

him (well, not really). Near the end of the party, we all learned to sing Berkeley's spiritual: "Lord, I know I've been changed" and were howling it at the top of our lungs - some with Hungarian accents, all with somewhat slurred speech at this point! We left shortly afterward (some say they saw some military uniforms enter the restaurant as we were leaving.) The Hungarians have been the warmest people we have met yet - all through our Budapest visit they have done everything they could for us and more. Here, the difference between us and Berkeley became apparent. After travelling for twelve days, we were accustomed to meeting people, and getting to know them and then rather abruptly dropping out of their lives. This was the first billet that the Americans had and they found it quite upsetting to leave - certainly we would have reacted the same way if this had been our first stop. After some brief partying at the dorm, we turned in after a long and eventful day. - BRIAN BERRYMAN.

**MONDAY, MAY 25 - Concert(#8) at Szekesfeharvar School, bus trip to Maribor, Yugoslavia, Concert(#9) at the Arms Room of the Palace.**

Started today in Budapest - another breakfast provided by the Builder's Chorus. Surprise, the bus left nearly on time! Somehow the logistics of getting 50 odd people (some really odd) on the bus on time is a major complication for this group! The bus ride to Szekesfeharvar was very quiet - due no doubt to exhaustion! The pace on this tour - especially the Hungarian part - has been really fast and people are showing signs of it! In Szekesfeharvar, we were taken into a 3rd year High School Music Class (where Connie had taught in 1969) to observe. Incredible - I recognized my first year sight singing and tried not to think about how advanced they were comparatively! The teacher's pacing was **fabulous**. There is so much potential for learning when the teacher is that good and the students are that focused. After the class we heard their girl's choir sing - they included a piece about night - rustling leaves, owls, - wonderful word painting. We sang for them too. Here as in Taunton, you could hear kids imitating the loon call after we sang Keewaydin. We walked through the town to lunch - past the ruins of the church where the Hungarian Kings were crowned and buried. It was used as a gunpowder deposit during the Turkish invasion and subsequently blown up. Lunch was the 4th Wienerschnitzel in 7 days. Non-enthusiasm was widespread. There was time for a little shopping and then another bus trip to the border, where we had to wait quite a while. We actually left the bus to rehearse outside on the Yugoslavian side -- rehearsed Keewaydin while little racing cars made lots of ambient noise around the gas station. Cal fared worse - they kept having to split their altos up to let army trucks drive along the road where they were rehearsing. Finally away, another long drive to Maribor and a very nice hotel. Unfortunately there was only enough time to change and walk to the concert. The concert was in Maribor Palace. Fabulous frescoes and carvings in the ceiling. The University of Maribor Choir sang Gaudeamus Igetur for us after we processed in, and then we did most of our program (no piano available). Enthusiastic audience - encores and standing ovation, lots of English speakers too. The only scary part was sitting directly in front of Cal when they did their spiritual. Most of us should recover our hearing before we reach St. Moritz! Dinner at the hotel was fabulous - the Maribor choir sang for us and we ate & ate & ate. Schedules are confusing our stomachs but they nearly always survive! And with time tomorrow to sleep in it was well worth staying awake to eat. - PATTI THORPE



**TUESDAY, MAY 26 - Bus trip to Padua, Italy.**

- We were blessed with a 10AM departure time today, but unfortunately we got off to quite a late start because there were a lot of problems with some people who had made collect calls home but were billed at the hotel anyway. The morning half of the bus ride was fairly quiet, as most people were trying to catch up on their sleep. We reached the border around 1 PM where we had a short wait and first experienced "squat toilets". (Hope you have good treads on your shoes!) We drove for another couple of hours and finally pulled over for a picnic lunch. It was even sunny, yahoo, maybe we will get a tan! We drove through beautiful Trieste, right on the water, and had our first look at Italian men! We arrived in Padova at approximately 7 PM, and it took us about an hour to decide if we should eat the prepared dinner or not. Most of us ended up having pasta (of course) for 5500 lire (as opposed to 18000 lire for the full meal). After dinner, a large number of us cruised up and down the streets receiving many cat calls, but no pinches .....! We had our first sample of Italian ice cream - a definite treat, it was terrific. A number of us then got a couple of bottles of wine, which we drank outside a church and then returned to the hotel. I'm lovin' Italy so far! - KAREN WILTSE.



WEDNESDAY, MAY 27 - trip in to Venice - Concert (#10) in Chiesa di San Francisco.



Wonderfully inaccurate rumours punctuated the beginning of our day trip to Venice, such as: "There are no banks in Venice except in San Marco plaza" and "It's a 10 kilometre walk from the bus parking lot to the edge of Venice". The first caused a 45 minute departure delay since several people thus exchanged currencies in Padua and the 2nd resulted in many people paying inflated fares for a water taxi, while the rest walked to Venice, arriving before the water taxi left - 2 km maximum. However, it seemed that everyone came back with enthusiasm from their adventures in Venice, which were as varied as the city itself. Our shifting group (often we turned a corner and discovered someone we knew!) nibbled, photographed and bought its way from the parking lot to San Marco, where we visited the famous church (including a fantastic view from the outer front balcony.) The almost equally famous pigeons got fed, and we passed up a gondola ride for a motorized boat along the grand canal back to the bus. The "Amici della Musica di Padova" group sponsored our concert at the Chiesa di San Francisco that night. An impressive audience turned out to hear us at that hard-to-find church with the longest echo of the tour. The combination of sacred setting, acoustics, and no piano provided a challenge to our repertoire - one that we met well, judging from the warm and prolonged applause. Mother Nature provided a backdrop too: during our joint performance of the "The Seasons" with Berkeley, vigorous thunder and lightning joined in. After the concert, it was confirmed that the Padua group was hosting us for a late supper, so we happily filled the rear of a nearby restaurant, where most ordered pizza and beer in celebration of another busy day.

- CONNIE MORE

THURSDAY, MAY 28 - bus trip to St. Moritz

A decision to sleep in this morning put our departure at 10 AM - actually 10:10 (getting better!) [This was perhaps our most interesting ride as far as "things" that happened. Those passengers not usually burdened with car sickness had some new feelings to wrestle with the extremely windy roads! We climbed a few thousand feet anyway and to add a little excitement to the trip we had a minor brush with death on one particular hairpin curve. But it was nothing Dieter couldn't get us through. (It's Dieter makes the world go 'round!) We actually scraped some paint from the front of the bus on the guard rail which scantily protects vehicles from dropping into an eternal abyss. A few interesting sights on the way - most beautiful scenery of course, and shrines with either Mary, or Jesus on the cross, many waterfalls and running streams. This was our longest bus ride and perhaps the worst as the air-conditioning refused to grace us with its presence. A few rest stops helped refresh us and Sam actually led a "road-side aerobics class" which did wonders for those of us ladies who chose to partake. Who can forget the lunch at the bus/rest stop when Bruce decided to do some aerobics of his own!! I think we can all agree that the quasi picnic was both wholesome and nutritious, ah yes. About three hours later put us at the Swiss border, where Carol Young called ahead to ask the hotel to hold dinner for us. We continued to climb up the alps, making a rather nauseating ride for some people. We finally reached San Moritz at 7:15 PM, tired and hungry. As Dieter was leaving us, we presented him with two soapstone beaver figurines, a tiny bottle of Southern Comfort, and the promise of School of Music and Cal Sweatshirts in his size! We sang our famous song to thank him for all of his patience and great driving skill and then went into supper, a substantial meal of spaghetti, wienerschnitzel, soup, salad and fruit cocktail. Richard Savage, the head honcho, briefed us on St. Moritz, and then it was up to our rooms to change for a film and party in the Concert Hall. Many people then migrated downstairs to the club (the Marpooh) where dancing and drinking carried on 'til the wee hours of the morning. Great ending to a long day! - HILARY PLASCHKA, with KAREN MANG in [ ]'s



FRIDAY, MAY 29 - 3 1/2 hours rehearsal



As I woke up today, I still had some feelings of disappointment hanging over from yesterday. Somehow the idea of a week in St. Moritz had been equated with complete comfort and luxury. Our "luxury" hotel has two or three showers per floor, the occasional ensuite bathtub and for laundry, an incredibly over-priced service (which we discovered later, neither properly dried or folded your laundry!) It is however very comfortable, if below our inflated expectations. It seemed that this morning was the most convenient time and location to phone home in almost a week. I discovered during the phone call that Gorbachev had been in Budapest the same time we had. It's rather odd that we heard nothing of it while we were there. After breakfast we had our first rehearsal - or more correctly, screaming competition - for the Mozart. You'd think we were all trying to prove something (like desirability or...) but if so wouldn't emotional expression be much more likely to win over sheer volume, or is bigger actually better? At our "identity meeting" following, Bruce boosted morale and ended with, "you must realize that for these people (the other four US choirs) you come from a place equivalent to Mars! He also suggested that we, in this their first contact with the Canadian species (not a quote), emphasize the attribute of good humour. In the afternoon, we (the few who attended) were "treated" with another concert by yet another US choir: from Kansas State, who were passing through. The choice of music wasn't too bad, but their delivery was horrible - no one was interested, (apparently) in what they were singing. Alexis summed it up best, when asked what she thought of them, she replied that they were about as good as we were, but when she was asked if they were fun to watch, the answer was "uh-uh!!" Then after a few free hours, it was off to supper. I can't believe this place, they charge for everything that's not specifically mentioned in the menu. I can't believe that this is first class accommodation in St. Moritz! There's no need for this sort of treatment, by the way where did Nick and Richard eat? Finally, the evening rehearsal! Nick is a very energetic conductor, and is providing some very useful ideas in regards to vocal production, at least for people like me who have had little if any formal training. He's had us say "Ma-Ma" so many times that you'd swear we were at a family reunion! - ALLAN THORPE".

SATURDAY, MAY 30 - 3 hours of rehearsal, workshops etc. - evening concert (#11) in Konzertsaal - all 5 choirs.

Awoke to a gorgeous sunny morning, with an "Alp" right outside the window dominating my field of vision. Boy it's great to sit back and let others (Nick Cleobury) do the "driving"! Whoops, hold on, tonight is the biggest concert of all, singing for our peers. Four other excellent groups will be listening...and judging...to quote Charlie Brown - "AARRGGHHHHH!!" Sat through the morning rehearsal, thoroughly enjoying Nick's incredible energy and tenacity in working with rather disparate forces (how disparate I was about to find out!) At lunch time, I'm getting just too "antsy", so the family along with Bill and Kari set out on a hike up to the hotel with the funicular terminal. What a truly incredible panorama - with weather to match! Arriving back at the hotel, we rehearse in the concert hall for the evening performance. It goes well! This group is hot! Performance - well, I guess it's fair to say that at least two of the choirs were not up to the standard we had expected. One had incredibly mature - if overly warbly voices (what I like to refer to as the "corn-belt" sound) but after a while the sound began to gag the spirit. A little like having too much dessert. The other group in question looked great, sang with much gusto but had little blend or ensemble. The other two groups, one of which was of course, our friends from Berkeley were very impressive. Our portion of the programme was for me a career high! Here we are in the most difficult ambience of the tour and this group is doing it again! The excitement begins to build right after our first piece, each applause interval growing longer and longer culminating with an extended standing ovation at the end. The fact that this audience reaction was unique to our performance confirmed all I knew of our group! The after-party in our room following and the later hours down in the disco told me other things about the group which I've always known but am less likely to advertise. Know what I mean, say no more, nudge, nudge, wink, wink! What a great day for all of us! - BRUCE MORE.

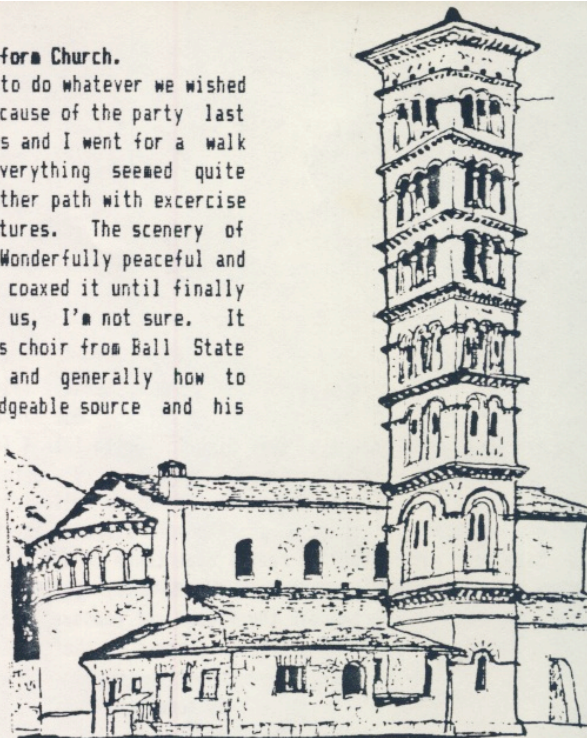


**SUNDAY, MAY 31 - performance (#12) of Magnificat at St. Moritz Evangelical Reform Church.**

Began the day with breakfast. Today we had no rehearsal, so we were free to do whatever we wished after the church service. (I had chosen to get a few extra hours of sleep because of the party last night after all the choirs sang. Later on in the afternoon, Deanna, James and I went for a walk around the lake. St. Moritz is so quiet! The lake was very still, everything seemed quite motionless. We went off the path a bit and into the woods where we found another path with exercise stations every so often. So, we had some fun trying out the different tortures. The scenery of course was magnificent! It reminds me a lot of Banff or Vancouver Island. Wonderfully peaceful and very lush and green. We saw a horse and a colt on the grass by the lake. We coaxed it until finally it got up onto its legs and looked around a bit whether it got up because of us, I'm not sure. It then proceeded to get some dinner. Later in the evening, Doug Amman and his choir from Ball State gave a demonstration of the different periods and styles of choral music and generally how to approach each one. It was very informative. Dr. Amman is a very knowledgeable source and his lecture was very interesting. - KAREN MANG

**MONDAY, JUNE 1 - Three Hours rehearsal, evening "Student Night" (#13).**

- (Written and dramatized by MARK BELL, created by God and the passage of time.) The day began as most had, eyes filled with rust, muscles creaking protest, threatening mutiny. We were the choir from hell. That day marked our fourth in St. Moritz, city of mountains, carefully swept sidewalks, and the two dollar cup of coffee. We dug into a continental breakfast, and afterwards, for three hours, in conjunction with Nicolas Cleobury, we bashed about the delicate and graceful creature that is Mozart's Requiem. We all felt slightly restless as the next day we were off to Bern and orchestral rehearsals, (at last!), with Maestro Peter Maag. With the practice over, scattered like chaff in the wind and drifted into what proved to be a listless afternoon. The previous days, filled with horseback riding, walking, climbing and haki-sac had taken their toll. The nap became the event of the day. Slowly, imperceptibly, beneath the closed lids of the afternoon dreamers, midday passed the reins to meal time! We raced to the dining hall, as supense and hunger combined to produce a tinder-dry anticipation. Something like being alone with Carly Simon and a Heinz Ketchup bottle. That night our exquisite meal consisted of a thoughtfully fried patty of pork and sawdust surrounded by an armada of pommes frites. Following that gastronomic delight was the gag show/talent night. More excitement and a chance for the five participating choirs to perform for each other in a less serious atmosphere. Our group had been practicing feverishly, led faithfully by our conductor, Bruce More, whose warped sense of humour is best represented by a union between Monty Python and MacLeand and MacLean. The men sang two pieces, one a parody of a sacred Catholic chant, the other a satire of the tradition of the American Negro Spiritual. Unfortunately for our immediate popularity, three out of five choruses came from the quasi-religious, certainly fanatical southern U.S. The overall level of open-minded humour quickly plummeted to a cold low. The concert mercifully ended and all those with parched throats, (most with minds even drier than their voices), descended into the Murutsch. There, large glasses of beer provided a soothing remedy for our withered spirits. A refreshing alcoholic balm that loosened the limbs, as well as the clothing. We rose from the depths, four hours later drenched, exhausted, and satisfied. Satisfied in knowing that tomorrow, despite our differences, we were ready to do it all over again. - MARK BELL



**TUESDAY, JUNE 2 - 1 hour rehearsal, bus trip to Bern**

Tuesday morning was beautiful and sunny indeed. After the continental breakfast of the usual bread, cheese and jams, there was an hour long rehearsal of the Mozart in the Aula room at the Hotel Laudinella. After this wonderfully short reheasal, we piled on the bus and headed out of the Alps towards Bern. At about 1 PM, we stopped beside what looked like a man-made lake for lunch. It was a beautiful sight - the water was emerald green, and although it was an awfully steep climb to get to and from the lake side, there was ample Swiss grass for a picnic. After the lunch stop, we once again piled onto a very warm bus and headed to Bern, non-stop, except for a very short, but sufficient potty-break. We arrived at the Hotel Kreuz in Bern at about 7:00 PM. One of the interesting sights we passed just outside of Bern were garden plots which people would purchase (or rent) to cultivate. That is certainly a strange concept - we who are used to the space for having our own private gardens on our own property. Food for thought! The highlight of the day was the Chamber Singers' annual tour awards ceremony, crammed into the More's small room, with a little food and wine, appropriate for such an auspicious occasion, the atmosphere was quite electric. Has anyone found out just who it was that was whistling and singing outside in a true North American "Name that Tune" fashion? It was a fun evening! - DEANNA RESCHKE.



**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3 - first rehearsal with Maag and the Bern Symphony.**

All of us who went to breakfast were pleased to find that the Hotel Kreuz served better than the dry biscuits and soggy cereal we got at Laudinella. Morning rehearsal began at 9:15 with Peter Maag and the Bern Symphony Orchestra. Overall, the rehearsal went very well, even the first year vibrato sopranos cooled down ... (some)! The afternoon was free time. The weather was fairly sunny, so even though there were spots of rain, many of us took in the sights, or went shopping. A second rehearsal took place from 7:00 until 8:30. All we did was run through the Mass and the Meistermusik. No-one left the building until 9:30 though, due to Harold Aks' display of disorganizational talent in coordinating our entry and exit techniques. Party was in Karen P., Nancy and Sam's room. Then - "Happy Birthday Lance". Three complaints but no casualties. - "BILL PLANT".

**THURSDAY, JUNE 4 - Daytime sight-seeing, evening concert (#14).**

Lance Hafenstein's birthday (or was it Carol's)? Our carpet was soaked with red wine this morning, so I assume everyone had a good time last night. Gotta like 4 franc Hungarian Pinot Noir. Today was entirely free until the 7:15 warm-up call, so a lot of today's details must be recalled individually. A bit of help: It rained. I think a large number of us fell victim to the stores and a few even managed to get themselves very nicely lost. A lot of people attended the Kuntzmuseum. It was wild, totally wild. It would take an entire tour to really experience it all however our efforts were not unrewarded. Tiny detail: Sam and I both gave Lance a rubber ducky filled with bubble bath for his birthday - just thought I'd share that with you and ask the famous yet unanswered question: why do men always get the 2 1/2 feet deep bathtubs, 5 sinks and a zillion mirrors in their rooms whilst 3 girls get 1 mirror and hopefully a shower. I guess there's no justice in hell. Ran to the warm-up after inhaling dinner. The performance was, well, comparable to Padua's (say no more?) however, it did have its moments. God blessed the sopranos handsomely the next night as Shirley and Martha Warble's voices were tired. 1, 2, 3 ANWWWW. It was finally possible for them to sing pianos piano. Most of us who smelled the free alcohol, followed the concert with quick consumption of whatever, followed by an 11 franc cover drink charge for a disco where John Travolta has been eternally immortalized. Regardless, we danced our usual hardy selves into a frenzy and then ran back to the hotel where beer and wine didn't cost 9 francs and then ran back. Unfortunately the brisk walks sobered us up too much to ever really enjoy the entire Saturday Night Fever sound track to its utmost. Incidentally, my illustrious, sensitive roommates awarded me the soon to be infamous super "something" award before they finally passed....I mean fell asleep. - KAREN PATTULLO

**FRIDAY JUNE 5 - daytime sightseeing, evening concert (#15).**

Breakfast par usual was delicious. Yoghurt lace with fruit salad and coffee as white as our own negro spiritual. Company dispersed and the town was laid waste, ravaged by the hungry heathen horde of tourists. The afternoon sped by, met people out on the town in a last ditch effort to salvage the remaining free time. Dinner was served at 6 PM. Roast beef laced with gravy and potatoes as black as our own white spiritual. 8:15 concert. Fabulous!! A sell-out crowd all clapping madly like walruses in mating season. Five! Count them. Five! curtain calls for the tour librarian and one extra for a great performance. What a rush! Party! Free wine for y'all plus maybe a glimpse or a shake of Mr. Maestro Maag's magnificently manicured mandible. Later the noisy halways echoed with the sobs and moans of heartfelt goodbyes. One singing "Deep in the heart of Texas", others serenading Ralph as he visited each room. Sorry to bring that up. Our last day in Paradise ended, bleert and blin, with a bang then another beer and a .....burp! - DONALD MACDONALD

**SATURDAY, JUNE 6 - bus to Zurich, flight to Frankfurt, flight to Vancouver and Victoria.** We rise at the crack of dawn, "drow-ned in wine", our little life rounded with insufficient sleep. This, the last morning of a tour that seemed to start yesterday. The bus is loaded. A small group detaches itself from the main pack and is herded onto the bus. It is here that our story strays, focusing on a select group under the watchful eye of the ever popular librarian. The bus to Zurich takes about an hour and the small group of us wait for our plane to Munich. The flight is pleasant, just short enough to enjoy. We arrive in Munich (actually Frankfurt - ed.) airport of many people, much confusion and home of the 9 millimetre UZI semi automatic assault rifle with rack and pinion steering. (There are uniformed guards at almost every exit) We spend many restless moments reading, straining, watching, observing or just imitating our fellow travellers with a game of all thumbs catch. Finally our flight arrives and we scurry off like walruses in mating season. The flight is without major incident. The meals are fine. Dinner served with a wee dram and breakfast with coffee and milk as hite as the faces in the audience upon hearing our negro spiritual. We arrive in Vancouver feeling and no doubt looking like Calvin at sunrise. After ages in immigration we go our separate ways. Time to recover and recall all the great memories. EPILOGUE: It comes back to me often; the cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself. We are such things as dreams are made on.

- DON MACDONALD





