

"Buddyyee dunwanna goda BED-YET. I wanna go back th'party" I actually got up and went somewh,,, no wait, trish came and got me. Man, I got raked like a yard full of leaves. I deserved It though. At least that's wat I was told. In the morning I got up to get my stuff from the tower (the clock never made it there) . 8am, the pool attendant had just opened the place, and I said "Hi" as I passed him and went up the spiral staircase (PAST THE BARRED GATE WITH THE SIGN THAT SAYS 'AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY????) up to the observation tower. Man the place was a mess. cigarette butts everywhere, empty bottles, and the brightest morning sunshine we had seen so far in Hong Kong. Now I could offer some closure here, but I think I'd better just stop abruptly and use the anti-climactic-ending effect we all grew so accustomed to on tour. Hope your all having a good summer, and Much love,

Graham

I'm really sorry guys, but I can't remember what we did on the 11th. I know it was our first day in Shenzhen. A lot of people spoke Chinese. It was the day with the really good concert hall but I choked on the bird song. I came in a bar and a half early and didn't notice until the rest of the sopranos came in. That was embarrassing. Also, it was the day that a lot of people were feeling sick. Jenn said that she found the 11th interesting, when she saw a cockroach and it ran after her. The first part of the day was spent in travelling to China and I was all tired so sometimes I forgot to pay attention. I thought the train was impressive though. I remember I had a blister on my foot too. As well, it was nice to go back to dorms instead of new billets houses but I couldn't figure out the light switches for the longest time. I'm giving this book back to Mark now. That was the official record of May 11th. The rest is classified.

Leah

Last night was mosquito hell night in the New Century School dorms in Dong Guan city in China. They were fucking brutal. But anyways, at least no one was killed. The day didn't start with a hangover, but I did feel a little buzzed from all the anti-coagulating serum. Off we went sight-seeing to the Chinese Folk Culture Village. Unfortunately 30 minutes was not quite enough time to see much, but Graham, John and I managed to climb halfway up the Pagoda (with Bob). The trip to the park was followed by a stop at a store where pretty much everything was way too expensive, although one of the saleswomen was great to talk to. What a babe. Hate to say it, but I ate at MacDonald's today. The concert that night was not what we expected. The audience was impressive (about 1000), unfortunately they were a little too young to appreciate our music. They seemed to be impressed with us though. The sound seemed to be pretty bad, but it may have sounded better out front. The children performers were great to watch, and probably the highlight of the show for me. After the concert, the school took us out for "tea", where a few of us tried to drink the place dry ("I'm stil on my first glass!") We picked up some beer, took the bus about ten feet to our rooms, drank the beer and went to bed.

Rick

Although China was a much more intense environment than Korea, Thailand and Hong Kong, I still felt that I needed to stay longer. A world that had been hidden to me, now revealed itself, I wanted to see more. The train ride back to Hong Kong left me with mixed feelings. The NATO bombing had caused much tension in the streets. We were escorted everywhere. People stared as usual, but it was different...small children looked afraid. This saddened me. Our hosts were wonderful though. —so generous—I would miss them. I felt the same leaving Korea—would I ever see these people again? Life is long... and I know that I will return to Asia again. Bruce and I dis-



So, these were many of my thoughts on the train to Hong Kong. Shenzhen was a place that we didn't get to explore enough...but it certainly affected us all profoundly. (Hong Kong that night: much more shopping, food and flashing lights!!!)

Shannon

Whoa, back in civilization again! The air is cleaner here in Hong Kong and it's not as hot as Dong Guan City. Alex and I took the subway to the city and did a radio interview with a DJ who was somewhat hipper than your average radio interviewer (not saying much). "Radio Hong Kong", must have a huge following judging from the hordes that showed up to our concert that afternoon. (NOT!!!!). Actually, our presentation for the students of the Hong Kong Academy for Performance was most satisfying, with a lovely acoustic in a small recital hall and highly enthusiastic 20 or so people. It was the "performance reassurance" we so badly needed after the Dong Guan city disasters. People seem much more mellow now that we are beyond the "unknown" phase of the tour and back in mother Hong Kong. Think I'll go try and score a digital camera. Bye!

Bruce

An act from Jon and Graham's famous one act playlet: "101 things guys can do with a bra".

Carrie! Caaaaaaarrrrrrrriiiiieee! Okay, if my day is May ____, and technically May ____ starts at 12:00 AM, then this is what I'll start my journal entry with. If it weren't for the fact that i don't get sick then I would've sworn that I was coming down with the flu. Also, the night before, I had gone to bed early but was (very rudely) hauled out of it by two choir members who shall remain nameless... but let's just say there first names end with "ricia" and "eah".

Because of these two facts I had gone to bed quite early but had to lay there awake and suffer through illness and stifling humidity because a few certain choir members felt it necessary to have a party in the hall and one certain choir member (how's this for vagueness) felt it necessary to call out (quite pathetically may I add) for another choir member at 1:30 IN THE MORNING!!!!!! > Well, I did manage to get some sleep that night and woke up feeling surprisingly alright. This day I had planned to follow Wade to Sham Sui Po to get in on some awesome deals on pirated software and cheap electronics. I waited around for him and followers while everyone else went off and did other things. When we finally got ready, Wade, Michael, and Dan informed me that they weren't going to Sham Sui Po but instead to "Ocean Park". They asked me if I wanted to come. "Well, I guess I have no other choice now, hey guys?" But the day would prove to curve my bitterness. > I still can't decide if the fact that I've never been to Disney Land was an advantage or disadvantage. The disadvantage was that I couldn't join in the conversation with the other guys when comparing it to Disney Land, but the advantage was that my expectations weren't as high. What ever it was, Ocean Park was truly awesome. It was like Disney Land (i think) without any lines. We started the day off with a few rounds of the roller coaster and continued on through the other rides. It didn't take long before both Michael and I couldn't handle any more rides. We took the gondolas back to the main section of the park though since it was such a beautiful ride we could've stayed on the gondolas and waited at the women in passing gondolas all day long. We went to "Secrets of the Lost Temple" which was an Indiana Jones ride knock off. We missed the English version by 5 minutes which made this ride all the more lame. But we continued on to Dinosaur land and got some good pictures with Bob. It was getting late when we discovered that there was a pseudo log ride called "River Rage". We had to do it. So another long gondola ride brought us to a massive line up for this ride. The park would close in an hour and a half so we knew that we would just make it. When we finally got near the front of the line, we noticed a large tv screen displaying a picture of the last riders as they would career down the final hill.

The gears in Darryl's mind began to turn. Finally Michael and I got in one of the boats and began our trip through the "river rage". Let me tell you, there wasn't much raging going on, you know what I'm saying? Anyways, I happened to be wearing my new shirt which had a zipper all the way down the front. As we turned the corner for the final hill, I promptly began to unzip my shirt. The boat came to the top of the hill, and as we began to plunge, I exposed my left breast quite enthusiastically. We came to the end of the ride and as Michael and as we got off the boat I recieved many wierd expressions on the faces of the locals. We quickly looked at the tv screen but we weren't on it. Dissappointment set in. Would the picture ever be seen or had it already gone by? We walked out of the ride and down a path to another little shop and soon discovered the 8 tv screen there. And there, on set number 5, for all to see, (CLIMAX MOMENT OF DARRYL'S DAY), was my blindingly white left boob. Yes, probably a thousand Asians got to see my left boob that day. Hbw's that for international relations or should we say "cultural exchange".

Well, despite all the fun we were having, the park closed at 6:30. We went back to the hotel for a half hour "stop" ... hmmm ... and continued on to some great deals at Sham Sui Po. I hope the lady there didn't really get beaten by her boss for the price she took, but hey, I got a great phone out of the deal. We also went to what seemed to be a suspicious software outlet (suspicious since the entrance was hidden inside a hand bag shop) and loaded up on the video games (which if i may add on a later note, half don't work properly). After much shopping we returned back to the hotel, probably for some more late night partying.

Darryl

Sunday, May 16

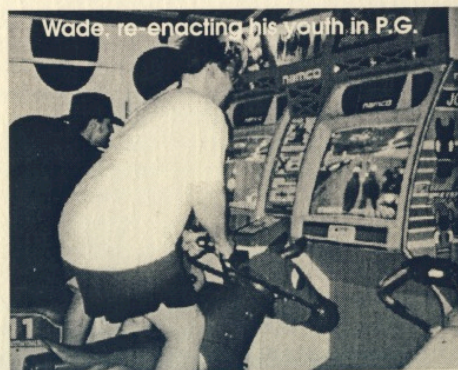
This is the day of our "mall concert" in the Hong Kong Cultural Centre. Trish, Carrie, Rick, Dallas, Connie and I took the famous Star Ferry "bobbing" across the waves to the city and thence to the tram up to Victoria Peak. The cloud cover was just above our heads when we arrived so we got the great view of the city. On the way back, we noticed large numbers of young women picnicking all over the city sidewalks. There must have been thousands of them. Very few children and no men (or as the altos so crudely put it earlier in the tour: Chicks, no dicks). I met a prosclitizing Christian woman on the return star ferry who said they were all rehearsing for some scary evangelical event in three weeks time. This made not sense to me at all. It turns out that they are Filipino women who work as maids all over Hong Kong and live in accomodations so small that they meet together on their day off by having a humongous picnic all over HK on Sundays. (It seems like the woman on the ferry could have told me the truth - sometimes I find Christianity quite confusing??)

So, back to the hotel and down to the Cultural Centre. The venue is a step up from our Dong Guan outdoor venues, but a small step. Nice audience though and we sang well. Well, I think I'll go try and score a digital camera - bye!

Bruce

Monday, May 17

Today it was my birthday. I knew it was going to be a good day because I have been told that birthdays always are. We all woke up and ate fairly early because we had to be on the bus in concert dress by 9:30. After general whining on the men's part about having to wear their disgusting tuxedos for so long, and a couple "has anybody seen Hugh's", we set off for the Hong Kong Institute of Learning or Education or whatever. We were hot. It was my birthday. When we arrived at the Institute, it was still my birthday. We were also still hot. We had an hour to blow before rehearsal. There were email stations in the hallways, and most of us took advantage of them, while Hugh and Felipe took advantage of our young and attractive hosts. Our last concert was really a lot of fun - we did the Jon and danced like Bruce, Wade sang a song about an old man dying and Graham forgot to come back for the second half. ("I thought somebody



would wake me up") At least he didn't leave his passport on the bus or something. Now THAT would have been embarrassing. After the concert, Trisha collected all our folders because otherwise we would have lost them, and we had a photo shoot in honour of my birthday. We all yelled Haley hurry up one last time and were VERY hot. We then had lunch with some of the faculty and students. (I, Carrie Tennant a.k.a. birthday girl and half assed vegetarian, have eaten SO much meat this tour I'm suprised my eyebrows haven't grown together.) We had a really interesting conversation at our table about the differences between our music education systems. Afterwards, they took us on a less-than-interesting-all-too-familiar campus tour, during which we all fantasized about the hotel pool because it was rather warm out. Unfortunately (especially on one's birthday), when we got back to the hotel, the pool had been shut down. Nobody seemed to know why exactly - someone mentioned something about a window washer slipping on some vomit, but this turned out to be just a rumour cruelly perpetrated by Rick Knowles. We ended up holding the Tour Awards indoors, making feeble attempts to hide our beer while Bruce muttered periodically, "I can't believe they haven't kicked us out yet." The tour awards were fairly tame, although there was some confusion over the "Rick...will you HUMP me?" award. Afterwards, we all went back to our rooms to drink some more, and then split up to go for dinner. SOME people, (who shall remain nameless but their initials are RK, WN, and MJ) went to McDonald's on their last night in Asia. Haley, Jon, Tricia, Graham, Dallas, Leah and I went to a Chinese restaurant where we sang a couple of choruses of sha la la la with the staff. When we got back to the hotel, the rest of the group was still drinking. Of course we joined them, but one by one - even though it was still my birthday - people decided to go to bed. Apparently Bruce had recommended that we all get enough sleep so that we'd be wide awake for that long flight the next day. So soon we were all snuggled down in our beds, while visions of free alcohol on international flights danced in our heads...

Carrie

Tuesday, May 18

Well, I often choose for my diary date the last day of tour, meaning the travel day home, which no one usually wants to do, as it's mostly eventless... however, not today! I started my day bright and early in order to get some last minute shopping and a few subway rides in before being picked up by our bus for the transfer to the airport. We waited and waited for Hugh on the bus before realizing that he wasn't coming with us... he was going back to Thailand to meet up with a woman he met in Bangkok... or was it Chaing-Mai... in his case it could easily have been both. Well, he finally came down and waved bye-bye to us then we were on our way. We met Camus' husband Thomas on the bus, as Camus had to go out of town to tend to a relative that was in the hospital. It was a very interesting bus ride... it was interesting to get a perspective on Hong Kong from the point of view of a Westerner who lives there... Thomas mentioned lots of little tidbits that Camus never would have thought of as she grew up there.

The wait at the airport was pleasant and mellow... I spent way too much on a couple of magazines, as I pulled "an Alex" and screwed up the exchange rate... oh well, it was a special Star Wars edition of Popular Mechanics... it was worth \$15 cdn... really, it was... Past the security gate, and we all said our good-byes to Dallas (well, some did more than "say") who was off to Taiwan to teach English to unsuspecting Asians... you'll be able to recognize them when they visit Canada by their conspicuous usage of the word "gorp". On to the plane... as we were flying Korean Air, we didn't have a direct connection back to Vancouver, we had to fly back to Seoul first... did I mention that it was typhoon season? No? Oh... well, I guess we were running a bit late, so the pilot decided to fly THROUGH the typhoon rather than around it... this big ol' 747-400 was being tossed around like a Kleenex (the unused variety) in the wind... the wings were flexing an amazing amount, and at one point we lost what must have been several hundred, if not a thousand or more feet of altitude in a matter of a couple of seconds! Deborah and/or Shannon screamed - I'm not sure which one, as they were right in front of me sitting beside each other. This all scared the daylight out of most of us... the hairy white buddha was NOT happy. I was having more than one thought about never getting to see my unborn child... however, throughout all of that, right beside me, here was good ol' Marnie, not the least bit worried, sitting back and enjoying the ride. She told me that she knew that's not how she was going to die... I had no idea she was such a fatalist... well, not me, fate-shmate, for a few very long seconds, I thought the UVic Chamber Singers were going down in a blaze of glory... or shat pants, we'll leave it up to the obit writers. Well, the flight did smooth out, although it was fairly bumpy for the rest of the trip... truth to tell, I don't remember much of anything about our transfer time in the Kimpo airport at Seoul... I think we went pretty quickly from one plane to the other. The flight home was on a 777... it was more or less uneventful except for Michael giving his sandals the bile treatment... he had a few too many gin drinks. When we got back to Vancouver, I went straight to the Air Canada desk and spent too much money on a direct flight back to Victoria. By 3:30 I was home with my cats, dogs, wife, and fetus... ahhh... life is good. It was a great trip folks, thanx for your part in making it so! Cheers, the keeper of the great hairy white buddha.

Wade

Tour Quotes:

- I would want to sleep with myself if I were a guy _ Tricia
- I like your pants; my grandpa has a pair just like them _ Karen
- I don't fart! There's a big gas station inside of me and people drive up all the time and say: " Can I have some petroleum please?" _ Karen
- Tricia: You ate all the strawberries!
- Karen: They don't need strawberries, they have corn.
- The seatbelt sign says tighten the seatbelt snugly around your hips.....man! This whole SEAT fits snugly around my hips _ Wade
- ..mind you, you'd look good if you were wearing dog shit on your face _Wade to Jenn
- NEVER!.....punch boobs _ Graham
- Haley! You lost Hugh! _ Alexis
- You're gonna get a big fat chunker!.....you wayward fruitloop _ Karen
- I don't lick beards _ Shannon
- Holy! Your legs match! _ Graham
- Good from afar but far from good _ Graham
- You're young; get your ass back to the factory and make me some shoes! _ John
- It's like a never-ending China Town _ Haley
- ...it's just north of D-major _ Michael
- The world is MY urinal _ Rick
- „Just suck on it Leah _ Mark
- I was made for this weather _ John
- Tricia: I need water...
- Karen: ...grape juice?
- I can't get drunk in this coutry! _ Dallas
- Elephant shoes _ Leah
- Some singers go for an entire career without forgetting their tux, Murray! _ Bruce



Tour Jokes

(Punch line only, to save space)

Ouch!

Where's my lemon tart? -
Bam!!

Wanna buy a chicken?

DUM DE DUM DE DUM, FUCK!

On Really, what team does she play on?
That's what I've been trying to tell you!

Uggo fuggerself!

Of no, ma'm, we got a bunch of
newfies out there laying sods!

Ah sooooo!

It smells like AAAASS!!!

The Shenzhen Review

Shenzhen Evening News, May 13, 1999.

恰似美酒夜光杯

——听加拿大维多利亚青年合唱音乐会

■ 刘万专

舞台中央摆着一架黑色的大钢琴，月光无处不在，犹如美酒洒满四周……我们听到了真切立体环绕式的声音效果！

歌毕之后，下半场以《玫瑰》中多重的声乐技巧开场，这时有斯洛伐克民歌，浓郁的异国风情融汇在飘忽而又厚实的声乐旋律当中，接着是声音模式，歌唱家以非传统的音符、音域、歌词及唱法来表现古典歌曲的传神韵味，堪称贴切，尤其让人精神为之一振的是，合唱团还自豪地为我们特意准备了《李清照词调》，这是一位加拿大作曲家 60 年代在北京音乐学院任教时谱写的合唱作品，音乐没有国界，一组声乐可以抒发东西方不同的情感，而相同的故事也可以由不同的音乐加以描绘……当优美的声乐旋律如丝如缕，绕梁未去的时候，我内心有这么一个愿望：太阳啊，你以你的光芒普照大地吧！玫瑰啊，你以你的芬芳润泽万物吧！

9 时 30 分，音乐会圆满结束，音乐厅里响起真诚的、热烈的掌声，其中有我的一份。

which covers the landscape and the beautiful wine whose fragrance goes everywhere.

The second half of the program began with the extended vocal techniques of "The Rose"; multiple levels of voices interwoven. Then came the Chinese and Korean folk songs. Rich exotic flavour, melting into the vocal performance which was rich and fantastic.

Next came the traditional choral mould. The singers used traditional methods to express the legendary classical musical style which was very suitable for the "Li Ching Chao Madrigals". This preparation of these pieces for us by the singers especially made the people's spirits soar. These were composed by Rudolf Komorous, a Canadian composer who taught at the Beijing Conservatory in the 1960's. Music knows no national borders and expresses the feelings of both east and west. Conversely, the same story can be described by different music. When the beautiful music like unbroken thread surrounded us, I had this wish: Oh, song, give your sunshine to the earth. O, rose use your fragrance to feed and enrich love.

At 9:30, the successful performance concluded. In the music hall there was much enthusiastic and sincere applause, a lot of which was mine!

(The translator emphasized that much of the review uses elaborate metaphors and that while some are difficult to translate, the use of this poetic language is a demonstration of how impressed the reviewer was by the concert and an ultimate compliment).

Beautiful wine in moonlit glass.

An account of the performance of the University of Victoria Chamber Singers.

- Liu, Wanzhuan

In the middle of the stage, there was a piano, a frame of two bouquets of flowers, the choir sang on the evening of May 11 in the Shenzhen Grand Theatre. The concert started at 8pm, 20 singers in black suits with a conductor and later a guitarist. A visually pleasing and suitable arrangement.

Dr. More sports a large beard. According to the program notes he has made an important contribution to the music of Victoria for more than 25 years and is a Professor of conducting at the University.

The opening of the program presented music from the Renaissance era of Europe, ranging in mood from the sombre "Crucifixus" to lively bird songs. The conductor obviously cares a great deal about the pleasure of the audience. In the 2nd piece, he went against tradition and while his singers dispersed throughout the audience, he turned to face the audience and conduct his singers.

With the assistance of the high quality acoustics of the theatre, the beautiful sounds of the choir moved like clouds and flowed like running water, with the excellent highs and lows, pianissimos and fortissimos fitting perfectly into the big hall. Like the moonlight This was real stereo!

加拿大维多利亚合唱团在深演出

【本报讯】(记者李进)加拿大维多利亚青年合唱团 11 日晚在深圳大剧院音乐厅加期举行合唱音乐会。

专程赶来深圳参加音乐会的加拿大维多利亚合唱团团长李进先生，在演出前对中外媒体记者说，对北约轰炸中国大使馆事件在场的深圳观众及中国人民道歉。

平。此次应邀在中国华南部分城市演出，深圳是其中一站。艺术家们当晚以饱满的热情演唱了世界古典和现代著名作品，其中包括中国合唱曲《牧歌》和加拿大作曲家创作的《李清照小曲》，受到观众的欢迎。李进对深圳观众的良好秩序和表现出的音乐素养表示敬佩。

Shenzhen Special Zone Daily, May 14, 1999. (Synopsis)

Before a concert of the University of Victoria Chamber Singers, yesterday, Guangzhou-based Canadian Consul-General Paul s. H. Lau apologised to Shenzhen audience and the Chinese people for the bombing of the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade. He showed his admiration of the orderly manner of the Shenzhen people as well as their appreciation of music.



Thursday, May 13

Well, I've written some exciting and witty entries in my personal journal on this tour, but this entry isn't going to be one of them. Let's say there are lame days, and then there are LAME days.

We rose early and checked out of our hotel/prison. Aside from the iron gate and the guard, it was a pretty awesome place. We had the entire building to ourselves and were free from Bruce and Connie as well. Sadly, we had trouble coming up with booze, so what could've been the greatest party of the trip, did not transpire. We still managed to have a great time. The complimentary plate of fruit was awesome... mmmm, love those lychees. Nothing like feeding those slippery, sexy little things to your friends. Anyways, so we got all the room keys into the desk and boarded our little yellow bus for New Century School. Once again, breakfast consisted of way too much food even for me. It was mostly cakes and pastries, for the second day in a row. After breakfast we took a tour of the campus under the blazing sun. It was probably the hottest day of the tour... as we saw the cool waters of the swimming pool and were ready to dive in, David let us know that it was not open because the weather was not warm enough yet. From the pool we were led across campus to the signing ceremony which would celebrate the completion and opening of a new bridge that would join two parts of the campus, and symbolically join Canada and China, Uvic and New Century School. David Strong and Tony Welch were in attendance. The ceremony was put on complete with traditional dance and firecrackers. The MC, coined Ms. Mao by Bruce, left our ears ringing as she read an endless list of honourable guests, most of their titles ending in, "of Dong Guan City." Don't get me wrong, it was an honour to be part of such a ceremony, and I'm sure each of us felt a moment of pride when we weren't trying to peel our nylon jackets-turned saran wrap from our sweaty arms. We were all indeed, pillars of a cultural bridge. Enough of that, let's get inside before we all pass out of heat exhaustion. Poor Bruce had to bear the heat and Mz. Mao with the rest of the delegation. He did get to see the other side of the bridge, a privilege which no other of the ensemble got to experience. Meanwhile, the rest of us played frisbee, took a snooze, or caught a toss of Graham's hat as we waited for lunch to be served. Following lunch, we bussed to the border and suffered immigration and customs once more. This trip was not as bad as the crossing we made into PRC. We were all very happy to get back to the Prudential Hotel in Hong Kong. We were familiar with the hotel and its surroundings and it was almost like we were returning home. A couple groups of people went off to dinner while I layed in a towel and watched the BBC News on Kosovo. How nice, we accidentally smoked 80+ Kosovar Albanians in our efforts to save them. Kudos to you, US-led NATO. After grabbing a plate of spicy pork and rice, I headed back to the hotel. The ensemble had tried to force a party on a number of occasions during the trip, with each attempt failing miserably. We were all having an awesome time on the tour, but we were all wondering if this group was capable of partying together. It turned out that tonight would be our night. Nobody forced anything, nobody made any plans to be together; it just happened. We all ended up in Rick and Hugh's room, and one by one, people began to show up with an armful of San Miguels. Only Haley and Jon were not in attendance as each was sleeping after the exhausting trip to PRC. The party consisted of the usual: the chamber singers card/drinking game, a number of spilled drinks, conversations about the craziest sex you've ever had, plenty of errant kissing, and free massages for everyone. Sorry I spilled that beer all over your sandal Alexis. Oh, and Michael, you're not such a hot kisser yourself. By 2:30 we had all drifted off to bed happy to have had such a great close to what was otherwise only an average day of the tour.

Dallas