Address to the guests at the 25th anniversary reunion dinner of the UBC School of Music - Aug. 27, 1983

Honoured guests, illustrious faculty and students of the old building. Unaccustomed as I am to peeblic spucking... (wait for laughter to die down) As my old friend "Hoot" used to say all seriousness aside I am deeply touched..... and that shouldn't be a hot flash.

But really, I am touched to be asked to speak to you tonight although I realize that speakers are usually chosen on the likelihood of their staying sober up to this point in the festivities. Are you kidding me, do you think I'd do this straight.

(Holding up a copy of "Quod Libet") I have here at Jolly Journal, a marvellous memoir, a hallowed history, and looking through it for inspiration for tonight's talk, I realize it has the most damaging photographs imaginable. My next-door neighbour at UVic Michael Longton and I keep our "Quod Libets" in our offices and have a frequent chuckle, but they are kept carefully out of reach of the hands and eyes of larcenous and blackmailing students. Opening the first page of photos, I see Welton marquis peering seraphically at us from his oval office. I see Robert Morris demonstrating the keyboard technique of Harpo Marx. I see Professor Weisgerber giving us a fireside chat. I see Cortland Holberg looking like a recent graduate of the Air Force Academy, or the Fraser Institute. Notice the vast entire electronic studio behind him (2 tape recorders). I see Professor Talney giving us that old "anyone can read open score" look.

The subsequent pictures become progressively disgusting: grown men with bags on their heads; some jerk with a ribbon is his hair and at the end, a **blank** autographed page. Please! oh please come up afterward and offer to autograph my book!! What will my grand children think!

I remember Peace Portal Park, Stanley Park Pavilion and outrageous receptions. I remember the sensitive and soul-searching performances of early music and the "to this day unidentified" music by Professor Talney and other faculty, brave enough to pioneer in this manner; great concerts; great recitals and not so great recitals. I remember the mile high hair, fabulous lessons and terrific cooking of Mama Schuldt; musty rooms and pianos that came over on the mayflower. I remember Willi Smigel's response to the old bat from the Bach Choir who demanded to know whether or not he was a first bass: he said no I'm home plate. I remember the intense research readings by Dr. Marguis from his epic "Yes Sir That's my Wolfgang". I remember fun and games in the loft: I remember being accused in Chamber Singers of singing the last word of Barber's Anthony O' Dally as ("grease" instead of "grief"). I just wanted to set the record straight professor Hultberg, it wasn't me it was Hamper! (Speaking of our class of '65 president we all miss you tonight George!) zRemember the day we found out that John Kennedy was killed at the new bond that developed between students and faculty. I remember "nail file on symbol", "bin bin" and "gronk'. it's been close to 20 years since most of us left the old building parchment in hand wondering who in the hell would seriously employ anyone with a bachelor of music degree. In so many ways the employment picture has changed drastically since then whether you have fallen into poverty, like Hoot, Griff and Corlyn or whether you had to put up with a shoddy career like Judy over there, the number of institutions offering bachelor of music degrees has taken a guantum leap since the 60s. What sticks in my mind more than anything else is that compared with these literally thousands of institutions in North America what we got here from this <u>bunch of immigrants</u> was the very best! professors Barry, Adaskin, Weisgarber Talney, Hultberg, Pillz Tickner, Heller, Chapel and Sawyer, thank you for caring enough to be here and sharing the great memories of what was for the UBC music department, and for all of us, act one. (Note, that the professors listed were those in attendance at the dinner).