A decorative border in a dark blue or black color, featuring intricate scrollwork and floral patterns at the corners and midpoints, framing the central text.

Memoirs

of the University of Victoria

*Chamber
Singers*

written during their

Orient Concert Tour

April 26 - May 16, 1993.

Sunday, April 25

The Domestic portion of the tour:

An uneventful trip on the 3 pm ferry (uneventful if you don't count the fact that I almost forgot I had a car on the ferry and wasn't walking off with the rest of the group, *it's going to be a long tour....*) Arriving at Steveston High School to meet our host Len Kay and billets. (It's raining! *It's going to be a wet tour....*) Working around stage sets, fighting an irresistible urge to have the Chamber Singers do a "tap" number of "Singin' in the Rain". (*It's going to be a weird tour....*) A nice audience, mainly music students of Len Kay, first concert with the "cut-down" group (Great Show, this group can do anything! - *Its' going to be a terrific tour!*). Home for a warm and relaxing evening with my hosts: Len and Jan Kay.

Bruce More

Monday, April 26 / Tuesday April 27

First full day of the tour proper, and what a full day of travel it was. Certainly it was the longest Monday most of us had ever experienced for some time. Everyone arrived at Vancouver International at 6:30 AM to meet our tour guide and friend Liz Kelly, who gave us the first of many boarding passes with accompanying do's and don't's. There is little to say about the Vancouver/Seattle flight or the Seattle/San Francisco Flight - I'm certainly not going to waste any more space on air-line menus.

San Francisco airport was the start of duty-free shopping. Everything ran like a Swiss watch (or at least a Hong Kong genuine imitation)

as we boarded the whopper eleven hour flight to Narita. A little crib, a little drinking, some fraternization with a touring American dance troupe and a good cry at one of our inflight movies, "Of Mice and Men." The other movie, "The Bodyguard" wasn't worth the price of admission.

But I digress. We arrived at Narita to be met by the charming Norie Hagiwara who accompanied us on our bus to our first Home-Away-From-Home, at Waseda University. We were met by Toyama-san who hosted a casual meal at Suehiro restaurant. Bed.

David Phillip

Wednesday, April 28

This was our first full day in Tokyo. We had breakfast together in the little restaurant downstairs. Lunch and dinner were not provided, and so people did their own thing. I went to the Imperial Palace with Inge, Kim, Jennifer and Chris. I think some people may have gone somewhere with Liz, but I'm not sure. Oh. I think we had the rehearsal at eentsy-weentsy Scott Hall and the word "surly" was forever immortalized by our intrepid leader.

Gord Comer

Thursday, April 29

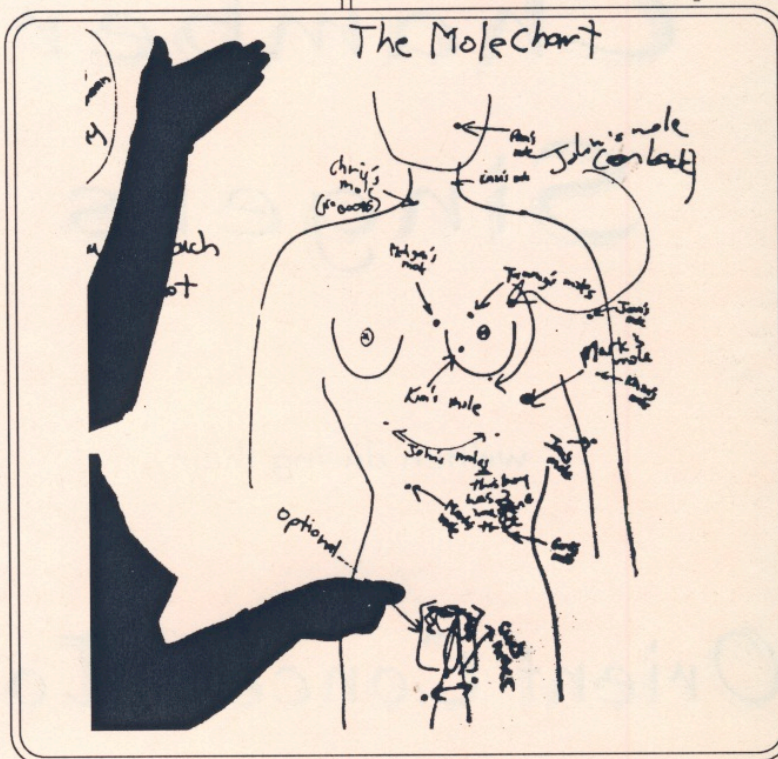
Today we went to the Sensoji temple in Tokyo. Many people bought small souvenirs like fans and chopsticks in the little markets. Mostly everyone got their fortunes told. After breaking for lunch we met by the big lantern at Thundergate and sang "Alala, pia calia" for the thirtieth time while a Japanese

man danced. This is when we found out about Wade's little incident in the public washrooms, where he used both his socks as toilet paper and ruined Japan's sewage system.

When we got back from Tokyo most people slept and did their own thing for dinner. David went for dinner with Mr. Kawasaki (yes, the motorcycle man) and brought home leftovers. After dinner, people sat around in

various rooms talking, laughing and/or drinking. Jenn boosted public relations with the Japanese students living above us by partying all night with them. Chris, Mark, Gord, Karian and I helped. A sign of how tired everyone was, was when David was brushing his teeth and Mark noticed that his (David's) foot was bleeding. David, who was washing his foot in the sink while brushing his teeth realized at that moment "I was going to spit out my toothpaste but my foot's in the sink."

Byron Phillips



Friday, April 30

Our fifth day in Tokyo was eventful. I was fortunate to catch a glimpse of an authentic Japanese wedding party assembling outside the chapel. What a treat!

With umbrellas in hand, we set out for the Imperial Palace Gardens with Ms. Lizzie. We could have all used protective eye-glasses when it started to rain. The treacherous umbrella experience was new to many of us "gaijin". When we arrived at the Palace we discovered the gardens were closed.... to our dismay. We did take pictures of the swans and koi in the moat. We walked to an information office and saw a bus of school kids who gave us the thumbs up sign, waved and took pictures of us. At the information office, we met fellow Canadians (two women from Nanaimo and a man from Vancouver). The Vancouverite enlightened us with his knowledge of "love hotels", which are hotels which pride themselves in being the Cadillacs of discretion and secrecy. You drive in through a shield which hides both identity and license plate. Apparently, this is designed for bosses and secretaries, or so we were told! I wonder how the guy from Vancouver knows so much about this??? Anyway..... We went to a shrine in a beautiful park and then went for a quick lunch at Wendy's. Lisa and I broke the cardinal rule about not eating fast food in a foreign country. Oh well, we were the first of many to do so. David, Lisa and I went back to the Meiji Gardens for a very quick "California Freeway Tour" of the gardens.

Meanwhile, Pam was extending the limit on her credit cards, buying a vast quantity of Japanese children's writing paper. We also walked past CONDOMANIA in Ginza and a very bizarre sculpture of a Sumo wrestler and a blonde topless woman. Sue unabashedly took a picture of it.

The most exciting event of the day happened to our friend Karian, who has invented a new sport in Japan called Sidewalk Surfing. She fell face first on the pavement, slid several feet and landed at the feet of a Japanese man whose diligent prayers for a blonde were answered. Despite Karian's embarrassment, I'm sure this man ran straight back to the temple and threw in another 50,000 yen for a woman who wouldn't run away the next time!

That night, the adventurers checked out the nightlife in Roppongi. Apparently, there were tons of good looking men (many American navy men)....they were everywhere. The diehard partyers of the crowd, Pam and Chris (DOH!), continued their frivolity through the night at the Lexington Queen and Java Jive discos. They even met the fiancé of a member of METALLICA....awesome! Thus concludes our full day of adventures and surprises - on to day six!

Carmen Gorgichuk

Saturday, May 1

It's true that many of the daily journals claim to be the most boring and uninteresting, however, this one definitely leaves them all in the dust. Today, we spent the morning in Tokyo, doing last minute shopping and packing. We were transported to the airport where we then took a 2 1/2 hour



Shanghai transportation of choice.

plane ride to Shanghai. On the other end, we were met by our nicest guide of the entire tour, Vivian. Her English was very good! We found the Chinese air to be a lot hotter and stickier than Japanese air. The gorgeous Windsor Evergreen Hotel (sometimes mistaken as the "Wintergreen Hotel") was awaiting our arrival. The hotel itself had not been open more than 4 weeks, so you can imagine how new and fancy it looked! We exchanged our money (1 US dollar for 5.6 yuan). Bruce encouraged us to sing "Alala pia calia" in the lobby to test the acoustics. All the bellboys cheered and clapped. I think that the night was relatively young when we retired for the evening.

Kinza Tyrrell

Sunday, May 2

We had a great buffet breakfast, then we went on a three hour tour (a three ho-ur toooooouuurrr) on the Huangpo River. We then went to a Buddha Temple, which was pretty interesting. There were monks there doing a service with drums and chants. We had lunch at the oldest hotel in Shanghai, which again was really good. We went to an arts and crafts centre, which was in an old mansion and then to a

Russian building to get a panoramic view of Shanghai. Needless to say, it wasn't very panoramic. We had dinner and then went on to see the Shanghai Acrobatic Troupe. It was a bit tacky at times, and had a sad elephant act. But all in all, I would have to say today was a pretty interesting day.

Jennifer White

Monday, May 3

Today was the day we took the train from Shanghai to Suzhou to see the Chinese Garden and sing for the mayor of the city. The day began with an adventurous bus ride to the train, courtesy of our Leo, our favourite maniac bus-driver/hacky-er. An idea for a new videogame called "Shanghai Bus Driver" is sure to be a hit in North America. Upon arriving at the station, after it had been stressed

that we had to hurry to the train because it would be leaving very soon, we waited for about a half-hour in the lobby.

The train was quite nice as trains go - it had a lot more space between its baby blue seats than any of the buses or planes we'd been on. Our traincar-mates consisted of Japanese tourists with whom we exchanged music: we sang "Ave Maria" (Palestrina's) and "Suscepit Israel" and they sang a song, which we think may have been their national anthem, to us. Many of them came to our end of the car to converse with and take pictures of various C.S.'s (esp. Heather "beautiful muscle" McVie.) It was best not to venture into the W.C. (washroom) but if you felt it was absolutely necessary, let's just say that it was disgusting. Without going into detail I'll just say three words: DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! Pee everywhere, icky-poo!

Okay, okay, new topic....Finally arriving in Suzhou, after several and frequent 45 minute stops to let other trains go by, we met our day's tour guide, Bennie (or Shu, as the

locals call him), who took us to the Garden - nice guy, but he talked too much (but then how would I know? I wasn't listening). The garden was incredibly beautiful and peaceful (except for the tacky- trinkets peddlers outside) but it would have been nice to stay longer. There were some people at the garden that had obviously never seen white people before, as we were stared at much more than usual (which was a lot, let me tell you.) One little boy stared at me for a long time, then suddenly burst into tears and ran to his mother - a great confidence builder for me I must say, but I can imagine the

local legends of a fiery red-haired dragon- woman circulating the countryside on that fateful day.

At lunch, Heather and I ate nothing, as usual, and the city mayor came to say Ni Hau, and we sang "Alala pia calia" and the "It's...." song in the restaurant - big concert debut in Suzhou, oooh, aaaahh!

After an uneventful, but much faster train ride back to Shanghai, the group had the choice of shopping, veging, or attending Kinza's piano recital. I went to see Kinza, and although the hall

was dead, people came late and chatted noisily throughout the recital, she still managed to sound pretty good and it was enjoyed thoroughly by all - great job, Kinza! Then it was back to the hotel to catch a few winks until the next big day!

Noreen Balzer



Tuesday, May 4

Concert day in Shanghai (sounds great!) We had yet another runny egg breakfast, piled on the bus and took off for Shanghai Centre to rehearse. This is going to be a challenging concert as the hall has terribly flat acoustics. But we are the Chamber Singers who can do anything. After rehearsing, we wandered the streets with wallets at the ready until it was time for lunch at the Seafood Restaurant. And yes, Carmen, you are right. There were two less turtles in the tank when we left (Blech!) More shopping time. Found such classic number 1

shops as the Non-Ferrous Metal Store. Try as we might, the only money spent was on tonic water for our Tanqueray. The bus took us back to the hotel to spiffy-up for the concert. But when it was time to leave we could not find Ian. At the last possible second his cab came two-wheeling up to the hotel. He had been having banking and drinking adventures on the far side of town, and had been caught in a traffic jam. As it turned out, this was not the after-noon's only adventure. As our bus driver braved the bicycle swarms on the Shanghai streets, Gord let it be known that Jenn White had stooped so low as to flick her cigarette butt on the sidewalk, and was duly busted and fined by the local authorities. We sang well, but it is going to take some getting used to the Oriental audience. They saunter in at the last moment, chat, saunter in and out during the performances and are reserved in their applause. And yet, one still gets the impression that they are enjoying themselves. Good ol' Liz came through and managed to collect the fabric banners from outside Shanghai Centre. What a woman. And then it was out for....you guessed it....a Chinese food dinner! Back at the hotel it was serious party-time. The Tsing-Tao flowed, a birthday cake was consumed in Chris Zarry's honour and an orgy of hickey-making was the end result. Must be a real Chamber Singers' Concert Tour!

Lisa Tinney

Wednesday, May 5

Q: WHY ARE MICE WHEN THEY SPIN?

Never in my life has this question held so much meaning for me as it did this morning. In fact, never have I felt so strongly the after-effects of excessive consumption of intoxicants as this morning. I (and others) have the hickies to prove it. So today, as we travelled on the most, um, shall we say interesting flight on the tour (let us hope), some of us were feeling more stable than others. One of the flight attendants was obviously in a similar condition; she helped convey a sense of calm, security and reassurance as the flight began, by hurtling down the aisle of the plane at 100 miles an hour and tumbling into her seat. We met our Beijing guide, who is a lovely and informative fellow, but has a higher spoken tessitura than Kiri TeKanawa. Fortunately, he did learn to turn the volume down on the micro-phone, to the exceeding delight of all those little hairs in our middle ears. While we waited for the bus, Chris became the second criminal of the tour and incurred a whopping 5 yuan fine (\$1) by spitting on airport property, when a sign posted nearby clearly delineated "NO SPITTING, OTHERWISE WILL BE FINE."

After a brief stop at the hotel, we visited the Temple of Heaven, where we finally began to realize that the little Buddha knick-knacks on sale everywhere might in fact be the tackiest things in the known world next to Barry Manilow recordings. Some of us also realized that we had been thoroughly taken on some of the purchases we had made in Shanghai, although a sneaking suspicion about this had been festering in the recesses of our minds for some time now.

I believe most of the group made an early night out of it, still suffering from last night's party. I, at least, have never slept so soundly. And, just in that delicious moment

between comfortable repose and sound sleep, the answer to my earlier query was revealed to me: THE HIGHER, THE FEWER. I know it sounds like bullshit, but hell, it's philosophy and I was hung over, what do you expect?!

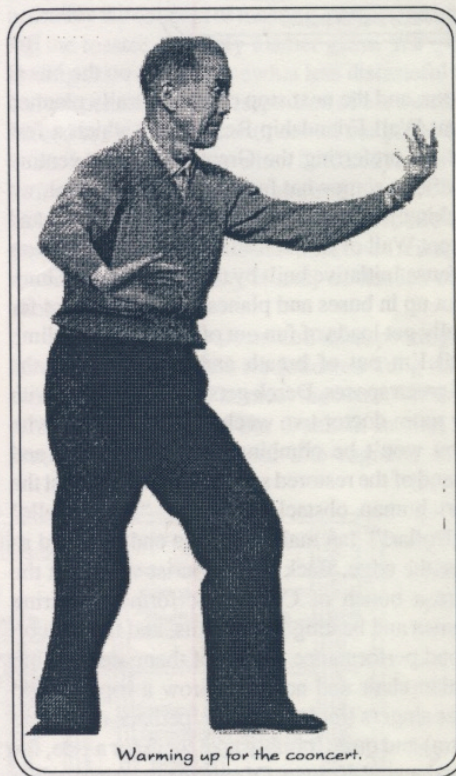
Thus ended another death-defying day of the Chamber Singers' Tour of the Orient, and thus I shall end the last tour journal entry I will ever get to write, God willing.

Tammy Schwarzentruher

Thursday, May 6

At breakfast this morning there is this obstinate French woman at one of our tables, and the woman snobbishly refuses to acknowledge that she's sitting in the wrong spot until she finally provokes Liz to remember more French than she thought she knew and give her a good what-for. We are supposed to be on the bus at 8:30 for a hard day of touring. The last singers step on at 8:45 and Tony, our may we say "zealous" tour guide, scolds us all firmly as we set out

on an hour-and-a-half drive for the Ming tombs. En route he tells stories of the Ming emperors and their wives and many concubines, and he (not too deftly) evades a few of our questions about religion and the 1949 revolution. "Chinese aren't religious people,



Warming up for the concert.

they're just superstitious." "But aren't 25% Buddhist?" "Well, there are lots of Buddhists..." (Doublespeak? Here?!) At any rate these womanizing warlord emperors didn't seem to care quite as much about creating a careful spiritual balance of yin and yang as about building themselves lavish burial-palaces, one of which we arrive at after the obligatory stop at the Friendship Store to check out the same jade Buddhas and paper fans we've seen at every other Friendship Store.

The tombs are swarming with tourists, so many that all I remember of being in the underground chamber is a

vague sense of what it might be like in an overcrowded, marble fallout shelter. Tony screams some well-learned info at us (I wonder if he had to take courses about each of the tourist sights?) but in the tombs, every sound is a roar and I don't hear a word of it. Above ground, China's new open market economy thrusts souvenirs at us - "Hello Hello!



Postcards 10 Yuan! Hello Hello! Change money!" - h a w k i n g them at widely varying prices; chiming harmony balls range from 10 yuan to 40 yuan, depending on the seller.

Back

on the bus at the assigned hour, and the next stop of our centrally planned day is the Great Wall Friendship Restaurant, which a few people opt out of, preferring the Great Wall joint-venture K.F.C. Then, after a somewhat familiar- seeming meal, we evade the attacking junkmongers and money- changers and come to the Great Wall of China itself. (The Great Wall was a Strategic Defense Initiative built by the Emperor Rei Gun). After being shut up in buses and planes and hotel rooms for so long, I actually get loads of fun out of being able to climb and climb until I'm out of breath and look out over the mountains and green spaces. Derek gets in the last word with the emergency room doctor two weeks ago in Victoria who said, "well, you won't be climbing the Great Wall," and makes it to the end of the restored section of the wall, past the numerous short human obstacles shouting "Hello Hello! T-Shirts! One Dollar!" Ian makes it to the end, too, and as usual goes over the edge. Back at the tourist village in the valley there are a bunch of Chinese performers wearing coloured costumes and beating loud drums, and they put on some sort of loud performance. A few of them are carrying people in a sedan chair and actually throw a rope around several chamber singers (including Pam, perhaps mistaking her for Cleopatra) and quite forcibly take them for a ride, for which they later demand 40 yuan. Of course not everyone has 40 yuan, and Tony ends up having to settle our bill before we can leave; he's not at all happy about this, and berates us en route back to the hotel. But it's been a long day, right? And it's a long ride back to Beijing. And some of us just can't hold it in, so to speak, all the way back. We're just bursting. So we're slowly approaching Beijing at rush hour on a bumper-to-bumper highway, and we get to this place where there's a W.C. (i.e., a public hole-in-the-ground) on the side of the road, and the driver stops the bus, right there, in a lane of otherwise moving traffic, and parks for 10 minutes while mad trucks and taxis make their way around us...

Quote of the day: at the end of all of this, I am

craving a chocolate milkshake and so Chris, Kim, Inge, and I find ourselves rather late at night in the coffee shop on the 2nd floor of the hotel. Okay, so maybe we're being a little bit obnoxious. I mean, we're REALLY thirsty, and the milkshakes are just putrid. We send the milkshakes back, and the second time, they're no better, but Chris is so thirsty he drinks his. I just can't stand mine, though, and we're getting kind of... rowdy. And loud. And unhappy. So the helpless waiter comes over, and by now we're so freaked out by these people - the persistent souvenir vendors, the self-degrading washroom attendants, the overly humble and overstaffed restaurant service - we're so boggled by the outrageously low prices outside the hotel and the outrageously high prices inside the hotel, we just don't really know how to react any more.... and the quote of the day is:

"He didn't like it.

He didn't drink it.

He doesn't have to pay for it." - Chris Zarry, to waiter

John Duncan

Friday, May 7

This day was probably the first, if not only, day that we left on time. The day started on the bus bound for the morning's rehearsal when the order of the day's events were announced by Liz, whose "gentle reminders" were the miracle of said punctual departure.

The site of our performance posed questions to many of us upon our arrival for the rehearsal, such as "Is this the back entrance?" and "What kind of shack is this?". However, upon entering the hall, an exclamation of "Holy Shit!" was heard resounding in the better than average acoustics. And what a Pipe-Organ! The performance is sold out, but will they show up? Rehearsal went well - and the rest of the day?

On the road to the Summer Palace, Tony (our guide) continued to spew out knowledge of Beijing (why couldn't he just shut up for awhile?). Lucky for Tammy, John and Chris that they did not have to listen to this, as they decided to abandon the group and go straight to the Forbidden City. Gord is feeling better (editor's note: Gord had been on & off sick since the Great Wall) today - as he said: "I don't feel so pukey." But time is still a bit screwed up for some of us:

Noreen - "Where'd Thursday go? I thought yesterday was Wednesday!"

The Summer Palace was great and the view over the lake is beautiful. We had only one slight problem - Where the hell are Kim and Noreen?!?!?! So we sat and waited while a search party was sent out to locate the stragglers. More pedlars accosted us - Karian loved it (not) and was finally pulled from the din by Heather. Lunch was good and Kim and Noreen showed up just as it was ending. Upon leaving the Summer Palace Gord gave us a lesson from his soon to be published Penguin Book "How to confuse a pedlar." When offered some bobble for a mere 10 yuan, Gord countered with "No - 20 yuan, 20."

The bus ride to the Forbidden City was a chance to talk, and a moment of true group bonding with the exchange

of "Stupid American Tourist" stories.

The Forbidden City - more Chinese architecture - not all that exciting and not a whole lot happened. Oh well, on with the day.

Back at the hotel we caught up with Tammy, John and Chris with the story of their day. It was less rushed than ours was. It started with Tieniman Square, where they searched for, and found, new bricks - Oh Joy! Then they went to the Forbidden City where they took a taped guided tour hosted by Roger Moore. Tammy described the City as "gorgeous." Their next stop was the hotel, and from there, Tammy and John ventured an hour's walk to get to a Pizza Hut.

The concert was a success, with a good, but not full house. After the concert we met with the Peking University Choir and sang a couple of songs. Wade was moved by one student's comment that although there was a language barrier between us, the music broke through that barrier. It was great to actually talk to people instead of being herded somewhere to see some sight.

McDONALDS!!!!!! - the next stop of the day - pre-ordered food, but a needed break from Chinese cuisine. "Don't Know Much About History" (5 times) but I do know that we got a lot of looks from the staff, especially when Gord and Inge began to dance. AAAHHHHH! Hot Fudge Sundae!

Then back to the hotel for sleep, and a party. That was the day of Friday, May 7th. Thanx for a great tour!

Derek Chenoweth

Saturday, May 8

Our day began on a surly note, as we tried to leave Beijing, late and with a paper trail of mini-bar bills in our wake. After a tearful goodbye to Tony and Mr. Chen, we boarded the "Red Lantern Express" for Guangzhou. This place is an oven!! 33C and 80% humidity! A looming dark cloud and our guide Tang (that's pronounced TONG, not like the orange juice) meetus at the latest in our tour of Cosmopolitan Chinese airports. We are willingly herded onto the airconditioned bus, positive that we will be caught in the inevitable downpour. Tang directs us to the Hotel Equatorial (of which we were suitably warned) to change and to later return for a "lap."

That's N-A-P....Lap! We are given 15 minutes to extract our forlorn luggage from the dog-pile in front of the hotel, change and freshen up before we depart for dinner and a casual

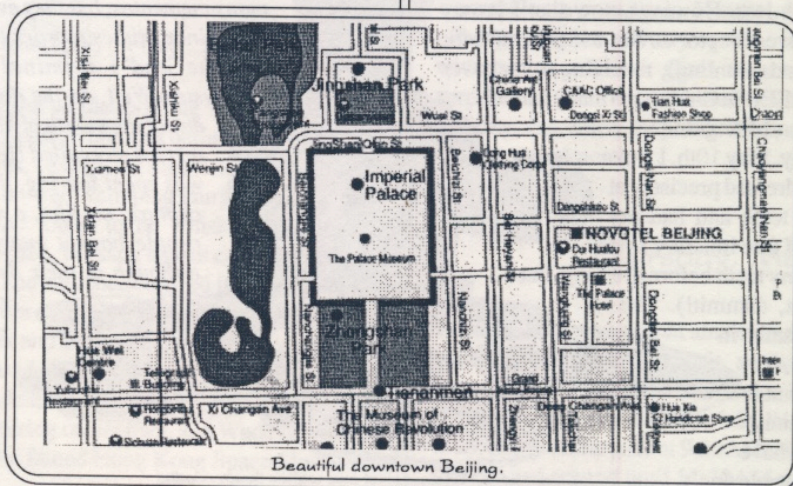
meeting with a local choir. "We're going to meet a choir - dress casually," they said! From there we entered a dimension of sight, sound and images. Someone had punched our tickets for a one-way trip.... into the Asian Hospitality Zone. We were unsuspectingly conveyed by bus through the darkening streets of Guangzhou. First there was the rain. Huge drops, striking the bus, driving Pam into a frenzy over hurricane survival! Then the news that Wade's tuxedo, sensing what was to come on this leg of the trip, secreted itself in a hotel closet in Beijing; thereby, missing the bus to the airport. Most dramatic of all was the cataclysmic collision with an unsuspecting taxi driver. We made an appropriate spectacle of ourselves by getting stuck in an intersection. After approval from several 12 year old police officers we were allowed to continue on our way with little time and, thankfully, no life lost.

We were subsequently delivered to a first-class restaurant, hosted by several city officials and important members of the musical community. The food was plentiful and delectable. The alcohol was just plentiful. We were instructed in several important Chinese customs. Most importantly the concept of toasting, performed often and requiring the toastee to empty his/her glass. We quickly adapted, finding this custom somewhat less distasteful than others we had encountered. The first portion of our evening ended when I stood to shake hands with one of our petite-looking female hosts. Little did I know when I offered my hand that I would be forcefully towed downstairs and out to the bus, bringing to a close a perfectly inebriated - er, incredible occasion. With a sendoff including hosts and waitresses alike, which rivalled the farewells of Fantasy Island, we headed out "to meet the choir."

Oh, how innocent and unsuspecting we were. Like lambs to the slaughter, we followed Tang down a dark and twisting alley- thing "to meet the choir." We rounded corner after corner - happy in our drunken, smelly, unrepresentable, casual-so-far-as- to-appear-like-vagrants state. Oh! How

unaware of the plot we were!!! What met our eyes as we came around the last corner, into the hall, can only be described as a "Big DOH!!!" TV, newspapers, and a myriad of photographers, not to mention the throng of eager fans! They sang for us, the men even applied make-up for the occasion, they dressed up like bridesmaids, they

even translated "Swanee River" into Cantonese!!! They made speech after speech - each more wonderful than the last (Well, it was pretty exciting)!! It was quite painfully obvious that something had gotten lost in the translation of their



expectations.

Finally, it came our turn to perform. The vocal chord lubricant supplied at dinner must have worked since we didn't kack. In a gesture reminiscent of Hymn Sing, all of the choirs joined on the risers for a candlelit version of "Swanee River." What a night!! After a glorious sendoff and generous distribution of souvenirs, we returned, uneventfully, to our beloved hotel. Good-night John-Boy!

Sue Kelly

Sunday, May 9

Well, the day began with yet another breakfast of toast, eggs and stuff. Wade is still toxless today. Our touring began with a trip to the Liurong Temple ("Temple of the Six Banyan Trees") which was the one where we ascended the 9 levels of the pagoda for a grey view from the top. After a 1.5 yuan fan- buying spree under an ominous sky, we stopped by a "designated tourist" (read: more expensive) shop, then bused to the Sun- Yat-Sen Memorial Hall, a huge (4200+ seats) octagonal hall with a statue of S.Y.S. onstage. We came out to a torrential downpour; those who braved the run to the bus were soaked, even those wearing raingear. Nonetheless, Indiana Pam collected what raingear we had, and splooshed back to the hall for the hydrophobic few. The streets were rather flooded in spots. Mark couldn't hear again, due to his steamed up glasses. We had a free afternoon (which I spent shopping) and an evening concert in the library. We had some singers who were not feeling very well that night. The distilled water was good. We had a few kids running around during the concert. Byron came through, as ever, with his big encore routine.

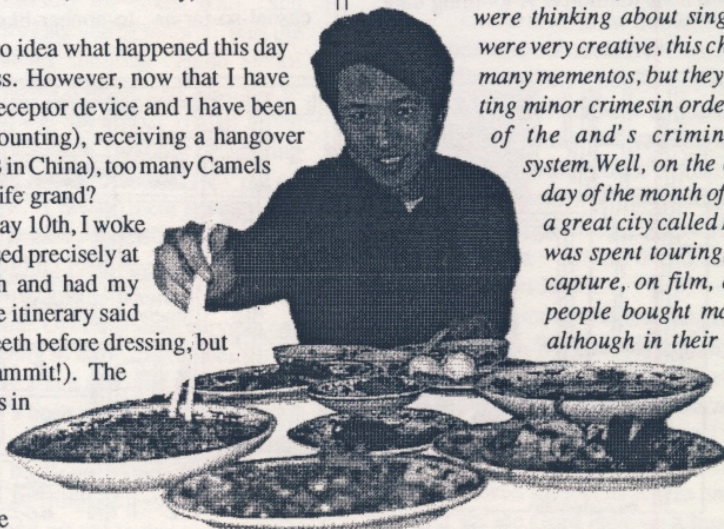
Jan Bullen

Monday, May 10

(written at Tour's-End, Swartz Bay)

I have absolutely no idea what happened this day - my diary is May 10th-less. However, now that I have attained an ultra-sensitive receptor device and I have been awake for 27 hours (and counting), receiving a hangover caused by beer (that's REEB in China), too many Camels and 4 hours of sleep, isn't life grand?

Anyway, today, May 10th, I woke up (amazing, eh?), got dressed precisely at 7:25AM, brushed my teeth and had my suitcase out by 8:15AM (the itinerary said I should have brushed my teeth before dressing, but that's beside the point, dammit!). The point is, I made it downstairs in one piece for breakfast, it being the most important meal of the day. The runny eggs were just divine - I have a feeling that Chinese people don't eat that many eggs (or orange juice for that matter, well, I'm quite sure they don't eat orange juice). The next thing we knew, we had boarded a train for Hong Kong. It looked like the Orient Express. I sat next to Carmen and missed the rousing game of Botticelli played by Inge,



O come on Messieur, just one waffer theen noodle!

Kinza, Tammy and Wade. Wade was it, and none of the others watch TV, so it must have been a great game. Wade won.

Anyhoo, we got off the train eventually, and everyone made a run for the washroom (especially Kinza). That mineral water will get you everytime when you least expect it. Kinza was first, but Pam, David and I were in hot pursuit. I discovered the toilet didn't flush, but hey - nature was a-callin'.

After that little adventure, I found my way to the escalator, and then through customs. Upstairs we met some British people who were about to go where we had just been, then it was another bus and directly to the hotel. We met Camus, our tour guide. I have to hurry up now, as the ferry is docking. I think I'll let Pam finish this one off. Adios.

Kim Braaten

Monday, May 10

Rode a train
Ate some lunch
Played in the pool
Went to bed

Pam Kerr

Tuesday, May 11

Once upon a time, there was a choir called the Chamber Singers, from the land of UVic. One day, their king, called Strong the Presidential bade them venture far out into the land called the Orient, to sing their hearts out, and to collect as many wares of the land as possible, that the king might know the land without visiting it himself. Well, the choir sang hard, oh so very hard; and they shopped hard, oh so very hard. And when they weren't singing or shopping, they were thinking about singing and shopping. They were very creative, this choir. Not only did they buy many mementos, but they even resorted to committing minor crimes in order to bring back examples of the and's criminal justice paperwork system. Well, on the day of Tuesday, the 11th day of the month of Maying, the choir was in a great city called Hong Kong. The morning was spent touring, driving up a big hill, to capture, on film, a view of the city. Many people bought many things, like T-shirts, although in their desperation to buy, they paid far more than they would have down the hill. They then went down the hill to a small bay of water. Many people shed their leggings in order to venture into the water. Those that did found it cold, but refreshing. Again, the choir shopped. At this bay, there was a food outlet from home, called McDonald's. Many, in their weakness, ate there, even though lunch was a mere time forthcoming. After this, the choir went to a jewel-