

R_TO_OT

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*The Really Terrible Orchestra
Of the Triangle*

presents our

Inaugural Concert

Wednesday, 10 December 2008, 8:00 PM

Hill Hall Auditorium, University of North
Carolina - Chapel Hill

R_TO_OT

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The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (RTOOT)

Who are we? The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle exists to encourage those who have been prevented from playing music together with others, either through lack of talent or some other factor, to rehearse and perform in an ensemble of similarly afflicted players. Much more useless information about the RTOOT is found on our website, rtoot.org which you may find amusing. Please sign our guestbook while you are there!

We acknowledge as our heritage the world-famous Really Terrible Orchestra (RTO) of Edinburgh, Scotland, which was founded by the eminent Scottish author Alexander McCall Smith. Similar to the RTO, the primary goal of The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (RTOOT) is to involve competent musicians in the Raleigh/Durham/Chapel Hill area who are not quite competent enough to play with the Durham Symphony, the Raleigh Symphony, or the Chapel Hill Philharmonia. The RTOOT looks forward to a further lowering of standards, in order to underline its commitment to accessibility and relevance.

All ages, races, genders, and persuasions of instrumentalists are invited to join our ranks. In particular, if Mom played the viola in college and Dad played the clarinet, and Junior is playing the oboe in the middle school orchestra, make it a family occasion and enjoy playing together in an ensemble!! Just send us an email (shobgood@gmail.com) to sign up and request an audition.

Yes. There are auditions. We don't want players who are too competent. Currently we are looking for a couple of trombones and another bassoon. Violins, of course, are always welcome. Please contact us asap if you would like to fill one of these empty seats in order to participate in our inaugural concert in December. Our next general auditions will be scheduled after our concert; i.e. in mid-December and early January. True to our mission to be the Really Terrible Orchestra Of the entire Triangle, auditions are held separately in Durham, Raleigh, and Chapel Hill. Full details are found on the "RTOOT Players Retreat" page on our website, rtoot.org

Professional musicians may be accepted into membership if they pick up something they've never played before and if they play it badly enough. For example, the concertmistress of the Raleigh Symphony Orchestra is our second bassoonist. The Zachary Taylor Smith Term Professor of Music at UNC Chapel Hill is third flautist and piccolautist. His son is in the cello section.

Rehearsals are held weekly at 3:00 on Sunday afternoon in the Research Triangle Park at Hatcher Grove Missionary Baptist Church. We are determined to hold rehearsals in RTP rather than in Raleigh, Chapel Hill, or Durham, considering this Really Terrible Orchestra to be a Triangle-wide cultural gem.

Generally the RTOOT performs thrice a year, in Durham, Raleigh, and Chapel Hill, but is available at cost -- great cost -- for birthdays and corporate events.

Founder and Conductor of the Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle is W. Sands Hobgood, keyboardist and conductor in the triangle area since 1952. He has a legitimate job as a church musician but believes that the associated institutions would wish to remain anonymous. Mr. Hobgood, in addition to his conducting activities, rearranges the hard parts for instruments that are incapable of performing them as written. Mr. Hobgood has also appeared in films produced by the local collective 301 films (see www.301films.com) and appeared in a major role in "Fast Freddie Fantastic".

The Assistant Conductor of The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (RTOOT) is Michael Lyle, who actually has a MM in Conducting. We believe The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (RTOOT) to be the only civic orchestra in the Triangle with an Assistant Conductor.

The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (RTOOT) is chartered as a Nonprofit Corporation in the State of North Carolina. We have applied to the IRS to be a genuine 501(c)(3) tax-exempt organization.

The Board Of Directors Of The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (RTOOT), otherwise known as the BODORTOOT, includes the following members (in alphabetical order):

- Associate Professor of Composition Allen Anderson of the Music Department of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Professor Anderson is Vice President of the Board
- W. Sands Hobgood, conductor, music director, and founder of The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (RTOOT), and President and Chairman of the Board
- Patti Jean Spinillo, who comes to us from the farming community of Eli Whitney, NC, and who was the Principal Associate and Chief Roadie on Mr. Hobgood's "Bless Your Heart Eastern European Organ Concert Tour of 2001". Patti Jean is also principal trumpet in The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (RTOOT), and serves as secretary to the Board
- Florence Peacock, who describes herself as Diva Soprano of Chapel Hill, NC, and treasurer of the Board
- Douglass Little, who lives in Raleigh and conducts a middle school orchestra in Chapel Hill. She also plays with The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (RTOOT) and is principal cellist.

Greetings from the Conductor



When I first heard about the Really Terrible Orchestra of Edinburgh Scotland, from my friend and colleague Ted Ehrhard, a spark was kindled. Then when I discovered that the domain name rtoot.org was available, the spark erupted into a flame that culminates this evening in the inaugural concert of The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (RTOOT).

Incidentally, Ted joins us this evening on the viola; originally recruited as a string bass, he left the instrument out in the rain over Thanksgiving and it shrank. We appreciate his contribution nonetheless.

We have brought together a mixed bag of the cream of musical talent throughout the Triangle, including young people who have no other ensemble outlet for their playing, older folks with slightly rusty talent and enthusiasm to polish up their skills, professional musicians with a desire to take up a new instrument in a casual environment, and folks who played something long ago and were brave enough to pull out the instrument case and blow off the dust.

We are indebted to any number of people who helped us pull this concert together, not the least of which is our distinguished Board of Directors of The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (BODORTOOT). In addition to talent and time, it takes money to fund even such a modest effort as ours. Thus we are greatly appreciative of our Patrons, our Terrible Patrons, and our Really Terrible Patrons, who are identified in our program.

A further word about the program; you will note it is quite fat for an amateur group and includes many

features designed to take your attention away from the terrible events that may take place on stage. We even have a coloring book for children and those who wish they were. Feel free, whatever age you are, to flag down one of our Crayon Girls if you need a new color.

Generally The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (RTOOT) performs thrice a year, in Durham, Raleigh, and Chapel Hill. Our next concert is planned for late spring in Raleigh.

We are also available at cost -- **great cost** -- for birthdays and corporate events. Persons or organizations wishing to employ RTOOT or a subset thereof, such as a string quartet or a chamber music ensemble, should contact our commercial subsidiary, the RTP (Really Terrible Philharmonic).

We thank you for being present at our inaugural concert. We hope to knock your socks off, but we believe at least you will be mildly amused. Enjoy the show!



Welcome! In general, I agree with the majority of what Sandy said, and since he hit the high points, I don't have much else to say. I would like to say, however, that I am thrilled and honored to be making my non-academic amateur orchestral conducting debut this evening, and I could not be more proud (unless, of course, it were with an orchestra of higher distinction).

In all seriousness, I am extremely happy to be here, with this group of musicians. All of us need work on the technical end of playing our instruments, but what we lack in ability (for now!), we make up for in heart. I've performed in lots of ensembles, and I don't believe that any of them have had the desire to make music together that this one has. My thanks to all of you!

The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle

W. Sands Hobgood, Conductor
Michael Lyle, Assistant Conductor

Personnel

Violin I

Michael Lyle
Mary Annonio
Frank Field
Julia Gartrell
Graham Thaxton

Violin II

Kathryn Baerman
Rochelle Sparko
Patrice Barley
Rennie Martin

Viola/Alto Violin

Carolyn Field
Alison Nack
Ted Ehrhard

Violoncello/Double Bass/Violoncellos Who Are Playing the Double Bass Part

Douglass Little
Kelcey Thirtle
John Barille
J.J. van Vickle
Christopher Homick
Andrew Wissick
Jack Page

Flute/Piccolo

Janice Lipson
Sue Tideman
Allison D. Finley

Oboe

Paul Baerman
Charles Elliott

Clarinet

Shirley Baerman (Concertmistress)
W. Sands Hobgood

Alto Saxophone

Enrique Varela

French Horn

Hope V. Horton

Trumpet

Patti Jean Spinillo
Taylor Ward

Trombone

Brian Walker

Tuba

Trish Weaver
Joe Lowman

Percussion

John Dornblazer
Cameron Price
John Cashwell (Timpani)
Francesco Spinillo (Italian Cowbells)
Barbara Leder (Keyboards)

Stage Manager

Robert Ferrier

Friends of the Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (RTOOT)

Really Terrible Patrons (Donations of \$500 and above)

Anonymous (Chapel Hill)
Jim and Florence Peacock

Terrible Patrons (Donations of \$250)

Mrs. Marjorie Whisenhunt Hobgood

Patrons (Donations of \$50, or Instrument Donations)

Joseph and Rosemarie Gulla
María Francesca Vallecillo
June Tirpak
Crystal Potter
Eva Renee Martin
Patti Jean and Francesco Spinnolo
Janice Lipson

*The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (RTOOT)
would also like to thank:*

The Ladies of Aldersgate United Methodist Church
Siena Hotel, Crook's Corner, Mediterranean Deli,
The Catering Company, J&J's Deli, Alfredo's Pizza,
The Fiesta Grill, The Italian Pizzeria, Caffè Driade,
Mama Dip's Country Kitchen, Lyle Bradshaw, and Matt Ehlers.

This Evening's Programme

Marche Slave (Slavonic March), Op 31.....Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Piano Concerto No. 23 in A Major.....Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

II. *Adagio*

Conducted from the Piano by Mr. Hobgood

An der schönen blauen Donau (On the Beautiful Blue Danube).....Johann Strauss, Jr.

Intermission

Greensleeves Fantasy.....arr. Andrew Balent

Jingle Bell Rock.....arr. Michael Sweeney

We invite the audience to Sing Along with --

Jolly Old St. Nicolas/Up on the Housetop.....arr. Schaeffer

Deck the Halls.....arr. Schaeffer

O Come, All Ye Faithful.....arr. WSH

Joy to the World.....Traditional

Hark the Herald Angels Sing.....arr. Tim Baker

With assistance from Mrs. Florence Peacock, Soprano

and Mr. Philip van Lidth de Jeude, Tenor

*Audience members are requested to turn **ON** their cell phones/pagers/Blackberries/iPhones/baby monitors.*

This will, with any luck, help to drown out any

Terrible Mistakes that night be made.

Programme Notes

Marche Slave (Slavonic March), Op. 31

If one were to survey the *oeuvre* of Tchaikovsky to find the most performed works,¹ it's likely that the *Marche Slave (Slavonic March)* is second in number of performances only to the ubiquitous *1812 Overture*. The *1812* has a lot going for it, due in large part to its upbeat and patriotic nature. Though it was written to commemorate the Russian victory over the forces of Napoleon in 1813², it also has the good fortune to be extremely popular during American Independence Day celebrations. This gives it a decided edge. Plus, the *1812* has a part written for cannons, and cannon owners are always itching for a chance to use them in peacetime situations³.

The *Marche Slave*⁴, on the other hand, is a somewhat more somber piece. It was composed to immortalize the large number of Christian Slavs massacred by the Turks in 1876. The piece is intended to inspire patriotic feelings, but in an idiosyncratic way⁵. Cannons are also conspicuously absent from the score. However, a common theme is present: the melody from the hymn "God Save the Tsar". This tune is expressed several times throughout *Marche Slave*, usually in a grand, *fortissimo* flourish by the low strings and winds. This tune also led to the piece's censorship during Communist rule in Russia; the hymn tune was replaced by a melody by Glinka⁶, and reharmonized.

The main theme of *Marche Slave* is famous in its own right. The chromatic downward melody, first expressed by the violas at the beginning of the piece and throughout, overflows with weeping, heartrending emotion. This is rather appropriate, for Tchaikovsky was an admitted



crybaby. On his 1891 visit to New York, Tchaikovsky headed immediately to his hotel, where he confided to his diary that he "wept rather long". While his outward demeanor was even-keeled, Tchaikovsky avoided meeting new people because they terrified him. Leading an orchestra, which he did on a regular basis as a guest conductor of his own works, upset him even more; he seriously believed that his own head was going to fall off, and spent much of each performance with his left hand under his chin, to keep his head attached⁷. Given his propensity toward emotional instability, it's easy to see how early critics of Tchaikovsky could liken a performance of his music to taking an "emotional bath".

A rather morbid similarity between the Really Terrible Orchestra of The Triangle (RTOOT) and Tchaikovsky presents itself: the RTOOT is, well, Really Terrible, and Tchaikovsky was Really Terrible as well...at committing suicide. A closet homosexual for most of his adult life, he sought

1 Why, exactly, anyone would perform such a survey is unclear. That such a survey is inevitably carried out is even more baffling.

2 Just kidding.

3 Wouldn't you, if you owned a cannon?

4 Most commonly titled, curiously, in French – not a Slavonic language such as Russian, Czech, or Slavic.

5 Slavonic peoples have often expressed patriotism by lamenting their persecution by other peoples. See Dvůřák's Seventh Symphony for similar expressions of nationalistic pride.

6 The choir "Glory" from *Ivan Susanin*. I'll give you dollar if you've ever heard this version.

7 While this is anatomically unlikely, if anyone could knock the head off his shoulders, it would probably be the Really Terrible Orchestra of the Triangle (RTOOT).

escape from his ill-planned and tempestuous marriage to Antonina Ivanova Miliukova by submerging himself in a freezing river, hoping to catch pneumonia. His attempt failed, however, resulting in little more than a powerful head cold. After his final symphony, the now-classic *Pathétique*, was received with mixed reviews in 1893, he drank a cupful of unboiled water. This time, the intended suicide⁸ was successful – he contracted cholera and died a slow and painful death. Chances are, tonight's performance of the *Marche Slave* will also be both slow and painful.



Piano Concerto No. 23 in A Major II. *Adagio*

Much has been said about Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, from his inexhaustible fount of melody, to his unique harmonizations, to his capricious demeanor. So much as been said, in fact, that I won't say much more – I'll let the Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle tell the rest of the story⁹. Or, at least, one-third of the story.

The 23rd Piano Concerto, as with most *concerti*, actually has three movements. Mr. Hobgood, however, has programmed only the second movement¹⁰. Although the movement is marked *adagio* (Italian for “slow and stately”), the RTOOT will be taking it at a much more manageable *larghissimo* (Italian for “Really Terribly Slow”). It remains to be seen whether or not this tempo marking can be sustained, or if it will slow to a speed beyond Italian description.

8 Whether or not Tchaikovsky's death was indeed a suicide is a matter of dispute among scholars. The method itself – based largely on chance and incredibly uncomfortable – seems to support an accidental-death theory. Given his previous Really Terrible attempt, however, death by self-infection is not implausible.

9 This is, undoubtedly, a huge blunder on my part.

10 Whether this is due to the difficulty of the other movements for the orchestra or the soloist is unsure.

11 The similarities in performance between Mr. Hobgood and Herr Mozart will certainly end here.

12 Yes, even the Macarena.

It is also worth noting that the term *concerto* had, by the Classical period, come to be defined as the contrast or opposition between two opposing forces. Since Mr. Hobgood and the orchestra are almost always opposed to each other anyway, choosing him as soloist was only logical. Mr. Hobgood will also, in a stunningly uncharacteristic attempt at historical accuracy, will conduct this piece from the keyboard, much as Mozart would have done¹¹.

An der schönen blauen Donau (On the Beautiful Blue Danube)

Few dance forms¹² have caused such a craze as the waltz did among the Viennese in the second half of the nineteenth century. While countless composers penned perfectly adequate waltzes during this time, waltz-writing was as natural to the Strauss family as walking. But of all the hundreds of *walzer* composed by both Johann Strausses (Senior and Junior), none is as widely known, performed, and loved as *An der schönen blauen Donau* - “On the Beautiful Blue Danube”. The piece was so popular in its day that, when asked by Strauss' wife for an autograph, Johannes Brahms wrote out the first few bars of *The Blue Danube*, under which he added, “unfortunately NOT written by Johannes Brahms”. One can only imagine, if placed in a modern situation, the sheer number of “Greatest Hits” compilations the record label of Strauss the Younger could compile.



While the piece is well known for its evocation of Austrian pride¹³, another image can be conjured – ducks. The plaintive cry of the ducks is heard near the beginning of the first waltz¹⁴, and occurs several times throughout. Whether Strauss intended for these passages to be interpreted as ducks swimming on the Danube is unsure, because the question is likely considered childish by most academics¹⁵.

Because the piece is, essentially, an exercise in the waltz form, most of the individual waltzes found in the work follow a simple ABA structure. Aurally, these are easy to identify, but the written music is somewhat of a nightmare, especially for orchestras of the Really Terrible variety. A maze of repeats and first and second endings, the difficulty of following the piece is exacerbated by the fact that the RTOOT is using at least two different editions of the music.

INTERMISSION¹⁶

Following the mercifully timed intermission, the Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle will perform the seasonally relevant part of the programme. The Winds And Percussion Of the Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle (WAPORTOOT) will first perform “Greensleeves Fantasy”, because the strings demanded an intermission five minutes longer than planned. The full orchestra will then perform a version of “Jingle Bell Rock” that will surely inspire¹⁷.

Assuming the whole production makes it this far without being forcibly ended¹⁸, the programme will conclude with a collection of sing-along favorites. Audience members are welcomed and encouraged to sing often and loud. Hopefully, the audience will outnumber the orchestra, and will therefore be able to drown it out. Multiple verses for each tune are printed here, but sing the ones that you like whenever you like, because the RTOOT is unlikely to play enough verses to cover them all.

The Really Terrible Orchestra Of the Triangle is also pleased to welcome Mrs. Florence Peacock and Mr. Philip van Lidth de Jeude, who will lend us their voices for the sing-along portion.

Jolly Old St. Nicolas

Jolly Old Saint Nicolas,
lean your ear this way!
Don't you tell a single soul
what I'm going to say:
Christmas Eve is coming soon;
now, you dear old man
Whisper what you'll bring to me;
tell me if you can.

When the clock is striking twelve,
when I'm fast asleep
Down the chimney, broad and black,
with your pack you'll creep
All the stockings you will find
hanging in a row
Mine will be the shortest one,
you'll be sure to know

Bobby wants a pair of skates,
Suzy wants a sled
Nellie wants a picture book,
yellow, blue, and red
Now I think I'll leave to you
what to give the rest
Choose for me, dear Santa Claus;
you will know the best.

13 Not to mention assuring the continuing fame and success of André Rieu.

14 “Ba da dum dum dum – quack quack, quack quack...”

15 At least in the few sources consulted in the writing of these program notes.

16 Thank goodness.

17 If middle-school orchestra arrangements are inspiring to you.

18 Semi-rotten vegetables are classic hurled objects...hint hint...

Up on the Housetop

Up on the housetop reindeer pause
Out jumps good old Santa Claus
Down through the chimney with lots of toys
All for the little ones, Christmas joys

Chorus:

Ho, ho, ho! Who wouldn't go!

Ho, ho, ho! Who wouldn't go!

Up on the housetop, click, click, click
Down through the chimney with old Saint Nick

First comes the stocking of little Nell
Oh, dear Santa, fill it well
Give her a dollie that laughs and cries
One that will open and shut her eyes

(chorus)

Next comes the stocking of little Will
Oh, just see what a glorious fill!
Here is a hammer and lots of tacks
Also a ball and a whip that cracks
(chorus)

Deck the Halls

Deck the halls with boughs of holly
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
'Tis the season to be jolly
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Don we now our gay apparel.
Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol.
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.

See the blazing Yule before us.
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Strike the harp and join the chorus.
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Follow me in merry measure.
Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la
While I tell of Yuletide treasure.
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Fast away the old year passes.
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Hail the new ye lads and lasses
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
Sing we joyous all together.
Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la
Heedless of the wind and weather.
Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

Deck us all with Boston Charlie,
Walla Walla, Wash., an' Kalamazoo!
Nora's freezin' on the trolley,
Swaller dollar cauliflower alley-garoo!

Don't we know archaic barrel,
Lullaby Lilla boy, Louisville Lou?
Trolley Molly don't love Harold,
Boola boola Pensacoola hullabaloo!

Bark us all bow-wows of folly,
Polly wolly cracker n' too-da-loo!
Hunky Dory's pop is lolly gaggin' on the wagon,
Willy, folly go through!

Donkey Bonny brays a carol,
Antelope Cantaloup, 'lope with you!
Chollie's collie barks at Barrow,
Harum scarum five alarum bung-a-loo!

O Come, All Ye Faithful

O Come All Ye Faithful
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

O Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing all that hear in heaven God's holy word.
Give to our Father glory in the Highest;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

All Hail! Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
O Jesus! for evermore be Thy name adored.
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

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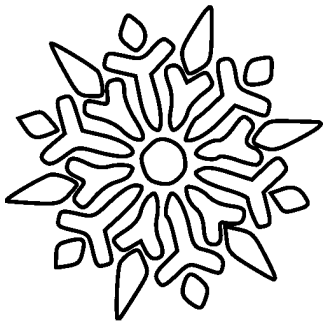
Joy to the World

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven, and heaven, and nature sing.

Joy to the world, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat, the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found,
Far as the curse is found,
Far as, far as, the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love,
And wonders of His love,
And wonders, wonders, of His love.



Hark, the Herald Angels Sing!

Hark the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace.

Hark the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King.

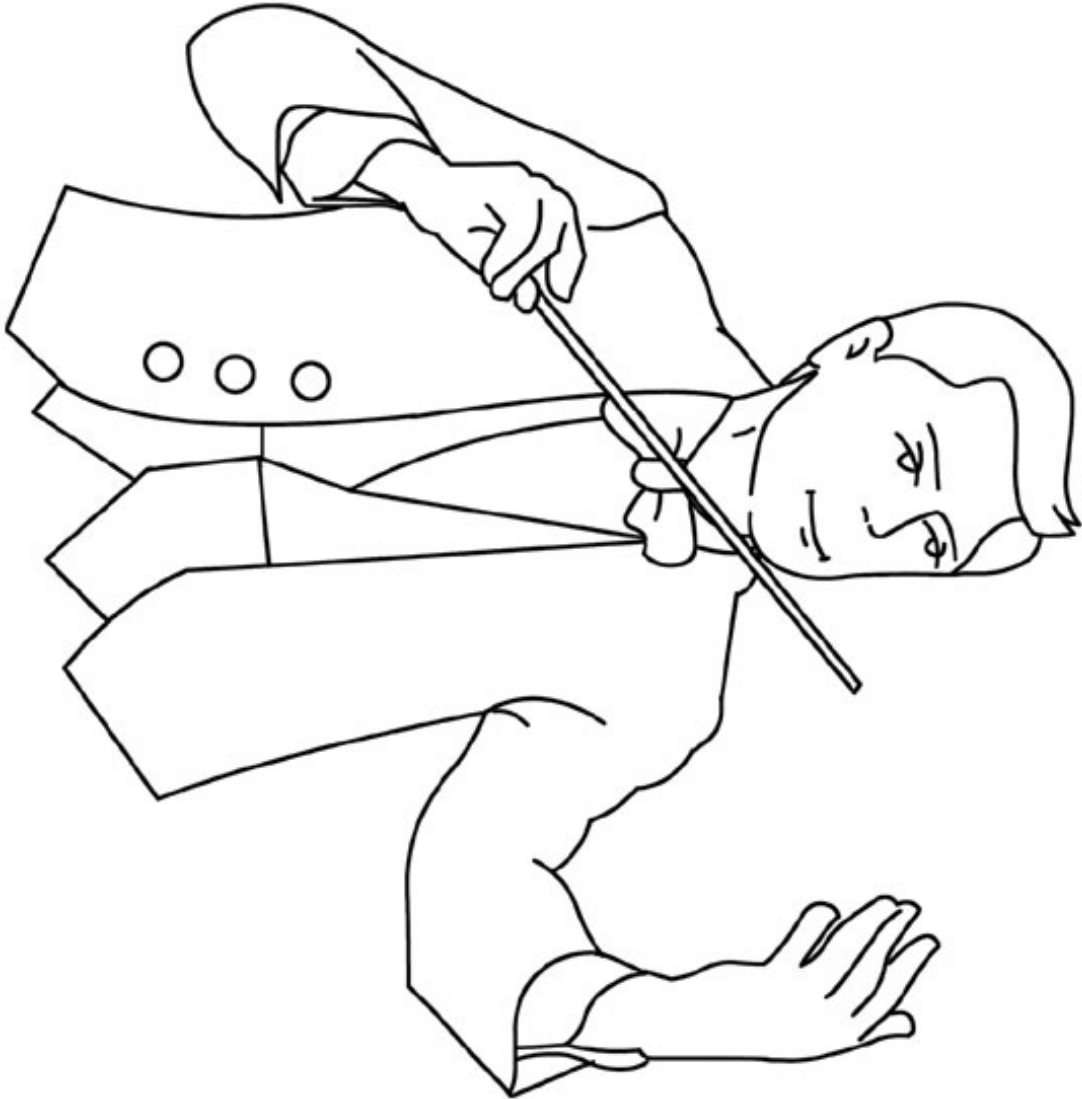
Come, Desire of nations come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.
Adam's likeness now efface:
Stamp Thine image in its place;
Second Adam, from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

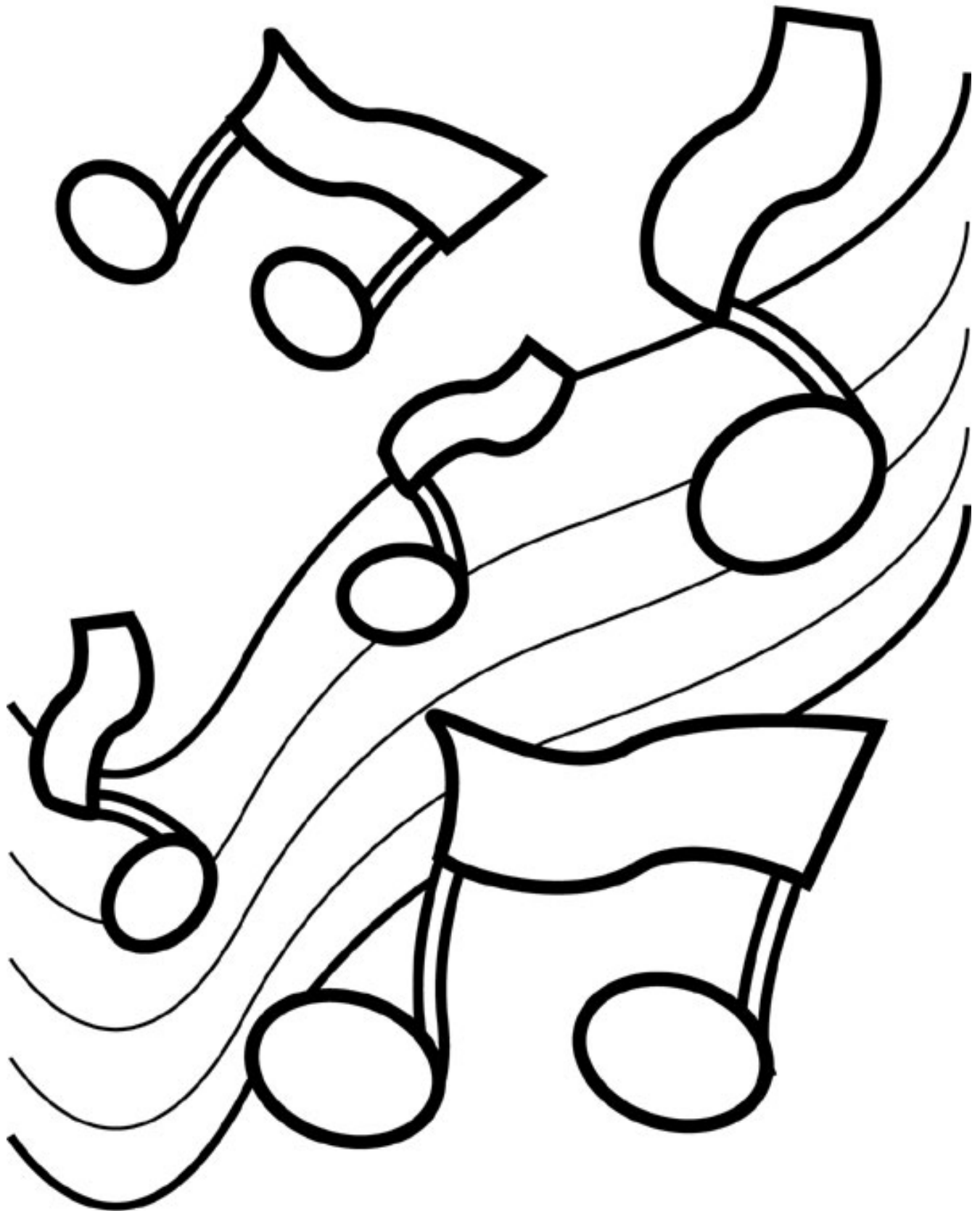
Hark the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King.

Diversions

(or, Better Ways to Pass Your Time, if Listening Has Become A Challenge)

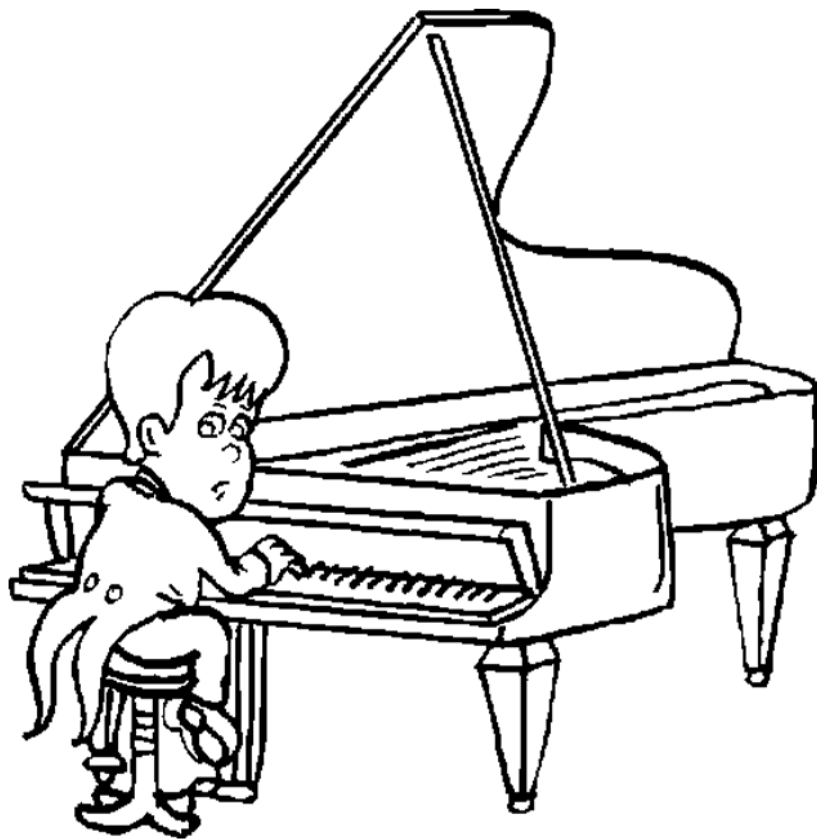
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A TALE
OF
TWO CITIES

BY
CHARLES DICKENS



The Period

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times,
 it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness,
 it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity,
 it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness,
 it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair,
 we had everything before us, we had nothing before us,
 we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct
 the other way--in short, the period was so far like the present
 period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its
 being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree
 of comparison only.

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face,
 on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and
 a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both
 countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State
 preserves of loaves and fishes, that things in general were
 settled for ever.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and
 seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at
 that favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently
 attained her five-and-twentieth blessed birthday, of whom a
 prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime
 appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the
 swallowing up of London and Westminster. Even the Cock-lane
 ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years, after rapping
 out its messages, as the spirits of this very year last past
 (supernaturally deficient in originality) rapped out theirs.

Mere messages in the earthly order of events had lately come to
 the English Crown and People, from a congress of British subjects
 in America: which, strange to relate, have proved more important
 to the human race than any communications yet received through
 any of the chickens of the Cock-lane brood.

France, less favoured on the whole as to matters spiritual than
 her sister of the shield and trident, rolled with exceeding
 smoothness down hill, making paper money and spending it.
 Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained
 herself, besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing
 a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue torn out with
 pincers, and his body burned alive, because he had not kneeled
 down in the rain to do honour to a dirty procession of monks
 which passed within his view, at a distance of some fifty or

sixty yards. It is likely enough that, rooted in the woods of France and Norway, there were growing trees, when that sufferer was put to death, already marked by the Woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were sheltered from the weather that very day, rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. But that Woodman and that Farmer, though they work unceasingly, work silently, and no one heard them as they went about with muffled tread: the rather, forasmuch as to entertain any suspicion that they were awake, was to be atheistical and traitorous.

In England, there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. Daring burglaries by armed men, and highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night; families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; the highwayman in the dark was a City tradesman in the light, and, being recognised and challenged by his fellow-tradesman whom he stopped in his character of "the Captain," gallantly shot him through the head and rode away; the mail was waylaid by seven robbers, and the guard shot three dead, and then got shot dead himself by the other four, "in consequence of the failure of his ammunition:" after which the mail was robbed in peace; that magnificent potentate, the Lord Mayor of London, was made to stand and deliver on Turnham Green, by one highwayman, who despoiled the illustrious creature in sight of all his retinue; prisoners in London gaols fought battles with their turnkeys, and the majesty of the law fired blunderbusses in among them, loaded with rounds of shot and ball; thieves snipped off diamond crosses from the necks of noble lords at Court drawing-rooms; musketeers went into St. Giles's, to search for contraband goods, and the mob fired on the musketeers, and the musketeers fired on the mob, and nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way. In the midst of them, the hangman, ever busy and ever worse than useless, was in constant requisition; now, stringing up long rows of miscellaneous criminals; now, hanging a housebreaker on Saturday who had been taken on Tuesday; now, burning people in the hand at Newgate by the dozen, and now burning pamphlets at the door of Westminster Hall; to-day, taking the life of an atrocious murderer, and to-morrow of a wretched pilferer who had robbed a farmer's boy of sixpence.

All these things, and a thousand like them, came to pass in and close upon the dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Environed by them, while the Woodman and the

Farmer worked unheeded, those two of the large jaws, and those other two of the plain and the fair faces, trod with stir enough, and carried their divine rights with a high hand. Thus did the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five conduct their Greatnesses, and myriads of small creatures--the creatures of this chronicle among the rest--along the roads that lay before them.

II

The Mail

It was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. The Dover road lay, as to him, beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. He walked up hill in the mire by the side of the mail, as the rest of the passengers did; not because they had the least relish for walking exercise, under the circumstances, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy, that the horses had three times already come to a stop, besides once drawing the coach across the road, with the mutinous intent of taking it back to Blackheath. Reins and whip and coachman and guard, however, in combination, had read that article of war which forbade a purpose otherwise strongly in favour of the argument, that some brute animals are endued with Reason; and the team had capitulated and returned to their duty.

With drooping heads and tremulous tails, they mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling between whiles, as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints. As often as the driver rested them and brought them to a stand, with a wary "Wo-ho! so-ho-then!" the near leader violently shook his head and everything upon it--like an unusually emphatic horse, denying that the coach could be got up the hill. Whenever the leader made this rattle, the passenger started, as a nervous passenger might, and was disturbed in mind.

There was a steaming mist in all the hollows, and it had roamed in its forlornness up the hill, like an evil spirit, seeking rest and finding none. A clammy and intensely cold mist, it made its slow way through the air in ripples that visibly followed and overspread one another, as the waves of an unwholesome sea might do. It was dense enough to shut out everything from the light of the coach-lamps but these its own workings, and a few yards of road; and the reek of the labouring horses steamed into it, as if they had made it all.

Two other passengers, besides the one, were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheekbones and over the ears, and wore jack-boots. Not one of the three could have said, from anything he saw, what either of the other two was like; and each was hidden under almost as many wrappers from the eyes of the mind, as from the eyes of the body, of his two companions. In those days, travellers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for anybody on the road might be a robber or in league with robbers. As to the latter, when every posting-house and ale-house could produce somebody in "the Captain's" pay, ranging from the landlord to the lowest stable non-descript, it was the likeliest thing upon the cards. So the guard of the Dover mail thought to himself, that Friday night in November, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, lumbering up Shooter's Hill, as he stood on his own particular perch behind the mail, beating his feet, and keeping an eye and a hand on the arm-chest before him, where a loaded blunderbuss lay at the top of six or eight loaded horse-pistols, deposited on a substratum of cutlass.

The Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, they all suspected everybody else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses; as to which cattle he could with a clear conscience have taken his oath on the two Testaments that they were not fit for the journey.

"Wo-ho!" said the coachman. "So, then! One more pull and you're at the top and be damned to you, for I have had trouble enough to get you to it!--Joe!"

"Halloa!" the guard replied.

"What o'clock do you make it, Joe?"

"Ten minutes, good, past eleven."

"My blood!" ejaculated the vexed coachman, "and not atop of Shooter's yet! Tst! Yah! Get on with you!"

The emphatic horse, cut short by the whip in a most decided negative, made a decided scramble for it, and the three other horses followed suit. Once more, the Dover mail struggled on, with the jack-boots of its passengers squashing along by its side. They had stopped when the coach stopped, and they kept close company with it. If any one of the three had had the hardihood to propose to another to walk on a little ahead into the mist and darkness, he would have put himself in a fair way of getting shot instantly as a highwayman.

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach-door to let the passengers in.

"Tst! Joe!" cried the coachman in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

"What do you say, Tom?"

They both listened.

"I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe."

"_I_ say a horse at a gallop, Tom," returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his place.

"Gentlemen! In the king's name, all of you!"

With this hurried adjuration, he cocked his blunderbuss, and stood on the offensive.

The passenger booked by this history, was on the coach-step, getting in; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained on the step, half in the coach and half out of; they remained in the road below him. They all looked from the coachman to the guard, and from the guard to the coachman, and listened. The coachman looked back and the guard looked back, and even the emphatic leader pricked up his ears and looked back, without contradicting.

The stillness consequent on the cessation of the rumbling and labouring of the coach, added to the stillness of the night, made it very quiet indeed. The panting of the horses communicated a tremulous motion to the coach, as if it were in a state of agitation. The hearts of the passengers beat loud enough perhaps to be heard; but at any rate, the quiet pause was audibly expressive of people out of breath, and holding the breath, and having the pulses quickened by expectation.

The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill.

"So-ho!" the guard sang out, as loud as he could roar. "Yo there! Stand! I shall fire!"

The pace was suddenly checked, and, with much splashing and floundering, a man's voice called from the mist, "Is that the Dover mail?"

"Never you mind what it is!" the guard retorted. "What are you?"

"_Is_ that the Dover mail?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want a passenger, if it is."

"What passenger?"

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry."

Our booked passenger showed in a moment that it was his name. The guard, the coachman, and the two other passengers eyed him distrustfully.

"Keep where you are," the guard called to the voice in the mist, "because, if I should make a mistake, it could never be set right in your lifetime. Gentleman of the name of Lorry answer straight."

"What is the matter?" asked the passenger, then, with mildly quavering speech. "Who wants me? Is it Jerry?"

("I don't like Jerry's voice, if it is Jerry," growled the guard to himself. "He's hoarser than suits me, is Jerry.")

"Yes, Mr. Lorry."

"What is the matter?"

"A despatch sent after you from over yonder. T. and Co."

"I know this messenger, guard," said Mr. Lorry, getting down into the road--assisted from behind more swiftly than politely by the other two passengers, who immediately scrambled into the coach, shut the door, and pulled up the window. "He may come close; there's nothing wrong."

"I hope there ain't, but I can't make so 'Nation sure of that," said the guard, in gruff soliloquy. "Hallo you!"

"Well! And hallo you!" said Jerry, more hoarsely than before.

"Come on at a footpace! d'ye mind me? And if you've got holsters to that saddle o' yourn, don't let me see your hand go nigh 'em. For I'm a devil at a quick mistake, and when I make one it takes the form of Lead. So now let's look at you."

The figures of a horse and rider came slowly through the eddying mist, and came to the side of the mail, where the passenger stood. The rider stooped, and, casting up his eyes at the guard, handed

the passenger a small folded paper. The rider's horse was blown, and both horse and rider were covered with mud, from the hoofs of the horse to the hat of the man.

"Guard!" said the passenger, in a tone of quiet business confidence.

The watchful guard, with his right hand at the stock of his raised blunderbuss, his left at the barrel, and his eye on the horseman, answered curtly, "Sir."

"There is nothing to apprehend. I belong to Tellson's Bank. You must know Tellson's Bank in London. I am going to Paris on business. A crown to drink. I may read this?"

"If so be as you're quick, sir."

He opened it in the light of the coach-lamp on that side, and read--first to himself and then aloud: "Wait at Dover for Mam'selle.' It's not long, you see, guard. Jerry, say that my answer was, RECALLED TO LIFE."

Jerry started in his saddle. "That's a Blazing strange answer, too," said he, at his hoarsest.

"Take that message back, and they will know that I received this, as well as if I wrote. Make the best of your way. Good night."

With those words the passenger opened the coach-door and got in; not at all assisted by his fellow-passengers, who had expeditiously secreted their watches and purses in their boots, and were now making a general pretence of being asleep. With no more definite purpose than to escape the hazard of originating any other kind of action.

The coach lumbered on again, with heavier wreaths of mist closing round it as it began the descent. The guard soon replaced his blunderbuss in his arm-chest, and, having looked to the rest of its contents, and having looked to the supplementary pistols that he wore in his belt, looked to a smaller chest beneath his seat, in which there were a few smith's tools, a couple of torches, and a tinder-box. For he was furnished with that completeness that if the coach-lamps had been blown and stormed out, which did occasionally happen, he had only to shut himself up inside, keep the flint and steel sparks well off the straw, and get a light with tolerable safety and ease (if he were lucky) in five minutes.

"Tom!" softly over the coach roof.

"Hallo, Joe."

"Did you hear the message?"

"I did, Joe."

"What did you make of it, Tom?"

"Nothing at all, Joe."

"That's a coincidence, too," the guard mused, "for I made the same of it myself."

Jerry, left alone in the mist and darkness, dismounted meanwhile, not only to ease his spent horse, but to wipe the mud from his face, and shake the wet out of his hat-brim, which might be capable of holding about half a gallon. After standing with the bridle over his heavily-splashed arm, until the wheels of the mail were no longer within hearing and the night was quite still again, he turned to walk down the hill.

"After that there gallop from Temple Bar, old lady, I won't trust your fore-legs till I get you on the level," said this hoarse messenger, glancing at his mare. "'Recalled to life.' That's a Blazing strange message. Much of that wouldn't do for you, Jerry! I say, Jerry! You'd be in a Blazing bad way, if recalling to life was to come into fashion, Jerry!"

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RTOTO

RTOTO

Das Really Terrible Orchester

Vom Dreieck

stellt unser dar

Eröffnungskonzert

Mittwoch, den 10. Dezember 2008, 8:00 P.M.

Hügel-Hall-Auditorium,

Universität des North Carolina - Chapel Hill

RTOTO

RTOTO

Das Really Terrible Orchester

Vom Dreieck (RTOOT)

Wer sind wir? Das wirklich schreckliche Orchester des Dreiecks existiert, um die anzuregen, die am Spielen von Musik zusammen mit anderen, entweder durch Mangel an Talent oder irgendeinem anderem Faktor verhindert worden sind, in einem Ensemble der ähnlich geplagt Spieler zu proben und durchzuführen. Viel unbrauchbarere Informationen über das RTOOT werden auf unserer Web site, rtoot.org gefunden, denen Sie das Unterhalten finden können. Unterzeichnen Sie bitte unseren Guestbook, während Sie dort sind!

Wir bestätigen als unser Erbe das weltberühmte wirklich schreckliche Orchester (RTO) von Edinburgh, Schottland, das vom hervorragenden schottischen Autor Alexander McCall Smith gegründet wurde. Ähnlich dem RTO, ist das Primärziel des wirklich schrecklichen Orchesters des Dreiecks (RTOOT), kompetente Musiker in den Raleigh-/Durham-/Chapel- Hillbereich mit einzubeziehen, die nicht ziemlich kompetent genug sind, mit der Durham-Symphonie, der Raleigh-Symphonie oder dem Chapel Hill Philharmonia zu spielen. Das RTOOT schaut vorwärts zu einer weiteren Senkung von Standards, um seine Verpflichtung zur Zugänglichkeit und zur Bedeutung zu unterstreichen.

Alles Alter, Rennen, Geschlechter und Überzeugungen der Instrumentalisten werden eingeladen, um sich unseren Rängen anzuschließen. Insbesondere wenn Mamma die Viola in der Hochschule spielte und Vati den Clarinet spielte, und Jüngerer spielt das oboe im Sekundarschuleorchester, bildet es eine Familiengelegenheit und genießt, in einem Ensemble zusammen zu spielen!! Schicken Sie uns eine eMail einfach (shobgood@gmail.com) um eine Hörprobe sich anzumelden und zu fordern.

Ja. Es gibt Hörproben. Wir wünschen nicht Spieler, die zu kompetent sind. Z.Z. suchen wir ein paar Trombones und nach einem anderen Bassoon. Violinen sind selbstverständlich immer willkommen. Treten Sie mit uns bitte so bald wie möglich in Verbindung, wenn Sie einen dieser leeren Sitze füllen möchten, um an unserem Eröffnungskonzert im Dezember teilzunehmen. Unsere folgenden allgemeinen Hörproben werden nach unserem Konzert festgelegt; d.h. im Mitte Dezember und früh - Januar. Richten Sie zu unserem Auftrag aus, um das wirklich schreckliche Orchester des gesamten Dreiecks, Hörproben zu sein werden gehalten separat in Durham, in Raleigh und in Chapel Hill. Gesamte Details werden auf der „RTOOT Spieler-Rückzug“ Seite auf unserer Web site, rtoot.org gefunden.

Berufsmusiker können in Mitgliedschaft angenommen werden, wenn sie etwas aufheben, das sie nie vor gespielt und wenn sie es schlecht genug spielen. Z.B. ist die concertmistress des Raleigh-Sinfonieorchesters unser zweiter Bassoonist. Der Ausdruck-Professor Zachary- Taylorsmith von Musik an UNC Chapel Hill ist dritter Flautist und piccolautist. Sein Sohn ist im Celloabschnitt.

Wiederholungen sind gehaltene Wochenzeitung am 3:00 am Sonntags-Nachmittag im Forschungs-Dreieck-Park an der Hatcher Waldung-Missionsbaptistenkirche. Wir werden festgestellt, um Wiederholungen in RTP eher als in Raleigh, in Chapel Hill oder in Durham, in Betracht dieses wirklich schrecklichen Orchesters zu halten, um ein Dreieck-breiter kultureller Edelstein zu sein.

Im Allgemeinen führt das RTOOT dreimal ein Jahr, in Durham, Raleigh und Chapel Hill durch, aber ist zum Selbstkostenpreis vorhanden -- große Kosten -- für Geburtstage und Unternehmensereignisse.

Gründer und Leiter des wirklich schrecklichen Orchesters des Dreiecks ist W.-Sande Hobgood, Keyboarder und Leiter im Dreiecksbereich seit 1952. Er hat, einen gesetzmäßigen Job als Kirchemusiker aber glaubt, dass die verbundenen Anstalten anonym bleiben möchten. Herr Hobgood, zusätzlich zu seinen Leittätigkeiten, ordnet die harten Teile für Instrumente neu, die von der Ausführung sie unfähig sind, wie geschrieben. Herr Hobgood ist auch in den Filmen erschienen, die durch die lokalen Filme des Kollektivs 301 produziert werden (sehen Sie www.301films.com) und in der wichtigen Rolle im "Fasten Freddie Fantastic".

Der behilfliche Leiter des wirklich schrecklichen Orchesters des Dreiecks (RTOOT) ist Michael Lyle, der wirklich einen Millimeter beim Leiten hat. Wir glauben dem wirklich schrecklichen Orchester des Dreiecks (RTOOT) das einzige bürgerliche Orchester im Dreieck mit einem behilflichen Leiter zu sein.

Das wirklich schreckliche Orchester des Dreiecks (RTOOT) wird als gemeinnützige Korporation im Zustand des North Carolina gechartert. Wir haben auf das IRS zugetroffen, um echten 501 zu sein (c) (3) steuerfreie Organisation.

Der Verwaltungsrat des wirklich schrecklichen Orchesters des Dreiecks (RTOOT), andernfalls bekannt als das BODORTOOT, umfaßt die folgenden Mitglieder (in alphabetischer Reihenfolge):

- Außerordentlicher Professor des Aufbaus Allen Anderson der Musik-Abteilung von der Universität des North Carolina in Chapel Hill. Professor Anderson ist Vizepräsident des Brettes
- W. Sande Hobgood, Leiter, Musikdirektor und Gründer des wirklich schrecklichen Orchesters des Dreiecks (RTOOT) und des Präsident und Vorstandsvorsitzend
- Patti Jean Spinillo, das zu uns vom Bauernverband von Eli Whitney, NC kommt und das der Hauptteilnehmer und der Leiter Roadie auf Herrn Hobgood' war; s " Segnen Sie Ihr östliches Herz - europäischer Organ-Konzert-Ausflug von 2001". Patti Jean ist auch Haupttrompete im wirklich schrecklichen Orchester des Dreiecks (RTOOT) und Aufschläge als Sekretär zum Brett
- Florenz-Pfau, der als Diva-Sopran von Chapel Hill, von NC und von Schatzmeister des Brettes sich beschreibt
- Douglass wenig, das in Raleigh wohnt und ein Sekundarschuleorchester in Chapel Hill leitet. Sie auch spielt mit dem wirklich schrecklichen Orchester des Dreiecks (RTOOT) und ist HauptCellist.

Oh, forget it.