



No 7

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the newsletter of the Australian inter-varsity choral societies

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#### EDITORIAL

"...Once upon a time there was a man flying from London to Johannesburg across the Sahara Desert. Suddenly disaster struck, and the plane fell from the sky like a Clock from the South Tower...."

This brings me very quickly to the point of my burble. In taking over this job from Jane, I didn't imagine the similarities it bore to the task one particular monk must have had in putting the twenty-thousand ( $2 \times 10^4$ ) pieces of that Clock back together. Can you imagine the traveller arriving the next year to find no spike on top, or worse still, the clock replaced completely by a sundial? Would you appreciate receiving a bill for clock repairs rather than your copy of Erato? Of course not!

The point is that Erato No.7, which I imagined would rise phoenix-like from the ashes of Jane's Erato No.6, as IV72 Brisbane rose from IV71 Canberra, didn't. I found myself actually typing stencils, viciously pruning articles and chasing late contributors, in roughly the reverse order. Still the result bears reading, even if only to count my typographical errors. Thankyou, contributors; thankyou, ballboys.

A brief note on the contents: In order to confuse your memories, Jane Philcox has kindly written an independent report on IV to contradict the official report that Andrew Penman has prepared. Also to tie in with goings on at A.I.V.Choral Council meeting held in Brisbane during IV, I have included an article by Jim Breen about IV Choral Catalogue and a progress report on IV73 Perth by its convenor, Tim Mason. What I have not included, however, is any mention of the IV Archivist, Bevan Leviston of UNCS. He would be happy to receive any materials from any Choral IV, suitable for storage in the Archive under his bed. Anything unsuitable will be consigned to that great Archive in the Sky. (No apologies to QUMS for filching that joke - a good one deserves circulation).

Robert

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"O great and glorious Kay - may this satisfy your editorial gluttony." - AGP

#### CONVENOR'S REPORT, 23rd IVCF

It would be a lucky man who emerged from convening a choral festival not saddened by the experience; an unlucky one who wasn't a little wiser therefrom. These throes of self-doubt and acute delusional psychosis are believed to endow one with an authority and wisdom shared by martyrs, apostles, and few others. That is why convenors write reports, and why I now, in this convalescent stage, write memoirs which may be of help to those in similar pitiable circumstances.

To voice concern about the decline in popularity of choral music, and in particular at the fall-off in attendance at Festival is a windy soliloquy delivered by myself and others at AIVCC meetings. However much of a petty truism this has become, it is not without relevance to those faced with planning a Festival, because the conceptualisation of a role for Choral Festival is a necessary prerequisite to the staging of a cultural event. Student choral societies are faced with a public whose appetites for vocal music are being satisfied by the proliferation of performances from excellent professional and semi-professional groups, both local and visiting. Brisbane's Jubilate and Quodlibet Singers, Sydney's now-disbanded Leonine Consort, the Melbourne Chorale and the Adelaide Singers are pertinent examples. The cost of choral productions is pricing many amateur groups out of the market as they haven't the versatility to turn to music demanding less in orchestral backing. Most significantly for student groups, however, is that the sort of music we have been used to singing is often hopelessly alien to the general run of student interests. At my university the prevailing ethos has changed from one dominated by the sports-coated GPS boy-you'd-like-to-take-home-to-mum, to one markedly affected by radical thinking in the realms of sex, race and class inequality. Other arts (e.g. drama, film) have been able to absorb the new ethos and diversify from this contact. Still others (e.g. rock, folk) have been valuable instruments of the revolution. Choral, alas, has proven very stubborn. Choral societies in some universities rival democratic clubs, evangelical unions and classics societies in being a haven for the politically unconcerned and socially comfortable. Little wonder then that we programme works of saccharine meaninglessness, and try to compete with large city choral societies with the consistency of membership, sterility of taste and senility of voice necessary for the traditional production of massed choral singing.

Apart from an acute realisation of the above, (s)he who would plan a festival must be aware of the level of achievement that can reasonably be reached at an Intervarsity, and must strive to provide a programme which will cater for the diversity of taste, personality and talent met at Festival. The latter is important if we are to elicit contributions from more people than the veterans who can involuntarily swamp the scene because of the confidence and familiarity provided by past experience.

(Okay, Penman, cut the crap and justify your festival.)

I was particularly interested in the degree of success of the workshops, the puntracontal prom and the Cathedral concert.

The Workshops: These had originally encompassed a wider range of topics (e.g. early instruments, guitar), but the presence of the rest of the programme and the cost that would have been incurred reduced their representation. It was, essentially, a pilot project aimed at stimulating some sort of musical awareness and self-criticism, and of developing technical competence in a way that was somewhat less mindless than a rehearsal. It succeeded in these aims, and it's a form which future IV's should pursue. I can even conceive the day when the whole of Intervarsity is given over to workshops.

The Concerts: The music was chosen very carefully, and with all I have said above in mind. There were the small-group performances of madrigals, catches, and Monteverdi designed to occupy the time of the more competent among us. The selection procedure was based on applications called for last November which stated experience in this type of singing. The system worked tolerably well, being adequate (despite sopranos) in Monteverdi but being completely stuffed up by the failure of some of the Madrigal group to arrive at camp. The latter then became very much an ad hoc group. The crisis of numbers made it necessary to spread people

rather thinly over the choirs; Humble, and in particular stage crew being sorely depleted. The other quality lacking was good soprano tone and musicianship. The Bruckner Mass in E minor simply proved too difficult, especially as it depends on the power, stamina and pitch of the soprano line.

Concern for a particular role, the desire to do something experimental and relevant was evident in the choice of commissioned works. The brilliant success of Humble's Nunique for Brisbane was something that could only have been pulled off, to date, by a student body. The Brumby, too, experimenting with distance and spatial orientation in what can hardly be described as a traditional setting for choral concerts (as opposed to choral music) undermined the traditional massed choir concept. Moreover, it seems to me that if Intervarsity continues to commission Australian works, we will build up a demand for modern choral music which Australian composers will endeavour to satisfy. I think this situation can only lead to better music, and it is a sure way of circumventing the limitations of the existing repertoire.

Production was a sore point amongst choristers at 23rd IVCF, and many of the difficulties were due to organise-organise-ational naivete (a row for incompetence). A major fault in the prom was that the producer, Des Murphy, and designer, Bill van Berkel, were introduced to the choristers the night before. Neither they nor their conductors had realised that a major impact of the concert was to be its production. There were therefore a few misunderstandings and frayed tempers on the night of the dress rehearsal, to say the least. However, having been to a number of Individual Items concerts, the facility which the production gave to the presentation of disparate, small choral works was most welcome. The audience was quite enthralled by the whole concept. I think we would have done well to have made it the major concert (with a more sophisticated programme) because it was so effective in breaking down hardened attitudes about choral productions. We even managed to present nineteenth-century music by gently sending it up. I apologise for not getting recordings of some of it. You'll have to remember the music yourself instead of singing along with the record.

Inevitably, the cost of concerts is a major consideration. Production was costly at Centenary Hall, and our heavy reliance on professional musicians for conductors and orchestra really made for the pinch, and has ruined my budding relationship with Trevor Vincent. However, given the demands of the programme, I don't think we could have coped with the complications of inadequate instrumentalists, and Bob Boughen, of course, just made the Brumby, knowing as he did the acoustics of the Cathedral and what response he could get from us: "Lovely people, but you sing like soggy muffins".

Another feature of the concert programme was the intense competition we had each night from groups such as the Australian Ballet, ABC, and the Jacques Loussier Trio. This was a side-effect of having our concerts in Centenary Hall and St John's Cathedral, as it left the major city concert hall open for occupation by other, more significant groups. However, there is a more significant lesson to be learned from the box-office: our publicity, though extensive, never got across the idea that what we were doing was more than just a traditional concert. What was needed was a comprehensive brochure introducing conductors, composers, producers, and the participant societies, and giving full details of the subscription plans. A catalogue of the production and workshops could have been included. I would strongly recommend this idea as the basis of any festival publicity, especially if the programme is a little out of the ordinary. It is something that our fickle public will take home and ponder. I'm sure this could have been the solution to all our financial problems.

Outside grants played a large part in the financing of Festival. The Commonwealth Assistance to Australian Composers paid \$300 towards Brumby's fee of \$400. The Australian Performing Rights Association undertook the copying and printing of the Brumby free of charge. The Queensland State Government Dept of Cultural Affairs came good very promptly with \$500 towards orchestral and production costs. The Australian Council for the Arts advanced \$750 for professional wages. Aquarius, rather hard-pressed at the moment, provided \$100. The formula for attracting grants from

public bodies is fairly simple (short of sleeping with the Premier). There must be a predominant Australian emphasis in the programme, you must be able to show a need for professional assistance, and the activity must result in public performances. Brumby and Humble were undoubted attractions for sponsoring bodies, and have cost us about \$100 on paper, much less than buying equivalent music which, moreover, would not attract grants.

One word should be said about the administration of Festival. What we were doing was so complex that it was foolish for the Executive to try to sing in the concerts. There was a real need for a full-time administration to iron over the rough points in the organisation. David Ritchie looked like death warmed up, I was in a state of paralysis agitans, our Social Convenor had to escape to a world of fungal-induced hallucination, and Barb Store went crazy over the complications of billeting. Efficiency was impossible under these circumstances. It may be better in Perth next year where they have a less diverse programme, but for us it was hell.

That's about it, as I see it. Our contribution to IV has been, I think, significant. Not least of all, we've made the point that Festival can change its form and emphasis from year to year, and this experimentation is what has made the job worthwhile for us. Future festivals can change again, and add greater finesse. I hope that the criticism of our effort will not be that we were too radical, but that we have not been radical enough.

Andrew Penman

#### HOME AGAIN ... or The Sumssyte Saga by G. Tier & a Gentleman

Well..., those of us who dared to venture north last May managed to escape from behind the sugar-cane curtain back into the Land of the Free after a thoroughly tremendous and exhausting IV. Our congratulations to QUMS for their great efforts.

Having but shortly returned when UNCS initiated the first of the Post-IV Parties (too bad you missed). There we beheld the dreaded uncut IV Film showing various notable personalities making public spectacles of themselves, not least of which was the Jim Crints Consort performing the Jelly Cantata. So many societies have begged us for a copy that we are translating the scrawl on my copy into something legible and will send it out to you for a moderate fee yet to be negotiated with the composer. Also shown were a series of incriminating slides, with which we are willing to blackmail certain people at quite reasonable prices. (cf. TUCS' contribution).

SUMS' Post-IV Party is being performed at Bob Kay's - 3 birnam grove strathfield 2135 - on Saturday July 8, so be there.

Chapter 2. "Once more unto the Bach, dear friends, once more..." and SUMS kicks off into the Second Term with a flood of seasonal re-runs, in the form of JSB's Magnificat and various differentiated versicles from the Songbooks Vols I & II. The songbook material is for a small concert that members of SUMS are inflicting on a captive audience of church-goers on July 2. The Mag is being performed (in Latin) along with the Australian Premiere of 20th Century composer, Luigi Dallapiccola's Canti di Prigionia (in Italian). The DallaPetc. is an extremely difficult work to perform - the fact that the music has cost more than \$100 is a great incentive. Having been instructed by the score to perform "a bocca chiusa" we chose our bockers and went for our lives. Few survived. Both these works will be performed in September.

The Mag and Songbookstuff were to be part of a "Travelling Concert" in which we were going to invade several distant country towns, however the Tenors (them again) point-blank refused to go. The idea of an expedition so far from civilization was apparently too much, so to alleviate

the Term II Boredom syndrome, we decided to visit an area more within commuting distance - Springwood (Blue Mountains to you).  
 ..... that should keep the kiddies happy, and this report should keep the Editor happy also, since he's been breathing down my neck for weeks to get it writted.

Graham Tier

### NUMS' FORTUNES

These are improving slightly this year. In first term Father Peter Brock took over as conductor, with great sighs of relief from the President. On June 5 we held a record session in the music room and played a number of favorites (I wonder why all those people who looked in left immediately?). We intend holding these sessions monthly and as the first was well-attended and enjoyed, we trust they will remain popular (at least with members).

On the evening of June 19 we managed to capture ten people to sing in front of approximately the same number, with a fairly large floating audience as well. The programme included madrigals from the SUMS Songbook plus a Peter, Paul & Mary tune, There is a Ship. Helen Miletic and Peter Brock sang the solos and were well received. Peter was prevailed upon to sing again after the concert. Afterwards a party (?) was held at Pres. Darrall's place where NUMS' very own IV films and slides were shown.

We have planned another concert for five weeks hence but the programme is at present uncertain. We hope to include more modern songs, however, as these are popular with both choir and audience. On July 13 at 1.00pm we will take life and reputation into hand and sing on the mound in the courtyard of the Union to advertise ourselves.

On the literary front, NUMS has roused itself and produced a newsletter called NUMSEQUITUR. If you haven't seen a copy yet don't worry, I'll catch up with you.

Cheryl Hutcheon

### THE INTERVARSITY CHORAL CATALOGUE - a prehensile tale by Jim Breen.

Once upon a time, as long ago as 1968, when I was still a minor and the world was young, an Intervarsity Choral Catalogue was conceived. Andrew Yuncken, a long-term MUCS heavyweight who has long since departed the ivied cloisters for that great rat-race in the sky, set about wheedling and extorting information from the various university choirs. By January 1969, most of the good guff had been collected and as a NUAUS grant was in the wind, a shiny new card drawer was bought and stacks of catalogue cards were printed. Hordes of busy little MUCS freshers transcribed the entries in cramped cursive until the catalogue was alive, well and fairly up to date.

But then, dear reader, occurred the first of many stagnations which have haunted the catalogue. Andrew, without whose energy, ingenuity and managerial skill the catalogue would never have eventuated, ruined his record-breaking university career by graduating. The catalogue drifted into obscurity and eventually was lost. After the 1970 IV, I was in the act of resigning from the MUCS committee when some cunning devil unloaded Yunck's old job onto me. After a month's searching, I found the catalogue in Andrew Bunting's boot.

I decided the best way to maintain and publish the catalogue was by using computer punched cards. Yunck had thought of this earlier but had been informed that it was too expensive. I obtained computer time at Melbourne Uni (the Director's wife is ex-SUMS), had the cards punched by a commercial firm and sent out the first edition in late 1970.

After collecting a reasonable number of corrections for the second edition, I was sent to Sydney by my ever-loving employers. I did nothing

until November, when I spent a dozen or so lunchtimes punching corrections and printing the monster Edition II (2000 cards long this time). Before I could distribute it, I was sent back to Melbourne where it stagnated until May when my wifw warned me that IV had already started. I frantically mailed the lot off to Brisbane, where it arrived just before the end of IV.

The catalogue consists simply of a large box of cards, of which there are two types; Composer cards and Entry cards. E.g. the section for J.S. Bach consists of a card saying BACH JS and eighty-odd cards for the various works. The entry card contains the name of the work, the type, soloists, choir parts, accompaniment, length, publisher and owner (all heavily abbr.). One great advantage of punched cards is that they are used by almost all computers. The first edition was printed on Melbourne Uni's IBM and the second on a PMG UNIVAC. Alterations and new entries can be made very easily as card punches are easier to operate than typewriters and can copy part or all of one card onto another. All the Carmina Burana entries were punched by duplicating the original card and altering only the "owner" and "number-held" fields.

The third edition of the catalogue will be out sometime in the next three years. Librarians can hurry it along by sending info as soon as possible to:-

I.V. Choral Catalogue  
Monash Uni Choral Society  
c/- The Union  
Monash University  
Wellington Road  
CLAYTON Vic. 3168

if they can get all that onto an envelope.

- MonUCS say please send two lists: 1) Corrections to existing entries in your soc's list.  
2) Additional entries for new music you have acquired.

P.S. Does anyone want to buy a shiny pre-owned card cabinet and 2000 slightly used catalogue cards?

FUCS' ERATO CONTRIBUTION, delivered personally to the Editor (who hacked it about unmercifully, since he had to type the stencil).

And now fellow choristers, think back to all those FUCS at IV. Nine naughty murglers from Flinders, leaving their various Marks, Andrews, Roberts, Jeffs, etc. to grope their way home. Yes, the FUCS women certainly made their mark this year. Not only that way, but by winning the Boat-Race, and with a teetotaller in the team as well. President Pete and Secretary Rosie won the sleeping-bag-cramming competition, watched over by the benign eye of Peter "Digger" Coppin, the FUCS Morals Officer (someone in FUCS has some morals - they are on sale at \$4.50 a bunch). Well, suffice to say FUCS think IV72 was great, thankyou QUMS.

We returned to Uni the day IV finished, at least some of us did; most of us came later, slowly. Mad rushed rehearsals on that Thursday preceded a lunchtime concert at Uni on Friday for Bangladesh, which was not only musically rewarding (in parts) but a remarkable financial success. We sang a collection of folksongs including

Slovak Songs by Bartok  
Yugoslav Folksongs by Seiber  
Palestinian Folksongs  
Negro spirituals

for which we now have music available if anyone else is interested.

Following this concert we rested up at a FAUCS camp (see AUCS report). Notable features of the camp, apart from those of interstate visitors, included a large, yet intimate bed-in at the instigation of an anonymous SUMS person, enjoyed by various AUCS, MUCS and FUCS as well. Also memorable was the showing of the as-yet unedited IV72 Film.

On a more serious note (B flat), FUCS is going to put on a big publicity campaign for ourselves and university choral music in general during the first three weeks of Term 3. For this we need photos, films, posters, pictures, anything you have that we could use as publicity (e.g. lend us a sweatshirt or T-shirt or two, maybe?). Annie Reddin and Pat Treagus are running this campaign, so please write to them c/- FUCS with any suggestions you have, soon. Especially we'd like old copies of your society's newssheets, and old Eratos, if you have them.

At the moment, FUCS are practicing hard for a Uni-Students-Only concert on Flinders Uni Independance Day in three-weeks time. Our theme is Love, Wine & Sex and we are performing all the old favorites from SUMS and SCUNCS Songbooks, Lindsay MacDonald's Rounds Book, God Save the Queen (in fifths, 4-part didharmony) and Doppel Kanon ad infinitum (remember IV71 camp concert?).

Hope we'll see you all at the Adelaide Post-IV Party on July 1; if not, see you at Mini-Fest. Love to you all from FUCS.

Mary Nettle

#### AUCS

Having been informed by the FUCS correspondent that it has been left to me to document the recent FAUCS camp, I shall proceed to do so. One doesn't quite know where to begin, because if one began at the beginning, one would inevitably go on to the end, and since it hasn't finished yet - like the Humble, it will go on for ever - this could be difficult.

- Speak you of Mini-Fest? We've already had one down here! No less than four interstaters floated over to our camp - Sean, Jeff Clancy, Bob Kay, Ross Worrall, AND IV72 Film and IV71 records.

Need I say more? Need I speak of Ross's obsession, and the "things" in the sky, and our venerable Editor's feet in my face all of Saturday night, and our painful experiences with Paul Hindemith and Zoltan Kodaly, and the Mark & Andrew Penman Memorial Lunch, and the Frederick Delius Memorial Practice.... and stripping our gear off in the local pub to the strains of "Over and over..." (we did. The top layers at any rate). Have I said enough, Mary? I feel this is becoming too esoteric, so I had better broaden out.....

AUCS had a concert for Bangladesh last term, which made a substantial loss, somewhat to our embarrassment, but musically, it was pleasing and The Critic was once again induced to comment favorably.

Our Post-IV Party is July 1, or probably "was" by the time you read this. Unfortunately and inevitably in conflict with the Melbourne Party. Also looming is an Eisteddfod and a Country Tour, and a Third Term concert.

AUCS' congratulations to QUMS' Pressy Trevor Vincent on the occasion of his engagement to Lindy. And our Ta's to Andy and QUMS for a beaut Festi.

You wait till Adelaide IV74!!

Be good, children,

Marta

MINI-FEST

YES, THERE IS GOING TO BE A MELBOURNE MINI-FESTIVAL.

Being the unfortunate Publicity Officer for the same, I will now tell you all that I know definitely about MINI-FESTIVAL.

FIRSTLY: ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IS BOOKED FOR THE CONCERT ON 25th AUGUST. SO THAT'S WHEN THE CONCERT IS.

SECONDLY: WE ARE GOING TO SING HAYDN'S NELSON MASS, GABRIELI MOTETS: O Jesu mi dulcissime, Jubilate Deo, Maria Virgo & O Magnum Mysterium AND VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' FIVE MYSTICAL SONGS. MonUCS' CONDUCTOR, Doug Lawrence, IS TO CONDUCT THE HAYDN & GABRIELI, AND MUCS' CONDUCTOR, Bryan Dowling, IS GOING TO SING THE BASS SOLO IN THE VAUGHAN WILLIAMS. THE CONDUCTOR FOR THIS WORK IS LatUMS' CONDUCTOR, Melvyn Cann.

WE ARE HOPING TO HAVE A FOUR DAY CAMP, STARTING ON THE FRIDAY BEFORE THE CONCERT, THAT IS, THE 18th, AND RUNNING UNTIL TUESDAY 22nd. WE ARE NOT SURE YET WHERE THIS WILL BE, OR HOW MUCH IT'S GOING TO COST, BUT WE'LL LET YOU KNOW LATER.

THE FESTIVAL COMMITTEE IS:

Convenor: CHARLES THOMAS	Camp Convenor: BRIAN DRUMMOND
Secretary: SHERI DUDLEY	Billeting: GERRI SAVAGE
Treasurer: DAVID BATTERHAM	Concert Mngr: EVAN ZACHARIAH
Minutes Sec: MARNIE THOMAS	Printing: MARNIE THOMAS
Publicity: JANE PHILCOX	Social: GERRI & BRIAN

SO REMEMBER THAT THERE IS A MINI-FESTIVAL, AND KEEP AUGUST 18-25 FREE SO YOU CAN COME TO IT. AND DON'T FORGET TO PRAY FOR THE MINI-FEST COMMITTEE - WE NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET.

Jane Philcox



SCUNA

Dear Mummy,

Had a lovely time in Brisbane, staying at Andy, Markie and Stevie's place, along with other nice girls and boys - but don't worry, the girls were in one room and the boys were in another (and anyway, most of us were too exhausted). The whole two weeks was a perfectly glorious time. The only anxious moment was when I lost the pyjamas of our President, Sue Baldwin (but don't worry, she wasn't wearing them at the time). In Brisbane we had a very good time with lots of nice parties, including one called "come-as-you-were-when-the-house-burnt-down", where everybody was running around with hardly any clothes on - I can't imagine why. We also did some singing.

On the way home, the car ran like a nose, and we only broke a generator pulley, a generator, and two retreads. I did enjoy seeing Warwick, Armidale, Dubbo, Bourke, Oodnadatta... At night Gary, Debbie and I slept in the back of the station wagon, but it was alright because we had our own sleeping bags, and as you said, there is no better contraceptive than a sleeping bag. Must close now. Regards to Dad,

Love, Markie.

Yes Folks, it was a torrid IV, and on our arrival back we plunged straight into a sordid engagement (Tony Dooley & Elizabeth Ives), plus much erotic Second Term music - Purcell's King Arthur, Britten's Choral Dances from Gloriana, and some Josquin motets - don't knock it if you haven't tried it.

Our Post-IV Party will happen, God willing, on Saturday July 22 at Sue & Dorelle's, 8/6 Chermshire Street, Deakin, and there had better be some nurglers from Melbourne at it or else hordes of horse-drawn Zeppelins will attack the hallowed halls of Monash and Melbourne. (Editor's comment: Don't go! Call their bluff!) In fact we expect people from Brisbane, Adelaide and even Hobart, to come too. Perth...?

Hoping you don't come down with gringe fever, I can only say in conclusion that lurgi must scradge all nadgers or scrong.

Mark Hyman

QUMS

Well lot,

Believe it or not, QUMS is almost alive and well after hosting IV. However sad to say, the IV Committee is still alive and well and will operate on the National Debt, for the next n years. QUMS will never be the same again (nor will the Commune, the Cathedral and Centenary Hall). But we proceedeth forth into a brand new term of singing, drinking, remembering and marrying!!! No, stupid, not me - someone else. The Queensland University Matrimonial Society has struck again, and Trevor Vincent, our belov'd Pres. and LUVLY Lindy Ward, our Librarian, will, to the tune of "Sideways" (literally) tie the proverbial banana bunch on August 18. In the last three years we've managed a wedding every eight months, so who's next?

What else will be happening besides a QUMS honeymoon? Oh, yes. On the 8th July, our PIVP will be held at David Stephenson's, 37 Cadiz St, Indoorpilly, all are very welcome. Send any pics you have up too please. Actually, all I have received are letters saying, "...have some hideous foots of you..." - why do all the fotos of me come out hideous? N.B. A professional took some fine photographs at the Humble - let me know if you want any.

On July 21-23 we head out to find a Camp. No you're wrong, it's just

that we haven't found a venue (Will Talebudgera still Have Us !!!). The next issue of Banana Profana will tell you where. Come and join us, for we are rehearsing for a Lunch-Time On Campus Concert July 27, Works - Missa Luba, and Americana - Ta, Sheri; and also Handel's Psalm 112 (dixit Dom) and Acis & Galatea for an ABC Gold Series Subscription Concert on the 19th August. Yes, Minifest, you did it again or at least for the first time. But some of us may still make it yet - at least that's what my doctor told me.

Now, some nitty gritty IV news. It is my sad duty to report that our IV Secretary Leith Rogers has resigned, due to a malaise known as "Can't cope with Penman" and as a result of this, and a friendly prod in the back from A.P., I is the new Secretary. Oh, will my lust for power never cease? Unanimously elected - who else would run? - I hereby plead that all correspondence henceforth for IV be sent to:

Gary Dowsett,  
Sec. 23rd IVCF  
'The Commune'  
10 Lorimer Tce.,  
KELVIN GROVE Q 4059

and while I'm at it, QUMS' address is c/- The Union,  
University of Queensland  
ST. LUCIA Q 4067

Please address all correspondence to the Secretary.

If you lost any property at IV send your queries to me at the above address. A list will be compiled and sent to the Socs soon. Anything not claimed by the 31st October is going to be auctioned and the proceeds will go to the Andrew Penman Benevolent Fund to pay off our debts.

Oh 'tis sad for we miss you all. Every time we go to the pub we think of you all, every time I see the beer stains on the floor of my room I think of you - kindly- , every time we see the scribble on the seat in the Cathedral saying "Fuck Penman" we think of you, and as Uncle Bob smiles sweetly and remarks "Luvly people, Lousy singers" we think of you.

Lots of love to you all, and may your bananas grow straight upwards and strong.

Gargoyle Gary

24th INTERVARSITY CHORAL FESTIVAL - Perth, May 1973 a progress report, written in the form of a mixed metaphor by Convenor, Tim Mason.

ORGANISATION: The two-dozen IV received a steady start at the feet of a keen steering committee; it is perhaps a pity that little of tangible value emerged. After smouldering in the breath of an incorrigible executive since Christmas, the foetus has emerged into the light of a sunny West Australian day and the arms of a young, but enthusiastic committee, with a few old hands thrown in for good measure. They are:

Patron: Sir Thomas Wardle, ex-Lord Mayor of Perth, alias "Tom the Cheap".  
Conductor: Mr Georg Tintner, of world-wide operatic note.

Convenor: Tim Mason (Law)

Secretary: Jeanette Wilkins (Law) 103 The Esplanade, MOUNT PLEASANT

Treasurer: Paula Cressie (Econs. Hons) WA 6153

Concert Managers: Marie-Louise Sermon (Arts)  
& David Lamb (Arts)

Camp Convenor: Stephen Brand, B.Med.Sci. (Hons) (Medicine)

Billeting Officer: Geraldine Doogue, B.A.

Librarian: Cathy Ardagh (Arts)

Social Activities Officer: Allanah Lucas (Arts)

Publicity Officer: David Young (Arts)

Transport Director: Ben McPherson (Econs)

IV Bow-wow: "Petal"

MUSIC: The work originally chosen was J.S. Bach's B Minor Mass, but the A.I.V.C.C. considered that it would not be possible to present a good

performance of this beautiful, but difficult work with the limited rehearsal time available. As replacements, two short (40 min.) works by Beethoven have been chosen, and a third work has been added just before Erato went to press. These works are Christus am Olberge ('Christ on the Mount of Olives'), Beethoven's first major religious work, written in 1803 and never before performed in Australia (we think), the Mass in C major for 4 soloists, chorus, orchestra and organ - Beethoven's first, and shorter Mass, written in 1806/7; and the last scene from his opera, Fidelio. No doubt Gaudeamus etc. will also eventuate.

**DATES:** The date of the main concert will be May 28th (Monday). We realise that this may involve one or two choirs missing one or more days of Uni, and we have tried very hard to have the concert on the 26th (Sat.) but the ABC are holding the second performance of a Subscription Concert on that night, and with the limited audience and suitable venues available here, we do not consider that we could run in competition with the ABC. Please take our word for it that all this is so, and if you discover that you may have to say goodbye to a day or two of Uni, just think of what you will miss if you don't come!

An Individual Items concert will take place on Thurs. May 24, so start considering suitable items for this. There will be about nine hours rehearsal time for this in W.A. We hope that material will be varied and some "staging" may be attempted. We may include some of the best/most suitable items from the Camp Concert as well, e.g. Jim Crints Consort. Please persuade your conductor to come too.

**CAMP:** Camp will again be at New Norcia, the only remaining colonial settlement in W.A. It consists of Abbey, Monastery, Hotel and two Colleges - where we will be living. Camp will begin on Sunday May 13 and end on Friday May 18. Vegetarians will be catered for.

**TRANSPORT:** Transport to W.A. will be by rail or air (there is a possibility of a plane being chartered). Transport up to New Norcia will be by bus, car or coach, probably

**FINANCE:** We are budgeting to spend about \$3000 on the concerts and hope to make up the expected loss with a grant from the State Government. We hope to break even on the other side of IV (Camp, Social, Admin.), but will hope for local donations as well. The total figure on each side of the balance-sheet is about \$8000. We're now waiting for the comments and advice to come flooding in (how about it, Andrew?).

**PROGRAMME:** May 13: Camp starts.  
 May 14: IV Films 1966 (Perth); 1972 (Brisbane).  
 May 15: Camp Concert; dance or camp-fire.  
 May 16: Football/Sogball; Boat-races.  
 May 17: Academic Dinner; Revue.  
 May 18: Camp ends.  
 May 19: Free day.  
 May 20: Church service; Public Lecture; parties.  
 May 21: Reception; Night tour of Perth.  
 May 22: Picnic; Presidents' PJs; Pyjama party.  
 May 23: Publicity march; trip to vineyards?  
 May 24: Individual Items Concert; Cecil's 10th birthday.  
 May 25: Trip to Rottnest Island.  
 May 26: Presidents' & Secretaries' party.  
 May 27: AIVCC; picnic.  
 May 28: Concert; party.  
 May 29: IV ends.

**A.I.V.C.C.:** A constitutional change has meant that the '73 Convenor and Secretary are now Chairman and Secretary of AIVCC until the end of next year's IV. Another motion authorised the setting up of a bank account (Savings) into which an affiliation fee for every member of each affiliated Society would be paid. This has been done with the aid of PUCS' fees and we would ask other Societies to forward their contributions for 1972-3 at 20cents per financial member, if they wish to be affiliated with AIVCC. The money covers Erato, films, choral catalogue and 'such other expenses as AIVCC may decide from time to time'.

That's about all for now, I think. Write to me at St. George's College, CRAWLEY W.A. 6009, for a prompt reply. Thanks, Andy, we enjoyed it, and thanks QUMS for the kind words in Banana Profana.

We'll give you more info around about exam time, maybe.

Till then, luv 'n' kisses,

Tim Mason, and all of PUCS.

### MUCS

We have not been doing anything terribly exciting this term, really. We are preparing the Bach St. John Passion at the moment, which we are going to sing with LatUMS, under their conductor, Melvyn Cann. We're having a perfectly lovely time with that - the concert is on July 3, and we only started rehearsing on the last Monday of the vac., just two days after Festi finished. (Some very debilitated oddments turned up during the rehearsal, and most of them left early.) It's not really enough rehearsal, and we're all getting very nervous, as we have not even sung through all the chorales yet, and haven't yet managed to work our way through to the end of the first chorus. Luckily there seem to be a few people who have sung it before, and LatUMS have been working on it longer than we have, so maybe it won't be a complete fiasco.

You may have noticed at Festi that our Sheri was having a little trouble with her car. The continuing report - it broke down completely on the way home; at Moree, of all places. She was stuck there for two days, while they imported parts from Newcastle, and then she and Brian Drummond drove home at not more than 60 mph. I gather it was a pretty horrible trip - especially after the exhaust fell off at Broadford. They arrived, tired out and very bad-tempered, on Wednesday night. The car has now been sold - the only sensible thing to do with it. The moral of the story is Don't try to drive straight through from Brisbane to Melbourne in a tatty Torana.

Apart from that, all down here are proceeding in their usual manner, except the Mini-Fest committee, who are getting more and more frantic hourly, and those who have been attending Film Festival, who are even more debilitated than the returnees from I.V.Choral.

We haven't been madly social this term, apart from our weekly booze-up in the Carlton Inn after rehearsal. The only things we've been able to sing at those (after a murderous St. John rehearsal) have been the rounds from the Brumby, which were not appreciated by the regulars as much as say Dinah. There was a party t'other week, which was apparently a nice, quiet occasion where everybody sat down and talked. I almost wish I'd gone.

So there you are. MUCS has been doing very little - no camps, orgies, or anything of that sort. We must be getting old and staid. It's very disappointing. I hope to have something to report next time - I can't even tell you if we're having a post-Festi party, as there has been no mention of one yet. No doubt the word will get around if we do. We'll send a few bods to some others, though, so I just might see you there.

Good luck to all you poor bastards with exams coming up - the semester system's a wonderful thing - ruins everything.

Love to all,

Jane Philcox

Stop Press: From Sheri. More in the continuing saga of my car. As you know I sold the wretched thing (for \$700) to a car dealer. Well we have just heard that he put a new exhaust system on it and without doing anything more to it he put his wife in it and sent her off to Queensland. And so, 60 miles north of where it fell to bits on me, it blew up completely. What has happened to it since I neither know nor care. We are very amused.

### TUCS in Ternaboutary Form.

A.... After waiting for the tide to go out, to enable positive land identification, TUCS returned to Tasmania in a more or less sober condition. First job: starting to save for 24th IV in Perth, although a valiant few are putting away the neccessary \$s. so that they can make it to minifest in Melbourne. TUCS WILL BE THERE!

B.... This part of the TUCS epistle is all about our second frightfully successful, highly-illegal-but-lovely BINGO evening. The party, held at the home of Christopher K.J. Thomas(our Pres.)'s parents, was a marvellous opportunity for us to drag in all the friends of our great big happy family and all the collegemates of mummybear for the purpose of eating, drinking and fleecing them of their 1c and 2c pieces - "Can you change 20c?" "I'll have \$1 in \$c pieces". All night we indulged in these sinful lusts of the flesh - we all got sozzled on cider and beer, especially Judy Clingan, and excepting Bob who had three flagons of claret instead. About the time everyone was getting arrested for drunken drinking, all the lights were put out and the close-in-and-claw competition was held. We had five grimbles, two group gropes, n odd bits of the Brumby, and we would have had a sing-along-to-the-Messe-in-E-moll, but the record-player was on strike. So naturally we resorted to the Cookiejar and Categories - (Have you thought of this one? - Brands of internal and external feminine protection!). Then the usual songs that only Ken Anderson, Dave Boehm, Evan Zachariah and Dick Leeson know the words to on the mainland. But the real hit of the night, so to speak, was running over a nail in Macquarie St. at 3.15 am.

C.... After the above happenings of the past we have in the very near future (but in the past when you get to read this) a concert on Sunday June 25, but much more important and exciting a typically TUCS degradable camp for two days before it at Kingston. No doubt all will be watched over carefully by our Matriarch-cum-Morals Identity, whoever she may be. If the sleeping arrangements are anything like the last camp, TUCS may soon be challenging other morally-degradable societies to the Group-Grope-Grimblathon. Any takers?

Musically though, we do sincerely intend to have some rehearsals for our "Meddies, moddies and maddies" Concert. The works, which include Benjie's Rejoice in the Lamb, a bit of early Sculthorpe, and many mediaeval pieces by Anon, will be conducted by the well-known Di O'Toole, once known as Di Atherton, and Judy Clingan.

Love to everyone who's coming to 76 IV,  
Give me an 'S', Give me a 'T',  
A... from Rodney, B... from Ros, C... from me.

('Tina Hood)

### INDEPENDENT REPORT - I.V. BRISBANE 1972

My dear friend Robert, (with his conspiritors, Andrew and Dowsett) has kindly suggested that I might like to write an independent report on I.V. This is all very well, but does anyone else remember anything concrete about Festi, because I don't. I do remember arriving at camp - in a vague sort of way; the first thing (person, perhaps I should have said) I saw was Gargoyle Gary. I'm sure Gary has not cut his hair since first I met him. When we had extricated ourselves from our joyful reunion (no, soaks, it wasn't a rain dance) and I had found my room number (A7), the navigation practice around camp started. After that I was thrown out of my room, being told politely that it was the SUMS room, and a mere MUC was not allowed to sleep in the same room with that select (incestuous) society. To my relief I found that the huts were rapidly mixing, and so moved in next door, to the horror of Tricky. I think he was even more horrified when his kid sister Fran moved in. (Did someone mention incest?)! However, I enjoyed the week, thankyou. I believe there were supposed to be ten people per hut. I never got around to counting the bods in the SUMS bed (did any of them ever get any sleep?), but we had a semi-permanent population of 12, with a floating population of about five. There was a small

difficulty in the lack of space to put things down on, and Mark Hyman and I wound up arguing over the money under where we'd both been putting our trousers, but apart from that it was O.K. (incidentally, the lack of space in the dining-room was much more serious - I didn't hear more than one good joke told at a meal during the whole of camp, and that's disgusting!).

I believe my flatmate was at Festi - she seems to remember some of the same people being there anyway - but I didn't see her. She tells me she was inhabiting 'C' Block, where they got a lovely restful night every night, and hardly any queues for the showers in the morning. 'D' Block, by all accounts, was not at all incestuous (A joke from the bloke...?), or not very, anyway.

I seem to remember some fairly hairy rehearsals, with a "God, have we got to PERFORM this amorphous sounding thing next week?!" feeling to them. Ayis was not the only one tearing his hair. So were all the Gabrieli sopranos. Were there some genuine sopranos performing in the Humble? or the Bruckner? Surely there must have been - somewhere.

They tell me I was boozed out of my mind at the Camp Concert. I should like to take this opportunity to state categorically that I was not boozed out of my mind. I knew quite well how badly I was singing (especially in the Jelly Cantata), it was just that I was incapable of doing anything about it. At least I remember singing, which is more than some others do. Thorpey, as usual, was "drunk and incapable in charge of a human wreck", but his rendering of Mark Antony to Rod Reynolds' Cleopatra (Queen of Egypt) was delightful. And as for Dick Leeson with his stick of celery...!! Bubbles' performance as the Little Ballerina, to Marnie Thomas' sensitive commentary, was masterly in interpretation, although slightly lacking in technique. I feel that maybe the organization of rehearsals could have been better. The characterisation of the minor roles, especially that of Evan Zachariah, was quite brilliant.

The conducting during the Camp Concert was most commendable, notably that of Graham Tier in the Jelly Cantata (as far as I can remember), and Gary Dowsett in the QUMS item, especially when one considers his drunken state, to judge by the photographs. (There's going to be a quiet murder or two when he sees those photographs!) There was a beautiful item (+ item + item.....) from PUCS, much enlivened by Erik's flittings, and the strained expression on Tim Mason's face as he tried valiantly to hold his part.

Be that as it may, the next morning, not nearly as hung over as I deserved to be, I dug Dowsett (just as hung over as he deserved) out of his bed, and we went out and plotted the Presidents' PJs. This was a nightmare for both of us, restraining others from inserting various incredibly revolting things-to-eat into the race. Zac was unintentionally handicapped by the loss of his pyjamas somewhere in the Festi Office. I feel it would be an idea to have a list of entrants in future, and check the pyjamas with the list - PUCS TAKE NOTE. We felt that the PJs went off well - except that one had to be an acrobat/long distance runner/bush walker/mountain climber/rally navigator to compete (or watch) successfully - and it received a just demonstration of appreciation from the competitors at the end. Consequently we all got colds. (Which is better than dysentery.- Editor.)

When we arrived back in Brisbane things became quieter and more restful - for those who were not billeted at the Commune, and who did not visit there. It was rather like our hut at camp - permanent population of 12, (13 when Jim Bonnefin turned up) and about 5 floaters. And all their gear. We started the week by saying, in frantic tones: "Where the hell's my ..... got to? Hasn't anyone seen it?" and finished up wandering around, vaguely inquiring: "I wonder where my ..... is?"

The week's rest was enlivened by several hair-raising rehearsals with various agitated conductors, and we learnt to look out when the tip of Bob Boughen's nose went white, because he was liable to explode. Not the crazy one-man show he normally puts on when rehearsing, but a genuine plaster-you-against-the-back-of-the-cathedral rage. Withal, he gets good work out of a choir, and thus wins my vote as pin-up boy of the Festi. We also found rehearsals at Emmanuel College Chapel most enlivening, taking our notes from a tuning-fork c/o Ayis, as the organ is so horribly

out of tune. This game is not on for those who can't sight-read. I don't remember rehearsing the Monteverdi or the Brahms at all in Brisbane, but I presume that we did, somewhere. The final rehearsal for the Pontra - sorry Puntracontal Prom I personally found rather amusing, being rather like a scaled down version of a revue rehearsal. Penman (Andrew) assured me smilingly that "It is a revue rehearsal, and I can't do a bloody thing about it" - but when I touched him he was tense. Who can blame him?

The concerts - well, you all know about the concerts. What did the Catches Group have in that flagon? Macfarlane, by the way, was seen during the performance of the Humble, disappearing down-town with 3 or 4 cronies for a cup of coffee, because he "couldn't stand the noise".

We had better draw a veil over the various parties - but has anyone got a photo of Tricky and Debbie at the CAYWWTHBD Party?

Did you hear about Thorpey after one particular party? We shovelled him out of the car, stood him up and said: "You're home, Thorpey." He looked vaguely at the surrounding scenery, and said: "Never been here in my life." We turned him around so he could see the Commune, whereupon he said: "Oh. But we only just left here. We were going to a party." We said: "We've been to the party. It's four o'clock!" "Oh. (Anxiously) Was it a good party?" "Yes Thorpey, it was a very good party." "Oh good - did I enjoy myself?" "Dunno, but the last time we saw you, you were conducting the Palm Sunday service in the living-room..." "Oh well, then, that's alright. I must have enjoyed it." Quite satisfied on this point, he walked inside, fell onto his bed and passed out. As usual, he awoke at 8.am., stone-cold sober, and went around the house getting everyone else up for rehearsal. Dunno how he does it. My last sight of Thorpey-at-Festi was standing on a hillside at Mt. Glorious, crying "Gimme an S..." to the assembled mob.

The presidents', secretaries' and other oddments' (Erato editor, that is) reception and party were chiefly about music, and how not to run a Festival. The Choral Council also discussed (Acrimoniously) these points among others. As far as I'm concerned, the most important thing that happened at Choral Council was that Robert Kay relieved me of the editorship of Erato. For me this was the high point of Festival, and definitely eclipsed the boat trip, about which I don't remember much. Only Nickson, Robert and Andrew playing and/or 'singing', and the inevitable game of bridge in the hold - in which, wonder of wonders, Andy Penman did not take part.

The trip home was remarkable only for the amount of sleeping I did, both in the back seat and behind the wheel, and the horrible dreams I had. Fortunately, I did not dream of Festival.

Jane Philcox

### UNCS

As per usual UNCS has been bursting at the seams with vitality - both artistic and social. Several were burst at the memorable (but better forgotten) Party in Bad Taste, convened by UNCS' conductor Michael Goodwin and Kristina Thorburn. The latter recently left for the greener (?) fields of Latrobe and presumably LatUMS. The prize for the most tasteless appearance was won by the lovely Rose who was in her element as a very expectant mother. Her expectations were fulfilled (unfilled?) before our host and hostess kicked us out. With the invaluable aid of Dave's green Barossa Pearl a revolting time was had by all.

For our 1st Session concert Science Theatre echoed to the Strains of Rossini's Petite Messe Solenne or alternatively, Messe Solennelle (2 different works according to Fisher Library). The music was much appreciated by at least half of those present and is recommended to societies who can't afford a good orchestra, can't abide a bad one and have at least one spare virtuoso pianist handy - it needn't be quite as virtuoso as David Miller, but something like it helps. As you may have guessed, we did the original version - scored for 2 pianos, harmonium, SATB soloists (thankyou SUMS) and 12voice choir. (We had twice that number but it sounded pretty authentic). I believe that the tenor's seams which saw such noble service during the concert finally succumbed after

the post-concert party (or were they Ronnie's?).

Numbers have fluctuated during the year. This has been due to various causes, e.g. the rip tide at the Newport camp, John Cunningham's activities (the ambiguity remains), poor navigation and no doubt alcoholic poisoning. High blood pressure occasioned by naked nymphic cavortings also took its toll. Social activities however have not suffered from lack of willing participants thanks to a closer liason with SUMS (and very nice it was too) - the Presidential style may have been noted at IV.

Plans for the future include: still closer liasons, our annual Anzac Day Hike (July 9th), a pre-concert camp, a multi-media spectacular featuring Honneger's King David and of course, last but far from least, Minifest. See you there.

Your friendly Women's Lib correspondent,

Heather.