



# WHATEVER NEXT?

FRIDAY 10th APRIL

**Edwina Hayes**

*Fantastic voice with acoustic guitar*

**The Gents** *for your convenience*

**Jack Brett**

*Outstanding young musician - not a newcomer to The Floor*



FRIDAY 8th MAY

**Eddie Martin**

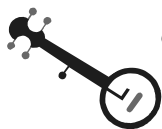
*Fine blues singer/guitarist and plays a mean harp (mouth organ)*

**Richard Tatlow & Robin Broadbank**

*Flamenco guitar at its best*

**Malcolm Palmer**

*On ukulele with George Formby classics*



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13th March 2009

[www.thefloor.org.uk](http://www.thefloor.org.uk)



# WHAT'S ON TONIGHT?

## Floored

*For openers ..... Andy and Jim  
with Dirty Old Town & Brandenburg Concerto*

## Chris Moreton

*Widely recognised as one of the leading and longest established exponents of the "Flat-Picking" guitar technique in Britain today. A well travelled multi-instrumentalist and singer, a founder member of several bands including The Cat's Cradle String Band, The Jalapeno Pickers, and recently with Dave Arthur in Rattle on the Stove Pipe, Chris is still best known as a solo artiste. Performances include a variety of songs, humour, audience participation, and a range of music from Hillbilly to Handel on guitar mandolin and banjo. His un-pushy, humorous ability to entertain continues to endear him to audiences on the Acoustic /Folk / Bluegrass scene and beyond, with several festival appearances already lined up for 2009. Google Chris Moreton to see him perform live on Google Video and You Tube. For mailing list or to contact: e-mail moretonc@googlemail.com or call 01291 673849.*



## George Webb & Bob Bennett

*At the age of nine George started to play the violin and when fourteen joined the National Youth Orchestra. Nowadays he plays purely for pleasure. Bob's parents were enthusiastic about chamber music; his mother was a cellist and father played the violin. Bob and his two older sisters were taught to play the piano, however Bob became a highway engineer. Upon retirement he joined a small music group playing pieces from Hayden to Messiaen.*

*The pieces they are going to play tonight are a short Meditation by Massenet from his mid 19C opera Théo, then from the previous century a Mozart violin sonata in B flat. It has three movements - allegro, adagio and a short allegretto.*



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## Films at the Regal Cinema, Tenbury

*All films start at 7.30pm & may be subject to late change or cancellation.  
Please enquire at the cinema about our new loyalty card scheme.*

DEAN STANLEY March 14, 16, 17 (100mins; U)

THE READER March 21, 23, 24 (123mins; 15)

Borderlines Film Festival 2009 March 27 - 29

27th - A Bunch of Amateurs @ 7.30pm (97mins; 15)

28th - Tale of Desperaux @ 2.30pm (93mins; U)

28th - Rachel Getting Married @ 7.30pm (113mins; 15)

## GARY BRANT PHOTOGRAPHY

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From 8.30pm*

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Every 3rd Friday at the Talbot Hotel,  
Newnham Bridge

*Further info from Ann on 01584 879348*

dropped the pitch to crescendo and back and a trumpeter (of sorts) played a wailing drone. Two young men in red dhotis and glistening sweat bumped and grinded in religious fervour through the temple to the door. They carried long bull-whips and occasionally bounced right out of the door of the temple and began cracking the whip furiously, presumably to frighten off any stray evil spirits that might have been hanging around and in the process scattering children and dogs before them in fear. Then they'd bounce right back in again.

When all had died down a little and the drumming and bouncing had stopped, a young man came over and offered the four of us grapes. He beckoned us to follow him into the temple. We removed our shoes at the door (guiltily wondering if they would still be there when we came back out or whether we would have to walk back up Mahatma Gandhi Road barefoot) and slopped on the muddy rice and flower petal covered floor through the throng - women and children on one side, men on the other - into the temple. We were brought in front of the priest who stood before us, solemn and forbidding, dressed in a white loin-cloth and holding a silver dish of white powder, like plaster of Paris, or something. He had a broad streak of white across his brow, another on his chest and spots of white on his face. The idol, bedecked with flowers, stood lurid behind him, lit by the flickering light of many candles.

We stood before him in total incomprehension. The crowd hemmed us in on all sides, claustrophobic, mysterious, exciting. What on earth were we supposed to do? - smear the powder on him? on ourselves? sprinkle it on the deity? Please don't let us offend anyone or commit insufferable sacrilege!

The priest kept uttering the same word over and over and half gesturing to his face. Then Sonia realised what he was saying - "Chickenpox". "It looks like I have chicken-pox". When he realised that we had finally understood what he was saying, he dissolved into laughter. So did we - a moment of slapstick comedy across culture, religion and language.

As we left we were offered Prasad of fruit and small cakes. Everyone wanted to shake our hands.

Nobody asked us for anything.

## Flaxenby

*Sam McLeod on guitar & vocals, Chris Buttery on guitar, vocals & mandolin, Andy Jones on fiddle. Flaxenby provide a timeless, contemporary tilt on folk ... the lyrical quality of the songwriting portrays and edgy, graceful energy, interwoven with experienced musical skill that creates that Flaxenby sound.*

*Sam blends her folk, rock and jazz influences with a bluesy depth with instinctive, vocal versatility. Chris' earthy vocals and Americana influenced songwriting has stood him in good stead in the past as a founder member of Bill Caddick's 'Jackfield Riverbillies'M. Andy's perfect expression on the fiddle complements with soft celtic undertones. Shropshire's rich tapestry of history provides a wonderful landscape for inspiration. It's powerful stuff!*

## Welcome .....

... to yet another exciting night at The Floor. What a fantastic line-up we have again and plenty of variety as well. Every month someone says that was one of the best ever, but as someone said every month is another best ever. Next month we have the fantastic Edwina Hayes - her voice is absolutely superb so please make an effort to come along. We also have Paul Brett of The IzzyJack Band fame in an earlier guise, that of The Gents - something a little different for you! On the bill is Jack Brett, son of Paul, becoming famous in his own right and going from strength to strength with his love of music.

Please support the raffle again - goodies in store - 2 CDs and a bottle on offer to the lucky winners with grateful thanks to Richard Tatlow for donating one of the CDs.

...& NOW ..... ON WITH THE SHOW!!

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## How to get onto The Floor

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anjusal@tiscali.co.uk

**JIM ALLEN**

The Sycamores,  
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### A Teme Valley Country Life with Alan Thomas.

Well it's that time of year again: "spring", you say, "O that". "No, Tractor World." As you know I love old tractors. New ones are okay but I cannot afford them and I don't know how to make a new tractor move as it's all switches, dials and computers. Did you know that modern machines can be steered using GPS satellite navigation. The operator just needs to take over on the road. My idea of a tractor is loads of noise, plenty of smoke and great big levers. Anyway Tractor World has loads of followers; you can tell the proper Tractor Men as they wear overalls, woolly hats and have grubby hands and oily boots. Also Tractor Men talk about 11/16 spanners, gallons of oil and how the crank bolt changed in 78 to 3 1/2". If you want to join these conversations don't mention centimetres, litres or anything else metric; if you do they will look at you as if you're from the moon. Another thing this year David Rawlings took his tractor to display. So yes I went to Malvern to see a tractor from Greete.

What was the other thing "O yes, spring". Well so far things are shaping up well, the ground is starting to dry up a bit and we have had our first calf, from Jacob's cow Poppy. She's a Welsh Black and her calf is just a ball of curly fluff, totally worthless, but the cold weather has no effect on her. We have no lambs at the time of writing, but I hope we will have plenty by now if you see what I mean.

Anyway here at the moment we are still in our winter routine of feeding the animals. So the other day I went with Mark to look at some military quad bikes. Anyway I got into a conversation with a mechanic and, whilst stood between an 8 wheel drive lorry and a tank, we ended up talking about the wonderful smell a Ferguson T20 makes when harrowing on TVO.

Mary says it's time you stopped talking and turned some 14" Furrows.

*Ray Peacock has very kindly sent in 'something' for the Floor Broad - the editor is eternally grateful! Ray is a teacher and has been lucky enough to go on two study tours, to India at Easter last year and to The Gambia in 2004, with an organisation based in Birmingham called Teachers in Development Education. The study tours aim to promote a better understanding of global concerns amongst teachers. He has written a number of stories from both trips and we are delighted that he has considered sharing them with us.*

So here is the first of The Kerala Tales, titled **CHICKENPOX**

Cast: Ray, Sonia, Mike, John, a Hindu holy man, two men with bull-whips, musicians, women, children, dogs, another cast of thousands

Thursday (maybe), Trivandrum, 7.00 pm March

We stood in the muddy waste ground in the gathering gloom of early evening outside the Hindu temple at the back of Connemara market, where earlier we had seen the makeshift stage being erected and the remains of a fire where, presumably, food had been cooked and been distributed.

We had found out earlier in the day, by chance, that it was the last day of a festival to celebrate the Goddess to whom the temple was dedicated. Durga, I think the man said. Come back at six he had suggested and we had, only to find that he had meant seven. No matter, we had had an ice cream soda, had a walk round the posh part of town near the University and attended a massive political rally with more policemen than you could shake a stick at to fill in the time.

Now we stood awkward and curious, outside the temple, whilst inside through the barred windows and open doorway in the glow of candle-light, were packed women, all grouped together to one side, children, men, musicians on a raised dais and at the back in front of the shrine to the Goddess to whom the temple was dedicated, the priest. He was wearing a loin cloth and was daubed in white paint. We stood trying to look interested but not too much like gawping tourists. Indians tend to stand and gawp anyway, so we kind of felt that we fitted in, at least if we hadn't been the only European people there, we might have done.

Against the backdrop of the accompanying music, a drummer rose and