleed. She has also managed to play Bach with her friend, the Scottish violinist Nicola Benedetti; she plays the left hand on the violin while Benedetti bows. She said 'It's a clichéd idea that music is beyond language, but from what I've experienced in my own brain, I truly know that now.' She added, 'I really believe music is part of my recovery because it uses both sides of the brain. It's as though it

trains your brain to be ambidextrous. Sometimes it is the thing that gives me solace, and sometimes it's the thing that helps me to get up and fight and to live.'



Memories are made of this

We have a new contributor this week – thank you Madeline

AN IDYLLIC IRISH CHILDHOOD

I was born in Dublin in 1946, where along with my two younger sisters we passed our early childhood, only later moving to Waterford in 1959. We lived in a quiet cul de sac on the south side of the city between Rathgar and Rathmines with the river Dodder flowing quietly past the end of the garden and the golf course nearby on the other side.

My father, who worked in the Bank of Ireland, loved to be outdoors as much as possible, so every morning he would take us for a walk down the road, both before and after breakfast, generally throwing a ball at us and expecting us to catch it! He also used to ask us mathematical questions, the favourite being 'if a herring and a half cost three ha'pence, what do 6 herrings cost? It took me a very long time to work that one out! We would return home to a full cooked breakfast every morning, including fried bread, my favourite.

We attended a small private school in Rathgar because, being 'Prods', we couldn't of course go to a convent! My father would have been horrified! He was from Holyhead and my mother was from Bloemfontein and they met while he was training in the RAF out in South Africa. We enjoyed long summer holidays, generally from about 25th June until 9th September, nearly 11 weeks! But of course we didn't have any half terms then.

We were allowed to roam in the nearby woods, play down the lane which was across the main road, climb trees and walk down to the river. We were under strict instruction never to go in the river so of course we didn't! The sun seemed to shine all the time, but I expect there were some rainy days. My mother was always ready to entertain us and all the other children who lived nearby, and if it was wet they were all sent round to Mrs B's house (my Mum). I remember that she painted the long breakfast room wall in emulsion paint and we were all allowed to draw pictures on it in crayon and chalk! She would later clean them off ready for the next artistic efforts. When it came to tidying up she expected everyone to help, so she'd open the cupboard doors and we had to pile all the toys inside and she'd slam them quickly shut! Done!

In the summer my Dad liked to drive us to the seaside after Sunday School. Mum would make the picnic, we would be picked up from church and off we'd go! We'd change into our shorts in the back of the car and we'd drive to Malahide, a beautiful sandy beach on the north side of the city. We spent glorious days there, swimming, paddling and collecting shells, had our delicious picnic and then packed everything up and drove home at about three o'clock, just as all the other families were arriving. Dad couldn't bear to sit in traffic so we always went early and returned early. If it was still a very hot day he would get out the garden hose and give us a 'squirt', and the neighbouring children would also join in.

In 1959 we moved to Waterford, near the south coast, Ireland's fourth largest city, with a population of 29,000 of whom 400 were Protestants. My father was promoted to

sub-agent in the Bank and we moved into a bank house, a large Georgian one opposite the park and behind the gasworks. You got used to the smell after a while! We were able to walk to our secondary school from there and of course returned home for lunch every day, as did my Dad, and then went back for afternoon classes or games.

Bishop Foy School was right beside the cathedral so morning assembly took place there every day. It's a beautiful small Georgian Cathedral with a fine organ and I was invited to join the choir at the age of 13, where I sang three services every Sunday. In the early sixties an ecumenical choir was formed, which was a daring innovation, and we performed Haydn's Creation, the first choral work I had ever sung. Such a glorious musical treat!

We were once again near the seaside, Tramore, with a stunning three mile strand (tra mor means big strand in Gaelic) and Dumore East, a very picturesque little fishing village with lots of individual beaches and coves. So once again we could spend time swimming and catching crabs during the long summer holidays, and as soon as we were old enough we were allowed to cycle there.

My own children have spent many happy summer holidays over there and enjoyed the same Idyllic beaches and Irish weather. And now it's the turn of the grandchildren to enjoy the same wonderful times which we had!

Madeline Gammie



David Price has been writing again:

Taming the tenors

As the rep for the largest group of tenors in the south-east, I've tried for over 15 years to find ways of managing them on behalf of the musical director. Every tenor is a good musician, a few are almost professional standard, none are temperamental. Nevertheless, I have found a collective noun for them - a temperament of tenors.

Women are naturally interested in us because, in most operas, we are the romantic lead. We get all the best arias, we are dressed in tunics, tights, cloaks, sometimes with armour, helmet, swords and sashes. And very occasionally on horseback. The heroine (soprano), her jealous rival (contralto) and the evil count (baritone/bass) all swirl around us with desire and malice in equal measure.

But despite our glamour and heroism we rarely make it to the end of the opera. We get stabbed, shot, hanged, poisoned or, as in Aida, walled up. But we do hang on in extremity- as we expire we are given one final melting aria and then we're gone.

So ladies, don't hide behind your fans or drop handkerchiefs, please go for us while we're still in one piece!.

DP(AWT- ageing Welsh tenor)
August '20.



Poetry corner

Madeline also contributed a poem to make you smile –

Believing in Weaving

Paul Jennings

I muse among the magic of museums
From ritzy (the Uffizi) to that goodly other Harrods (V and A)
And marvel at the manifold *Te Deums*
In sacramental stone and paint and clay,
The Unseen Form in many forms made plastic;
From knotty Buonarotti to the dotty men who do it all with blots
All artists find me quite enthusiastic,
From Praxiteles and Phidias to the shock-the-bourgeois hideous,
From Henry Moore to Neolithic pots,
The Lippo Lippi triptych, the simple and the cryptic I admire,
At any hint of tedium I find another medium –
A statue not in stone, but bits of wire;
What solace is the Wallace, all majolica and monster French clocks,
But one blind spot I seem to have in galleries
(Where Madonnas smile upon us, where the Beautiful and True is piled in stocks) –
I simply can't waste energy or calories
On *tapestries*. It's sophistry not owning that I find them stumbling-blocks.

Tapestries are all a bore
Enormous scenes of love or war,
Men with spears on rearing horses
(Much too *fat* for our racecourses)
Boars and tusks and guns and blood,
Victims trampled in the mud,
Or, in scenes of peace and plenty
Measuring fifty feet by twenty
Enormous picnics in a glade
Where Cupid does a roaring trade
Great big nymphs and great big shepherds,
Great big men in skins of leopards,
All one colour, due to age –
A rather horrid kind of beige.
Tapestries must seize their chances
Of receiving casual glances
In the corridors between
Rooms with things that *must* be seen
As I haste towards Botticellis
Wondering what that musty smell is.

Artist-weavers, don't despair
(Lurçat, do not tear your hair!)

Many folk must find bewitching
All this anecdotal stitching
Or curators couldn't face
Giving it such *miles* of space.



From the V&A

Short Story

It was a Red Car

The middle-aged woman in her navy coat was one of their regulars. No-one in the cramped cafe would've known her name was Edith, she was just a familiar face beneath greying hair. She sat down in her accustomed place. The doorbell sounded, producing more of a clatter than anything and the waitress looked up with a bright smile to welcome two men into the warmth. She waved her hand, indicating that they should sit at any of the unoccupied tables. The men squeezed themselves in just along from Edith. They looked out of scale, as if they were trying to sit at a table in a primary school. The one facing her did most of the talking, any responses from the other being brief and quiet. On the pretext of searching for something in her handbag, she tried discreetly to assess her fellow customers.

It was as well the café was quiet, since the man opposite her sat well away from his table with crossed legs stuck out. He had, Edith decided, a confident air of believing his were the only desires of any note, and that everyone else existed to fulfil them. His greying hair was short and fashionably tousled. A neat dark beard and moustache did not entirely conceal his small, pink mouth. She thought of a cat sitting with its tongue partially on display before it pounces on some unsuspecting victim. His voice was clear and unaccented as he spoke into his i-Phone.

'Hi, Paul here. I need that display finished by Friday now. Well, I know, but it's what Aaron wants, and you know – what Aaron wants, Aaron gets.' He snapped the cover shut before the other person had time to protest. 'Paul's' clothes were casual, jeans and a thick ribbed sweater with a zip at the neck.

Edith looked down at her plate and was surprised to see she had finished the teacake. Her 'phone rang, and she searched in the depths of her bag to find it, grimacing across to her neighbours in apology for disturbing them. Neither seemed to have noticed.

The second man, whom Paul addressed as Steve, sat with his head bowed and his hands palms up, resting on his thighs as if in supplication. In spite of the warmth in the cafe, he had not removed his red waterproof jacket. Visible underneath was a thick Scandinavian sweater, pilled and fraying around the neck. This man was clean-shaven, heavy featured, and in his mid-forties. Paul was a few, not many, years older. Steve spoke in a deep voice with something of a country accent, although Edith could not have placed it. There was just something in the length of the vowels and the clipped ends of words.

Paul ordered two cappuccinos, a toasted teacake and a 'millionaire's shortbread'. The waitress turned and picked up Edith's crumb-strewn plate.

'Another coffee?' she asked.

Edith shook her head. 'No thank you, I've had my caffeine for the day.'

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Earlier in the week Paul had been waiting for a call from LA about the locations he had found, and one from France to say whether the chateau would be available for the BBC. This had become quite a lucrative sideline to the other property deals, and he was enjoying

the travelling around it required. He'd been tempted to say 'no' when Sarah, his PA, announced that Steve was on the phone and in a bit of a state. The trouble was, Paul could hear his Mum's voice clear as anything at that moment, *don't let him down, he needs you, he hasn't got anyone else*. She was really Paul's step-mum; Steve and he became brothers when Paul was about fifteen and Steve was eight.

'Go on then, I'll talk to him.'

Steve was large and a bit unco-ordinated. He wasn't stupid, just a bit slow with some things and rather temperamental. When little he would cause his own sort of havoc wherever they went. Paul remembered being in a supermarket in the holidays. His Mum had said he couldn't have some bright orange drink or other, on account of the effect the sugar, or maybe the E-numbers, had on him. He was only ten, but his incoherent rage made him tear up and down the aisles, screaming and pulling tins and packets off onto the floor. Paul was seventeen and mortified, trying to cram the tins back onto the shelves to hide the dents.

Steve had learned to control his temper a bit better now, and the pills helped, but he still needed someone to sort out his messes. Paul knew that look of fear in Steve's eyes, behind the rage. Steve knows bad things will follow, waits for the retribution that descends on him when his anger has burnt itself out. Mum used to talk about his 'turns', and got more and more concerned about what he'd do when she was gone.

So here they were again, and Paul was the only one left to pick up the pieces.

'I couldn't help it, couldn't help it...' The voice on the phone was trembling, fading away into a sob.

'Couldn't help what, Steve?' Paul said. He could hear a gulping, and then a gasp for breath.

'Calm down now, just take deep breaths, come on, one....two....three.' Steve breathed obediently.

'Where are you, Steve?'

'Home.' A couple of miles from Paul's office. Paul had bought the flat as an investment, and it had seemed sensible to have Steve there where he could keep an eye on him.

'I'll be there in ten.' Paul told Sarah to cancel his meetings and calls for the rest of the morning, and that he'd let her know when he was going to be back. She'd worked for him for nearly ten years now, so she was used to these sorts of interruptions to normal business.

At Steve's Paul parked his car in the space for Flat 14, curious that the Astra wasn't there. Well, it was a bit of an old heap, maybe it was in the garage again, he thought. He let himself in and knocked on Steve's door. He always did, it was a kind of recognition that it was Steve's space. Steve didn't answer, but Paul could hear him moving around. He rang Steve's number on his mobile. The 'phone in the flat could be heard ringing and ringing.

Now, in the steamy warmth of the café, Paul continued.

'Did you say you'd been to look at a bike?'

'Mmm...' The other's head stayed down.

'Where did you go?' This conversation was like pulling teeth, protracted and painful.

'Halfords.'

'Good idea. It'd be great exercise for you...'. There was a long pause while he polished the screen of his i-Phone on his jeans. He picked up his coffee, blew across the top of it and took a sip before attacking the teacake. He lifted the plate to catch the drips of melted butter and there was the crunch of teeth entering the toasted bun. Steve turned the square of chocolate and caramel-covered shortbread around and around on the plate, without picking it up.

'I meant to ask you yesterday, did you get some more tablets from the doctor's?' Paul looked at his companion, who shook his head and then dropped it further.

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I didn't mean it to happen, you know I wouldn't, you do know, don't you? It's just it all goes wrong sometimes, and I can't stop what's happening. Bad things happen where I am all the time, and I can't stop them. It's just what happens to me. I had to go to the doctor, had to because Paul said Steve you need some more tablets, you have to keep on taking them. I don't want to take them, keep on taking them, maybe for the rest of my life. They make the world go fuzzy and I can't think properly. They make me want to go to bed and just stay there, watch the television and not do anything else. They just make it so I go to sleep and when I wake up I get a really bad headache. Paul told me I'd have to get some more pills, to be sure I wouldn't run out, but I didn't want to walk all the way there, it was raining and really cold. Paul doesn't know I don't take them every day, but I make sure to take one every other day, they make me so sleepy and I want to wake up sometimes but I know bad things happen when I don't take them. This way I can tell Paul I'm still taking them because I am, just not every day, and sometimes I throw some down the toilet because I mustn't have too many or he would guess what I'm doing.

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'Did Jen call you?'

'No.'

'Did you answer the phone or play the answerphone messages?'

'No.'

'For Christ's sake, Steve...' Paul's voice echoed loud in the small space, and he looked as if he realised it had been shocking in its vehemence. He dropped the volume down to a loud whisper and repeated,

'For Christ's sake, we're only trying to help you, you've got to talk to the people who can help...' Steve shook his head and stared fixedly at the hands that still lay in his lap, as if they did not belong to him.

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After Paul had listened to the ringing from the other side of the flat door for several minutes he got out his key and opened it. Steve was on the floor in the corner of the sitting room, hands over his head and rocking back and forwards. Paul really didn't want to be doing this. Steve just kept repeating *I didn't mean to, didn't mean to ...* and Paul hadn't a clue what he was on about. He looked in the fridge. A carton of milk that felt about half full when he shook it, some sort of soap-like cheese and some wrinkled tomatoes. Paul smelled the milk. It was not quite on the turn, but would be by tomorrow. He made a couple of cups of tea and took them back to the sitting room. He sat down on the floor beside Steve and waited. Steve would talk to him eventually if he waited long enough, but not if Paul did

anything else while he was waiting. Steve had to have Paul's entire attention. He turned off his phone and put it on the floor in front of them.

They sat through the first cup of tea getting cold, and the next one too. Paul didn't know why he made them, displacement activity he supposed, they mostly didn't get drunk. Eventually Paul glanced at his watch. It was half past one, and he'd been there for just over two hours without Steve saying anything much. Paul thought of all the things he should've been doing, calls he should've been making.

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I was going to the doctor's, like Paul told me, but it was raining so hard I would've got really wet, so I decided to take the car. It's mine and I can take it when I want to. I'm not supposed to drive it when I'm taking the pills, but I didn't take one last night, so it was okay. It was only four o'clock in the afternoon, but it was getting really dark, you know, like it does. I had to drive carefully. I did as Paul told me, made sure I had my lights on. He always laughs when he says that, he says it's to make sure everyone else can see me, not so I can see them!

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'Where's your car, Steve?' Paul asked, 'did you take it to the garage?' He was surprised when Steve didn't answer him. He was normally so pleased when he remembered something that needed to be done and did it. Then he wanted to tell Paul about it, so he'd praise Steve for getting it right. He said what Steve wanted to hear, of course, he knew how important it was to him, and Mum would've wanted him to. It was just such a pain.

'Where is it, then? Steve looked at Paul, and he could see the depth of fear in Steve's eyes. 'It's all right, just tell me.' Steve shook his head. So they sat and sat, waiting on God knew what, before they could move on with their lives.

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I did have my lights on and I did drive really carefully and there was a long line of cars going slowly and then suddenly this big red truck came out of the side and I nearly hit him because it should have been me going and he came from the side road and pushed in and it wasn't his turn to go and I knew it wasn't right he should have gone then but he did and I had to put my brakes on really quickly to stop hitting him. It was very bad of him to do this and it made me angry but it wasn't my fault really it was his fault because he shouldn't have gone then, should he? He should have been behind me and waited, so when we got to the bit where there was space for two cars I speeded up and overtook him. Only there wasn't quite enough space and I think he went up on the pavement to get away from me. Anyway there was a big scraping noise, and his horn and his brakes right beside my ears and lots of other cars started to hoot their horns too. I didn't like all the noise and so I hurried up to get away from there. I just got through the traffic lights and went round the corner to the doctors. Only I was going quite fast and it was slippery because of all the rain and the lights were dazzling me on the windscreen. And then there was a bang.

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The two men sat in the cafe sipping their drinks. Paul ran the back of his hand across his mouth, then got a large handkerchief out and carefully wiped his beard. 'Come on,' he instructed, 'finish up.' He gestured for the bill and, when the girl brought it, placed a five pound note and some pound coins onto the saucer.

As the door shut Edith saw him look at his watch, then put his hand to the back of the red jacket, propelling the other man forward. She sat and thought about them and wondered what they had been there for. They had only been in the café for around twenty minutes. It seemed to her they could have been killing time before a meeting.

The following day Edith was in the café again. She took her usual seat and picked up that day's local paper. The face of the man that had sat beside her on Wednesday was prominent on the front page. She looked more closely at the article. *Schoolgirl killed in hit and run*. A girl of fourteen had been hit by a car, which then drove off without stopping. The driver had been identified after the car was found a mile away in the supermarket car park. It had blue paint and scraping all down one side, as if it had been in a collision, and a large dent on the front wing. It seemed that the driver's brother had found out what had happened and had persuaded him to go to the police. Well, she thought, Paul wouldn't have to look after Steve so much now, would he?

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Paul wanted to say *I'm so sorry, Mum, but what could I do?*

Eventually Steve had told Paul what'd happened, how he'd skidded around the corner as the girl had been crossing the road. How scared he was that he took the car to the supermarket car park and left it where he thought no-one would notice it. He walked all the way home in the rain. *I had to take him to the police, didn't I?* They'd have found him in the end, they were just working through whether his car was the one involved. *How could I know he'd hidden the pills in the lining of his jacket, so he had them with him in the police station. Or that he would know how many to take? I am so sorry, Mum, really I am.*

Jo Mace

There are lots of opportunities to carry on making music and listening to it. Here are just a few together with some other things to interest you:

- **BBC's Music Magazine** – has a website www.classical-music.com with lots of amazing resources, including chances to join virtual choirs and orchestras
- **Wigmore Hall - 100 concerts confirmed for New Autumn Series**

Director John Gilhooly introduces Wigmore Hall's new autumn series, beginning with Christian Gerhaher (baritone) and Gerold Huber (piano) on Sunday 13 September 2020 at 7:30PM. All 100 concerts will be live-streamed and free to watch on demand for 30 days after broadcast on Wigmore Hall's website (wigmore-hall.org.uk)

Detailed plans have been drawn up to ensure that most concerts will be in front of a limited, socially distanced, live audience in the Hall. More details on how to access tickets will be released in the coming weeks.
- **BBC Proms** – on Saturday 29th August Jonathan Scott takes control of the Royal Albert Hall's mighty organ for a 'sonic extravaganza' featuring his own ingenious arrangements of symphonic favourites. Works by Rossini, Elgar, Mascagni and Dukas lead, of course, to Saint-Saën's dramatic Organ Symphony.
- **Royal Opera House** – wonderful operas and ballet available for watching and listening
- **London Philharmonic** - fortnightly streamed performances with something for everyone. String players on 15 July at 7.30, Wind on 29 July, Brass and Percussion on 12 August and Beethoven 250 on 26 August
- **Classic FM** have a wonderful collection of live-streamed online concerts and performances listed by date

I'm sure that there are lots more like this – if you send them to me I'll add them to the list – secretary@tonphil.org.uk