

THE UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA
CHAMBER SINGERS

SOUTH PACIFIC
CONCERT TOUR

HAWAII

AUSTRALIA

NEW
ZEALAND

MAY 12 - JUNE 3, 1989.

PERSONNEL:

SOPRANO

Rasma Bertz
Allison Girvan
Karen Mang
Christi Meyers
Elizabeth Planje
Karen Wiltse

ALTO

Maureen Garry
Glynis Halbert
Karen Pattullo
Heather Selby
Anne Unger

TENOR

Bryn Badel
Kevin Innes
Donald MacDonald
Jamie MacIver
Bill Plant

BASS

Michael Laudadio
Chris Miller
Wade Noble
John Oberhoffner
James Paterson
Ron Unger

Conductor: Bruce More
Tour Manager: Kevin Innes
Assistant Manager: Rasma Bertz
Personnel Manager: Maureen Garry
Tour Committee: Bill Plant
Diary Typist: Karen Wiltse
Tourbook Illustrations: Rasma Bertz

The Diaries

May 12, Victoria - Steveston

"According to gospel"

Well, are you itchy? This is the first day of the tour, aren't you the least bit itchy in the growing expectancy of the tour to come? Especially after the great retreat last weekend at Thetis, with the garlic, and the waterskiing, the PDQ Bach, and the sunburn? The wine, the beer, the clams, the rain? The smiles, the frowns, the ups, the downs? Especially, after Monday's rehearsal, "The calm before the storm?" Especially after the other rehearsals, the work, the pain, the sweat, the gain? Especially after the last night's rehearsal and the last minute packing, and repacking? Especially after the early morning pre-tour sleeplessness, and today's ferry ride over. Especially after the pre-tour concert at Steveston tonight, which in spite of it's problems was generally very good. Especially since Bruce said "You are already a fantastic choir, imagine what you will sound like in three weeks!" Well, are you itchy? This, the first day of the tour, aren't you the slightest bit itchy in the growing expectancy of the tour to come? Well? - BRYN BADEL

May 13, Vancouver - Hawaii

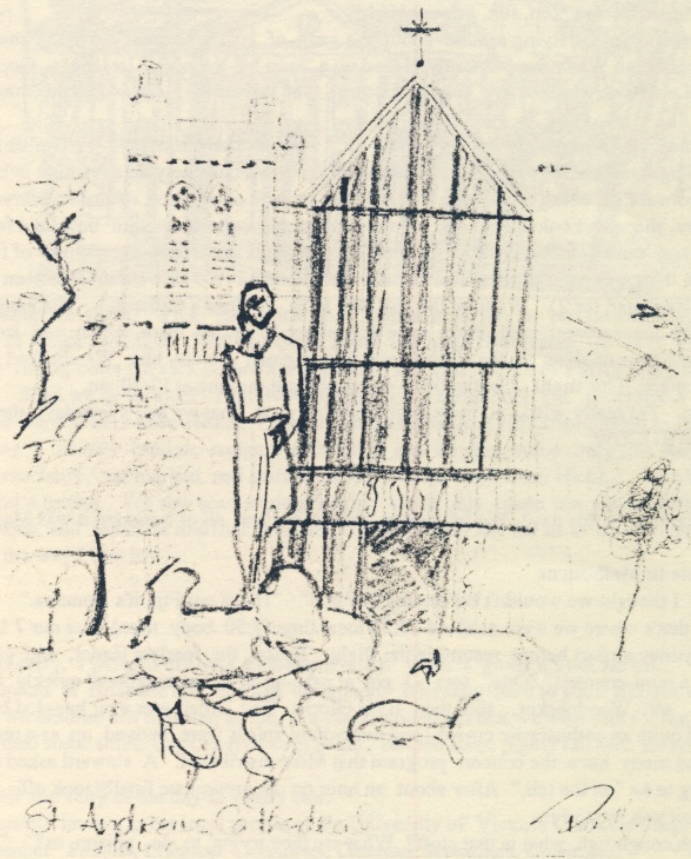
The outlook was quite anxious
For the Chamber Singers that day
We gathered for a choral tour
At sunny V.I.A.
But when we were assembled
Someone called above the din
"I guess we're set to go now-
By the way, where's Bryn?"

And we finally were assembled
Maureen, Bryn and all
Waiting in the airport lounge
For our departure call.
Our drinks, they were expensive
And our call-it just now came
So we walked down thru security
To board upon the plane

We viewed a tearful movie
And with it stranger features
GOOD plane food, drinks for free
A two-faced Jamie
And such creatures
Who calmly walked the Beaches.
And with great wiles we got past
The stewardesses in the aisles.

The bird touched down
We disassembled
and trotted thru the din
By our local coach and guide
To whom we sang, "It's Jim...!"

- JOHN OBERHOFFNER



MAY 14, Waikiki

Aloha! ...the adventure begins. Hawaii is as wonderful as I had always imagined it would be. The warmth and perfumed air intoxicates our already frenzied group. People split up to shop and be tourists, but most head to Makapuu Beach to be indoctrinated to the wonders of bodysurfing. The water is beautiful but will beat the hell out of you if you don't treat it with respect. Bodies are slammed into the ground, contacts are lost, bodies and bathing suit tops are pulled by the riptide. We gather in the evening for a wonderful Mongolian Barbeque. Delicious! We stuff ourselves at this unique restaurant that provides us with hot sauces and powerful drinks. Thank you, Bruce! The day winds down with swimming at Waikiki Beach and an informal concert at a cocktail lounge. Thanks to Tito for the free drinks, Glynis for the soul and "Hambone" for the support. A perfect first day to a perfect tour.

- JAMIE MACIVER

May 15, Waikiki

The day started off early for all. We had to catch the bus at 8:40 to go to Kamehameha School for a concert there at 11:00. We arrived there at 9:40 and wondered at the sight before us. We were not to perform in a tacky school gym, but in a beautiful chapel with fantastic acoustics. It was a "tough" concert. We sang fragments of about 6 numbers and listened as the students sang some Hawaiian songs for us. What a bass section! Almost aboriginal. After lunch in the school cafeteria (yum-yum) we caught the bus back to the hotel and had a free afternoon. Some went catamaraning and others (like me) hit the beach. On the way there, a cute blond stopped Heather, Chris C, Maureen and I, asking if we wanted to buy tickets for an "all male revue."

"Okay. What's \$5? We bought 6 tickets knowing that others would be eager too. There were 7 of us who went that warm, humid night. The aforementioned 4 plus Karen P, Karen W, and Liz. Being 18, I was a little worried about not getting in, but that was no problem - I just had to suffer the humiliation of a huge, purple "UNDER 21" stamp on my right hand. Everybody else got hospital bracelets. Most of us sat right on the floor, but Heather and Chris were "embarrassed." There were 5 of them, names ranging from the Golden Boy to Jack Hammer. Halfway through the first one, Liz got disgusted and left. Karen W certainly wasn't. She enjoyed and treasured every minute of it. After it was all over we all mutually agreed that the Italian had the best...sequined decoration, and the Golden Boy, the best buns. Bryn, Jamie, Rasma and Chris M joined us afterwards on the dance floor.

- CHRISTI MEYERS

May 16, Waikiki

Everyone (almost) slept fairly late today. Late nights and long days are catching up with us. (Even though it's been only 3 days.) Bill, Karen P, Kevin, Liz and John were the keeners who went snorkelling at 7 am (aak!). Most people did their own things in the morning. Ron, Anne, Don, Allison, and James went out on the catamaran. They tried to go to the zoo but they weren't allowed in (too many animals). Allison said it was "fun, fun, fun - oohyah!"

Lots of stories are flying around about the gang of girls who went to see the male dancers last night. It also seems there's a story going around that Wade inadvertently picked up a "lady of the night" last night. Oops Wade! Heather was the only one who got any cultural history. She visited the Bernice Pauahi Museum and said it was "well worth it." She had a great time.

About 11:30, a whole crew of us - about 15 - went to Hanauma Bay. Five of us took the "rental car from hell" that couldn't do more than 50 mph on the freeway. With Bruce driving, it was definitely an adventure in itself... The Bay is known for its coral reefs with tropical fish in great abundance. Almost everyone did some snorkelling. It was amazing! Fish of every size, shape and colour, not one bit afraid of people swimming with them and feeding them. Jamie was in the water for about 3 hours and rented an underwater camera. We'll see if there are any pictures of fish... Everyone made their way back to the motel to pack up to leave. We all went to Uno's on the corner for our last token breast, I mean Chi-Chi (that's Hawaiian for 2). We took the city bus to St. Andrew's Cathedral. The gang had a half hour rehearsal then went for a quick dinner. The concert went well - there were only about 40 people there, which was surprising, but those that did come, enjoyed it. Several people gave us rides to the airport, which was great! No city bus. We checked in about 10:30 then went to the restaurant for a drink and snack. Our flight - Qantas-004 - departed right on time at 12:40 am. Hawaii was fun - I'm really glad, as most people I'm sure are, that we had a few days there with a lot of free time.

- CHRIS CASTRUCOW

May 17

ACK! What happened to this day? We fell asleep on the plane and all of a sudden it was May 18th!

May 18, en-route to Melbourne

"Hey! I thought we wouldn't be landing in Fiji!" "That's not Fiji, it's Noumea."

Well, that's where we were at about 11:50 local time (7:50 body time) after our 7 1/2 hour flight from Honolulu awaiting the fog to clear at Sydney airport before resuming the flight. Bruce, the fearless leader, and glutton for rehearsal, thought "AH, HA!! a perfect time for a mini-concert!" "One, two - I got a robe-up-in-a-that-kingdom" quickly followed by "For the Birds" Chapman's Trees, Thrushes, and Woodpecker, and then Byrd Gloria. The order was a bit boggled but I guess that's appropriate in the land down under. We had quite an enthusiastic crowd, and everyone's spirits were buoyed up as a result. We're now in one passenger's home movie library and many have the concert program that Mike distributed. A steward asked us if we wanted a microphone, another asked if we were going to be "on the teli." After about an hour on the ground we finally took off. Ah Fiji, so near and yet so far away. I think I'll come and visit you next year.

"Cough, cough-ugh, what is that stuff? What are they trying to do, poison us?" "No silly, they're spraying for bugs." "It's awful, now do you know what it's like to be imported fruit - Canadian apples perhaps?" The stuff was everywhere. I rushed to the washroom for a paper towel to cover my mouth and a thick fog enveloped me.

"We're now commencing our descent for Sydney. Oops, darn." We had just gracefully missed the runway. A groan rippled through the plane. Our change in Sydney for our flight to Melbourne helped ease some of Liz's jelly-knee syndrome and Wade's claustrophobia but we still had another two hours to travel. Enthusiasms were understandably at a lower ebb - we didn't even give the stewardess a safety demonstration rating. There was some confusion about the seating and Liz was "PLAJET" for a while, but we were too tired to get too worked up about it. At long last we arrived in Melbourne - a sprawling city of 2.4 (?) million with lots of green areas contrasting sharply with the red-tiled roofs common to Australia. Everything went smoothly from then on. We arrived at the school by bus after 100 tourist questions answered patiently by our host John Lee. "I wanna see the Koalas" "Here you go (little girl)" The nice Mr. Bus Driver gave Mang a miniature toy Koala bear. "Ahhhhh..." We ended up all getting one.

All of our hosts were fantastic. Unfortunately, that evening many of us almost dozed off with food still in our mouths we were so tired. The next two days we were in much better form to be gracious guests.

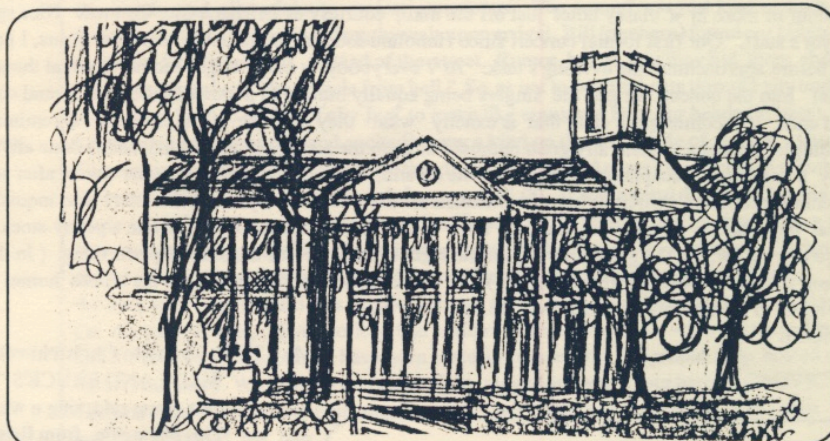
- KEVIN INNES

MAY 19, Melbourne

Glen Waverly schools concert today - The first school was our billet's youngest son's. It was a very well received concert - the kids chuckled during Epitaph and really loved Mosquitos. It was a good space to sing in. The highlight of this particular concert was Bruce's giving inverted pitches for Mountains - 3 times! Three very lovely train wreck entrances. Kids thought it was hysterical - we wanted to leave it in. We were served tea and biscuits and cookies that as usual disappeared real fast. Had a deep chat with a Polish lady who wants to immigrate to Canada. She's a cellist. The second school we went to was our billet's other son's. Space was a tad dead but they seemed to enjoy it. Sang "Aina that good news" as we left - kind of a moving encore. Third school kids were great - presented us with cookbooks. Had a quick "My Lass Smelleth" rehearsal then headed back to the second school where we were met by our billets. George, our host, took Maureen, Bryn and I "on some sights" then home. We walked to a store and bought cider etc. Not bad stuff - killer dry. George cooked us the most awesome meal - sushi, avocados stuffed with baby shrimp, grilled fish, wine, etc. Then George took us on a tour of Melbourne at night after which we ended up (at a place called the College Lawn) drinking with obnoxious grade 10s. Everyone smoked, men had sideburns and greasy long hair or were purebred GQ children like our cover man Bryn. As usual, most of us squeezed a good time out of the evening - one of our "blondest" altos even met Michael Cain's nephew. Those who spent the evening at the Metro apparently had a blast yet nothing to report except with the cabbie from hell where Don was forced to play marriage counsellor in between his useless plea of "but I still need to go to Beaver Street."

- KAREN PATULLO

Prashan Campus
Melbourne



MAY 20, Melbourne

Well, well, WELL, who got a good sleep last night? "Pick me, Pick me!" Only it wasn't in bed necessarily, it was at the pub! Yes indeed! Even CLARA got her share of winks last night. "But this isn't about last night now Karen, IS IT?!" No, you're so right. Well, today began with a bang - Glynis falling outta the sack before her due time - she had a little of a HARD night - we won't say anymore (that WE being CLARA and me). Shall we be serious? Hell NO! Glynis and I ate a small but "meaningful" breakfast and put on our best grizzled looks as we were lead to the RV Park from HELL. Only to eat sausages from HELL and listen to BIRDS FROM HELL! An excellent time was had by all - eating in the raw (nudge, nudge, wink, wink...) and inhaling some truly fine Aussie beer. From there we were dumped off at the animal sanctuary, ear marked, and stuffed in the "Tourist Cage from HELL." Needless to say, Clara and Gladys were quite in their element (and I quote). We saw some serious koalas which only made me squeal with delight, some serious kangas, wallabies, wombats, dingos and Japanese tourists! This was by far the best day for us as we managed to avoid coughing up Aussie currency. Au natural-just the way I like it.

- KAREN MANG

MAY 21, Melbourne to Brisbane

Mim squee tof neh len plloom ska. Oh sorry, I thought this was a childrens story. Well, I guess it's not far off... So um, what happened today? First off, we landed in Brisbane this morning -afternoon. It's really hard to get it straight when we were where with who you see. No. "I know", we left Melbourne this morning at, oh, 7 o'clock, found out that we were late for the flight, rushed around, lost some tuxedos, ate some food, skinned some small dogs, played strip poker, tackled some pigmy farmers, ate some Vegemite, chucked some Vegemite, and some other things.

Wait. Maybe it would be easier to tell the story of the day in a fairy tale.

Once upon a time there was a small group of bandits known to the local people as the University of Victoria Chamber Singers, but among themselves they preferred names such as Chamber Sinners, Chamber Lemmings, Chamber Screamers, etc,etc,etc. Anyways this particular band of singers made the long and labourious journey from a small village called Melbourne to a BIG VILLAGE CALLED BRISBANE.

Suddenly, the evil princess slipped some poisonous tablets into the prince's ale, so he died. Hang on, that didn't happen. But it might have - it would have made the day more interesting.

One more thing, one particular troubadour - we'll call him little John- got to see a little more of Brisbane than the rest of us. Heh, heh, heh... WAIT, THERE'S MORE.

O.K. This is what "really" happened. We flew from Melbourne to Brisbane, like I said, we ate some food, like I mentioned, then we met our billets (did I mention that?) No, O.K.

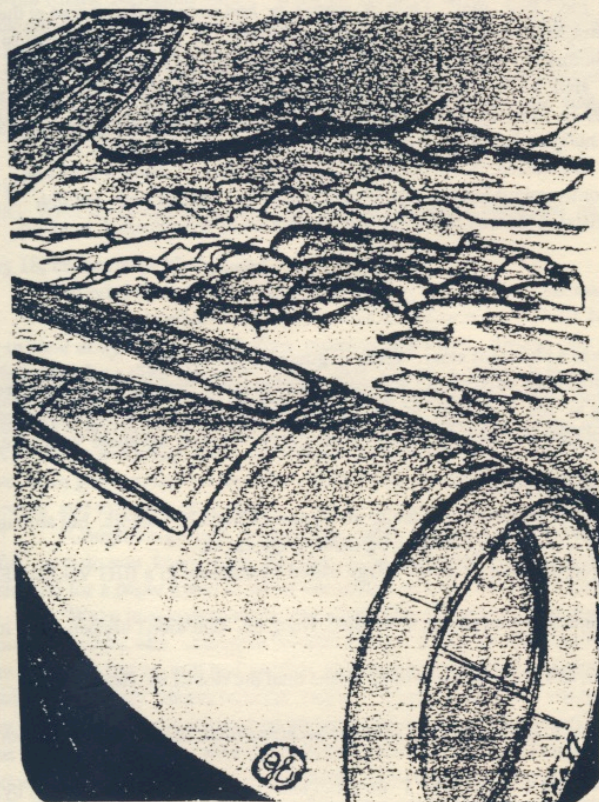
Then we all went our separate ways, so hell, I can't vouch for the rest of them, but "I" went out and got some drinks spilt on me by a local. Boy oh Boy oh Boy. Actually, it was dark rum and coke. And actually she spilt two drinks with one sweep of her mighty hand. Then I went home and cried. Well, it wasn't really crying as much as it was sleeping. So there, Bumheads.

- JAMES PATERSON

May 22, Brisbane

Just recovering from classic mid-tour depression (or is it jet-lag, or was it the wine tasting at five different establishments around the Melbourne countryside?) These Aussies have the most incredibly wonderful wines! Sleepy all the time, can't afford to be today! I must pull myself together since we've got - count 'em - FIVE concerts today! Bill and Mike meet me at my house along with "the Vicar". I have a sudden rush of conscience for ever calling them "Lenny and Squiggy". We hop onto one of Brisbane's beautiful transit trains which shortly thereafter rolls into the central station, a marvelous collection of buildings, a square and war memorial. From there over to The Mall, finding the rotunda where we are to do four fifteen minute concerts in four hours (I knew those years at Yale were preparing me for greatness.) The mall is neat, but I'm not really happy with the rotunda, not expecting something quite as basic as a shopping mall to perform in. Warming up with people walking by, jets flying overhead, Muzak playing has me a little bit depressed at the prospects for the afternoon. At 11:15, awaaay we go. A few people watching but what becomes immediately apparent to me is that what I've got in front of me is a group that hasn't sung for 3 days and typically of Chamber Singers, they sing with the hunger of a married adult that hasn't had sex for three weeks! Sufficient numbers of people appear in little pockets around the amphitheatre to make the whole thing worthwhile and the reaction is quite enthusiastic by the time we get to the end. Following the concerts we're treated to drinks and what they call "savories" down here, which are various hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, quite classy and very tasty, for an hour or more in a classy hotel just off the mall, courtesy of Brisbane City Council. Nice speech of gratitude from a man from the mayor's staff. Our first formal concert since Honolulu looming large in the next three hours, I go back with my hosts and have a solid nap before approaching the evening's task. At 7 everybody is ready to go, another unusual thing about this group, it really does things on time! Into the concert we go, the singers being equally hungry to make this the best formal concert so far and as the concert proceeds and ends, it becomes quite clear that is exactly what they've done. The evening is reminiscent of Bonn on the European tour, with multiple encores and generally great enthusiasm from the audience. As if they hadn't done enough for us already, the concert is followed by a marvelous reception with more savories and, as in Melbourne, I become aware after several introductions, that most of the major choral people in town have been in attendance. They're all very complimentary and inquisitive about the repertoire. I think we made a real impression. Sponsoring a group from North America must be a little like a penny-stock in that you really don't know what you're getting in for. Is the group touring for the sight-seeing, or for the sake of performing. (In the case of the Chamber Singers it has long been thought it was for the drinking!) On to another reception at one of the billet's homes on a high promontory over the city and then home to the best night's sleep I've had in a long time!

- BRUCE MORE



May 23, Brisbane to Christchurch

WADE AND BRUCE'S "EXCELLENT" ADVENTURE

Of a plane ride, sing e we. Misterium disappearance!

This plane ride, from Brisbane to Christchurch, was "magically" disintegrated by Qantas, so those who got there on time (almost everyone) left on a flight a half hour earlier than planned. Those of us who were late (Bruce and I) got booted to a later flight. So, after a light "discussion" with the ticketing agent, Bruce and I sat down and shut up. After all, it was our fault. We should have had the foresight to have seen that Qantas might cancel any given flight with no notice. Anyway...after arriving in Sydney (Qantas cancelled a previous flight that went directly from Brisbane to Christchurch) we were all supposed to be treated to a \$15 lunch from Qantas (retribution for last bracketed complaint) However, there was a communication gap and no one met us downstairs. This was yet another adventure in itself, as Bruce and I went in through customs to let the choir know what was going on. Then Bruce, Michael and I left customs (in itself a lengthy process) to find a place to eat. When no one showed up, we all went back inside customs (more lengthy processes) and told everyone what was really going on. By this time it was too late to go out for lunch so we ad libbed at the local cafe.

As previously mentioned we flew from Brisbane to Sydney, then from Sydney to Melbourne (How's that for RING AROUND THE AUSSIE?) "then" from Melbourne to Christchurch.

These flights were, thank heavens and the local chapter of Bryn's fraternity (?), reasonably uneventful. The flight attendants' every flight "Here's how to keep safe in cast we screw up" presentation was accompanied by the now traditional "Chamber Singer Rating" ceremony. I am once again reminded that despite the many screw ups in ticketing and flight booking, the flights themselves are impeccable. Even so, I am glad to be finished with flying till the end of the tour. I never thought that I could look forward to a long bus ride. Anyhow, to make a long story not too much longer, we arrived at Christchurch Airport in the evening and were met by our tour guide/organizer Leone and our bus driver Ivan. We went to the Russley Cabin Park and after a bit of a winddown walk and frisbee throw, went off to a good night's sleep!

- WADE NOBLE