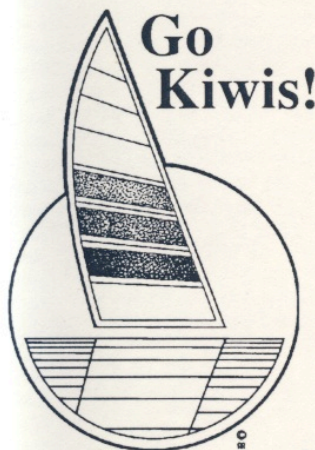


the stairs. We waited (Karian, Erin, Steve I., Inge and I) and waited, and waited. How were we supposed to know that there were other stairs? Sheesh! We hiked up Botanical Mountain, oohed and aahed at the view, saved many Kodak moments, and descended the mountain. We grabbed lunch (fish 'n' chips or KFC etc.) and went to Tahuna Beach. The natives were dressed warmly, but us Canaguins used to our frigid igloos, undressed and played a wild game of frisbee. Some sought refuge from the sand fleas in the ocean. This resulted in full contact moments (wet T-shirt contest anyone?). I played frisbee with a little girl named Tomeka. Some nastier choir members insinuated that she was a better player than me. I'll see you at the Olympics, smarty pants!

Our concert was post-Evensong. Good gimmick!! You get the people to come and worship, then you bar all exits so they can't escape. Real smooth! We sang beautifully. Almost killed an old raisin who left mid-concert clutching his chest. He applauded us as he was loaded onto the stretcher (just kidding!). All in all, it was one of my favorite days of the tour so far. Good night!

- Beth Whitmore



## Monday, May 8th.

Well, today was day 10 of our exciting tour, or day 12 as some would say - Kinza. Unfortunately it is my day to write. Well, after this you will all believe me when I say I suck at English. Anyway, today the two lucky ladies who got serenaded were Kinza and Tara. Being late does have its benefits! We all said our good-byes and ventured off to our next destination, Christchurch. The bus ride was quite long, but everyone seemed quite well entertained. Ian got his lashes curled by Meghan (what beautiful eyes you have my dear!), while the rest proceeded with story time. Eve-

ryone took turns reading the politically correct stories with commercial breaks by Bruce and his not so politically correct jokes. Later, many continued to relax with shoulder massages and head rubs.

Our lunch break was quite entertaining as we all went for cover when a siren went off. Shortly we discovered that it wasn't an air raid, but a fire alarm! As men flew in at speeds faster than cars, Kinza and I eagerly waited for the perfect shot of the fire trucks only to find out it was only a drill. Oh well, maybe next time. After reaching Christchurch, we had our usual sound check. Yes, everything works! Because we arrived early, there was plenty of time to play frisbee. Some of us enjoyed it so much, we proceeded to share with our imaginary friends. Boy, what good aim I have... it's too bad they can't catch! I walked to the store; I can't believe the price of haircare products! I guess only the rich do their hair.

After meeting our billets, we all went home to eat - again, more food. We'll be stocked up for summer at this rate! Our concert went well and included Ian's creative composing in the "Suite de Lorca". Everyone seemed to really enjoy our concert. What can we say... we were good. Afterwards we had supper. (Tea, coffee and lots of goodies.) Bruce drove off in a Mercedes - red. Apparently he stole it! Actually, his poor music instructor he was staying with had three, must be tough! We all then proceeded to go home to our billets' homes, which were freezing. New Zealanders are walking popsicles! Overall, today, I'd say we drove.

- Tara Marston

*Tara forgot to mention: this evening we sang our best concert (see review).*

## Tuesday, May 9th.

We started another seemingly endless journey to another town, through rugged terrain and narrow roads. We just about killed someone when Lyndsay tried to pass a slow truck, but didn't see the other car. We survived (no impact, no scratches, nothing!). On the way we stopped in Timaru for a windy break - possibly the windiest place on earth - a hot dog stand was nearly blown over. It was only the heavy cooking grills that prevented that disaster! We stopped along the highway for a photo of a field of sheep, expressly for Beth. We also played the first and only game of Botticelli. We stopped again, this time in Oamaru. Lunch at Cafe Katz (discovered by Beth, Erin and Meghan).

Further down the road we went to the Moeraki Boulders. Some of us went plundering the beach for shells, while others pretended to hatch out of rocks, or contented themselves by perfecting their balancing acts. Today was the first time I'd seen a full moon in daylight! (Thanks Steve!) Dunedin loomed on the horizon. We had made good time, so we had some to spare on arrival before meeting with our billets. I don't think anyone ventured much further than the few streets radiating from the centre of town. Asako tried valiantly to locate her bank card. We met up with the billets in the crypt of the cathedral. I was expecting graves and headstones and cobwebs and maybe a ghoul or two, but alas, my hopes were dashed. Erin and I were welcomed into the home of Betty "Gossip Queen", Doug "Mr. Happy" and Felicity "Stone-wall" Rawlings. Jeff was billeted with the undertaker and alcoholic family. Rick was with the Reverend (scary thought). Beth and Tara had an Anglican lady with "a pole up her bum". Anyway, we all went home for dinner. Betty wanted to make sure that we saw a bit of the town, so guess who was in charge of coordinating an outing? Luckily, not many people were interested, so not much coordinating had to be done! We ended up meeting Heather, Tania, Karian and Asako (and their billets) at a student coffee house called the Percolator. We exchanged stories about Murray and Bruce over some great hot chocolate with marshmallows. Karian and Asako met up with some BOYS (actually Jeff and Dominick) and deserted their billets, while Heather and Tania waited for a ride home. Erin, Betty and I were the only ones to view the sights. All I remember was a big red neon flying horse. Oh, one other thing - Rick and Kinza had their first "date" at the movies. (I wonder if they had the back row to themselves?!)

- Meghan Atchison

## Wednesday, May 10th.

It is May 10th today and we are in Dunedin. This morning everyone woke up in their billets houses, probably freezing to death, and went on to do different things. At 12:00 pm we had to meet at the Cathedral for a rehearsal for tonight's concert. We went and we sang, and then we were off to lunch until 1:00. Then we were off on a bus tour around Dunedin. We drove to the Royal Albatross Center on a very narrow, very windy road. The water beside us was absolutely amazing colors. Lyndsay said you could see penguins but no one

did. At the Royal Albatross Center, some people saw sea lions and some of us watched a video of the undersea and outersea. Wow! No one saw any Albatross flinging themselves off of cliffs. We then drove to Lanarch Castle but it was \$4.00 a person just to see the grounds so the majority said no and back we went to town. The respective billets picked us up for dinner and to change for tonight's concert. We met at 7:45 pm for an 8:00 concert and did some warmups in the sub-zero basement of the Cathedral. This was our last Kiwi concert and there were not very many people there at all. The concert went quite well except for the Log Driver's Waltz (some people forgot the words!). After the concert we got a group picture and then went back to our billets houses. Our billets were very nice except for the fact that the man was completely whipped! Heather and I drank rotten chocolate milk then collapsed into our water bottle heated beds until morning.

- Tania Pain



## Thursday, May 11th.

Travel day - bus left Dunedin at 7:00 am. Stopped at Timaru for a pee break. There we presented Lyndsay with his present, a tape recorder. Beth also gave him a cake with the words "Lyndsay is the World's Greatest Bus Driver" on it. Murray, Ian, Brian, Rick, and Morgan sang the Lyndsay version of "The Longest Time". Saw Mt. Cook on the way to Christchurch. Said our goodbyes to Lyndsay. Checked our luggage and then tried to spend our last NZ money. 2:45 pm - took flight NZ 355 to Sydney on a 747 400. Picked up by Garry, our new bus driver. Thank god we only had him for 2 days and not 2 weeks. Dropped off at our hotel,



Southern Cross. A few people went for a cold swim. Seventeen of us went out for chinese. Steve K. and his table led Happy Birthday to Inge in 3-part harmony in the restaurant. Walked around the city, down to the Opera House, and some went to the water by the park.

- Steve Illman

## Friday, May 12th.



Happy 23rd Birthday Beth! We had the buffet breakfast at the hotel, then at 11:30, we got on the bus and headed to St. Stephen's Uniting Church where we had a rehearsal before our performance at 1:00. There were about 9 people in the audience when we began the concert. Some stragglers strolled in later to make a total of about 40 by the end. We were pretty disappointed, being that Sydney is a city of over 3 million people. Obviously no one put out the effort to advertise. Still, we managed to capture what small audience there was and definitely learned a lesson in performance fortitude. Garry, our obnoxious busdriver, picked us up at the church and gave us a tour around the city. We stopped off at the Opera House for a group photo - then changed into shorts in the bus. The tour did not end without a few racial and sexist comments from Garry. At one point when he was boasting about the size of the island of Australia as opposed to Vancouver Island, Beth interjected the beautiful and cutting comment, "It's not the size of the island, it's how friendly the people are."

Garry dropped us off at Bondi Beach for an hour to play in the waves and sit in the sun. It was a beautiful beach with a big surf which many of us had a great time playing in. We reboarded the bus after about an hour and continued our Sydney tour. We stopped for a photo-op overlooking the harbour, Opera House and bridge. Heather and Karian managed to get their picture taken with a couple of good-looking policemen who happened to be there. Garry dropped us off at our hotel at about 5:30. We got ready and then went out to dinner for Beth's birthday. We didn't all go to the same place as it was extremely difficult to find a place that would take all 18 of us. Steve L., Bruce, Heather, Tara and I went to a

small Italian place and got great pasta dinners for about \$5.00. We decided to go back to Bruce's room, eat chocolate, and drink Grand Marnier and wine. We picked up a bottle of quite

nice sweet wine for \$3.99. What a deal! Byron, Murray, Brian and Morgan joined us in Bruce's room. The party ended when the jokes got too sick to bear. The rest of the crowd went to an Italian restaurant for dinner, ordered a cake for Beth and sang Happy Birthday in 3-part harmony. After they ate, Erin, Rick and Kinza went back to the hotel and everyone else went to a gay bar. The only guy was Jeff. They wanted to see a drag show, but it didn't start until 11:30 and they didn't feel like waiting around for 2 hours. So, they started back to the hotel and stopped for yummy ice cream. They decided to go dancing at a nightclub called Zoom. It was dead, but slowly people started to come. They didn't recognize any of the music, but it was good dance music anyway. Asako, Meghan and Tania went home at about midnight. Jeff, Karian and Beth stayed till about 1:00 am. Jeff couldn't get into his room and "didn't want to bother the porter" so he went across the street to the casino, met a guy named Dwayne and his friends, who bought him drinks all night and took him to several clubs around the city. Jeff didn't get back till about 6:30 in the morning and still couldn't get into his room, but this time, only because he couldn't remember his room number!

- Inge Schenck

## Saturday, May 13th.

Yeah, we are in Sydney. Up at 7:00 am to the smell of tasty croissants. A group of us (Karian, Meghan, Tania, Jeff, Erin, Asako, Beth and I) went on

our way to Paddy's Market. Much money was spent on important things, like astrology charts. From there we bought a return ticket to Blacktown, which took us close to Featherdale Park. Kangaroos (doing the wild thing... literally!), tasmanian devils (which just ran around and around in circles), and great ice cream. It was "Shit on Tania Day" as she was the target of one koala and two birds in the space of about an hour. Meghan and I were attacked by an unfriendly ostrich... not a very good ambassador! Needless to say, everyone took WAY too many photos at Featherdale.

The rest of the day was spent listening to others' sordid details over dinner... we all went to the cheap pasta place, and Murray, Byron, Inge and Steve were presented with their tour awards as we are leaving them behind tomorrow. After that, most everyone walked to the Harbour and took an awesome ferry ride over to Luna Park. Torrential downpour is all I can think about that lovely park. Karian, Jeff, Tania, Tara and I sat close to death at the top of the ferris wheel, swaying in the "brisk" wind, while Meghan and Ian sat huddled under a park worker's umbrella, and Beth and Asako, just having bought \$20.00 worth of ride tickets, made the most of the short (or non-existent) line ups. When we finally arrived on the other side of the Harbour, it wasn't even raining! Oh well, I had a blast anyways!!

- Heather McVie

## Sunday, May 14th.

All of us... (well at least some of us) thought that this tour was going to be such a long one, but 2/3's of the trip is gone, and we are now heading to the last stop. We all got up really early to get to the airport on time. It was so weird leaving Murray, Byron, Inge and Steve behind... oh well, considering we are not having any formal concerts in Hawaii, that's not too bad for the performances, but...

Any way, we got to the airport in time (of course!). Now, usually, when you are at the airport, you wouldn't stay for more than 2 hours. But after we checked in and everything, we were told that our flight was cancelled until 1:00 pm because of the bad weather in Auckland. Wow! More time to spend at the airport... NOT! So some of us decided to play "Asshole". I don't really know why, but Brian tended to be the asshole for most of the time. After a while, we got meal vouchers for lunch, and then finally got on a plane. And of

course, we ended up waiting for two stupid passengers who didn't show up on time... 30 minutes late! There is a security regulation that doesn't allow take off with the luggage of non-existent passengers. The flight was rough. I mean REALLY rough. It was more thrilling than the rides in Luna Park (see yesterday's journal!!). By the time we arrived in Auckland, we were about 15 minutes late for the connecting flight which was supposed to wait for us at gate 4. Bruce was looking at gate 4 and said, "The plane is not there..." And yes, he was right! Of course the plane wasn't there at gate 4. We were told that the plane was still there, but when we got off the plane, we were told to stay at the same gate as the one we just got off (gate 2).

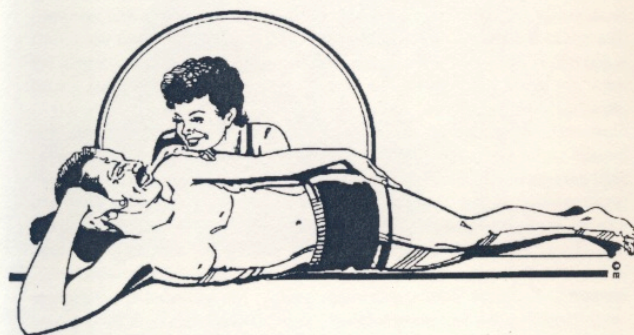
There is a proverb in Japanese saying, "The thing that happened twice would happen three times." Yep. We were told that there was some sort of fuel leaking, so we ended up waiting for another plane from Sydney. OK... another voucher... yeah... So, we ended up getting two vouchers each this time, and then we waited, and waited, and waited... for about 6 hours. What an experience!! How many times would people get 3 vouchers worth \$31.00, and wait in airports for a total of 9 hours!?! And why did I pick today to write a journal!?! If you think this is the end of the day, too bad! You still have to read my journal because I'm not done yet... there is another half! Ha! Ha! Anyway, we finally left Auckland



around midnight, and arrived in Honolulu around 10:30 am. Now, I've caused problems in NZ, and I knew something was going to happen to me here, too. Well, I simply confused some of the immigration officers and I got stuck at customs for 15-20 minutes just because they were not sure if an international student is considered a resident of Canada (well duh, I've



LIVED here for 5 years for god's sake, what the heck did they think?). Anyway, I finally passed customs! We welcomed Ian's brother, Tim, at the airport, then went to the hotel. Some went to the beach, most of us went to bed. At this point, I thought my journal was going to be really long and boring and nothing exciting. I was wrong. Jeff, Tim, Ian, Meghan, Karian, Beth, Erin and I decided to go to a night club in town. Unfortunately Erin couldn't get in, so Ian walked her back to the hotel (he was supposed to come back to the club, but he got lost and never made it....) So the



rest of us just sat there for a while, drinking and chatting. Then Tim challenged Jeff to a drinking contest - 30 gin and tonics. Jeff agreed so they started drinking. By the way, Tim had been drinking the whole evening... I have no clue how much he had. On the other hand, Jeff "doesn't" drink (yeah right, Mr. Sydney). So we (women, I mean) decided to help Jeff by sneaking out from the dance floor and pouring his drink to ours whenever we all were dancing. By the time both Jeff and Tim hit the 4th one, Tim was just pissed and left "for some air". So that was it for the competition. When we got back to the hotel, Tim was just gone. We put him to bed; he was sleeping happily with a bucket in his arms. Oh, I have to mention that Meghan wrote a note saying "Monique" with a phone number written on it, and Karian slipped it into the Sleeping Beauty's jeans pocket. You have to love our sense of humour...

- Asako Shimizu

## Monday, May 15th.

Today's journal entry has been preempted as the author is too sexy for this diary. (Just kidding.)

The day started off with a security meeting with Mr. Hawaii-Five-0. Nice stories... okay, enjoy your stay. The highlight of today was a snorkelling adventure at Hanauma Bay. Nine of us arrived in style - limousine!! OK, it would have been more stylin' if we

weren't packed in like sardines... minor technicality. The girls ogled the men in butt-floss. Many of us had various body parts crashed against the reefs - some were concerned with how this would affect our tans. We returned to the Outrigger, where we all spent our freetime differently. Some ventured to an all-you-can-eat spaghetti place and then went to an open-air market, and then to the beach. Tania, the shoe queen, bought out Payless. All in all it was a good day.

- Beth Whitmore & Karian Brigidear

(for Mr. July '95)

## Tuesday, May 16th.

We woke up with much grumbling. Oh yuck. Meet at 7:45 am for a school concert at Kamehameha. Oh joy, oh rapture. Our minds and attitudes changed greatly. We sang for 4 classes - the men's choir was really good. Both them and the girl's choirs danced hulas for us. It was really neat. After the 2nd gig, which was received with much hootin' and hollerin' (especially for us altos!), we watched a presentation with more dancers. We toured the chapel and got fed in the cafeteria - the school campus was huge! Students took shuttle buses to various classes. The school was very fine arts oriented and it seemed that everyone was very self-confident. Facts: the students are Hawaiian, and mainly orphaned or from single parent families. We then stayed to watch native dancers - Marquisian and Cook Islanders. The latter were amazing! They did a drum symphony that was phenomenal. OK, back to the real world, or at least Waikiki.

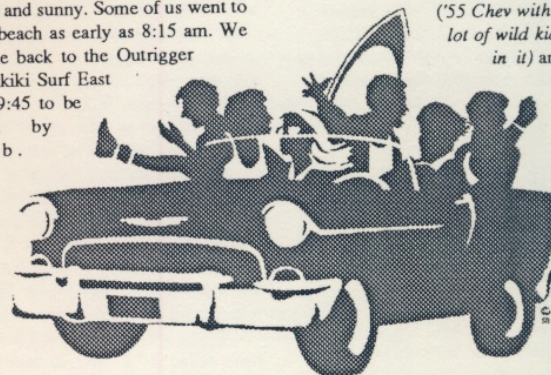
The rest of the day was free time. That night, some went to Scruples night club. (Karian coerced an overly friendly security guard named Jerry onto the dance floor.) Afterwards we decided to go skinny-dipping. Steve was our water tester; he walked for miles and only got to just below his knees in the water. He floated a bit (don't get excited Steve or your ass

will be out of the water!). Needless to say, none of the rest of us ventured into the water. Good night.

- Beth Whitmore

## Wednesday, May 17th.

It's so easy to get up early in Hawaii. The mornings are warm (not like NZ) and sunny. Some of us went to the beach as early as 8:15 am. We came back to the Outrigger Waikiki Surf East by 9:45 to be met by Bob.



After daybreak, people headed in different directions. Steve, Beth, Jeff and Karian had a jeep and took off for Sacred Falls and had a great day involving a 2 mile hike through flashflood territory. The falls were gorgeous and the man in the black bikini briefs - divine (Mr. July '95). They drove halfway around the island, stopping at beaches to take photos of an interesting sunset.

I rented a '95 Mustang convertible, ('55 Chev with a lot of wild kids in it) and

He showed us the bus route to the Hawaiian Baptist Academy (a private Christian High School). The students were quite enthusiastic (mainly because their school year is ending soon and they were relieved to be doing something outside of the ordinary routine). We sang well, despite the "dead" acoustics. We then travelled to the Aloha Stadium Flea Market where the prices are the cheapest in Honolulu. After heading back to the hotel, we headed to the beach (again!). There was a Chinese/Japanese potluck happening in Bruce's room for dinner. It was a chance for us to spend some time in a big group again.

- Kinza Tyrrell

## Thursday, May 18th.

The 18th began for me in the wee hours of the morning, playing cards and feeling rather outnumbered as the only male amongst 7 players. Normally this ratio would not be given a second thought, but the deck used was Guilia's new male model deck, which Kinza found so interesting when shown the cards the next day. It will suffice to say that the card games were played rather slowly, and I took advantage of the others' distraction to advance from last place to vice-president in a few rounds. A day or so later there was a rumor floating around that certain people knew the models' nicknames by number and suit...

underwent a sudden transformation (unbeknownst to me) involving weight loss, a subtle tan (in the right light), great hair, and a general increase in attractiveness to members of the opposite sex. Tim and I, Meghan, Asako and Brian took off to see the sights and made a few stops on a circuit of the larger portion of the island. First, the Halona Blowhole, a rock formation on the shore, that funneled the ocean swells causing a spout that looked as if it could raise one aloft, cartoon-like, on a jet of spray. We were soon flooded by several busloads of Japanese tourists, and continued on to Kahana Bay Beach Park, which is a very shallow bay that carves deep inland, and is surrounded by steep hills of lush green foliage. Beautiful. After lunch on the sand, we drove past Sunset Beach and stopped to rent a jet ski. We took a 2-person craft, and those things can really haul! Up to 35 or 40 mph on flat water, apparently. Everyone had a turn, and aside from Tim and Meghan ditching once or twice, all went well and it was great fun.

Later on, a wrong turn gave us a surprise as we saw the "highway" become a dirt track on dunes leading along the shore. As our car had only been driven 1000 miles when we got it, "Dukes of Hazard"-type manoeuvres were ruled out. We turned back and stopped one last time at a scenic spot and checked out the beach. Goats were heard bleating on the hills, but we saw none.

That night, after a brief "I've been to the Waikiki Hard Rock Cafe" trip, and dinner elsewhere, some people



went out to Scruples again. (Editor's note: Most of the girls got in for free because Fred, the owner, was from Hornby Island, and he liked that we laughed at his stupid jokes.) There was a bikini contest that night, and three scantily-clad albeit deserving women did leave the testosterone-surrounded floor with cash prizes. I think the napkins used as coasters for our drinks had more total area than that of the fabric of certain bikinis. Our ill-mannered waitress (who wanted us to buy drinks continuously) was dramatically impersonated by Erin. Seating location changes ensued. Beth had a rather good time but that would be the next morning's story.

- Ian Bullen

## Friday, May 19th.

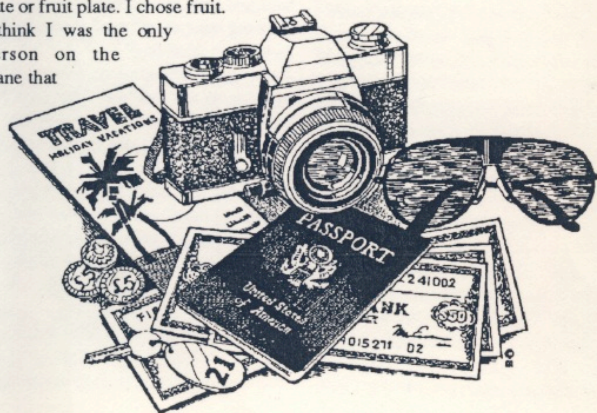
Well, here we are, last day of the tour. Right now it's the 20th, and we're waiting in Vancouver International for our luggage. Anyhow, yesterday was actually my day to write. We ended the day with a good meal with Bruce, and honored him with cake and a song. He did, after all, do a great job with this tour. I don't think he drinks enough beer, myself, but no one's perfect (except me). I don't think one day went by when I didn't drink at least four beers. I achieved my goal! Kinza and I and Morgan and Brian sat by the pool for most of the day today, although it was cloudy and rained a bit. I finally got to play some beach volleyball! Kinza finally got her umbrella drink in Honolulu International, and then the long flight began. So, that's about all I have to say. Great tour guys, although next time, let's party together more!

- Rick Knowles

## Saturday, May 20th.

OK. Flight's 1/2 over and we've just been served breakfast - either an omelette or fruit plate. I chose fruit.

I think I was the only person on the plane that



watched the movie - Richie Rich. Either it was actually funny or I was too zoned and anything would have been funny. Anyhow, our flight was an hour late due to problems with the hydraulics. Bloody beaut. At least they discovered this BEFORE we left the ground. Anyhow, the connecting flight for those travelling to Victoria was going to be fun to make. It could have been done except we had no luggage. So we waited for about another hour when we were then informed that the belt was broken (no kidding) and our suitcases would be hand delivered. So we got our suitcases but our flight had long since departed. On towards customs. Home free - NOT! "Excuse me would you come with me please," said a very polite young lady. I figured I was OK - so I fudged a few numbers and didn't declare everything. Boy was I wrong. She pulled apart 3 of my bags, inspecting EVERYTHING!! I really wished that she had opened my bag entirely filled with very dirty clothes. Oh well - I finally got out of there but I would have failed a lie detector test. My heart was just racing. So we got our new flight and are almost home. YAY! YAY!

P.S. - It was a great trip and I enjoyed getting to know everyone a lot more, especially my jeep buddies Karian, Steve and Jeff. See you next year?!

P.P.S. - I loved my job as tour mom. P.P.S.S. - Ian, for the record, I was so drunk for the entire trip that even if you had had a computer program, you couldn't have kept track of all the alcohol I consumed!

P.P.P.S.S. - Just kidding, Mr. Parole Officer. I know I have violated my parole and will be placed on house arrest when I arrive at my home country.

P.P.P.S.S.S. - I hope I didn't annoy anyone on this trip. If I did, I'm terribly sorry. Really - honestly - I don't like being a pest. Seriously. Would I kid you? Would I ramble on with my whiny, snivelly grovelling? Get serious ye bloody wankers!

- Beth Whitmore

## TOUR AWARDS:

**Murray Polisky Scholarship Award for Excellence in the Field of Early Alzheimer's**  
Bruce "Nobody Gives a Shit About the American Fish Crisis" More

**Tour Police/Parole Officer Award**  
Ian "OK, off to the fair... which way is the fair?" Bullen

**Unknown Comic Award**  
Brian "Shareholder in NZ Post" Arens

**I'm Still on Canadian Time Award/ Best Pick-Up Line Award**  
Karian "Can I borrow your converter?" Brigidear

**Pizza Hut and Nothin' But Award**  
Byron "Frisbee" Phillips

**Mr. Salty Dog/ Health Kick Award**  
Murray "Richard Simmons" Polisky

**Now We Know Why He's a Happy Man Award**  
Steve "What's in the baggie?" Karagianis

**I Kept My Maiden Name Award**  
Inge "Schweetie" Schenck

**Vinnie Barbarino/ Dan Fielding/ Larry Wanna Be Award**  
Rick "Oh my god, I'm under six!" Knowles

**Casper Kamehameha Award**  
Erin "Darlene Connor" Bardua

**Imelda Marcos/ Payless Customer of the Month Award**  
Tania "Actually, Heather is a vegetarian and won't eat steak and kidney pie" Pain

**Glenn Who? Award**  
Kinza "I don't get it" Tyrrell

**No (she means yes) Don't Drive It In Me Award**  
Mehgan "Vene vidi visa" Atchison

**Mr. Nice Guy Award**  
Morgan "It took me the 'Longest Time' to come out of the closet" Collins

**Baskin Robbins Spokesmodel Award**  
Tara "At least let me put on a towel, Rick!" Marston

**Environmentally Friendly Tour Mom With 26 oz Flu Award**  
Beth "Wake Me at 4 AM" Whitmore

**I Can't Even Get It When I'm Urgent Award**  
Asako "I gave him a big shit!" Shimizu

**Picky Picky Pumpkin Eater/Best Pick-Up Line Award**  
Heather "Anonymous" McVie

**I'm Too Sexy For This Choir Award**  
Jeff "You have an attitude and need to be brought down" Wegner

**Most Expensive Haircut Award**  
Alexis "Why can't my dad tour with a men's basketball team?" More

**Can I Have the Two of Spades? Award**  
Guilia "Bruce, you're exceeding the speed limit" Mauro

**Honorary Chamber Singer and Professor of NZ History PHD Award**  
Lyndsay "Everything you wanted to know and a little bit more" Fraser

**Mr. Minolta Award**  
Steve Illman

**Red Baron Award**  
Tim "There was no Monique" Bullen



# SOME CLASSIC TOUR QUOTES

*"Some singers go an entire career without forgetting their tux!" - Bruce*

*"That was the most incredible suction I've ever had!" - Brian*

*"I'm a happy man." - Steve X*

*"I'm just happy I remembered my music." - Murray*

*"Nice form Kinza." - Rick*

*"You want me to put what where?!" - Erin*

*"She has stretchmarks!!!" - Meghan*

*"That's kinda stupid isn't it?" - Beth*

*"How long do you think it would take me to carve this into a dog?" - Jeff*

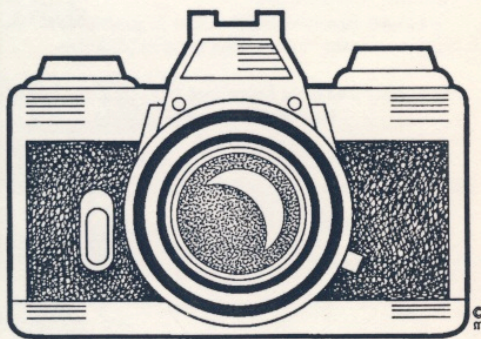
*"Get hard, woman!" - Hamish (from Napier)*

*"Artwanks, y'are!" - Mandy (from Wellington)*

*"When I woke up this morning, my billets' cat had barfed in the corner of the room and peed on my jacket." - Jeff*

*"I can't believe you ditched me!" - Karian*

*"Real men hula." - Beth*



*"Sometimes it's great being Japanese!" - Asako*







# Christchurch Star

May 12, 1995.

**The Chamber Singers of the  
University of Victoria, Canada  
-at the Music Centre Chapel.**

Rather than being a choir of one basic sound like Kings College Cambridge, the remarkable uniqueness of this youthful group is that it is several choirs in one. The cathedral chior sound used for Byrd's Kyrie was quickly changed to a darker continental tone for Bruckner's Credo and Brahms's Song of Destiny.

The contrast between their warm frontal production for the Italian items by Castelnuovo-Tedesco and their cooler tone in the Scandinavian works by Rautavarra, Karlsons and Grieg was quite extraordinary. Their South Aftican items were sung with an intense chesty harshness exactly the way black Africans sing.

These dramatic changes in tone colour were exploited not for gimmicks but for deeply thought out interpretations. Their symphonic fortissimos in the Bruckner were surpringly powerful for a choir of seventeen. The finest choir I have ever heard here was the Swedish Chamber Choir. This virtuostic Canadian choir wasn't too far from that level.

**-Ian Dando**