

*The
Chamber
Singers
Down
Under*



Reminiscences
of the
University of Victoria Chamber Singers
Concert Tour
to
New Zealand, Australia and Hawaii

May and June, 1995.



The Uvic Chamber Singers, who had their beginnings with the Uvic School of Music in 1969, have departed from Victoria for a four-week concert tour of New Zealand and Australia. In addition to performing four concerts each year in Victoria, the Chamber Singers have embarked on world-wide concert tours in recent years, singing to enthusiastic audiences and critical acclaim in 22 countries of Eastern and Western Europe, the Orient and the South Pacific, in addition to four Canadian provinces and eight U.S. states. Specializing in works of Canadian composers, they perform sacred and secular works from all eras encompassing a repertoire of more than 600 works. This year, celebrating 22 years under the baton of Dr. Bruce More (Music) the singers participated in a reunion organized by local alumni which brought together singers from the past 22 years from all over Canada. More than 50 returning Chamber Singers alumni arrived in Victoria to rehearse for five massed choir selections which they performed on April 22 at St. Andrew's Cathedral, in the last appearance of the Chamber Singers before they departed on their down under concert tour.

Who & When.

SOPRANOS
Mehgan Atchison
Erin Bardua
Tara Marston
Heather McVie
Inge Schenck

ALTOS
Karian Brigidear
Tanya Pain
Asako Shimizu
Kinza Tyrrell
Elizabeth Whitmore

TENORS
Ian Bullen
Morgan Collins
Murray Polisky
Brian Arens

BASSES
Stephen Karagianis
Rick Knoles
Byron Phillips
Jeff Wegner

Bruce E. More, Conductor

University of Auckland, 1 pm, April 29

St. Peters Cathedral, Hamilton, 2pm, April 30

Napier Cathedral, 8 pm, May 2

Wanganui Collegiate School, 8 pm, May 3

Victoria University of Wellington, Recital Hall, 1 pm, May 5

Nelson Cathedral, 8 pm, May 6

Nelson Cathedral, 6 pm, May 7

Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament, Christchurch, 8 pm, May 8

St. Paul's Cathedral, Dunedin, 8 pm, May 10

St. Stephens Uniting Church, Sydney, 1 pm, May 12

Kamehameha Schools, Honolulu.
10am, 11am, 11:30am & 12:30 am, May 15

Hawaii Baptist Academy, 11am, May 17

Programme

FROM THE MASS

Kyrie		William Byrd
Gloria		Zoltan Kodaly
Credo	Asako Shimizu, piano	Anton Bruckner
Sanctus & Benedictus	Asako Shimizu, piano	Igor Stravinsky
Tara Marston, Karian Brigidear, Ian Bullen, Brian Arens, soloists.		
Agnus Dei	Kinza Tyrrell, piano	Ben Jonson

SONG OF DESTINY

Schicksalslied	Kinza Tyrrell, piano	Johannes Brahms
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THE SEASONS

Mans Ezers		Juris Karlsons
Somarnatten		Einjohanni Rautavarra
Vären		Edvard Grieg

⇨ Heather Mc Vie, Soprano solo

- Intermission -

IGOR STRAVINSKY

The Pike		Igor Stravinsky
Master Portly		
Anthem - The Dove Descending		

POETRY OF FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA

Suite de Lorca	Einjohanni Rautavarra
-Cancio de jinete	
-El Grito	
-La luna asoma	
-Malagueña	

Solos: Meghan Atchison, ⇨

Ian Bullen, Stephen Karagianis

Romancera Gitano	Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco
-Memento	
-Precesion	
-Paso	
-Puñal	
Guitar, Stephen Karagianis	Baritone Solo, Brian Arens

FROM CANADA

The Log Driver's Waltz	arr. Gail Lund
Karian Brigidear, piano	
Epitaph for Moonlight	R. Murray Schafer
Stephen Karagianis	
I'se By	arr. Robert Swift
Kinza Tyrrell, piano	

FROM SOUTH AFRICA

Schweelo Eelee Makanana	arr. Bruce More
Tulalima Bébé	





Thursday, April 27th.

"Jesus, Steve, you're only going for 3 weeks. Why do you need so much shit?"

"It's my tuxedo, man. It takes up tons of space."

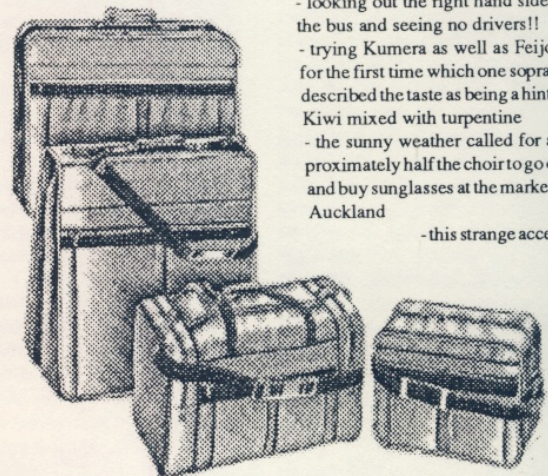
"Why the hell are you taking a tux to New Zealand?!"

"Cause we sing in tuxes."

"What a pain in the ass."

"Tell me about it, you didn't have to pack it."

Mmm-hmm. Airports are the greatest. Well, no, not really, but Vancouver International was ranking pretty highly as we conglomerated with our eager beaver smiles, groovy new sunglasses, tingly heads, and white legs. Our small sea of forest green clones descended upon one of Canadian Air-



lines' finest 767's. One choir member was so overcome with excitement that he shrieked, "Yeeeee-hooooo! We're going to New Zealand!" as he boarded the plane. The response to his exuberance was short and to the point: "Hey, shut the f*#k up!" Well, no, the flight attendants were more polite than that, but one could tell that such thoughts were brewing. We left the blotchy skies of Vancouver smoothly and were soon high above the clouds, enjoying the upper atmosphere sunset, free beer, and the service of a particularly jolly flight attendant (Kevan). Sleep was an elusive state with all that excitement boiling in the brain, but we were greatly entertained by glorious airplane food, a showing of "Quiz Show", and tales of intestines being sucked right out of ones butt by vicious vacuum toilets. Yes, it was shaping up to be a great trip.

- Steve Karagianis

Saturday, April 29th.

Our first day was probably one of the longest and most tiring days we had on the entire tour. The day started somewhere over the Pacific when we crossed the International Date Line which made the 29th one big long day!! One of the best things that happened was that we met Lyndsay, who, at first, was just another bus driver to us. He later became synonymous with New Zealand, for myself anyhow. We had our concert that afternoon at the University of Auckland which, in my diary, I was not too happy with. Just when we thought the day was over, Karen tried to teach us yet another piece. After that, we ate at the university and off we went with our billets. Some first impressions of NZ were:

- "Give Way to Peds"
- looking out the right hand side of the bus and seeing no drivers!!
- trying Kumera as well as Feijoas for the first time which one soprano described the taste as being a hint of Kiwi mixed with turpentine
- the sunny weather called for approximately half the choir to go out and buy sunglasses at the market in Auckland

- this strange accent.

Hours have been spent since we first arrived trying to mimic specific words such as 'aluminium', 'Maerry' (Murray), 'Good on yah, mate', 'How'd yah go?' etc.

- getting used to using a loo as well as the bathroom, which was usually freezing due to people leaving their window open in 7-8 Celsius weather. Oh, and we also were given the choice of full or half flush.

- Murray Polisky

Sunday, April 30th.

After an exciting day of recovering from jet-lag, Ian and I jumped out of bed with smiling faces and full of energy. Ian decided to rid himself of this energy by taking a run. I decided to take a tour of the area by a different

means. I took a driving tour of the Peninsula. I must say that the scenery around Auckland is very beautiful!

We left Auckland at 9:40 am after a brief delay while we waited for Meghan and Heather. We departed towards Hamilton and stopped at Ngauruhia, a town of 6,000 people, mainly Maori. We stopped for lunch at a tea house, right across the street from a park that used to be a garbage dump and had little pipes sticking out of the ground to let off the methane gas. It was here that we were introduced to chicken-flavoured potato chips. After a break of half an hour, we finished the journey to Hamilton. Hamilton is a city of around 100,000 people based around a river. We performed a concert at the cathedral and it went rather well. Afterwards, we all went our separate ways; I, once again, was billeted with Ian. Beth apparently went to a reggae-fest, while others got together to party. All-in-all, Hamilton was a decent city to visit.

- Morgan Collins

Monday, May 1st.

We departed from St. Peter's Cathedral in Hamilton at 9:30 am and started towards our first stop, Rotorua. Once again, everyone was exchanging stories about our billets, etc., although at one quiet point in our journey, a 'certain bass' started absolutely howling. When he finally was coherent, we discovered he had unknowingly smuggled a 'baggie' through not one, but two sets of customs! So there you are folks, if you just put it in your pocket and walk through the x-ray machine, you'll have no problem. Right?

The drive was definitely long, but the scenery was very beautiful. Some notable spots we passed were: the Wool Barn (a building in the shape of a sheep's head), some racehorse farms, Earthquake Valley, and the Maori Arts and Crafts Centre. Rotorua was smelly... it was a fishing village famous for its rainbow trout. We encountered many black swans, and I was 'lucky' enough to take a picture on EVERYONE'S camera (ever hear of doubles, people?). We also visited the museum and sulphur pools. Then we piled back on the bus for a bad joke session as we travelled to the Craters of the Moon, a touristy place featuring many steaming geysers in the earth. They had different coloured rock and earth, and some had bubbling, boiling mud.

Lunch at Lake Taupo followed, with most dining at the expensive Pak'n'Save. Another three hours of bus riding included a Tell My Ma rehearsal (this took talent on a winding road), a revealing photo-op of Steve, and a lot of rain. We arrived in Napier at 4:30 pm and met up with our billets. We had some crazy

billets! Meghan and I stayed with Melba, and later that evening, Brian and Jeff (who were staying with the famous Neville), came over. We had a sing-a-long of all our favourites, such as Bohemian Rhapsody and You Light Up My Life. Afterwards, Melba told stories and gave advice about life. We all hope to see her when she visits this summer.

- Karian Brigidear

*Note: at time of press, Melba had already been heard from in Victoria!

Tuesday, May 2nd.

To tell the absolute truth, I don't actually remember May 2nd. No, just kidding. Let's see, May 2nd began a gloomy Napier morning, the organza curtains of fog hanging low over the roiling sea, sea spray rising from the crashing waves into the mist, as the clouds lazily formed a foamy staircase for the sun's radiant glories to play among the treetops and... no, just kidding. Actually, May 2nd was the day I met my dream sheep and... oh, wait, that was just the dream I woke up remembering. Sorry, didn't mean to share that with you guys.

Okay. I promise I will try to keep this clear and concise. Unfortunately, I don't DO clear and concise. You'll all just have to deal with it.

Beth and I started out as keeners, arriving a good half-hour early for our 'gig' at Ye Olde Council Chambers. After our glorious rendition of "I see the By" (replete with full and sonorous blocks of silence) we shamelessly abused our positions as guests of the city and scammed two dolphin-communing sessions. Unfortunately, it became evident that the number of people eager to commune with these hyperintelligent pandimensional beings (read Douglas Adams, you'll get it) vastly outweighed the number of Chosen Ones allowed to commune with the hyperintelligent pandimensional beings, so there had to be some method of choosing the Chosen Ones. Some unanimous mutual consensus made the method of choosing numerical, which automatically counted me right the heck out (no pun intended... get it, "counted"? Never mind.)

The Official Chamber Singers' Method for Choosing Chosen Ones:

1. Gather candidates into a noisy, bickering mob.

2. Stir and allow to set for 10-15 minutes.

3. Add the letters in each candidate's grandmother's maiden name to the letters in the candidate's best friend's middle name.

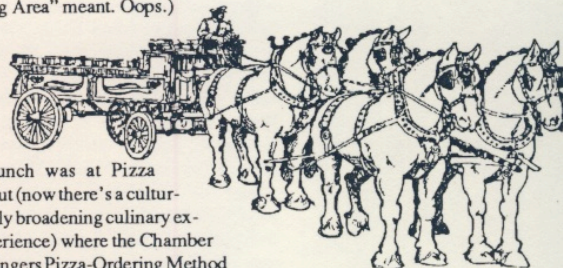
4. Divide by pi r2; but first spend at

least 8 minutes vigorously wandering about and deciding to just how many digits pi will be rounded.

5. Select Chosen Ones according to how good you think they'll look in a wetsuit (optional). Remember, if you do this right, time considerations may render the need for all these complications nonexistent.

I was about to write about the dolphins now, but Meghan/Meghan/Megan/Meagan(?) has just reminded me that we apparently had a rehearsal. I would like to say that I personally recall nothing of this event and therefore claim no responsibility for any supposed activities in which I may allegedly have taken part.

Anyway. The first group of Chosen Ones (Beth, Asako, Tara, Ian and Steve) and their faithful Chosen Photographers and Tag-Alongs (Kinza and I) went communing at noon. There was a talking cockatoo! And sea lions, and a leopard seal who was, like, slowly desiccating before our eyes, and, like, foaming at the mouth. So Kinza and I, laden with our complex Japanese instruments of torture and confusion, did our best to capture breathtaking and moving communal dolphin-moments. Most were shots of water where, scant milliseconds before, a moving and/or breathtaking communal moment had taken place. Usually, all we could see were smallish grayish shapes moving under the water, and the Chosen Ones' blue wetsuited behinds. (Fifty minutes and two finished rolls of film later, we figured out what "Underwater Viewing Area" meant. Oops.)



Lunch was at Pizza Hut (now there's a culturally broadening culinary experience) where the Chamber Singers Pizza-Ordering Method was revealed to bear remarkable similarities to the Chosen Ones Choosing Method detailed above. The ice cream was good, though. Lunch was followed by an about-town wander involving a loss of personnel almost as spectacular as the overall tour turnover. First we lost Steve to the surf (which I was convinced would become true in its most literal sense... "Steve, come back to us! Speak if you can!" "The waves... the... the waves..." "Oh no, we've lost him!"). Later I lost Beth and Ian to the post office, then I lost Kinza and Tara to the shops, then I found them all again, then I lost Beth again, and then I lost a whole cathedral, but then at the penultimate moment I found Ian, who found Beth, and who was at the missing cathedral, and every-

thing was okay again. Beth and I went home with our Billets (trust me, they deserve a capital B) and waited in anguished torment to see if we were being force-fed kidneys again. Fortunately (???) dinner was comprised of Mystery Brown, Mystery Green and Mystery Orange, which, while perhaps not appetizing per se, was at least not clearly identified as repulsive. After dinner, Neanderthal Man (homo gruntu et scratchus), in an unpredictable show of generosity and goodwill, refused under any circumstances to attend our concert, which, so far as I recall, was pleasantly uneventful. I don't think any music or clothing was unaccounted for...

The apres-concert entertainment was provided by a "Tell My Ma" reception, a small and supposedly typical Napier pub, Heather's billet, and designated C.G., Hamish. (For the record, I would like to express no interest in this particular C.G.) At any rate, we eventually all meandered homeward in one piece - each of us in one piece, I mean, not all of us in one big organic soup, but, like, separately. Beth tipped the cabbie, who may never recover from the shock, dismay and horror, exclaiming, "You're MAD!!!" (add Kiwi if so desired). Since the stellar conclusion to May 2nd was actually on May 3rd, I should stop so that I don't step on any kneecaps or instigate any lawsuits. Get hard, all ye wankers!

- Erin Bardua

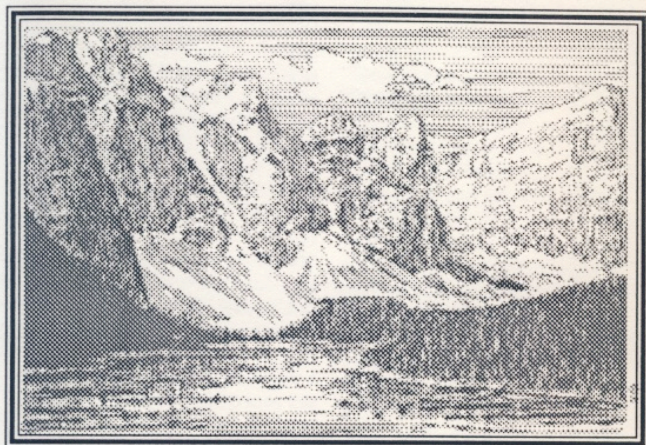
Wednesday, May 3rd.

WANGANUI HO! My day to write - poor you - fearless reader! The ramblings of a demented alto. My goodness. This is a boring drive. So far we've seen: orchards, a golfcourse, old refuse site, gunnery range, grass, cows grazing the long acre, sheep - 4,599,623 and counting!, puddles, and fall-coloured leaves. We stopped in Norsewood and some of us suckers bought sheep-by-products. Had lunch (fish'n'chips) - Asako, Erin and Beth

ate in a grocery store parking lot. We have now seen: barley and wheat fields, psychiatric hospital where they do electroconvulsive therapy, and we drove near the Tasman Sea. Yee haw! Boring ride's over! Question - How does Lyndsay, our fearless bus driver,

Byron) We went back to the infirmary for more drinks, a rub-down, and music provided by Lyndsay. Everyone was in bed except for 2 - one, for sure, came home very late!

- Beth Whitmore



know all this shit? Either he's brilliant or is bullshitting us. We got to Wanganui Collegiate School. Interesting looking campus. The auditorium looked OK but the sound sucked (literally and metaphorically). After our lovely rehearsal, the Neanderthal urges of some choir members led to a post-card/journal writing session. The four sedate ladies - Kinza, Tara, Erin and Beth - had great dorm rooms - only 2 showers for 4 people, what a hardship. The rest of the mob elected to commune together in the infirmary with 2 'interesting' showers and beds that floated about 10 feet off the ground. (Oops! Forgot an interesting point. Beth inquired as to the curfew in the dorm. She was told that there would be no curfew, but to "remember why we're here." Oh, good advice, considering the amount of alcohol Beth and Rick drank - ask Ian, he was counting.)

Anyhoo - after a dinner of roasted beast, spuds, slime resembling peas, poor defenseless broccoli smothered in something white (oh - and a jelly roll treading custard) and a milk urn straight out of exorcist (my feet got wet and Kinza figured it was auto-shut off), we got to sing! We were lined up and ready to hit the stage, Bruce, in his BORROWED fuschia cummerbund, realized that his music was not in his hands. We don't have time for this, Bruce! The show began. The audience was small. I have seen more excitement and enthusiasm out of men getting circumcised at age 19. We trudged onward with Bruce adding and omitting repertoire as we went. Show over. Went to reception. Drank wine. Stuffed wineglasses up our sleeves for later. Talked to a tenor who wanted to sing with us. (Tinkle! Tinkle! - ask

Thursday, May 4th.

Wanganui Collegiate School - Breakfast in the cafeteria was at 8:30 am; many of us were pretty tired, since we had stayed up late the night before. We had a rehearsal at 10:00 am, and then went to downtown Wanganui for lunch and sightseeing. At 2:00 pm, we proceeded to the beach, where, led by our illustrious leader Bruce, some of us (Ian, Brian, Steve, Rick, Byron, Murray, Kinza and Meghan) braved the waves (and took quite a beating). When we came back to Wanganui Collegiate, some of da boyz played ultimate frisbee, and got REALLY sweaty and dirty. We all got our own dinner, and then had a party. A friendly little game of poker ensued, which then became a bit more serious. At first, the loser had to take a swig of "Just Juice"; next came "Truth, Dare or Vegemite". Brian was forced to kiss Asako and drink a glass of whiskey and hokey-pokey ice cream; Rick mooned a room full of girls; Beth passed some gum to Morgan without her hands; and she also posed for some outdoor pictures in her underwear. Last of all was strip poker; Rick was first to reach his underwear (editor's note: Rick was sporting a pair of leopard bikini briefs this particular evening). Morgan went from kickin' ass to showin' ass. Ian was next to lose his shorts, then Murray. Only Jeff (almost fully clothed), Meghan (panties only), Rick (briefs) and Beth (a long shirt) remained. Exit Rick and Beth, so that only Jeff (shirt and box-

ers) and Meghan (panties and pillow) were left standing (as it were). Meghan wins the hand, and Jeff loses his shirt. This is it: last hand. And Jeff wins with two pair!!! Everybody goes to bed at 1:00 am.

- Brian Arens

Friday, May 5th.

Today's journal entry by Byron Phillips had been preempted due to an emergency trip to Pizza Hut.

Beth's overview of the day: We drove to Wellington. Rehearsed and had a noon hour concert at Victoria University. Afterwards, we were supposed to meet our billets "at some point". For the record, Meghan, Asako and I met our billet at 2:30 am. Yes, that's right. Two o'clock in the morning. The choir dispersed and took the city of Wellington by storm. There was a house party in the evening which I believe was attended by all, but my mind was a little fogged by the "kiwi water". Party was enjoyed by all. Meghan, Asako and I (a.k.a. the Vegemite Triplets) continued on with the man-watching that had begun earlier on in the day in a really cool cafe. I do recall that Rick and others were given free beer at a pub. The most exciting moment for the day, though, was when Asako was brutally assaulted. . . well, taken advantage of. . . well, OK, was relieved of her ATM card. This occurrence would lead to much trauma for the next week.

Hey!! Byron's back from Pizza Hut!

We left Wanganui Collegiate at 8:15 am and arrived in Wellington just after 11:00 am. After our concert at one o'clock, we spread out to canvas Wellington. Some of us met up at the Regent Pub for lunch, while others did their own thing. Murray and I decided to do some shopping only to find out that we needed to rob a bank in order to afford anything (surprise, surprise). Later in the evening, at around eight o'clock, we all started to congregate at the party house. Apparently, Bruce and Lyndsay had already had a few (bottles of wine, that is). The students were really friendly and we were "la social butterflies". Most of us met our billets here and left for an early morning. Steve, Ian, Murray and I all slept in Rebecca's room (with Rebecca). It was a great flat although it was to Ian's disappointment that we (Steve, Murray and I) ended up staying with his sexy Becksy and not with her parents. Ah.

If I had to sum up in two words what we did in Wellington, it would be: "we walked".

- Byron Phillips

Saturday, May 6th.



"Girls, it's ten to eight."
"Shit! We have to be at the varsity at 8:30."
"It's a 15 minute drive."
"ARGH!!!"

We got to the varsity only to realize that many items were locked safely in the warm-up room. Slight panic ensued. All was sorted around. We got to the ferry, finished the night's sleep and boarded the boat. The ride was enjoyed by some (poker machines, bar) and despised by others (Gravol, give me Gravol! Blurrph!!). Yes, that was the attempt to put letters to the sound of vomit. It was a misty cruise. We arrived at Picton and began the journey to Nelson. Had a rehearsal with the Wellington and Nelson Youth Choirs. Had dinner at billets and returned for the concert. We only had to sing for about 10 minutes, then sing the Purcell massed number. Ian gallantly volunteered to sing the tenor solo. We sang well. Oh ya - Bruce forgot his music again. I'm noticing a trend here. Went home with our respective billets. ZZZZ!!

- Beth Whitmore

Sunday, May 7th.

Yes! Yippee! Hooray! The babblings of Tour Mom again!
"If I have to come back there and separate you two again, there's going to be trouble!"
"Wait 'til your father gets home!"
"You'll poke someone's eye out!"
"Your older brother did that." (I don't have an older brother.) "Exactly."
(Boy, I would make a good mom.)

The morning began with a meeting at the bottom of a hill at the bottom of