



ALTRINCHAM CHORAL SOCIETY

www.altrincham-choral.co.uk

Registered charity no 500729

November 2003 Newsletter

THE ACS FUND RAISING TEAM

Progress Report – October 2003

One of the proposals coming out of the marketing study completed earlier this year was that a team of volunteer members should take a serious look at fund raising. A group of 6 of us have now had two meetings – the next will be in the first week of November.

We started by trying to understand the potential sources of funding, and still have important work to do in this area. Briefly, we see a good case for a range of fund raising events, such as the Sale Charity Shop coming up in mid-January 2004. (Please hold onto your stuff until then; unfortunately, as Cathy Merrell reminded us, we can't accept electrical goods.) But this sort of event, plus cake stalls, social evenings, coffee mornings and the proposed 100 Club, tends to take money from existing choir members or their close contacts. How much more attractive to bring in 'new' money from outside the choir!

In this area we see at least four possibilities – expanding our group of individual Patrons, attracting commercial sponsorship from local companies, applying to charities who support the arts and securing grants from Local Authority or Central Government bodies. The latter two sources will almost certainly be interested only in supporting specific projects rather than contributing to our routine running costs. So far we have approached 10 potential new Patrons – and wait with bated breath to see how successful we're going to be. Local companies are our next target. In all of this, we very much welcome your ideas and suggestions. Dudley Harrop

the Lancashire
Chamber Orchestra

Ed Venn
Conductor
Leader
Anne Heaton

Handel

Concerto Grosso Op 6 No 2

Haydn

Symphony No 88

Sibelius

Rakastava

Saturday 29 November 2003 at 7.30

St John's Church Altrincham

Tickets £6.00 (accompanied children free) from
Lucas Art Shop, 15 Ashley Road, Altrincham,
by telephone - 0161 980 4275, or at the door.



Romulus Singers

Hodie!

A Feast of Christmas Music

Conductor - Imelda Leah

Organist - Peter Kwater



St Peter's Church, Hale

7.30 pm Saturday 6th December 2003

Please join us in our celebration of Christmas

£6.00 including refreshments

MOVING AND SHAKING

Have you given much thought to the words of *The Music Makers* or do you think it would go just as well to 'do-be-do'? The quirky, Victorian high doggerel will not stand detailed analysis of either message or language – a curling of the toes is the only sane reaction to the “deathless ditties” and “empire’s glory”, but Arthur O’Shaughnessy (preferred pronunciation ‘Shochnessy’) undoubtedly had something to say not so much about music as about the purpose of the artist – perhaps the poet above all – in society. His dreams are those of the visionary, the man who can draw his fellows towards a future that they cannot see, the man who is the agent of constant renewal. It is a very high office indeed, and necessarily places the artist “a little apart” from the multitudes.

Without labouring the elitist theme Capel Choral Society has enterprisingly used the poem on its website to embellish an appeal for sponsors in its centenary year: “To suggest that our Sponsors, owning or running successful businesses, are obeying the same creative instincts as the lowliest musician is not fanciful for to extend that thought we see that the benefit to both is that one enjoys the creation of the other. One creates a business, which

he is good at, and in his spare time enjoys watching or hearing a team of other people doing what they are good at.” The text then deals with the practical way in which dreams can become reality with Gift Aid as a bonus.

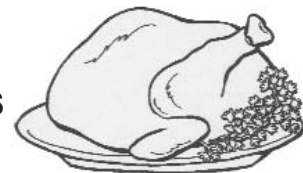
O’Shaughnessy was certainly a “one poem” man. He died at the age of 37 in 1881 and wrote *The Music Makers* when he was about 30. He did of course write more poems and earnest researchers will find them in the Library of Queen’s University, Belfast, but he owes his modest fame to Elgar’s setting of *The Music Makers* and perhaps to the coining of one expression which has found its way into the modern vernacular viz. the “movers and shakers of the world”. Admittedly, the modern usage is a little attenuated, since it is generally applied to power-wielders in a faintly derisive manner, without even implying that their influence will last for ever.

Elgar’s is not the only setting of the poem. If you don’t know the name of the other composer it is very unlikely that you will guess correctly, as it was the Hungarian Zoltan Kodaly, whose version dates from 1964, when the composer was 82. It would be interesting to hear, but I know of no current recording.

John Greenan



THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS



On the first day of Christmas my true love said to me I’m so glad we bought fresh turkey and a proper Christmas tree.

On the second day of Christmas much laughter could be heard as we tucked into our turkey - a most delicious bird.

On the third day of Christmas we’d people from next door; the turkey tasted just as good as it did the day before.

Day four - relations came to stay (poor gran is looking old); We finished up the Christmas pud and ate the turkey cold.

On the fifth day of Christmas outside the snowflakes flurried but we were nice and warm inside - we had our turkey curried.

On the sixth day, I must admit, the Christmas spirit died; the children fought and bickered - we ate turkey rissoles fried.

On the seventh day of Christmas my true love gave a wince as he sat down at table and was offered turkey mince.

Day eight - our nerves were getting frayed, the dog had to run for shelter; I served up turkey pancakes with a glass of Alka Seltzer.

On day nine our cat left home, by lunchtime Dad was blotto he said he had to have a drink to face turkey risotto.

By the tenth day the wine had gone (except our home made brew); as if that wasn’t bad enough we suffered turkey stew!

On the eleventh day of Christmas the Christmas tree was moulting the mince pies were as hard as rock and the turkey was revolting.

On the twelfth day of Christmas Dad smacked his lips - the guests were gone, the turkey too. We dined on fish and chips!