

## Concluding Our Three - Part Series Confessions of a Doomed Musician

*The author has already tried and failed to learn to play the piano and bagpipes. Singing was always a fall- back position but at the age of 25 some other opportunities presented themselves, please read on.*

By now, I was a primary school teacher, first in Rugby and then in Chesterfield. It was in the latter that a course was offered at the local teachers' centre: 'guitar for absolute beginners'.

Taking my courage in one hand and Lynda's guitar, in which she had shown only a passing interest, in the other, I enrolled at the aptly named Hipper Teachers' Centre. And suddenly I was in my element.

### A Hipper Teacher?

Starting with an Israeli chorus that had just one chord, and backed by lusty voices to conceal the errors, we were off. Folk guitar has to be the easiest instrument in the world to play if you exclude the triangle. One hand presses down on the neck, and that gave Lynda one or two ideas, while the other strums down the strings. All else that's needed is a confident voice and a nonchalant gaze; Cliff lives!

So began many happy years of playing and singing. Class groups, assemblies and church congregations have had to suffer the consequences. In the last ten years my range has expanded to include old people's homes. Here, the captive audience is something of an advantage. But seriously, the old songs bring even the most disengaged old person to life.



### Crooner Loses His Crown

As well as its 'cool' appeal, though some would say there's nothing so sad as a past-his-sell-by-date crooner, guitar playing has its lighter moments. At an assembly a while ago, I was sitting at the front strumming along while 300 little

poppets sang; 'Join with us to sing God's praises. For the happiness he.....' At that instant, something landed on my knee and fell to the floor. I knew what it was, but finished the chorus with a straight face, vainly searching the floor for the object. Then Charlotte stood up with something in her hand; "Here's your tooth, Mr. Forster." Yes, halfway through the song a crown had dropped off. The message of the assembly was completely lost!

### The Day the Music Dies

The instrument that I bought in November, as noted at the beginning of these articles, now sits proudly in the utility room- Lynda rarely lets it get any further into the house! Yes the piano accordion has absolutely no finesse in the hands of a beginner, but I love it. What a marvel of in-your-face noise it produces! I 'Polly Wolly doodle all the day' until every self-respecting thrush pulls its wings tightly around its ears. In truth, this is the day that the music dies.

**Bob Forster**