



Vox Holloway in association with St Luke's Church, West Holloway,
presents a charity premiere

MUSIC ON THE MIND

“A simply fantastic project” Stephen Fry

A new choral work by Harvey Brough & Justin Butcher

Songs of mania, madness and melancholy, including
a new choral setting of Kay Redfield Jamison's
ground-breaking memoir, *An Unquiet Mind*

Vox Holloway

The Holloway Players

Soloists **Clara Sanabras** mezzo-soprano
& **Nicholas Garrett** baritone

with **Mind and Soul Choir** Maudsley Hospital
director Lea Cornthwaite

Conducted by **Harvey Brough**

All ticket proceeds to Islington Mind
& Soundwell Music Therapy Trust



Sunday 29th November, 7.30pm
St Luke's Church, West Holloway

voxholloway.com

Image: Simon Rackham. Design: Hannah Barton



Gelbergs Solicitors are proud to support
Vox Holloway's 2015 charity concert and
wish the choir every success



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Music on the Mind

A new choral work by **Harvey Brough** and **Justin Butcher**

PART I SATURNALIA **PART II AN UNQUIET MIND**

29th November 2015

St Luke's Church Holloway

Clara Sanabras *Mezzo-soprano (and ukulele)*
Nicholas Garrett *Baritone*

Paul Archibald *Trumpet*
Hugh Webb *Harp*
Michael Haslam *Piano*
Zoe Martlew *Violoncello*
Elena Hull *Contrabass*
Jeremy Cornes *Percussion*

Vox Holloway Choir

Mind and Soul Choir
Lea Cornthwaite *Director*

Conducted by **Harvey Brough**

Vox Holloway's long-term sponsors Exan Coachworks and Gelbergs Solicitors have joined with an anonymous donor to cover the production costs of this concert. We are most grateful for this generous support. All ticket revenues and other proceeds will go to our two nominated charities:

Soundwell is the only specialist adult mental health music therapy charity in the UK. It operates in Wiltshire, Bath and North East Somerset, and provides music therapy and music support groups for users of mental health services and for

unpaid carers. Experienced therapists use music and sound to promote well-being, change and recovery.
www.soundwell.org.

Islington Mind is the leading independent mental health organisation in Islington and offers high quality services to local residents seeking mental health advice and support. The website gives details of the organisation and the services that Islington Mind provides.
www.islingtonmind.org.uk

If you wish to donate please visit the Vox Holloway Just Giving page at
www.justgiving.com/VoxHollowayMusicOnTheMind

Agonies & ecstasies ...

Drawing together poems and texts of mania, madness and melancholy from many eras and cultures, *Music On The Mind* explores the agonies and ecstasies of the unquiet mind through music.

Against a zeitgeist of growing awareness and concern over mental health issues, Harvey and I were inspired – or galvanised – personally by the tragic loss of four friends between us, who all committed suicide within a two-year period. All bright, dynamic, creative people cherished by friends and families, people who gave generously to others and the world. And yet each, in separate ways, was overwhelmed by a seemingly incurable despair. This felt so wrong, so appallingly sad, and we were moved to try and create a project celebrating the voices and stories of many great mental health sufferers whose lives and work have enriched and changed our society.

With cuts to essential mental health services, the work of charities such as Mind and Soundwell Music Therapy is more vital than ever. Over and above the funds we hope to raise, this piece is intended to be a cultural celebration – an exploration of some of the greatest poets and visionaries down the ages touched by or with madness and melancholy. Maybe if we can start to recognise and celebrate the incredible contributions made in our history by countless inspired, brilliant women and men afflicted by anxiety, depression, psychosis or bipolar disorder, there might be less stigma attached to these conditions. More widely supported and understood, perhaps fewer mental health sufferers would end up taking their own lives.

Emma Thompson , Vox Holloway patron, says: *“The phrase ‘mental health’ is such a tricky one to hear or to use without feeling somehow downcast. Why? We’re perfectly happy to bang on about our sore backs or our stressed out neck and shoulder areas. We all have physical health and we all have mental health. Sometimes they’re in good nick and sometimes they’re not. It’s fantastically refreshing to have visionaries like Harveoy Brough and Justin Butcher commit their art to an examination of one of our most precious possessions, our minds.”*

PART I - SATURNALIA

Part I presents new choral settings of seven poems, entitled *Saturnalia*, after the ancient Roman winter festival of wild dancing and revelry in honour of Saturn, patron god of melancholy. The Greeks and Romans revered the domain of Saturn – or Chronos – as an inescapable, even necessary, element of life. Depression, sadness and melancholy were viewed as legitimate colours or shades in the spectrum of life. If someone was depressed in Roman culture, they were described as being “with Saturn” - paying homage to, or revering, one of the important gods. They celebrated the darkest season of the year, the winter solstice, with the Saturnalia – a crazy orgy of torch-lit dancing, music and revelry, rampaging through the streets of Rome for several weeks in December banishing, or perhaps propitiating, the darkness of winter. We might stop short of that in Holloway ...

Saturnalia begins with Emily Dickinson’s poem, *Much Madness is divinest Sense*, which appears in three movements interspersed throughout the piece. *“Much madness is divinest sense, much sense the starkest madness ...”* Sanity and madness are defined by the prevailing ethos, neuroses and predilections of contemporary culture. To see things differently, to descent, defect or, as Dickinson puts it, ‘demur’, is to risk being labelled mad.

This poem is followed by the ancient anonymous lyric, *Tom o’ Bedlam*, about a famished madman from the Bedlam asylum wandering the streets begging for food and clothing. Fortunately, not a scenario one could ever imagine on the streets of Britain today ...

This early 17th century folk song tells of a young man who comes into his majority aged twenty-one, proceeds immediately to a whore-house, and falls deeply in love with a prostitute. In a year-long spree she takes him for everything he’s got. Obsessed and besotted, he is locked up as a madman, eventually released from Bedlam to wander the streets.

His call to us rings true today: *“Come, dame or maid, be not afraid; Poor Tom will injure nothing”*. Tormented and haunted as he is, Tom is also a visionary (*“I know more than Apollo”*). We who think ourselves “normal”, “healthy”, “sane” etc find characters like Tom troublesome, disturbing, ugly. We wish they’d go away and stop disturbing our peaceful, orderly existence. But, this song suggests, if we stretch out our hand to the reviled lunatic beggar, we will find our own illumination.

In Fernando Pessoa’s *Note*, we discover a striking exploration of the idea of fractured beauty. Pessoa created many aliases or pseudonyms for himself in life (or heteronyms, as he called them), acting out the inner fragmentation he describes here. The poet alludes to an experience of shattering disintegration, precipitated by what, we don’t know - a failed love affair? A bereavement? Disgrace or scandal? - as a result of which he feels not only irretrievably broken, lost, split into countless shards, but also feels “more sensations than when I felt like myself”. And, “absurdly”, he says, each shard is conscious. And out of this chaos, this mess, this disarray of a ruined life, one shard, one part of him, he’s not sure which part - maybe his work, maybe his *“primary soul”* - shines so brightly that the gods mistake it for one of the stars.

Sylvia Plath’s *Mad Girl’s Love Song*, written in 1951 while she was a student at Smith College, imagines a girl who spends her life waiting for a man she gave herself to, against her beliefs, who was never to return. *“I think I made you up inside my head ... the stars go waltzing out in blue and red, And arbitrary blackness gallops in ... I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.”* In her diary, written at around this period she declares, *“To annihilate the world by annihilation of one’s self ... The simple way out of all the little brick dead ends we scratch our nails against ... I want to kill myself, to escape from responsibility, to crawl back abjectly into the womb.”*

In *Kubla Khan*, Coleridge’s opium-fuelled vision takes us on an enchanted journey to the fabulous realm of Xanadu, ending with the yearning grasp of his memory at the threads of the vanished dream - *“Could I revive within me/Her symphony and song ... I would build that dome in air”* - and then, he says, everyone who heard and saw me would recognise that I am not insane but transfigured: the “mad” poet as prophet of the hidden realm, seer of truths invisible to the “normal” human mind.

The 18th century view of mental illness was complex: on the one hand, insanity was viewed as an offence against Reason, a dangerous blight which had to be contained, cured, chastised, purged. On the other hand, it was believed (or acknowledged) widely that the insane – literally “unhinged” from the “normal” shackles of perception – were vouchsafed visionary experiences, to be revered and studied to the benefit of all.

Coleridge suffered crippling bouts of anxiety and depression throughout his life, and a lifelong addiction to opium (originally prescribed for rheumatic fever), which alienated him from his family. He committed himself in 1817 to the care of a well-known physician, James Gillman, in Highgate, London, where he remained until the end of his life in 1834. The Gillman family built an extension on to their house to accommodate Coleridge. *“Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life’s battle ... The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer: but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of Magus, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove (Mr. Gilman’s house at Highgate) whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon.”* (Thomas Carlyle)

In my own poem *That News*, I try to express empathy in the face of the unspeakable awfulness of a child’s suicide. The fact of a friend’s child taking her own life (after several years’ struggle with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder) is so unbearably sad, so appalling, so utterly against the grain of every instinct that we find it almost impossible to speak of it directly – it is “unspeakable”. To name it somehow would wound the air, so it becomes “that news”. And yet we must speak of it. Such sadness is all around us.

The refrain, *“All shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well”*, and the reference to the vision of the hazelnut are from the *“Revelations of Divine Love”* of the mediaeval mystic Julian of Norwich (1342-1416).

Saturnalia ends with *I Am* by John Clare. This desolate poem speaks powerfully and poignantly from a place of revilement and isolation. A sufferer feeling utterly abandoned by everyone, he longs not to rejoin the world which has rejected him, but to make or find a new world, *“where man hath never trod”*, where he can live *“with my Creator, God,/And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept/Untroubling and untroubled where I lie/The grass below - above the vaulted sky.”* To my mind, the poem is all the more powerful and poignant because it speaks directly to us across a gap of nearly 200 years.

PART II - AN UNQUIET MIND

Part II is a choral adaptation, in eleven sequences of blank verse narrative, of Kay Redfield Jamison’s ground-breaking memoir of manic-depressive illness, *An Unquiet Mind*.

Kay is a distinguished American clinical psychologist, psychiatrist and writer, born in 1946, whose work has centred on bipolar disorder, which she has lived with herself since early adulthood, and for which her preferred term is manic-depressive illness. In an interview, she has said she is an “exuberant” person, yet she longs for peace and tranquility; but in the end, she has opted for “tumultuousness coupled to iron discipline” over leading a “stunningly boring life.”

An Unquiet Mind has been hailed recently as the unsurpassed modern literary text on bipolar disorder: *“The writing is clear and beautiful, the descriptions accurate, the interior world she evokes is furiously alive. In the 16 years since it was first published, no greater book about manic depression – or bipolar disorder – has appeared.”* (Alexander Linklater, *The Observer*, 14/08/11)

In her memoir Kay concludes: *“I long ago abandoned the notion of a life without storms, or a world without dry and killing seasons. Life is too complicated, too constantly changing, to be anything but what it is. And I am, by nature, too mercurial to be anything but deeply wary of the grave unnaturalness involved in any attempt to exert too much control over essentially uncontrollable forces. There will always be propelling, disturbing elements, and they will be there until, as Lowell put it, the watch is taken from the wrist. It is, at the end of the day, the individual moments of restlessness, of bleakness, of strong persuasions and maddened enthusiasms, that inform one’s life, change the nature and direction of one’s work, and give final meaning and color to one’s loves and friendships.”*

All great literature carries you from the particular to the universal and although I’ve never experienced anything like what she describes – wild, intense bouts of mania, florid psychosis, suicidal depression – her writing enables me to enter her story imaginatively and to get a sense of the agonies and ecstasies of the “unquiet mind”. And Harvey’s witty, impassioned and soulful musical settings of these words conjure that imaginative empathy into a really amazing experience for the choir - with 100 singers focusing their voices, will, imagination and energies into telling with absolute commitment and sincerity the story of one woman’s journey through madness.

We hope we can share this experience and this journey with you. Stephen Fry comments: *“I don’t know of anyone who is much more than three steps away from the most serious kind of mental health affliction. We all know someone who knows someone who killed themselves. It’s that harsh and unescapable a fact. Throughout history our race has characterised madness in varied ways. In our era we have a different language to express our thoughts about minds gone wrong, and a convincing one of brain/ hormone/neural wiring it is too. But, in my view, it is art, poetry and music that always find the shortest distance to the truth of human feeling and experience. A musical drama that blends the voices of some of the finest poets in our language with the work of Kay Redfield Jamison, my own personal hero in the arena of bipolar disorder — well that seems to me like a simply fantastic project. Thank you all for doing this.”*

JUSTIN BUTCHER

Music on the Mind

Libretto – arranged, compiled and written by Justin Butcher

“Those who are in a frenzy utter many wonderful things ... no one, however diligent and learned in all the arts, has ever excelled in poetry unless to all these other qualities has been added a fiery quickening of the soul.”

(Marsilio Ficino, 1433-99)

PART I SATURNALIA

MUCH MADNESS IS DIVINEST SENSE

by Emily Dickinson (1830–86)

Much Madness is divinest Sense -
To a discerning Eye -
Much Sense - the starkest Madness -
'Tis the Majority
In this, as all, prevail -
Assent - and you are sane -
Demur - you're straightway dangerous -
And handled with a Chain -

TOM O' BEDLAM

Anon., early 17th cent.

“The greatest anonymous lyric in the English language”
(Harold Bloom, Sterling Professor of Humanities, Yale)

From the hag and hungry goblin
That into rags would rend ye,
The spirit that stands by the naked man
In the Book of Moons defend ye,
That of your five sound senses
You never be forsaken,
Nor wander from your selves with Tom
Abroad to beg your bacon,

*While I do sing, Any food, any feeding,
Feeding, drink, or clothing;
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.*

Of thirty bare years have I
Twice twenty been enraged,
And of forty been three times fifteen
In durance soundly caged
On the lordly lofts of Bedlam,
With stubble soft and dainty,
Brave bracelets strong, sweet whips ding-dong,
With wholesome hunger plenty,

While I do sing, Any food, any feeding etc.

When I short have shorn my sow's face
And swigged my horny barrel,
In an oaken inn I pound my skin
As a suit of gilt apparel;
The moon's my constant mistress,
And the lowly owl my marrow;
The flaming drake and the night crow make
Me music to my sorrow.

While I do sing, Any food, any feeding etc.

I know more than Apollo,
For oft, when he lies sleeping,
I see the stars at bloody wars
In the wounded welkin weeping;
The moon embrace her shepherd,
And the Queen of Love her warrior,
While the first doth horn the star of morn,
And the next the heavenly Farrier.

While I do sing, Any food, any feeding etc.

With a host of furious fancies
Whereof I am commander,
With a burning spear and a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander.
By a knight of ghosts and shadows
I summoned am to tourney
Ten leagues beyond the wide world's end:
Methinks it is no journey.

While I do sing, Any food, any feeding, etc.

NOTE

by Fernando Pessoa (1888-1935)

My soul shattered like an empty vase.
It fell irretrievably down the stairs.
If fell from the hands of the careless maid.
It fell, breaking into more pieces than there was
china in the vase.

Nonsense? Impossible? I'm not so sure!
I have more sensations than when I felt like myself.
I'm a scattering of shards on a doormat that needs
shaking.

My fall made a noise like a shattering vase.
All the gods there are lean over the stair rail
And look at the shards their maid changed me into.

They don't get mad at her.
They're forgiving.
What was I but an empty vase?

They look at the absurdly conscious shards –
Conscious of themselves, not of the gods.

They look and smile.
They smile forgivingly at the unwitting maid.

The great staircase stretches out, carpeted with stars.
A shard gleams, shiny side up, among the heavenly
bodies.
My work? My primary soul? My life?
A shard.
And the gods stare at it, intrigued, not knowing
why it's there.

MAD GIRL'S LOVE SONG

by Sylvia Plath (1932–63)

“I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead;
I lift my lids and all is born again.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)

The stars go waltzing out in blue and red,
And arbitrary blackness gallops in:

I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.
I dreamed that you bewitched me into bed
And sung me moon-struck, kissed me quite insane.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)

God topples from the sky, hell's fires fade:
Exit seraphim and Satan's men:
I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

I fancied you'd return the way you said,
But I grow old and I forget your name.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)
I should have loved a thunderbird instead;
At least when spring comes they roar back again.

I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.
(I think I made you up inside my head.)”

MUCH MADNESS IS DIVINEST SENSE II

KUBLA KHAN

by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)

Or, a vision in a dream. A Fragment.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil
seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.

Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

PART II AN UNQUIET MIND

text by Justin Butcher from *An Unquiet Mind* by Kay Redfield Jamison (b.1946)

PRELUDE: MANIA-LITE

At first, everything seemed so easy!
I raced about like a crazed weasel,
Full of plans, enthusiasms,
immersed in sports, staying up all night,
night after night, out with friends,
reading, reading everything –
filling manuscripts with poems,
fragments of plays, and glittering prose,
making grand plans for my future,
wildly unrealistic plans,
the world was filled with pleasure and promise!

I feel great! Not great, really great!!!

My mind is fabulously focused,
leaping chasms of intuition
that hitherto had eluded me ...

Everything makes perfect sense
in a marvellous kind of cosmic order -
I’m fizzing with the laws of the natural world!
Badgering, buttonholing friends
to tell them all how beautiful,
how beautiful it all is!

Don’t you see it too? YOU MUST!
Surely you like me must be transfixed, transported,
transfigured
by the webbings and the weft and the weave and
symmetry of the cosmos!

You’re talking too fast, slow down, Kay.
You’re wearing me out, slow down.
For God’s sake, slow down.
You’re going too fast, slow down.
For God’s sake, slow down.

I did slow down.
In fact, in fact ...
In fact, I came to a grinding halt.

This had been a mere foretaste,
a smidgeon-tincture peppering,
Exhaustipating quick-burn fuse,
Exhilarausting prelude of the Truly Manic Real Deal,
tiresome to my friends, but not
Disturbingly Over-The-Top.

DOWN THE RABBIT-HOLE

Then the bottom began to fall out of my life.
The bottom began to fall out of my mind.
Clear-as-crystal thoughts turn into mud.
I count on my mind as a matter of course!
But I read the same page over and over
and nothing – nothing – nothing goes in.
I can’t remember what I have just read –
every poem, every book,
seems to be meaningless.

Staring out of the window in class
(I haven’t a clue what the lecturer’s saying),
Terrifying, petrified ...
My mind is my best friend -
I count on my mind as a matter of course!

Now my mind has turned on me,
mocking my enthusiasms,
cackling at my foolish plans,
twanging apart like a broken spring ...
my mind finds nothing interesting,
nothing interesting, nothing worthwhile ...
my mind finds nothing worthwhile,
incapable of concentration,
incapable of thought.

I, we, all of us
are going to die, so why, what
difference
does it make?
Life’s run is short and meaningless –
Why live like this?
Why live at all?

Leaden feet trudge like a zombie to school;
to choose what to wear is an insuperable effort;
I wear the same stinking clothes day after day.
Talking to anyone fills me with dread;
I avoid my friends whenever I can.
I sit in the library, with dead heart
and a brain as cold as clay.

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight ’twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

THAT NEWS
by Justin Butcher (b. 1969)

That news bent me,
a red-hot hammer on the heart,
dissolving all my walls to wax,
and often, in that first week,
I couldn’t trust myself to speak
of simplest things from day to day,
(I, who did not know her
and only feel an echo)
or found myself, on waking
to a world where all was well,
as daylight cracked the crust of sleep
like quicksand, remembering,
and tears welled afresh.

This is the passage you must walk,
I suppose, until each waking
is no longer desolation,
in the wounded land of your new world,
but simply how things are,
and the gasp of grief
no longer disembowels you,
for it is the pulse and beat
of the healing broken heart.

This will come, although you cannot see or feel it yet,
And not because you want or wish it so;
because it must.
And yes, you will be whole, whole in loss,
Woven through you like a strand of darkest wool.

And all shall be well.

Weep, gasp, despair, rage,
Let storm-floods rake and rip through you.
Give in, give up, be weak, be strong,
Fall headlong through the gash
torn open in the ground of life.

All manner of thing shall be well.

Fall headlong – like the hazelnut
Storm-wrenched from its tree,
Even as a palm spread wide,
To catch it as it fell.

MUCH MADNESS IS DIVINEST SENSE III

I AM
by John Clare (1793-1864)

Written in late 1844 or 1845, in Northampton General Lunatic Asylum

I am - yet what I am none cares or knows;
My friends forsake me like a memory lost:
I am the self-consumer of my woes -
They rise and vanish in oblivious host,
Like shadows in love’s frenzied stifled throes
And yet I am, and live - like vapours tossed

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dreams,
Where there is neither sense of life or joys,
But the vast shipwreck of my life’s esteems;
Even the dearest that I loved the best
Are strange - nay, rather, stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man hath never trod
A place where woman never smiled or wept
There to abide with my Creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
Untroubling and untroubled where I lie
The grass below - above the vaulted sky.

INTERVAL

DEATHLY SLEEP

Grey, bleak, obsession with death - death, decay
and dissolution.
Everything is born to die; why not die now and
save the pain?
I drag exhausted mind and body round the local
cemetery –
how long, I wonder, did *he* live before his final moment?
and what about *him*? And *him*? And *her*?
I’m convinced that my brain and body are rotting.
And what was the point? The purpose?
What conceivable difference did it make?

I sit upon the graves writing dreary poems.
I hide my true state from my friends,
from my family,
nobody knows and no one says.
Yes, yes, I’m fine, I lie,
really fine, but thanks for asking.
I know something’s dreadfully wrong,
but we keep our problems to ourselves.
Isn’t that how we’re taught to be?
Dignified and self-sufficient,

To be sure (wrote Hugo Wolf, a soul-mate of an
earlier age),
I appear at times merry, in good heart and talk, too,
before my peers; it looks as though if I felt, too,
God knows how well within my skin,
Yet the soul maintains its deathly sleep
And the heart bleeds from a thousand wounds.

Quite terrible wounds to mind and heart:
the shock of total bafflement,
thoughts wild, out of control,
the feelings of sickness unto death ...
I’m quite amazed that I survived,
all on my own, all by myself.

SEDUCED BY MANIA

I am seduced by mania!
Fitful intoxicating moods
burst my brain with cataracts of glittering ideas!
My hemlines go up and my necklines go down!
I love my youth, my body, my skin,
My sensuality!
Everything in excess!
Instead of one Beethoven symphony,
what the hell? Buy nine, buy ten! Eleven!

Two seats at the concert
is never enough, give me a dozen!
Don’t just enroll in five classes,
take another six or seven!
Enraptured one day by the sparkle of the brook
that flows through the college gardens,
an epiphany takes hold and shows
My fizzing brain a scene from Tennyson’s *Idylls of
the King* –
The Lady of the Onion, or Shallott, or some such thing –
And off I run, compelled to buy a copy of the text,
along with twenty others that catch my eye –

The Once and Future King - TH White
(It all made absolute sense!),
the *Mort d’Arthur*, of course,
(And all connected, obviously)
The Golden Bough, The Celtic Realm, and *Abelard and
Eloise ...*

*The legend of King Arthur was the one essential key
To unlock the myriad secrets of creation!*

Books by Jung and Robert Graves, *Tristan and
Isolde,*
*(Human nature laid bare in all its fractured, fragile
splendour),*
Anthologies of creation myths, and Scottish fairy
tales ...
Passion, violence, aspiration, grace, love and betrayal!

Propelled by the flame of Absolute Truth, my mind
wove ever weirder webs:
this week’s obsession, essential purchases, all these
books, the Holy Grail;
next week, a new illumination, new essential
spending sprees ...

The Bank, of course, had no appreciation of
The Truth,
(the Universal Truth of my oracular insights),
and so, with unerring timing, all my bills and
credit card
demands for payment, notices of overdraft and
statements of account
would arrive to sound the reveillé –
You are broke, Kay. Totally broke.
- just as weeks of exaltation tipped and plunged
into depression.

THE CHANCELLOR’S GARDEN PARTY

The Chancellor’s garden party! Perhaps I am a
little high,
But scintillating, brilliant, irrepressible and charming!
I talk to scads of people! Zipping from hors d’oeuvre
to hors d’oeuvre, from canapé to canapé,
from champagne to more champagne!

I button-hole the Chancellor and bend his ear for
an age –
He of course has no idea who the hell I am,
But he listens with great courtesy, or perhaps he
just fancies me -
Either way, I’m sure he finds me deeply captivating.

I’m having such a fabulous time!
Such a bubblesome, seductrous time!

Then I talk of elephants with the chair of my
department
(he killed a rented elephant once
by injecting it with LSD):
I’m fascinated by your work on elephants and hyraxes!
In fact, I’m going to track down lots of articles,
are there hundreds? Well, of course!
I’m also volunteering for some work at LA Zoo,
Animal behaviour studies, yes, that’s right, I know!
And ethology, yes, in fact I’m going to teach a course on
that –
Pharmacology and behaviourism, yes, I’m teaching
those as well ...

I’m having such a fabulous time,
such a bubblesome, seductrous time!

Other people saw me differently: a young
woman dressed
in remarkably provocative style,
with excessive make-up garishly applied,
talking frenetically at anyone and everyone ...

Kay looks manic ...

- was what they were thinking.

I, on the other hand, thought I was splendid!

CRASH AND BURN

A neuro-chemical pile-up on the highways of
my brain!
The more I try to slow my thinking down, the more
I can’t -
photo-copying poems in a frenzy of enthusiasm,
articles from journals on religion and psychosis,
circulating copies to the staff and all the students -
all the time more agitated, irritable, feverish,
craving ever more intense excitement day and
night ...

My marriage falls apart; I find myself in harsh
rebellion
against the things that I love most in him -
my husband’s kindness,
stability, warmth, love - I can’t bear it!

KICK IT DOWN! KICK IT DOWN!
KICK IT ALL TO PIECES! KICK IT DOWN!

I buy a new apartment - ultra-modern, chic
(I hate modern architecture, never mind, it suits my
mood);
I buy modern furniture - ultra-modern, chic
(I hate modern furniture) -
everything angular, clinical, cool,
unrestrained buying sprees worse-than-ever-before
- when I’m high I can’t worry about money if I try -
so I don’t. The money will come from somewhere.
God will provide.

Credit cards and overdrafts are God’s gift to mania:
Spend! Spend! the market exhorts us -
Spend! Spend! Pay whenever!
Obediently I go ballistic.
Apocalyptic shopping sprees!

Sounds become distilled, intensely vivid in my ears.
Music breaks my heart: single notes from an oboe
or a cello ... quite exquisite.
I hear each note alone, then I hear all together,
with a wounding clarity -
I feel as though I’m floating in the orchestra’s midst!

But soon, the music’s piercing sadness becomes too
keen to bear,
overwhelmed by its intensity, impatient with the pace,
I switch to rock ‘n’ roll, pull out all my Rolling
Stones albums,

play them at full volume, scattered wild across the floor.

I buy expensive watches, three within three hours’ space,
precious stones, nothing but champagne tastes for me!
Then a dozen wardrobes full of siren-like seductive outfits,
several hundred bucks on books
which somehow or other catch my eye ...

Chaos in my rooms matches chaos in my mind.
I can’t process what I’m hearing,
baffled, spooked, dislocated ...

KICK IT DOWN! KICK IT DOWN!
KICK IT ALL TO PIECES! KICK IT DOWN!
Obediently I go ballistic!
KICK IT DOWN! KICK IT DOWN!
KICK IT ALL TO PIECES! KICK IT DOWN!

LOST

Darkness begins to weave its way into my mind.
I can’t see the path ... the path of my own thoughts.
Sentences fly around my head, then fragment into phrases,
then words in oddly-jointed pairings ...
finally, just sounds ...
inchoate, visceral, arbitrary sounds ...
racing round and round like tigers in my mind,
like tigers in a children’s book which melted away to butter ...
meaningless, amorphous melted pools of butter sounds ...

Nothing is familiar. Everything is too fast.
I want to slow down, but I can’t slow down.
Nothing helps, not running round a parking lot for hours and hours,
Or swimming miles and miles and miles in the swimming pool.
My energy remains unchanged by anything I do.
Sex becomes too vivid, too intense, too extreme.

My delusions show me all the green plants in the world
dying painful deaths, leaf by leaf, stem by stem
with cacophonous screams and I am powerless to save them.

HORROR SHOW

One evening, I stood in the middle of my living-room,
and looked out at a blood-red sunset spreading across the ocean.
I felt a sense of light behind my eyes ...
I saw a huge black centrifuge inside my own head ...
I saw a tall figure in a floor-length evening gown approach the centrifuge with a long glass tube –
a glass tube full of blood, as tall as a vase –
and as the figure turned around, I saw, to my horror,
she was me, and there was blood all over her dress,
I mean my dress,
and blood on her cape and her long white gloves ...

... and I watched as she placed the tube of blood inside the centrifuge
inside my head, and closed the lid and pushed the button down ...

Everything is real, outside me, not inside my head ...

I’m paralysed with terror. The spinning of the centrifuge,
the clanking of the glass against the metal grows louder,
louder and louder, higher, faster,
the centre cannot hold ...
My skull explodes into a thousand pieces,
blood and splinters everywhere –
blood spattered on the window panes,
across the walls and paintings,
blood warm and sticky soaking down into the carpets...
I looked out to the ocean: the blood mingles with the sunset –
I can’t tell which is which –
which is blood and which is light shimmering on the sea?

I scream and scream at the top of my lungs!
I can’t get away from the sight of the blood,
from the sound of the shattered centrifuge still clanking and whirling in my head.
I scream and scream again and again!
I can’t get away from the sight of the blood,

Slowly ... the hallucination ... ebbs and recedes.
I telephone a colleague ... to come and rescue me.
I pour myself a large Scotch ... and sit and wait, trembling.

TREATMENT

Endless, terrifying days
Of endless terrifying drugs:
Thorazine, lithium,
Valium, barbiturates ...
Finally take effect.
I feel my mind being reined in,
Slowed down, put on hold.
A very long time until I recognise my mind again.
An even longer time until I trust it.

Lithium, joint saviour of my body and soul,
rescues me, clears out the wool
and webbing from my crazy thoughts,
slows me down,
keeps me out
of institutions
and alive.

Therapy - my sanctuary
and my battleground,
where I have been
psychotic and neurotic
and elated and confused,
beyond all hope despairing ...
Therapy, ineffably, heals.

MISSING SATURN

In that glorious illusion of high summer days,
I found myself gliding and careening
through cloud banks and ethers
and past the glittering stars,
across the fields of ice crystals,
all the way to Saturn.

Heart-stopping, shattering shifting of light!
Inconstant but ravishing colours sifting out!
“Fly me to the moons!”, the moons of the Catherine-wheel planet ...

And tell me, if you’d lived such raptures, my friend,
Would you not remember and mourn them ever after?
The sunrise on Saturn’s rim firing his haloes
And leaping in flaming beams across the ink-black sky?
It pierces me with such sadness, I have lost who I am,
where I have been.

And I miss Saturn. Mourn him. I miss him very much.

EPILOGUE: THE SEA-WALL

There is a season for everything: a time for building,
“And a time for the wind to break the loosened pane.”
My mind still, now and again, becomes a carnival of lights,
laughter, exuberance and ease fill me,
spill out from me into the world.
And then, from the top car of the Ferris wheel,
my hopes
as swiftly as they came, will plummet down,
down into black, tired heaps of despair.

But ... time will pass.
And I will be myself again.

Having heard so often that tolling bell
tolling softly, “Thou must die,”
I turn more sharply to my life.

We build sea walls to help us live,
to keep at bay the griefs of life,
the overwhelming tides of fear
that rage within and around our minds.
Stone by stone we build our walls –
of what? Of Love? Of Faith? Of work?

Build high enough and strong enough
to make your harbour safe, my friend –
a sanctuary from crippling pain,
a haven from ruinous chaos –
there is no life without storms, my friend -
but do not build too high, my friend;
let your sea-wall be low enough
and leak enough to let the swell
and the ebb and flow of fresh tides in.

Of my sea-wall, I know at last
the mortar and the rock is love.
Love as sustainer, renewer, protector.
After each death in my mind or my heart,
love has returned to restore me to life again.

By love I bear life’s sadness, and
by love life’s beauty manifests,
but patient, passionate love
Has been my lantern and my cloak.
Wise, enduring, costly love
Still shelters me and lights my way.

END

Vox Holloway

(the voice of Holloway)

Founded in 2009 by Justin Butcher, **Vox Holloway** is a community choir open to all: there are no auditions and members are not required to have previous singing experience, belong to any faith, or live in a particular postcode. Vox Holloway performs three or more times per year, singing an eclectic range of classical, ecclesiastical, folk, pop, and world music. Previous concerts have included Handel’s *Messiah* and *Foundling Hospital Anthem*; Harvey Brough’s *Requiem in Blue*, *A Particulare Care*, and

Thecla; Tavener’s *Ex Maria Virgine*; Rachmaninov’s *Vespers*; Ariel Ramirez’s *Misa Criolla* and Vivaldi’s *Gloria*. For more information including how to join, please visit voxholloway.com

Vox Holloway’s next concert will be the CD launch of Clara Sanabras’ *A Hum About Mine Ears*. On 6th March, 2016, with the Britten Sinfonia and Chorus of Dissent, conducted by Harvey Brough, in The Barbican concert hall, London.

SOPRANOS
Liz Alsford
Marian Barber
Polly Barker
Helen Barnett
Sarah Bennison
Helen Britten
Lynne Burrows
Rosa Cagnoni
Bruna Cattini
Imogen Cauthery
Mary Cruickshank
Sheena Cruse
Ulrike Dewhurst
Oenone Dudley
Marianne Falk
Barbara Grender-Jones
Kathy Grimes
Sue Hallam
Maureen Hanscomb
Lona Jones
Elizabeth King
Emma Leigh
Sheila Lowery
Elle Mcall
Sue McIntosh
Storm Moncur

Alicia Montplaisir
Eryl O’Day
Yemi Oloyede
Natalie O’Tham
Suzy Pearson
Stevie Porter
Annette Riel
Pippa Stubbs
Farah Syed
Ilaria Tarasconi
Avis Venning
Tammy Walker
Inga Wolf
Miranda Yates

ALTOS
Ros Brown
Hilary Buck
Freddie Byron
Marion Chadwick
Fay Clark
Lynda Collingwood
Marion Cullen
Sandra Debo
Ellie Doney
Francesca Elston

Perpetual Emovon
Susan Fox
Helen Haigh
Katherine Heffernan
Janet Henfrey
Mandy Hosking
Jane Keeley
Sarah Kent
Linda Lewis
Jan Logan
Amy MacGibbon
Ruth Melhuish
Isobel Mitchell
Polly Noble
Karen Patrick
Maddy Paxman
Shane Rowles
Jenny Settrington
Rosie Sheldon
Anna Skalski
Elizabeth Skalski
Ruth Skinner
Lauren Souter
Nicolette Spera
Elaine Spicer
Jacqui Steel
Maggie Tomlin

Jo Tunnard
Jade Turner
Tricia Zipfel

TENORS
Jenny Hargreaves
Rick Leigh
David Moreno
Mark Reihill
Hugh Richardson
Mariana Rodrigues
Adam Skalski
Philip Woods
Ben Woolford

BASSES
Jonathan Adams
Tim Bushe
Jim Joseph
Tim MacFarlane
Martin McNery
James Murray
Archie Onslow
Matthew Evan Smith

MIND & SOUL CHOIR

The 100-strong Vox Holloway will be joined in this concert by the Mind & Soul Choir, directed by Lea Cornthwaite, made up of health professionals at the Maudsley Hospital (closely linked to the Bethlem Royal Hospital, the original “Bedlam”), specialising in psychiatric training, together with other staff, service users, friends, family, carers and local people. The mission of the Choir is to bring awareness to mental health issues and to break down stigma surrounding mental health problems.

“Vox Holloway is a non-audition choir, open to all, because singing together is such a fundamental human urge and practice - and a huge benefit to mental health for all of us. I’m really delighted that the Mind & Soul Choir, comprising singers who dedicate their working lives to mental health sufferers, are joining us for this concert. A real celebration of the indissoluble connection between music and emotional well-being.”
(Harvey Brough)



HARVEY BROUGH is one of the UK’s most accomplished and diverse musicians. Harvey and the Wallbangers had great success in the 1980s throughout Europe. Harvey worked with Jocelyn Pook on the music for the films *Merchant of Venice* and *Eyes Wide Shut*, and television work includes the BBC2 series *In a Land of Plenty*. Harvey’s *Requiem in Blue* (1999) has been performed more than 40 times throughout Europe. Other compositions include *Valete in Pace* (2004), *Thecla* (2008), *A Fairy Dream* (2009), and *Beached*, an opera commissioned by Opera North. Harvey is the Turner Sims Professor of Music at the University of Southampton, running a community choir there. And he is directing a new Youth Choir in Stoke Newington - Young Dissenters.



JUSTIN BUTCHER is a writer, director, actor and musician. Plays include *Scaramouche Jones*; the satires *The Madness of George Dubya*, *A Weapons Inspector Calls*, and *Guantanamo Baywatch*; *Go to Gaza*, *Drink the Sea*; and five plays for BBC Radio 4. His latest plays are *Childhood in Berlin*, about pre-war Berlin, and *The Last Great Quest*, commissioned for the centenary of Scott’s Antarctic Expedition. His biography of Jimmy Mizen, *Jimmy – A Legacy of Peace*, was published in 2013. Also in 2013, he produced and curated the *Bethlehem Unwrapped* festival at St James’s Church, Piccadilly, a contemporary celebration of the life and culture of Bethlehem. He studied organ with Colin Myles at University College School and singing with Michael Pearce at Oxford and Teresia van Sertima at Drama Studio London, where he is now a tutor and director. He is founder-director of Vox Holloway and has been organist and choirmaster of St Luke’s Church since 1992.



CLARA SANABRAS was born in France, raised in Barcelona, and lives in London. She has appeared at many international festivals and venues, from Glastonbury to Sydney Opera House, and has collaborated with James Horner, Jarvis Cocker, The Count & Sinden, Natacha Atlas, Luke Concannon (Nizlopi), The Ukelele Orchestra of Great Britain, and 21st century orchestra. She has acted at the National Theatre and The Globe and has appeared alongside Al Pacino in the film, *The Merchant of Venice*, on radio with Bill Nighy, and in concert under the guidance of Karlheinz Stockhausen, the forefather of electronica. She is featured in several Hollywood soundtracks, including *The Hobbit*, *The Hunger Games*, and *Snow White and The Huntsman*. Clara’s fifth album, *A Hum about mine Ears*, recorded with the Britten Sinfonia, Chorus of Dissent and Nigel Kennedy will be released in March 2016 a choral work based on Shakespeare’s *The Tempest*.



NICHOLAS GARRETT studied voice and piano at Trinity College of Music and is a Wolfson award winner. Initially a member of the Swingle Singers, Nicholas made his operatic debut at the ROH in *Palestrina* and at ENO as Angelotti in *Tosca* with Sir David McVicar. He has sung numerous roles for the

Opera National de Paris, Scottish Opera, Opera North, Opera de Nantes, English Touring Opera and Teatro de la Zarzuela, Madrid. For Théâtre du Châtelet: Count Carl Magnus- Malcolm *A Little Night Music*; Anthony, *Sweeney Todd*; Max, *The Sound Of Music*; Jigger, *Carousel*; Boatman, *Sunday In The Park With George*; Baker, *Into the Woods*. For Opera Holland Park: Escamillo, *Carmen*; Don Giovanni, Title Role; Alfonso, *Così Fan Tutte*; Sonora *Fanciulla del West*; Scarpia *Tosca*.



PAUL ARCHIBALD has been a principal player in the Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London Sinfonietta, BBC National Orchestra Wales and is currently principal trumpet and Chairman of the London Mozart Players and principal trumpet of the Britten Sinfonia and Orchestra of St John’s. As a chamber musician he was a member of the Philip Jones Brass Ensemble and is artistic director of English Brass and English Brass Academy. He is also a member of the innovative chamber ensemble, Fibonacci Sequence. His performing career spans many genres: classical, commercial, film, pop, folk, contemporary and he is currently musical director of Regent Brass, on of the UK’s finest brass bands. He is a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music



HUGH WEBB has worked extensively in the contemporary music field and Javier Alvarez, Robert Keeley, Paul Archbold and Ian Dearden have all written solo works for him, with funding from The Arts Council of England. Classical CD recordings include Bax’s *Concerto for Flute, Oboe and Harp* with the Academy of St. Martin’s Chamber Ensemble (Chandos), a collection of Bach *Flute Sonatas* (Guild), Villalobos’ *Quartet* (Clarinet Classics), Bax’s *Fantasy Sonata* (Koch International) and the complete *Spohr Violin and Harp Sonatas* (Naxos). His most recent recordings are a CD of French Renaissance songs with the medieval group, Joglaresa and a recording of solo and chamber music by Nino Rota for Zitto Records. From 2001 to 2012, Hugh Webb was principal harp of the Philharmonia Orchestra and now freelances as guest principal of the major London orchestras and is active in the film and television music worlds. Hugh has composed a show for children based on Hans Christian Anderson’s *The Snow Queen*.



MICHAEL HASLAM is a pianist, organist, composer, arranger, and musical director. He has been musical director for productions at the Royal National Theatre, Donmar, the Old Vic, the Royal Opera House Linbury Studio, the Edinburgh Festival Theatre, and the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, and for four Sondheim musicals at RADA. For BBC Radio 4 he composed and performed the signature music for *Murder on the Orient Express* and *Sad Cypress*. As a founder-member of Commedia, a flute, cello and piano trio, he won the Park Lane Group Young Musicians award and he plays organ and harpsichord continuo for the Woodmansterne Collection. For three years Michael was a member of Piano Circus, with whom

he made five CDs, and he has recorded Stravinsky's *Les Noces* for Decca, with Vladimir Ashkenazy. He has recently recorded his own transcription of *A Little Touch of Schmilsson in the Night* with Peter French.



ZOE MARTLEW Cellist, performer, composer, educator and blogger, the increasingly uncategorisable Zoë Martlew travels the globe playing her own music and that written for her, working with some of the world's most renowned contemporary music ensembles, improvisation, film, electronica, multi-media, pop and rock artists, dance and theatre companies. She's a regular guest commentator for BBC TV and radio, her one woman cabaret show *Revue Z* plays at home and abroad, and she's recently been taken on by Schott publishing as a composer. She's in demand for a wide variety of educational activities, is NYO cello tutor and Artistic Director of the Saigon Chamber Music Festival in Vietnam. She studied at the RCM, Clare College Cambridge, RAM and Chopin Academy in Warsaw.



ELENA HULL is a double bass player from Somerset. She attended the Yehudi Menuhin School and subsequently the Royal College of Music. Since then she has been all over the place playing all sorts of music. She has been principal bass in the Trondheim Symphony Orchestra, in the John Wilson Orchestra, a soloist with London Sinfonietta and on Radio 3, playing by memory in the proms with Aurora Orchestra. She is a member of the group CHROMA which is where she is allowed to be the

most creative. Currently CHROMA is recording two discs of their own arrangements of Appalachian and gypsy music and brewing all sorts of exciting things for the new year.



JEREMY CORNES received his musical education at the Royal College of Music, where he studied with Alan Cumberland, Michael Skinner and Kevin Hathway. Since leaving college Jeremy has been much in demand as a freelance musician. He has appeared with most of the major symphony orchestras in the Country, performing regularly with the London Philharmonic, London Symphony Orchestra, Chamber Orchestra of Europe, John Wilson Orchestra and the Britten Sinfonia. He was a member of the Opera '80 touring company (now English Touring Opera) for three seasons from 1986 to 1988, and has performed at twenty five seasons of Glyndebourne Festival Opera with the LPO. He has also performed extensively abroad. Jeremy has been Professor of Orchestral Percussion and head of the Drum/Percussion Department at the London College of Music since 2003.



LEA CORNTHWAITE is a singer, choir director and vocal animateur who works with children as young as 5 to adults of 95, singers and non-singers alike. He has also worked on many projects with Opera North, ENO, the LSO, Sing Up, Glyndebourne, Garsington Opera, the Barbican Centre, the Southbank Centre, National Youth Theatre, Spitalfields Music, Hackney Music Development Trust, Youth Music & many others. Lea has a particular interest in singing for health and wellbeing.

A NOTE OF THANKS

Vox Holloway would like to thank Oscar Cainer (sound) and Haavard Helle (video), and all our soloists and musicians. We salute Gary Bridgewood and Beskydy, for busking as the audience arrives - all proceeds to the charities we are supporting. Thank you! Thanks also to Dave & Pat Tomlinson and the wardens, PCC and community of St Luke's; our

rehearsal sectional leaders; Hannah Barton for graphic design, Trilogy Print Solutions Ltd for printing the flyers and programme and Jif Thompson for stage management. We are very grateful for the support of our patrons Lee Hall, Kevin McCloud and with particular thanks to Emma Thompson for her enthusiasm for this project.

Trilogy Print Solution Limited would like to wish the
Vox Holloway Choir every success in the future

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