

WHATEVER NEXT?

FRIDAY 8th MAY



Eddie Martin

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

Richard Tatlow & Robin Broadbank

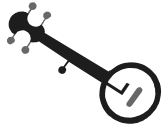
Flamenco guitar at its best



Malcolm Palmer

On ukulele with George Formby classics

John Cree



FRIDAY 12th JUNE

Flatpack Band

Dave Taylor

Robert Gordon-Blacker & Elaine Padwick



the ^{Easter} ^ floor



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10th April 2009

www.thefloor.org.uk



WHAT'S ON TONIGHT?



Floored

For openers Andy and Jim

Jack Brett

an outstanding young musician on his way up and not a newcomer to The Floor!



The Gents

For your convenience they say.... Something a little different from Paul Brett and the boys

Edwina Hayes

Edwina has an amazing voice and combines it with acoustic guitar. She has been a regular performer in the UK since 1999. Now based in Yorkshire with a second home in Nashville where she is much loved as a songwriter and artist. She has toured with many well known names ranging from KT Tunstall to Lulu. Michael Parkinson calls her "a very talented young lady", Nanci Griffith "a wonderful young woman, so gifted and full of song, with a voice as sweet as the angels". Check her out on www.edwinahayes.com.



How to get onto The Floor

ANDY COOK

Green Farm,
Berrington Green,
Tenbury Wells, WR15 8TQ
01584 810291
anjuisal@tiscali.co.uk

JIM ALLEN

The Sycamores,
Bockleton,
Tenbury Wells
01568 750546

www.thefloor.org.uk

Jane, I fear, would not like it here. It is too dirty, chaotic, smelly. Yet I long to be back here. I love the life of it.

I return to my room, some half an hour after I left it and find the bed neatly made, the coverlet turned back. A single red rose and a toffee éclair are on the pillow. Tomorrow, at a similar time in the afternoon, I will leap, pink and steaming, from the second shower of the day to answer a knock at the door, clad only in loosely draped towel and be confronted by a silent, smiling young man, smart, demure and proud in hotel uniform (as befits) holding a pink rose and another éclair.

Soundtrack:
Bruce Springsteen - The Ghost of Tom Joad
Ratdog - Two Djinn
Ry Cooder - Bourgeois Blues
Billy Bragg/Wilco - California Stars
Bruce Springsteen - Darkness on the edge of town.

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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.

GRAN TORINO April 27, 28 (116mins; 15)
BOLT 2.30pm May 2 (103mins; PG)
PAUL BLART: MALL COP May 2,4,5(91mins; PG)
THE INTERNATIONAL May 11,12 (118mins; 15)
www.regaltenbury.co.uk

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Hotel Rajadhani top floor restaurant. Three waiters, uniformed and turbaned as befits, and a sweeper (female, of course). Marble imitation tables. Stone floor. Beautiful floating petal floral display in a cauldron (changed daily by the sweeper as a second string to her broom). Open on all sides and looking out over the treetops, rooftops and courtyards of Trivandrum. Beautiful. Birds like all-black magpies caw and wheel in the sky above. Just me here.

As soon as we arrived in the hotel we were ushered in with all due ceremony by the doorman (uniformed, turbaned and white gloved, as befits), welcomed by the assembled staff, given fresh squeezed lime juice with mint and anointed with a bindi on our foreheads. The hotel is the finest I have stayed in in India and amongst the smartest I have stayed in anywhere, but somehow, reassuringly, it still has that slightly down at heel, seedy feel of India itself.

It is lush and verdant here and looking down on all the coconut palms and leafy shrubs, one would never know that Trivandrum is home to teeming hoards. With all the water lying around and the volume falling from the sky it is easy to see why it is so green. There are small oceans in the roads. Exploring after we arrived, we got soaked to the skin but it was pleasant to walk in the rain amid the chaos of Trivandrum traffic. Full-on and in your face. Taxis (all the same white Morris Ambassadors), tumble-down, windowless and ancient buses, one up, two up, three-up scooters, cars, people, cows, cyclists, all with no apparent rules of the road other than 'watch out for yourself'. We dodge the holes in the open drains beside the roads, step over broken concrete, weave between the hoards and stride on purposefully going nowhere in particular.

In the 30 years and more that I have not returned, India appears, at the outset at least, to have changed little. Areas of the town, particularly the drive from the airport, are as run down as you will find anywhere - shacks, shanties and dignified dereliction. (I will find out later that this is untypical and that Southern India is very much more affluent generally than before). And the smell. India still has that distinctive smell, of drains and spice and verdure that could be nowhere else. I feel a great sense of having come home and can't quite get the stupid smile from my face.

My sandwich arrives, along with knife, fork, spoon, side plate, tomato sauce, chilli-water, relish, serviettes. It is cut into triangles, sprinkled with stale crisps and each triangle is spiked with a cocktail cherry. A piece of courgette cut into the shape of a heart, decorated with a piece of tomato, acts as the final garnish. The tea is India 'mixed tea' that comes with milk already in the teapot and is poured for me by the third of the waiters. 'Where else?' I think to myself.

The bread is Mother's Pride, soft, flaccid and sweet, the cheese is processed and tastes like nothing. I slop on some of the green goo and the sandwich springs to vibrant, fiery life.

Welcome

... to yet another exciting night at The Floor. What a fantastic line-up we have again and plenty of variety as well.

Next month we have a variety of instrumentation led by Eddie Martin - "one of the UK's most dynamic performers, he is a live act not to be missed" according to Blues Revue USA. A master songwriter, acoustic and electric guitarist, harmonica player and powerful singer, Eddie has been described as "the most remarkable blues man of his generation" by Blues in Britain, More info at www.eddiemartin.com. Richard & Robin on flamenco guitar are back by popular demand, and are joined by Malcolm Palmer on ukulele, and keen supporter of The Floor but newcomer to the stage, John Cree.

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

An Evening with Mervyn Stutter May 10th, 7.30pm, The Regal Tenbury Wells

Mervyn Stutter is an actor, comedian, scriptwriter and founder member of the Flying Pickets. He has worked widely in theatre, comedy, cabaret, radio and TV. He appeared at Little Witley Parish Hall last season and their comment was "this show should come with a Health Warning - excessive laughter can damage your health" so the show on 10 May promises to be a good event.

This is a Shindig show which is part of Worcestershire's Rural and Community Touring Scheme bringing live arts to your doorstep. Supported by Arts Council England, Worcestershire County Council and Malvern Hills District Council.

For tickets please contact Jane Jenner on 01584 819653.

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Truth and Lies ... *from the pen of Ken*

The father of my neighbour came to this country, alone, as a fourteen-year-old immigrant during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, he knew nobody, and spoke no English. Under those circumstances it follows that he must have survived by relying on his wits. The stories that my friend tells about his father are legion, and, to be fair, not all reflect particularly well on the parent. One such tale, which I believe to be true, goes as follows ...

About halfway through the second world war, Joe (during the time when he spoke little or no English he became known as "Joe", and the name stayed with him all of his life), who was a dedicated black-marketeer, was offered a lorry-load of tinned snook (*snaek* - according to my encyclopaedia, a generic term for a range of bony carp-style fish eaten as a last resort at the time) for £120 which he bought. He was successful in re-selling the whole consignment for £150; so let it be known that he would take some more if any became available. Some months later it duly did: however this time the price had gone up; to the extent that Joe had to sell the second load a few cases at a time. Nevertheless he was eventually successful, and made another reasonable profit. It was much later that one of the customers from the second exploit came to see him and told him, angrily "Joe, we opened a can of the snook that you sold me and it was rotten."

"You fool," snapped Joe, "it's for selling, not eating."

What follows does not purport to be true: but I see a link.

Moe is the proprietor of a bar in Springfield, USA, which has only a few loyal customers. Moe needs to increase trade, but not many of his customers can afford to drink more than they already do. So Moe mentions to Homer (who happens to be employed) that a certain amount of credit might be available to him. Homer is delighted to be able to drink Duffs beer on a buy-now-pay-later basis and takes full advantage of the credit available to him. Barney, the town drunk, who happens to be unemployed, notices that Homer is drinking a lot more these days, and Homer tells him about his line of credit. Barney wants to know why he is being discriminated against. Moe is pleased that, thus far, he has seen an increase in trade with Homer, and agrees to offer a similar facility to Barney. He (Moe) is meticulous in keeping track of the drinks consumed by his non-cash-paying customers. Word gets around: customers old and new flock to Moe's bar; and, eventually, most are granted credit. Taking advantage of his customers' freedom from their usual constraints, Moe increases his prices massively. Even so, he notes that sales volumes continue to rise. A young and thrusting executive from the Texas and Ohio Cattleman's and Rustler's

Savings and Loan (a subsidiary of an un-named British Bank) realises that the debts owed to Moe by his customers represent valuable future assets and increases Moe's overdraft limit. His superiors see no reason to be unduly concerned, since they have the debts of Homer, Barney and their (now very numerous) drinking buddies as collateral.

At the bank's headquarters, the experts convert Moe's assets into DUFFBONDS, so that they can be traded on the worldwide markets. No one fully understands what the bonds are, or how they are guaranteed.

As more and more bank traders jump on the bandwagon, the price of the securities goes through the roof, everybody picks up massive bonuses, and the securities become top selling items.

One day, a risk manager at the T&OC&RS&L decides that the time has come to demand payment of the debts incurred by Homer, Barney *et al.*

Of course, they cannot pay. The risk manager is fired for (a) his negativity and (b) not demanding payment sooner. Moe cannot fulfil his obligations and files for bankruptcy. DUFFBONDS drop in price by ninety percent. The Duff Brewery, having extended very generous settlement terms to Moe, as well as investing in the securities, is taken over by a competitor.

The Bank is nationalised by the Government following urgent and lengthy consultations. The funds required for this rescue are obtained by taxes levied, specifically, upon non-drinkers.

Ray Peacock, as a teacher, has been on study tours to India and to The Gambia. He has written a number of stories from both trips - one of the Karala Tales was told in last month's Floor Broad; and here is a second.

Kerala Tales - 2. Sunday day 1 - First Encounters

Cast: Ray and various waiters

"Could I have tea and a sandwich, please?"

'Yes Sir.' With that slight tilt of the head that so affectingly signifies the affirmative.

"What kind of sandwiches do you have?"

"Chicken."

"Do you have cheese?"

"Yes sir."

"I'll have cheese, please."

Would you like chicken with that, Sir?

"No thanks, just cheese."