



R.S.C.D.S.



NOTTINGHAM NEWS REEL

No. 23

September 2010

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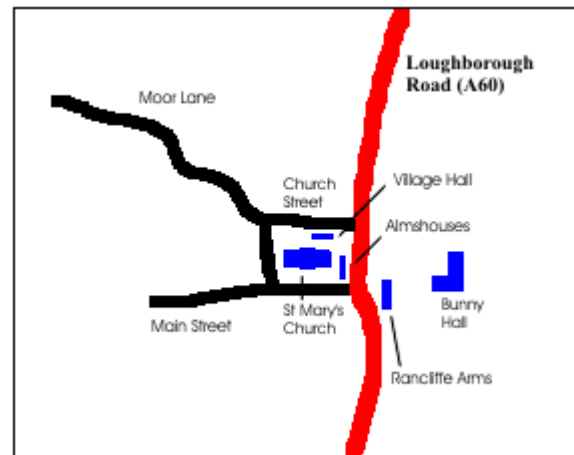
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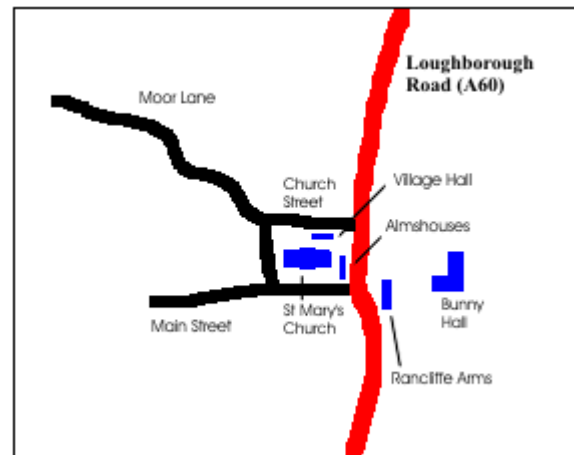
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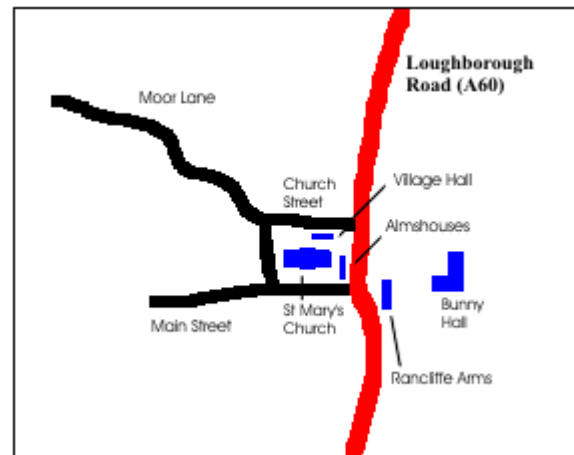
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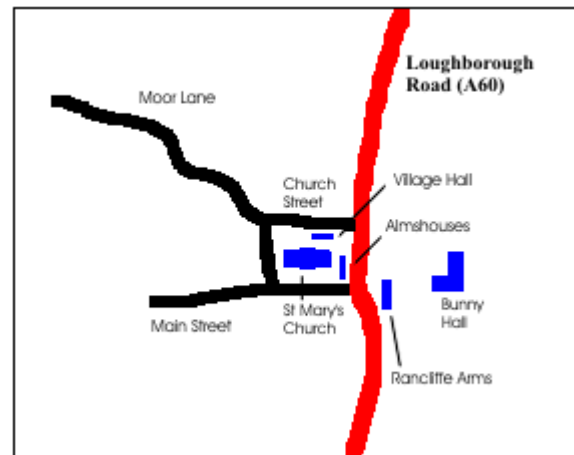
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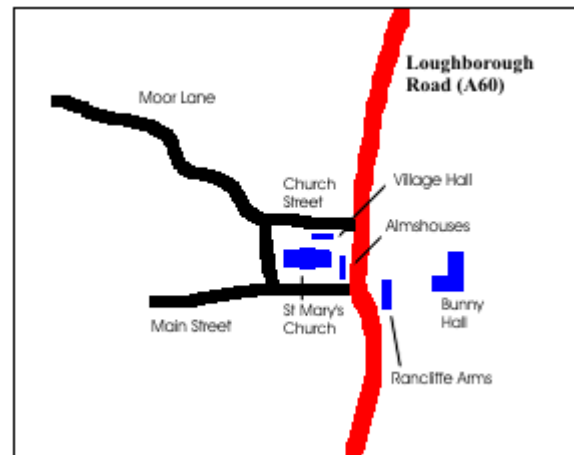
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That earned a Look, so, discretion being the better part, etc., etc., it dawned upon me that directions for Tony's ADW class – Advanced Decrepitude and Weariness or ADHD have already surfaced as alternatives to **Advanced Workshop and Demonstration Class** – were what the lady really wanted.

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All the rehearsals paid off in good style when May 7th dawned and the Dukeries Leisure Centre once more bade around two hundred dancers welcome. The massed dancing was thoroughly enjoyable and the dem team's 'Schiehallion' was well received; from a personal point of view it made the funny looks resulting from a much-needed practice of Highland steps at the only available time and place – the lower saloon of my decker in a school bus-park – well worthwhile!

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And then, as they say, 'The rest is silence...' issue No. 23 almost fell flat on its face for want of copy. So, after the manner of Oliver, I'm asking for more if anyone out there really wants to see edition No. 24 hit the streets...

Thanks from Leslie

Leslie Harris would like to thank everyone who turned out despite traffic and a thunderstorm to perform in a dem at two old people's homes in Pinxton, with an enjoyable garden dance – held in the Church Hall – to follow.

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R.S.C.D.S.



NOTTINGHAM NEWS REEL

No. 23

September 2010

And pass the ammunition...

Welcome back! D'you know, I seem to recall an AGM a few years ago when it was solemnly declared that, in view of the several thousand dances already available, there would be No More RSCDS Dance Books. At least they listened to members' requests for a further issue, but here's the lamentable tale so far...

So whilst I was composing my Chairman's Opening Remarks for our A.G.M. along the lines of a cautionary tale anent a dozy coach-driver and the trail of destruction wrought by an errant stone ball formerly resident upon a gatepost, little did I know that another stone ball labelled 'Book 46' was rapidly gathering momentum from the Olympian heights of Coates Crescent. I don't believe that we, the Lower Orders were really supposed to know anything about it, for despite something of the sort being foreshadowed at last year's A.G.M. there wasn't a dicky-bird about Book 46 on the website until a week ago, and only recently has it leaked out that the decision to publish was taken only in May this year; but naetheless Joy Forinton has spent a week at Summer School on learning a whole bookful of a dozen new RSCDS dances, and is ready to introduce us to them in advance of their expected appearance in local social programmes. Apparently the noble art of proof-reading has escaped the High Heid Yins, for the book as published contains the same music, printed twice over, for two different dances. And this after the pious horror expressed at Perth over the terrible expense of printing reams of birdies-on-telegraph-wires when not everybody can decode it...so more trees bit the dust as an erratum sheet of music had to be printed and enclosed.

Now then, I have always found it helpful to learn new dances to the music written for them, but since the piano at which I would have been happy to do the needful is no longer in the hall at Bluecoat, let's buy the CD. Unfortunately it's not quite so easy as that. Market research does not appear to be a strong feature up the road in

Edinburgh, for I have it on good authority that somewhere in HQ there are stacks of unsold and presumably unwanted CDs of the music for certain of the early dance-books whose contents rarely get the dust blown off them these days...so when Joy enquired for the new CD at the Summer School shop, it came as no surprise to find it in a similar state to Mother Hubbard's larder. Oh – and we now have to *buy* the new book. When we get back from our holidays I *might*, with the hoped-for connivance of a Branch not a million miles away, have got hold of a naughty copy of the CD to support Joy's teaching. You couldn't make it up...

In my previous incarnation as a headmaster one lesson quickly learned was that of never, *ever* handing free ammunition to the opposition. I seem to remember the recurring topic of '*Just what do we get for our HQ subs?*' resurfacing only a year or two ago - and after this display of unbelievable incompetence alongside the highfalutin' management-patter of 'visions', 'brand values' and 'maximum alignment', whatever that may mean, I look forward to a most interesting November Saturday afternoon in Perth. I might even glance up from my copy of '*Steam World*', arise from my aching posterior and give tongue when 'Any Other Business' comes up...

Coincidence on the Great Orme

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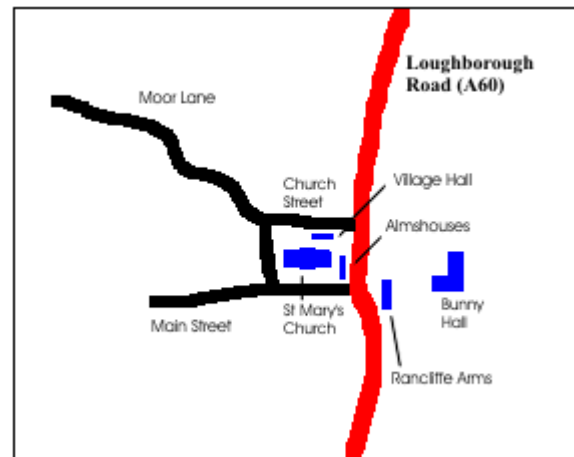
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