



TACET TIMES – 7

With the country edging towards something like pre-COVID 19 normality and the sun still shining, mostly, I am sure many of you will have been glad to have had the chance to meet with family and friends. Spare a thought, then, for those who are 'shielding' for reason of vulnerability and who can only look out through the window or across a garden fence.

All of the activities that have been put in place for the first three months of this strange period are still as important for them as for all of us, and that is why ExCo are working on expanding the range of what we can do to stay in touch and fill some of that time that we would have spent making music and - of course – practicing. Your suggestions will be very welcome.

Especially poignant has been the sense of missing something important in the lives of family members. We have acquired a great-niece, Harriet, born in the midst of everything. I'm happy to report that mother and baby are doing fine, but disappointed that we have only been able to see her on Zoom and whatsapp pictures. I'm busily knitting and crocheting for her, and also making masks for her mother, aunts etc etc, so there's not much spare time to sit and enjoy the sunshine. We will get to meet Hattie at some time in the future I'm sure.

I hope that you can share in the feeling of optimism that the lifting of some restrictions even if you are still wary of mixing with others. We cannot say that we have 'beaten' the virus, but it is clear that it has been controlled to some extent. In spite of this I suspect those masks I have been making will be in use for some time to come!

Joanna Mace

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News update:

- **Lockdown activities:** look out for contact from voice reps/section reps/Choral and Orchestral Chairs. We are inviting you to tell us what you would like to do to stay in touch and fill in the time while we cannot get together. Put on your thinking caps and we will sort out what is possible. This could be musical or social activities, especially if you have seen it take place elsewhere or with other organisations
- **AGM minutes:** if you know anyone who does not have access to online communications but would like a copy of the minutes, do let me know and I will send one out to them. If you contacted me about someone before the AGM took place, I still have their details, so there's no need to contact me again
- **A little bird tells me:**
 - of Chloë Witchell, who reports that she hosted a string quartet in her garden – ‘three TPS members and one SSO First front desk! Although the weather was on the turn it worked amazingly well, tho' we moved back inside when the rain came because of the instruments - two violins in the lounge, viola and 'cello in the dining room - all suitably distanced of course!! It was the first opportunity any of us had had to play since everything ground to a halt.’ Obviously some people are quite determined to make music, whatever it takes
 - that Deborah Bruce and her fellow choristers at St Paul's Rusthall have been using the services of the Choir leader's brother in law, to create the hymns and anthems for their services and creating the whole video of the service which can be seen on YouTube. We shall be picking their brains as to what TPS could do along these lines
 - and that Steve Minton and the team have been working hard on the new website, so watch this space for more news. The working version has been shared with ExCo and looks great, full of energy, but retaining all the things that are important to the members. Lots of thanks go to Barry Foale who has spent many hours on our existing platform, ensuring that we remained connected with each other and with our audiences existing and potential. The software that we have been using is not going to be supported for much longer, and so we have taken the opportunity to refresh the site that Barry's work has made an essential tool for us all.



Memories are made of this

Wendy Balcombe tells me that in their weekly 'zoom time' with the whole family, 'Grannie's Questions' cover a different topic each week, and on one occasion they were looking at holidays. During her research for this event, she rediscovered 'Jon's Story'. He wrote it several years after the relevant holiday, quite a long time ago. It is very much based on fact, but may have been slightly embellished in places - for better effect! It makes for a lovely if somewhat perilous tale of simpler times.

Jon's Story - Aug 1990

Boating holidays - inevitably described as 'idyllic' in brochures. My parents are suckers for the word 'idyllic'. No small wonder then, that at the age of eight, I found myself with my immediate family and my cousin Julie on a narrow-boat somewhere around Stoke-on-Trent.

Imbued with the nautical knowledge of having travelled from Dover to Calais several times on the ferry, my Dad took the helm and powered the boat into a bank. "Just practising the docking procedure" he said, after muffled swearing.

Several hours later, however, we found ourselves cruising along the middle of the canal, and began to settle into the house boat routine. Mum emerged from the kitchen, having been forgotten by everyone else, and called me over. "Jon! Come and look at this!" She had discovered a small pedal device beneath the sink that released a stream of water from the tap. I was intrigued for a few seconds, then left her playing with it.

Standing on top of the roof, my two sisters, Julie and myself played 'chicken' with the approaching low-bridges. It wasn't quite as exciting as that makes it sound - the boat's maximum speed was around five miles per hour, and it was frustratingly difficult to see where the element of danger would come from. Someone suggested doing it blind-folded, but Dad yelled "No!" and nearly drove into a bank, so we took to sun-bathing instead.

Raking up the weeds from the canal with a broom-handle, I set about constructing an admirably organic fishing rod. Tying the weeds together formed my line, complete with bent paper-clip for hook. I attached it all to the broom handle, got some cheese from mum for bait, and set about trying to catch fish, presumably ones with a penchant for cheese. Surprisingly, I completely failed to catch anything, but sitting back, letting my line of weeds trail in the water, and enjoying the scenery, I believe I received my first direct definition of 'idyllic'. Other boat owners waved at me, and I waved back. The sun was hot, but not oppressive, and the chugging of the motor at the other end of the boat formed a pleasantly mechanical mantra.....naturally, I drifted into a snooze, dropped the broom into the water and was castigated for the rest of the day.

That evening, after Dad had driven the boat into the bank ("I think we'll stop here..."), we ate, then left Mum to play with the washing-up. I went to bed, thought how narrow it

was, then fell straight to sleep with the wavelets of the canal lapping somewhere down to the left....

The next morning, Mum, a former maths teacher, announced an event of apocalyptic importance. We were made to convene in the 'saloon' at precisely 12.30. We obeyed. there we sat. Someone dared to talk, but were stopped in mid-sentence by a frosty glare from Mum, who had been staring at her watch. "Ready...wait... there!" she said, flushing with excitement, "For that one second, it was 12.34 and 56 seconds, 7th of the 8th, '90!"

We walked out in disgust. (Bizarre, actually - I'm sure Dad was there - and yet the boat was moving... had he already formed the kind of psychokinetic connection with the boat necessary to drive it without actually being present at the helm? If he had, I've been underestimating him all these years.....)

Later on that day, my sisters were having one of their customary arguments, with me and Julie fulfilling the role of interested spectators. It culminated in my eldest sister being knocked off the bunk and sustaining a deep cut on her heel from the radiator beneath.

She issued forth a piercing scream, which, as she later proudly informed us, had reached the C three octaves above middle.

Mum finished drying a plate, and came in from one door, Dad, presumably exercising his supernatural powers over the boat, burst in through the other.

Hannah was lying on the floor, sobbing in agony, Julie and I were sat on the bunk opposite, retaining our interested expressions, though now shot through with a degree of concern, and Emily was sat on the first bunk. Summoning up all her surprisingly developed sense of drama, she thrust a finger towards the writhing figure on the floor, and announced, "She started it."

We docked, and went to find a hospital. We failed completely, but it was a nice walk, except, I suppose, for Hannah. Mum herded us into a supermarket and let us play on the fruit and veg counter while she did the shopping. Our competition to find the most rudely deformed vegetable was cut short by the intrusiveness of a shop assistant. Dad was very angry - he'd just found a parsnip that looked like Dolly Parton, and had already been formulating cunning puns.

Back on the boat, Mum repaired Hannah's heel with strips of sticking plaster, and told us that, for a treat, we could go around the nearby Wedgewood pottery centre. Hannah seemed to sustain a fresh pang of pain, and suggested that perhaps she should stay in the boat, but Mum's will was absolute at times, and she quietly but firmly told us that we were all going, and it would be a treat.

To be fair to the centre, it had moved with the times, managing to supply interactive (yet instructive!) television screens and various 'activities' to stimulate the 'younger visitor'.... I still preferred the tour though. We were allowed to see the painters carefully decorating the cups and plates destined to gather dust on some old lady's mantelpiece while she waited for someone important to come around. I dare say the lady sitting next to

the glass doesn't remember the small child knocking and waving - if she does it will be with a curse, since I probably caused her to make a disastrous slip, necessitating a swift adaptation from dandelion to daffodil.....

Afterwards we were permitted to enter the 'showroom', where shelf upon shelf of precious crockery lay, charmingly vulnerable... I suppose, in retrospect, that my mum was justified in gently taking the saucer out to my hand, replacing it, and then gripping my arm with a strength attributable to fear of financial ruin and whispering, with considerable violence, "Do not touch anything else". However, under the circumstances, I was forced to sulk for the rest of the day.

Next morning, however, it was impossible to be angry. Mum had got over her love affair with the kitchen, and had relieved Dad of the driving duties. Naturally, he had spent the best part of an hour explaining the best way to grip the throttle and helm, but, realising that she was much better at it than him, he finally disappeared a' midships grumbling.

I sat with Mum, and she pointed out various natural features of the canal and bank. We later claimed (though if it was true or not, I can't tell you), that we spotted an otter, swan, and, best of all, a kingfisher - a mere flash of neon blue and dying concentric rings on the water by the bank.

It was a lazily magical time - a long patch of canal without locks, a vast dome of sky without clouds... the future was merely the time before tea. Later, Dad resumed control of the boat, Mum returned to the kitchen, and I went to my bunk and read until I slept.

I realise that I have only just mentioned the locks. This may be because their frequency, particularly along some stretches, made them something of a chore after a while, rather than the mysterious devices of excitement and danger that they represented on first encounter. However, it's more likely that my subconscious forced them out of my memory in their entirety to protect me from the traumatic recollection of one particular lock-related disaster. However, as any good psychologist will tell you (for a hefty fee), confrontation is the best cure for such troublesome memories, so....

To set the scene, I will describe the model lock-traversing procedure. The boat should first be docked a short distance from the front gates. This having been achieved, two of the crew should leap onto the shore, with extra marks being given for enthusiasm and graceful landing, and shut the far gates. The panels in the front gate should then be opened to allow water to flow into the lock until the level within is the same as the level of the canal on which the boat is floating. This having been achieved, the near gates may be opened. The crew on land then run back to cast off the boat, and push it away from the bank. When the boat is within the lock, the gates are closed, and the procedure is reversed (that is, naturally, assuming that the boat is descending, rather than ascending). Gottit?

In any case, having repeated the same action many times, I dare say a little complacency had set in. On the afternoon in question the task of opening the gates and so on was delegated to my sister Emily and myself. We showed ourselves to be admirably competent

until it came to the 'pushing-the-boat-from-the-bank' phase. We took the customary stance on the bank, with arms outstretched against the hull, and legs firmly planted on the grass, front leg bent, back leg straightened, and pushed.

I don't really remember being underwater - I barely remember slipping. The image that remains in my mind is that of being back on the bank, absolutely drenched and looking out to our boat, now in the middle of the canal, with Emily hanging off the bows, lower half submerged, screaming for help. Hannah had burst out of the front door, seen Emily, and collapsed into uncontrollable hysterics. When she saw me on the bank creating a growing puddle on the concrete, she almost had an aneurism. Gathering some kind of control over herself, she took another look at the terrified, sobbing figure clinging onto the bows, and went to find a camera....

The most surreal part of the episode for me was the materialisation of Dad on the bank. He was facing away from me, looking at the lock, apparently unaware of the drama that was unfolding. I had been sure he was on the boat, so when I had come out of the initial shock of being submerged in green canal water, I was surprised to see him. I suspect, however, that his surprise, on eventually turning around and seeing me, rather eclipsed mine. He was speechless for moment, then said, "Where...where the hell have you been?". Not having the energy to think of a sarcastic reply, I told him I'd been in the canal.

Later on, Mum confessed that the incident was her fault. Apparently, she had been driving, and to help her children in the pushing-the-boat-out procedure, she had given the bank a healthy shove from her position at the helm. This accounted for the rather sudden departure of the boat from the bank, and the subsequent demise of Emily and me. "Still," she said, "it was funny, wasn't it?".

The rest of the family had mild hysterics. Emily and I walked out in disgust.

by Jon Balcombe, son of David and Wendy



Music Quiz

I know that many of you enjoyed stirring up the little grey cells with the first part of Susan's quiz, so here is the second part. I will send out the answers in Tacet Times 8.

11. waltz
12. GREEEEEEEE
13. TUR .
14. SKSTRAVY
15. maid maid maid
16. WAR P P P P P
17. BASS BASS
18. N2 O2
G STRING
19. SYMPHON
20. LGAH
21. BLRHAPSODYUE
22. ~HOUR
13
23. LE LE LE LE
24. night MUSIC
25. N
STORY W E
S
26. %#£&@/*€¥\$
27. A DOZEN 151s
28. 4A
29. NECLART

30. WIGWAM WIGWAM WIGWAM WIGWAM

See how you get on – answers to the quiz will appear in Tacet Times 8!



Poetry Corner

Ken Morgan writes: I am not a poetry buff, but there is one from an anthology by Gyles Brandreth which resonates deeply in me. It is 'Happy the Man' by John Dryden. It is particularly poignant in that we spent nine great years in our beautiful house in the Low Fell area of Gateshead, where we lived in Dryden Road!

Happy the Man

John Dryden

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own;
He who, secure within, can say:
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.
Be fair or foul, rain or shine
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not heav'n itself upon the past has pow'r,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

And on a lighter note, Spike Milligan's version of John Masefield's classic 'Sea Fever', called 'Return to Sorrento (3rd class)'

I must go down to the sea again,
To the lonely sea and the sky,
I left my vest and socks there,
I wonder if they're dry?



Short Story

This Hopper story takes us to the big city and away from his beloved Cape Cod.

Grapefruit



Jessica shivered as she stood at the bus stop, the half-melted snow on the pavement seeping through her shoes. The smell of the city, of garbage and cars and the steam escaping from pavement vents, was harsh in her nose. Wind sliced its way between the skyscrapers of Seventh Avenue, making her pull her thin coat closer around her with frozen fingers. She was so cold, colder than she had ever been in her life before today. It didn't help, but she could not resist picturing how it would be at home, in the warm kitchen with the younger members of the family getting under everyone's feet and her mother stirring something delicious on the stove. Here, she was surrounded by the noise of the traffic and the coldness of the passers-by. She looked at her reflection in the window of the restaurant beside which she stood and could hardly recognise the thin, shabby figure that it showed her, drooping shoulders matching her failing resolution.

On her journey north the days and nights sitting on the Greyhound bus had passed in a blur, one town bleeding into another, lights and dawn and dusk and glaring lights again. The names became less recognisable the further north she went. This was going to be a great adventure, her chance to see the world outside of small town Florida, at least that was what she told herself. Curled up against the window, she had held in her mind Raul's smile and the warmth of his hand holding hers. Now, she looked back up at the shining windows of Bloomingdales and grimaced at the thought of the supercilious woman with whom she had just spent fifteen minutes. Mrs Sands, the crow-clad supervisor responsible for hiring shop floor staff, had picked up the letter of recommendation from Jessica's old school teacher between two fingers as if it was infected with something dreadful. Jessica had been going to say something but stopped just in time and caught back the tears that closed her

throat. She was not going to cry in front of this hateful person even if Bloomingdales was the last of the stores on her list.

Every day since she arrived in New York it had been grey and raining or snowing, so it was hardly surprising that the fruits ranged along the windowsill of the restaurant made her think of the sunshine she had left behind. Before it had all happened she had spent happy winter weekends in her uncle's orchards helping to harvest the golden globes of grapefruit heavy with juice. At the end of the day, long after the boxes had been loaded onto trucks for their own long journey north, she could put her nose down into her cupped hands and smell the oil that the fruit left on her fingers. In those days the smile never left her mouth as she thought of how life was going to be.

It was a month after Christmas and there would still be lots of fruit left on the trees, glowing through the morning and evening gloom. Even though her uncle would not let her climb the ladders, she would still have been useful, working her way through the lower branches of the trees and carefully pulling each fruit to her as she snapped it from the stem. She had her place in the team, she knew what she had to do and was surrounded by people who loved her.

She watched one of the waitresses lean into the display to replace an apple on a basket of fruit. It had become dislodged when her colleague, carrying a full tray of food, had edged past the customers waiting to be seated. Jessica's stomach twisted painfully – she had not eaten since yesterday lunchtime and there was only some cheese and a few graham crackers back in her room. Each time the street door opened wafts of warm air assaulted her, redolent of the meals served within. Inside, patrons had taken off their coats and the waitress and the cashier at the desk both had short sleeves to their dresses. Her eyes followed the paths of the waitresses, as they placed in front of their diners plates of rich stews, pot pies and pasta with rich tomato sauce. She could taste them in her mind, and the resulting saliva formed a soft rivulet over her tongue.

Along the wide shelf that carried the fruit were ranged small blackboards on stands displaying handwritten menus, and there were bottles of juices and beer, lettuces and the basket of fruit interspersed with plates showing chops and chicken schnitzels. The blond waitress straightened up and caught sight of Jessica watching her. A half smile seemed to indicate that she knew what the girl outside was thinking. Embarrassed to have been observed, Jessica turned back to the busy street. She pleaded silently that the next bus would be the one she needed to take her back to the fifth-floor walk-up room that had cost her the last of the dollars her father had given her. It was cold in there too, so she would go to bed with all of her clothes on and anything else she could find piled on top of the bed. The rent was only paid for the next ten days; she had not understood how much it was going to cost until she had met with the landlord so now she really did have to find a job if she was going to stay. Was she going to stay? How long would it be before she could get a message to Raul? And would he follow her?

It was his fault she was here. No, not his fault, he couldn't help how he felt. Not his fault that his velvet brown eyes had turned towards hers that first day he arrived and made her skin prickle like he had just passed his hand lightly over it. Not his fault, either, that she had put to one side the disapproval that she knew her family would feel if they found out she was fond of him. She could almost hear her father telling her that the boy was a latino immigrant, not what her mother and he anticipated as future husband material.

A man jostled her as he hurried past with boxes in his arms, making her turn back towards the window of the restaurant. She didn't see the bus, not her bus, approaching the stop at speed. The curtain of spray raised by the vehicle as it braked descended on her. The shock was so great that Jessica just stood, dripping dirty water from every point of her body, even more cold than she had been minutes before, not quite knowing what to do next.

'Oh dear, child, you'll catch your death.' The elderly woman had been leaving the restaurant and had seen the inundation happen. She leaned towards Jessica and the girl caught a sharp smell of cologne mixed with mothballs.

'Come away, Myra.' Her companion, a man with a small, dark moustache, tugged at the woman's fur coat, anxious not to be involved.

Impatiently Myra Schultz pulled away from her husband and went back into the warmth calling 'Mrs Capello, Mrs Capello, we need you out here.'

The response to the summons came in the shape of a middle-aged woman in a severe dress, hair pulled back tightly into a bun and mouth just as tightly held in the straightest of lines. She came from behind a wooden partition at the rear of the room, wiping her hands on a napkin. 'What is it, Mrs Schultz? What's wrong?'

'Come help this poor girl, she's been half-drowned by that pesky bus. She needs to get warmed up.' Mrs Schultz held the street door open and beckoned Jessica to enter.

'I told the Mayor last week,' answered Mrs Capello. 'I said something had to be done about clearing the gutters and the sidewalks. This is the third time since Tuesday someone's gotten all wet.' The restaurateur took a look at the dripping figure leaving marks all over her clean wooden floorboards. 'Leave her to me, Mrs Schultz, and you, come with me, girl.' With that she turned and headed for the dark shadows behind her, indicating with an impatient wave of her hand that Jessica should follow her off the restaurant floor.

The woman took Jessica into a small, windowless cubicle at the rear of the restaurant that obviously served as her office. 'Don't you touch anything now,' she instructed, and Jessica was left standing in the middle of mounds of paper and box files, receipts and orders and newspapers.

The blond waitress popped her head around the door. 'You poor thing,' she started to say but was stopped by the return of the proprietor.

'Get back to the customers, you, and here, girl, put this on,' commanded Mrs Capello, 'at least it's clean and dry and should be more or less your size.' She proffered a dark dress that was the uniform worn by the girls who worked there, and a towel. Her manner never softened from the brisk and disapproving. The waitress was pushed out of the door. 'Get yourself dry and get dressed.' The words that were addressed to Jessica came back over the shoulder of the retreating woman.

Jessica shivered as she struggled out of damp garments that clung to her skin. She held up the dress and slid it over her head, and so was momentarily blinded when she heard the door open.

'Yes, it is her, Barbara. Oh my dear Jess, I'm so glad we found you.'

Jessica could not believe her ears. That voice? Here? In the anonymity of the city she had never expected this. She shimmied the dress down and saw her mother and aunt standing in the corridor, half laughing, half crying all at the same time. She wasn't sure

whether she should laugh with relief or cry with anxiety as to their likely reaction to finding the runaway..

‘And you only eighteen and so brave.’ There was a wobble to her aunt’s voice. ‘We’ve been looking for you everywhere.’

Yes,’ broke in her mother,’ and it was only because Aunt Barbara saw a poor girl get all over wet from the bus we were on, wasn’t it lucky we were on the bottom deck, and then she realised it was you. We were all but ready to give up and go home, we’ve been here nearly a week hunting for you out in this cold weather. I dreaded to find you begging on the street or in the bus depot like those other poor creatures.’

Jessica had not said a word. She was numb with cold and surprise and amazement. She had thought they would not want any more to do with her, and now, here they were, more than a thousand miles from home and fully two days on the bus. She looked from one dear face to the other, exploring their expressions, trying to read the messages behind the words. Suddenly she realised that her face was wet. Was this the solution to her dilemmas, or would it create even more?

‘Don’t cry, Jess darling, it’ll be all right, everything will be all right.’ Her mother was handing her a worn lawn handkerchief. Jessica could feel the embroidery of her own initials under her fingers.

‘It’s going to be okay. I spoke to your father, and he gave me the money to come up here, on condition that I brought your Aunt Barbara with me to keep me company and make sure I was safe. You know I’d never been to New York before and it would have been a grand adventure, except that we were so worried for you. He said I was to tell you that he loves you, and that he will look after you if you want to stay here, even though he really wants you home.’

‘Oh, Ma, I never thought I’d see any of you again. It’s been so hard, and I only wanted to find a job, and no-one would hire me, and it’s so cold’ She gave in to the gentle arms that pulled her into a familiar embrace and leaned her face into her mother’s shoulder. The smell of her mother’s skin encapsulated all that she had left behind.

Mrs Capello and Barbara had been talking quietly out in the corridor, and now the restaurant owner squeezed her way into the restricted space. ‘Why don’t you ladies sit and take a cup of soup to warm you, or something more hearty if you want it. Our chicken pot pie is very good, it’s the Mayor’s favourite.’ A smile broke through the frosty features. ‘It’s on the house.’

Jessica wondered how much her Aunt Barbara had told Mrs Capello, but clearly it had been enough to break through the other woman’s reserve.

‘Well, that’d be so kind of you, and we can talk about what this young lady is going to do now. We want to see where she has been living, and help her to find a position if she really wants to stay in the city. Or take her home, if that’s what she wants to do.’

What did she want to do? Jessica hardly knew, her mind was still trying to cope with what had happened. She looked at her mother with a question in her eyes.

Her mother bent her mouth towards her daughter’s ear. ‘He’s gone. Morning after you left he didn’t turn up for work. So you see, it will be okay for you to come back. Oh, please say you will.’

Go back, knowing he would not be there, perhaps leaving him to search for her here in the city? She had sent a letter to the hostel where he was living, but she could not know

whether he had received it. It wasn't long since she had last seen him, but already his face was fading in her mind, she could not picture him clearly. She could remember how it felt for him to take her hand into his warm grasp, to feel the rough skin against hers, but how long would that stay with her? She looked at her mother's anxious eyes. 'I don't know, Ma. I don't know what to do.'

Her aunt shook her head and said heartily, 'Well, you don't have to do anything just at this moment, except eat up and get warm.'

As the three were preparing to leave, Mrs Capello came over. Jessica started to say 'Thank you so much for the loan of the dress,' when Mrs Capello interrupted to hand over Jessica's coat.

'I hung it up with your dress in the kitchen, and they are all dry now.'

'That's so kind,' replied Jessica, 'I will return the dress tomorrow.'

'Don't worry,' said Mrs Capello. 'I'm a girl down at the moment, so I shan't need it in the next few days. Maybe, since it obviously fits you, we should talk about whether you want to stay in the City too.'

More reading: *The Narrow Land* by Christine Dwyer Hickey, published last year and just announced as the winner of the 2020 Sir Walter Scott prize for Historical Fiction. A story set in the 1950's in Cape Cod, when a couple of boys there for the summer meet Edward and Jo Hopper, it is described as 'a novel of loneliness and regret, the legacy of World War II and the ever-changing concept of the American Dream

If you would like to see more of Hopper's paintings there is an online exhibition by a Swiss gallery at <https://www.fondationbeyeler.ch/en/exhibitions/edward-hopper>



Help to keep TPS going for another 75 years!

A message from the Treasurer, Robert Skone James:

Did you know that you can help our Society by doing your shopping online – as well as protecting your health and that of others? And it doesn't cost you anything!

There are a number of ways to do this, including **The Giving Machine** (<https://www.thegivingmachine.co.uk/sign-up/>) and **amazon smile** (www.smile.amazon.co.uk). The sellers will make a small donation to TPS every time you place an order, and with nearly two hundred members, lots of little amounts could add up to quite a lot. If you need more information, refer to *Tacet Times* No. 4 or contact the Secretary



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:

- **Wigmore Hall:** www.wigmore-hall.org.uk for lots of live-streamed concerts. Chris Brooks (bass) particularly recommends the masterclass by Thomas Quasthoff
- **Royal Opera House:** streaming of past performances on particular dates, find the list on www.roh.org.uk
- **National Theatre:** look out for 'live' streaming of performances: *Coriolanus* is available on YouTube
- American classical station MPR is streaming concerts online www.classicalmpr.org
- **Time Out** – now rebranded TimeIn! – has a list of virtual Museum Tours
- Stephen Hemsted has been busy transcribing piano trios into Sibelius (music notation software) and then generating audio versions with one part missing, so that you can play along. In the following link you'll find everything you'd need to take part in an isolation version of Beethoven's Trio Op 1 No 1, Haydn's Trio No 21, Mendelssohn's Trio in Dm Op 49, or Schubert's Bb Trio No 99:
https://www.dropbox.com/sh/rllw02bwvwoa56/AAD4GIDkQOxlcVz8g_pkbUQva?dl=0

**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**