	**Price's Who's Who?, Part 2** **"V" Surnames**

Vail	Mr. Bruce	
Vaughan	David	
Vernon	C.J.R.	
Vibert	Peter J.	
Vine	Revd. Geoffrey Francis	1951 – 1958
Virgo	Ian	1964 - 1971
Vores	Andy	1967 -

Vail	Mr. Bruce	Dates	



Teacher of Latin. Sometime Careers Master. Became an Officer in the RAF section of the CCF

Another character who terrified the younger boys (me included at the time). He was always nicknamed 'Twitch' as I recall - his nervous tic together with his rather cold manner made me feel later on that he was actually extremely shy underneath.

I had him for Latin for most of my time at Price's, including A and S level. He was very assiduous and put himself out to help you if he thought you were trying - but, as Kevin says, he always seemed rather aloof and remained so even with VIth formers. He told us he had previously worked for the Coal Board, which I always thought an odd thing to do with a First in Classics, but there you are.

The one bit of humour I recall from him is his theory that schooling happens the wrong way round -children should go down mines and up chimneys when they are young and love getting dirty, but should then start their education in their twenties, which is when they usually start saying they wished they had paid attention at school. I think this was said as a joke, but ....

Vaughan	David	Dates	

David Vaughan recalls Tom Hilton's Wyvern .....

Just some musings that you might want to put on the net. I think that Tom Hilton was the major of the CCF and that Briscoe was the captain.

Robertson-Fox was Head Boy and Sergeant Major of the CCF. He went on to the real army and was killed I believe in Aden fighting the rebels. I met the last governor of Aden years later and he told me a lot of guys were killed there for no reason. Aden had long since lost it's strategic importance and was just a very hot, dusty, dirty place. I know I have been there several times on business.

I did not like the CCF uniform and so being the rebel I was I simply did not wear it and was always on detention. I did however enjoy the annual camp. I remember the one in Thetford well, we were hosted by the Inniskillings who were called away as the Suez crisis erupted. I think the Paras then got the job of looking after us. For many of us including me it was our first time away from home, I think we all enjoyed ourselves greatly including the odd illegal fag or two.

Talking about detention does anyone remember the incident when the Quad Board, the board that hung in the hall and recorded the miscreants was stolen. I was a prime suspect and remember being grilled by Ashton at length. I guess I had the most unserved detentions and thus had the greatest

motive to remove the board hoping no one would be able to recall who had yet to serve out time. Well I did not take it, I wonder if after all this time the culprit will own up.

I do remember we had a vicar for Physics, he was certifiably mad, he went looking for a Bunsen burner gas leak with a lighted taper and blew the door off a cupboard.

One time we took Hiltons car, a Vauxhall Wyvern for a joyride and hid it behind the lab buildings. Stupid in retrospect but at the time it seemed like a prank.

There was the time in assembly when Ashton had to announce that Rod King had blown his hand off playing with explosive I believe he scrounged at the Browndown Ranges.

I believe I was the first boy to have a motorcycle, actually it was a scooter, it caused such a fuss Ashton made me park outside the school grounds. Today a new high school is being built in our town with 400 spaces for pupils cars. How times change.

The new pavilion was built and opened in my time, within six weeks it had developed a big crack in the wall that had to be filled with cement on a regular basis, I guess they did major work to repair it after my time.

We had a music club for our edification, all we wanted to hear was the Everly Brothers and Elvis (who alive and working at the check-out at a supermarket in Alaska, at least the local tabloid says). Ashton came in one time and heard the racket and closed up shop.

I built a stepladder in woodwork under Briscoes tutelage, it was so bad he would not let me take it home when it was completed.

I am sure there is more but this is enough for now.

Regards to all. **David Vaughan**

Vernon	C.J.R.	Dates	

The Last Infirmity of Noble Minds.

It was a dull Monday morning when I set out, last December, to go to Cambridge for the Scholarship Examinations—the farthest I have ever strayed from home. Having just succeeded in catching the train at Portsmouth Harbour I was assailed with doubts, as soon as it started, as to whether I was on the right train. By a process of reasoning I convinced myself that I was and settled down to read.

After about an hour and a half's journey the train ran through some of London's dreary slums and pulled into Waterloo. Now London is a complicated place, and one cannot catch a train from Waterloo to Cambridge, so across London I travelled by tube to Liverpool Street. There I deposited my bag in the cloakroom—the wrong cloakroom—and found myself with about two hours and a half to while away before the train left for Cambridge. During this time I had to have lunch, but as this still left a considerable time on my hands, I wandered aimlessly around before deciding to consume lunch in a Lyons' Cafe. The place was, as usual, crowded, but eventually I was served. It is peculiar that Londoners cannot spare much time even to eat. Most read; some women knit; all are in a hurry.

Somewhat refreshed after lunch I wandered out into the streets again and, somehow, found myself in Threadneedle Street. I doubt if I shall ever see anything quite like it elsewhere. I could hardly credit that there were so many banks in existence. It was quite refreshing, however, to hear, among all the business being discussed, two young men chatting about the game of chess they had just had in their lunch hour. I suppose even business men must relax sometimes!

After all the time I had had to waste, it was only natural that I should be late for my train at Liverpool Street. I had to sprint hard to retrieve my bag, buy my ticket and load myself into an almost full compartment before the train started.

There was then the slow journey to Cambridge. The L.N.E.R. rolling stock on that line is not of the most modern, and when it crawls along it produces in one a painful boredom. There were four other chaps in the compartment, all trying to stave off boredom with crosswords, books or looking out of the window. There was, too, a lady reading "Gone with the Wind." Small details impress one when one is bored!

Eventually the train arrived at Cambridge, and after walking about two hundred yards down Cambridge's lengthy station I met my brother (I was never gladder to see him). It remained to walk to the College; find the porter (affectionately known to my brother as "Fireballs"); next to repair to lodgings for tea, interview two tutors, have dinner in College and then it was time for bed. Bed—not sleep! I lay awake till about three o'clock listening to the clocks chiming every quarter hour. It was sheer funk of the Examinations which kept me awake, and I hope I may never experience so awful a feeling again.

There followed a week of gruesome examinations, and then it was time to come home again. From this little holiday I gained the memory of another examination failed, and of an extremely interesting town. I was "examinatus et exanimatus" when I reached home after the ordeal.

C.J.R. Vernon

Vibert	Peter J.	Dates	

Leaving Certificate:

He was a popular and conscientious Head Boy; combining in his amiable nature humour, sympathy and intelligence which made him a character in his own right.

He possessed an effusive cheerfulness despite his occasional moodiness, and considerable powers of comprehension and argument and a willingness to listen to the opinions of others.

He was a robust character who created a favourable impression in the eyes of everyone, both fore his leadership in the life of the School and sportsmanship on the games field.

He played games for Blackbrook House and the School, efficiently rather than in a distinguished manner. The School has been enriched by boys like Vibert, with his zest for life and we wish him every success.

Peter took a B.Sc. degree in Physics at London University and later a Ph.D. He went to the USA, where his last known appointment was as a Minister of the Wading Rd, Congregational Church, near to New York.

WADING RIVER CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
God's Love in Action

Vine	Revd. Geoffrey Francis	Dates	1951 - 1958



I was born in Hampshire, England, on March 3, 1940, in a Royal Navy nursing home – my father, Frank Vine, who had joined the Royal Navy as a boy seaman during World War 1, was still in the service when World War 2 started, so had the "distinction" of serving in both wars. When I was born, he was a Chief Yeoman of Signals, the navy's highest non-commissioned rank. Prior to my birth, he had been serving on the Murmansk convoys. He came home on leave a few days after I was born, saw me briefly, then was sent to the Far East where he served for the remainder of the war. I had a brother and a sister – Dennis, who was 13 years older, and Daphne, who was 12 years older.

My parents had a house in Gosport, on the western shore of Portsmouth Harbour, just about half a mile from the Royal Navy's main ammunition depot which, of course, was an important target for German bombers. My mother, Winifred, effectively had to raise 3 children on her own until my father next returned home, which was not until late 1945. I can still remember being awoken by a commotion late at night, getting out of bed and going to the top of the stairs. The front door was

open and there was a taxi at the gate. A stranger climbed out of the taxi lugging an enormous kitbag; my mother, brother and sister rushed down the front path and began hugging and kissing the stranger. It was nothing to do with me so I went back to bed and fell asleep, completely unaware of the cataclysmic change that had arrived.

That was not my earliest memory – the Germans made sure of that. There were nightly bombing raids as they tried to hit the munitions depot, eventually succeeding and the resulting blast blew out windows for several miles around. What I remember before that is waking each night when the air raid sirens shrieked their ghastly tune, getting out of my cot, going downstairs and waiting at the back door. It was my sister's job to scoop me up and run down the path to the air raid shelter at the bottom of the garden. It was an icily cold construction of concrete and iron sheets, covered with a thick layer of soil. It would not have saved us in the event of a direct hit but it did protect us when neighbouring houses were hit and debris rained from the sky.

I have no memory of my first encounter with a German airman so I have to rely on the tale my sister told me. She had taken me for a walk in my pram, one of the massive structures the size of a small boat with large wheels. I was only a few months old and at the stage where I lay flat, rather than sitting in an upright position. Daphne was pushing the pram along a country lane when, behind her, she heard the noise of a plane. The German was hedge-hopping (flying very low to avoid RAF attention), heading for the English Channel and safety. For reasons known only to that German pilot, he opened fire and his guns raked the otherwise empty lane. Daphne did the sensible thing, in my later view, and dived for the roadside ditch, leaving me in the pram in the roadway. One bullet hit my pram, passed a couple of inches above my prone body and exited at the other end. Had Daphne stayed holding the pram handle, she would have been hit and almost certainly killed. As it was, an extremely frightened Daphne ran home, pushing the pram as fast as she could, snatched me up and rushed indoors, bawling hysterically, and giving our mother a somewhat abbreviated account of the event. It was only later, when my mother went to bring my pram indoors that she saw the bullet holes and got the full story from Daphne. She was furious that Daphne had abandoned me and dived into the ditch and proceeded to give her daughter what Daphne later described as "the biggest hiding of my life".

We all survived the war, physically if not psychologically – until I was about 12 or 13, I regularly awoke screaming at night from a recurring nightmare of being pursued by German soldiers. Living as we did on the South Coast, there had been the fear of a German invasion and somehow, at a very tender age, I had absorbed the wartime warnings to coastal residents to run if the Germans arrived. The nightmares really only ended when I joined the school cadet force and was issued with a .303 rifle, which I learned to fire with some skill. I can only suppose that I finally felt "empowered" to fight back. Winston Churchill would have been proud of me.

When my father was finally discharged from the navy after 28 years service, he moved sideways into a post with the Admiralty, eventually becoming Registrar of the Royal Fleet Reserve, stationed at HMS Daedalus, a Fleet Air Arm base a few miles from Gosport, outside a small village called Lee-on-the-Solent. My parents bought a house there in August 1946, living there for 25 years until my father retired and they moved to New Zealand.

Lee-on-the-Solent was a magical place for a small boy and his friends to grow up. The beaches and cliffs housed crumbling wartime defence bunkers in which we could play all manner of games. There were fields with plenty of rabbits, which we learned to catch with wire snares, skin and gut, and sell to housewives eager to have fresh meat for the table because rationing meant meat from the butcher was scarce. I recall we charged 2s 6d for a small rabbit and 5s for a large one, a considerable income for small boys at that time. Nine years later when I began my first job after

leaving school, my weekly wage before tax was only £3 2s 6d, equal to a dozen rabbits! We small boys might have gone on to become affluent entrepreneurs had myxomatosis not intervened.

The other big attraction was the Royal Marine training ground, which included a 1000yd shooting range (where I later learned to shoot accurately as a cadet). Its barbed wire fences were no deterrent to boys eager to hunt for discarded live ammunition and grenades. How we survived unscathed I will never know.

At age 11, I was catapulted from Lee-on-the-Solent's small primary school into the much larger world of Price's School at nearby Fareham. It had been a private Church of England boys school since its founding by William Price back in the early 18th century, but postwar educational reforms in Britain introduced the concept of elite grammar schools and Price's entered the state system as the top-ranked of these schools in southern Hampshire. The problem was that as the only boy in my village who had passed the 11-plus exams necessary to get into such a school, I was in effect cut off from my childhood friends. I think this was a big factor in my rebelliousness at Price's.

During my first week there, we had a lot of rain. At morning break on about the fourth day, I had been kicking a tennis ball around in the somewhat muddy quad. As the bell summoned us back to our classroom, I wandered along bouncing the tennis ball off the corridor wall, catching it and so on. I had no way of knowing the wall had been repainted before term began and being without eyes in the back of my head, failed to see the series of muddy splotches on the pristine wall behind me. Alas, it did not escape the beady eye of a prefect, who promptly reported my crime. I was marched before the headmaster, who announced that he would have to do something he had never done before – cane a new boy. By the time I left Price's 7 years later, I held the school record for the number of canings any one boy had received.

I was a troublemaker, no doubt about it, but I was also academically a high achiever. I owe to my masters at Price's a rich enjoyment of history and theology and, to one or two masters, I owe my determination never to bow to abusive authority.

By the time I reached the 7th form, my rebelliousness unfortunately outstripped any credit I had earned from being top of the class and I was threatened with expulsion. That same week, I saw an advertisement in our local daily newspaper, the Portsmouth Evening News, for an apprentice reporter (yes, really; it entailed my father signing a deed of apprenticeship). My Uncle Sid was Head Printer on the Fleet Street newspaper, the Daily Mail and some years before, when I was staying with his family during the holidays, he took me up to London to show me round the enormous Mail office. The high point of the evening should have been my introduction to the newspaper's owner, Viscount Rothermere, something I still recall vividly, but what really fascinated me was being left in the care of the Foreign Editor who, over the space of the next hour or so, telephoned his reporters in various far-flung countries and, in answer to my constant questions, had to point out these countries on the world map on his office wall. By the time Uncle Sid came back to collect me, I was hooked: I wanted to be a reporter. So I applied for the Evening News job. There were, as I was told at interview, 26 applicants and my letter went to the bottom of the heap as the editor thought I seemed most unsuitable. Luckily for me, after interviewing them, he rejected the other 25. After this lengthy delay, I was summoned to the head office. The interview lived up to the editor's assessment of my application. Somewhat despairingly, I suspect, he eventually demanded: "Can you give me one reason why I should hire you?" Equally despairingly, I blurted out: "My Uncle Sid is the Head Printer on the Daily Mail". The editor beamed. "Why didn't you tell me earlier, boy. Your uncle is a Fleet Street legend! When can you start?" Which just proves that there is nothing wrong with a little name-dropping in a job interview.

Thereafter, life became a blur of classes: typing and shorthand, for which the paper paid private tutors, and study for the national Diploma in Journalism, which involved such subjects as law, English grammar, at least one foreign language and on-the-job training. The result was 15-hour days and a thorough introduction to journalism.

After a happy four years learning the craft, I was off to London, where every young journalist yearned to be in those days. I went into a role as chief reporter for a magazine group and, in my spare time, reporting for a jazz magazine, which meant many a late night in smoky little clubs lapping up the music and getting the chance to interview such legends as John Dankworth, Cleo Laine, Chris Barber, Kenny Ball and the indomitable George Melly.

Then came the winter of 1962-63. Snow and ice shut down London. For the best part of three months, my flat had no running water, meaning no hot drinks, no washing, no toilet. Life, frankly, was hell. In desperation, I started reading the job adverts in World's Press News, the industry bible, because I was sure there must be an opening for me in somewhere with a nicer climate. After interviews, I ended up with three job offers in countries I knew absolutely nothing about, took a stab and found myself hired as a reporter by the Otago Daily Times in a place called Dunedin. I tried going to my local library but the search for any information about the city defeated the librarian. Undeterred, a few days before my 23rd birthday, my parents took me to Southampton to board the Southern Cross and I was on my way.

The voyage was just what I needed – fresh sea air, sunshine, good food and cheap drinks. I hit New Zealand a new man right on Easter 1963. OK, so everything – literally everything – was closed for the holiday and, after London, Dunedin seemed a boring little village. But I soon had a sunny little flat to call home and if, occasionally, I pondered the wisdom of my choice, I had only to recall crawling over snow and ice to get to the underground in London to quickly decide Dunedin was without doubt the better choice.

The next two and a-half years shot by. Life was never dull on the ODT and later in 1963 I found myself on my way to Communist China on an official tour as a journalist. Western journalists were not usually tolerated there but this visit to attend the National Day celebrations on October 1 in Peking (now Beijing) and tour other major cities was arranged through trade union connections (I had been an active union member in England and was even more active in New Zealand) and I was officially a guest of the Chinese Journalists Union.

The highlights of the visit was meeting Mao Tse-tung. In Peking, I, along with several other journalists from Communist countries, had been invited to dinner by the Prime Minister, Chao En-lai, at his official residence. From memory, there were about 16 of us present. Part way through a lengthy dinner (formal dinners in China lasted anywhere from 35 to 50 small courses) uniformed, armed men began filing into the large dining room until they completely encircled it. "Don't worry," the Prime Minister said in English, "this will be Chairman Mao." And there he was. Chou introduced each one of us by name and, for the only time in my life, I got to shake hands with a world leader.

Of course, a Westerner going into China at that time was of immense interest to the intelligence services, who since time immaterial have been happy to make use of journalists. So, before leaving, I was whistled up to Wellington and taken to the small house that was then SIS headquarters, there to be briefed on matters and people they wanted me to watch out for. At that time, all the Chinese airports were for duel civilian/military use so I was expected to learn the outlines of military aircraft and, as my flight came in to land, stare frantically out of the window trying to count how many planes of which kind. All of this had to be committed to memory as nothing could be written down. As I discovered, my hotel room and luggage were being searched

each day so I could not even make notes later and hide them in my suitcase.

Back in New Zealand, debriefings by the security service seemed to go on for months. They always took place in a seedy little hotel in the centre of Dunedin. I would receive a phone call giving me a time and a room number and there, waiting for me, would be a seedy little man in a shabby macintosh. A lot of the questions were repetitive but other times I would be told the CIA or MI6 wanted to know had I met so-and-so in China and what could I recall about him. Once I had to recall how well or otherwise did Chairman Mao seem, what did he say to me (not a word!) and then there would be similar questions about other Chinese leaders that I might or might not have met.

Somewhere along the line, I must have ticked the right boxes and been adjudged sound because other little SIS jobs came along, particularly involving the University of Otago where there was a very strong Communist cadre on the staff tasked with recruiting promising graduates heading for public service.

Life in Dunedin never did return to "normal" because in the course of doing odd jobs for radio and television programmes, I met a bubbly young vision mixer called Gillian Barclay and we married in 1965. Later that year, we moved to England so Gillian could meet my family and we lived in London for two years. I worked as chief sub-editor for a suburban newspaper group and Gillian was at the much more important Independent Television News. Gillian loved being there but I hated London's foul weather and smog and agitated until eventually we moved back to New Zealand, where I went back to the ODT, becoming deputy chief sub-editor to the legendary Dave Hay. My parents followed a few months later when my father retired and they settled in Milton, close to my mother-in-law. In 1970, our daughter Bettina was born and our family was complete.

Rev Geoffrey Vine (1951-58) from Dunedin.

Virgo	Ian	Dates	1964 - 1971

Flying Scholarship. 1970 Shooting Captain.

1969/70 1st XV & 1970/71

1971 Selected to play for the Hampshire under-19 rugby XV.





Squadron Leader Ian Virgo MSc BTech CEng MRAeS RAF (Ret'd) (1971 – 1996)

Apart from my first tour as a Junior Engineering Officer on Lightnings at RAF Binbrook, most of my career was dabbling in explosives, missiles, guns and ejection seats.

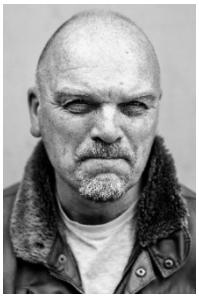


After my service career, I worked for BAE Systems (formerly British Aerospace), integrating weapons on to Eurofighter and F35 weapon installation development.

I took early retirement in 2011, thanks to the cancellation of Nimrod and Harrier and BAE's desperate need to slim down the work force by 1200!

Vores	Andy	Dates	1967 -

1969 in the Christmas Concert Choir.



Jan 1970 Part of a growing band of would-be Folk Musicians, gathering around Bard, Cummins and Wood. Andy Vores, meanwhile, was the enthusiastic possessor of a *drum kit*. Prices 'folk' concerts went *electric* – and this was only five years after Dylan had done the very same thing. *Nov 1970* Another Prices concert/show/review took place "Something to Remember", over 2 nights, with poetry and sketches to broaden the program program and performing as "Gigolo". Dec 1971 *Springwind* – Nick Kahn, Mick Daysh and Dave Cledwyn. They also supported Andy Vores who had by then become a singer-songwriter-pianist-composer. most of us were singer-songwriters – Nick Manley, Lonene, Morningstar, Springwind. We were creating and delivering original songs and music – and our audience was kind enough to respond with enthusiasm. May 1973 Nick Kahn and Mick Daysh, but now with Jackie White (previously with *Lonene*); and the Andy Vores band, which incorporated folks promiscuously from other bands and elsewhere

Andy Vores was a prolific composer/song-writer on piano. Having first been a rock drummer, his piano-playing was often frenetic. In fact he sometimes played faster than his fingers could follow. The results were wonderful, and very different from the songs the rest of us wrote on guitars. He was also a showman and liked to organise large numbers of musicians, singers and even dancers on stage to help perform his creative complexities. He went on from Prices to study music composition and then moved to the US, where he became a

successful modern-classical composer and Chair of Composition, Theory and Music History at the Boston Conservatory.
http://andyvores.com/andyvoresbio.html

Comment by Kevan Bundell

Andy Vores was born in Cardiff, Wales in 1956 and has lived in the United States since 1987. He studied composition at Lancaster University, England with Edward Cowie. After graduating he was awarded an Arts Council of Great Britain Bursary for Composition and moved to London, working as a freelance music copyist and as Lecturer in Composition at the City University and as a music copyist for Universal Edition, Schotts, Novellos, and Faber Music. Many of his works received their premieres during this time from such performers as Sarah Walker, Irvine Arditti, Gemini, the London Sinfonietta, Lontano, The Nash Ensemble, Capricorn, and the BBC Singers, including **Humming Harvest Gone Snow Motor** which subsequently won first prize in the Kucyna International Composition Competition at Boston University in 1985.

In 1986 he was a Fellow in Composition at Tanglewood, where he studied with Oliver Knussen. **Hammer and Darkness, Mirror and Knife**, written that summer, was awarded the Tanglewood Prize for Composition. In 1987 **Head Down Legs Up** won the Ian Whyte Award—the prize being a commission for a new work, **Twistification**, for the Scottish National Orchestra, toured by them throughout Scotland in 1988. In 1990 **Sinfonietta** was premiered by the Omaha Symphony Chamber Orchestra as the prize-winning work in the Omaha Symphony Guild New Music Contest. The following year **Twistification** was chosen for a National Orchestral Association reading under Jorge Mester.

He moved to Boston in 1989 where he was offered one of five three-year funded residencies with the composers' collective NuClassix. In 1992 he was Composer-in-Residence at Bemidji State University, the first holder of an Interdisciplinary Fellowship established by the American Composers Forum and the Minnesota State University System as part of a scheme to examine new ways of utilising creative artists in college education. During that time, with over a hundred students, faculty, and townspeople he created **Earth Journey**—a multimedia staged production based upon the many cultural variants of the Orpheus myth. From 1993 to 1994 he was Communications Director of the American (then the Minnesota) Composers Forum in St. Paul, returning to Boston to teach composition at the Walnut Hill School for Performing Arts.

From 1999 to 2001 he was Composer-in-Residence to the BankBoston Celebrity Series: Emerging Artists. **Dark Mother** for Triple Helix—his first commission for the series—was premiered in April 2000 and **Urban Affair** premiered by The Boston Trio the following year. He was Composer-in-Residence for the New England Philharmonic from 2002 to 2005 during which time the orchestra premiered three new works; **Hex**, for women's' chorus and large orchestra, **G Major,** and **An Other I**, a violin concerto for Danielle Maddon.

From 2001 until 2016 he taught at The Boston Conservatory where he was Chair of Composition, Theory, and Music History. In 2016 he became interim Dean of Music at the newly merged Boston Conservatory at Berklee.

Commissions include **Freshwater (The Boston University Opera Institute), Return to a Place** for Sanford Sylvan and David Breitman, **Wetherby Nocturne** for Kathleen Supové (The Barlow Endowment), **Goback Goback** for Collage New Music, **Quartet No.3** for The Borromeo String Quartet (Chamber Music America), **World Wheel** for The Cantata Singers, **Umberhulk** and **Forgot** for Boston Musica Viva, and **Uncertainty Is Beautiful** and **Two Fabrications** for the Boston Modern Orchestra Project.

Recent performances include **No Exit** by Florida Grand Opera YAP, **Fabrication 15: Amplification** (Tanglewood Festival of Contemporary Music), **In Childhood's Thicket** (Chorus Pro Musica), **Drive** (The New England Philharmonic), **Grand Monadnock Measures** (Monadnock Music Festival), and **Chrononhotonthologos** (Guerilla Opera).

Vice President of Academic Affairs and Chief Academic Officer, Boston Conservatory at Berklee

Andy Vores is vice president of academic affairs and chief academic officer for Boston Conservatory at Berklee. In this role, Vores leads the Conservatory's Academic Affairs team, working closely with Executive Director Cathy Young and division leadership to oversee academic operations, policy, and planning.

He earned his B.A. from Lancaster University (England) and completed studies with composers Edward Cowie and Oliver Knussen. He was also a composition fellow at Tanglewood Music Center.

Vores has completed work in many musical genres, including opera (*Freshwater*, Boston University Opera Institute), orchestra (*Twistification*, Scottish National Orchestra), chamber (*Quartet No. 3*, Borromeo String Quartet; *Urban Affair*, Boston Trio), chorus (*World Wheel,* Cantata Singers), and vocal (*Return to a Place*, Sanford Sylvan; *In a Parlor Containing a Table*, Dawn Upshaw). His other collaborations have been with filmmakers, choreographers, poets, and, most recently, a number of electronic works with video artist Jessie Shefrin.

Ty Cerdd (promoting and celebrating the music of Wales

From 1999 to 2001, he was Composer in Residence to the bank Boston Celebrity series, and 2002 to 2005 Composer in Residence to the New England Philharmonic. 2001 – 2016 he taught at the Boston Conservatory where he was Chair of Composition, Theory and Music History.

Commissions include: Freshwater (The Boston University Opera Institute), Wetherby Nocturne for |Kathleen Supove (The Barlow Endowment), Quartet No. 3 for the Borrowmeo String Quartet (Chamber Music America) World Wheel for the Cantata singers, Umberhulk for the Boston Music Viva, and Uncertainty is Beautiful for the Boston Modern Orchestra project.

Awards include a Koussevitsky Fellowship, the Kucyna International Composition Competition, the Scottish National Orchestra Ian Whyte Award, the Tanglewod

prize for Composition, the Omaha Symphony Guild New Music Contest, and the Huddersfied Festival.

Wikipedia

Vores studied composition at Lancaster University in Lancaster, England. He initially focused on playing drums and keyboards in local rock bands, but his studies under the tutelage of composer Edward Cowie switched his focus to writing classical music.[1] He received first prize in the Kucyna International Composition Competition at Boston University in 1985, and the following year he returned to Massachusetts as a Fellow in Composition at Tanglewood. His work *Hammer and Darkness, Mirror and Knife*, written in the summer of 1986, won the Tanglewood Prize for Composition. Also in 1986, he met pianist Patricia Thom, whom he later married, and decided to take up residence in the U.S.

Appointments

In 1992, Vores became Composer-in-Residence at Bemidji State University in Bemidji, Minnesota. In this one-year position, he was first person to receive the Interdisciplinary Fellowship established by the American Composers Forum and the Minnesota State University System.In 1999, Vores was named Composer-in-Residence to the FleetBoston Celebrity Series: Emerging Artists in Boston. In 2001, he became Chairman of Composition and Theory at The Boston Conservatory. In 2002, he was named Composer-in-Residence to the New England Philharmonic

Operas

On December 2, 1994, Vores presented his first opera, an adaptation of the Virginia Woolf play *Freshwater*, at Boston University. Vores first came across the Woolf text while browsing the shelves of the Boston University bookstore. Vores received assistance in the opera's creation from Woolf's nephew and executor, Quentin Bell, who provided Vores with a rarely seen earlier version of the text that served as the inspiration for several passages of his libretto.[

On April 24, 2008, Vores presented his latest opera, a one-act chamber opera adaptation of Jean-Paul Sartre's *No Exit*, at the Boston Conservatory's Zack Box Theatre

Classical compositions

Vores' classical compositions include *Wonder Wheel*, *Umberhulk* and *Dark Mother*. His first CD, *Urban Affair*, a classical work consisting of nine movements, was released on the Vera label in 2005. *Urban Affair* was commissioned as part of the Bank of America Celebrity Series and was performed for the CD by the Boston Trio.