

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE AUSTRALIAN INTERVARSITY CHORAL SOCIETIES' ASSOC'N.
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ERATO 17

First, let me apologise for the lateness of the last issue of Erato. Delays and holdups were mostly responsible, but late contributions didn't help. As I write this, two days after the deadline for the current edition, I have received articles from only four people (though I have apologies from two, whose material is on the way). Part of the problem is, without a doubt, that I don't have up-to-date information on contact addresses - for example, I have just received back most of QUMS' Erato 16 which was sent to their official address C/- The Union, University of Queensland, but forwarded by that body to a private address at which the QUMS Officer no longer resided, and thence back to me. This means, as well as a further delay of three weeks for the round trip, postage costs have doubled, since the APO won't permit me to send them again free of charge. I hope QUMS have Erato 16 by the time they read this.

This is my last issue, as I intend resigning the Editorship at Sydney IV in August. If you're interested in taking up the job, let me warn you of its frustrations. Most of the work is collating, packaging and posting - editorial functions are comparatively small. However, I can't say that I haven't enjoyed it - sometimes. Best of luck to my successor (if there is one).

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RUBYCON

"HE SEES the colors of sounds and the music of perfumes and reads the symbols and the numbers of the stars without effort . . . A beautiful luminous green orb radiating fluorescent technicolor love vibrations and gently spinning to the music of the spheres." Gong's *Zero the hero* could well have been floating around listening to Tangerine Dream when Daavid Allen put those words on paper.

Certainly coming to terms with the synthesised magnificence of Tangerine Dream needs a new language and a new perspective and Allen is one of the few writers who can really capture the visions attendant upon the states produced by synthesised psychedelia.

The problem of writing critically, evocatively and intelligently about electronic groups has never been adequately resolved by the music press. On one hand, some journalists have decided to opt out completely, such as the recent *Melody maker* review of *Rubycon* where the journalist wrote: "And below, a crystal cavern of colossal dimensions, housing the myriad spires of a city, where flaxen haired wenches dance naked, descendants of a previous expedition from Earth over 8000 years ago. The rhythm of the moog quickens in tempo and the girls come closer, luscious lips ready, their delicate frond-like hands tearing at our clothes . . . 'Eric, your minced beef will get cold.' 'Shut up mum, I'm digging Tangerine Dream.'"

Or, as in *Rolling stone's* recent review of *Phaedra*, critics find it easier to discuss everything about the album except the music: "Some might think they see God, but what I see is three incredibly visionary German kids fortunate enough to have rich daddies who bought them the tons of keyboards necessary to realise their musical dreams."

There is little doubt that some kind of meaningful criteria needs to be adopted because while it may be fun writing your own piece of sci-fi based on a record or projecting some hypothetical financial situation upon the group, it doesnt go very far towards any evaluation of the music's worth or any understanding of what the musicians are attempting.

When I recently asked Edgar Froese and Peter Baumann (who has since left the group) what they were trying to do with their electronic experiments, their answers were illuminating.

Edgar suggested that the group were "only trying to transform some ideas we have which we can only normally convey with language. What we try and do in a concert is to forget, for two hours, all that we have learnt and that we would normally communicate by language. We go back to the earliest days of our childhood and try to repeat all the experiences we had then. We search for the freshness of vision of a young child. Only by doing that can we make a new start — can we start from nothing. We try to forget that we ever used words"

While Peter suggested, "You just hear and you design very surreal pictures — maybe you can call it an experience. An experience not in politics or cabaret or anything like that . . . just the music for itself and the mood and the experience which is sometimes very melancholic, sometimes very happy, sometimes very naive, sometimes very strong, sometimes very angry. Sometimes seeing oneself in the music. You know the audience should be able to identify with some parts, to relate to some of the parts."

Contained within Edgar and Peter's aspirations are the two cornerstones to criticism of electronic music — the notions of surreal pictures and fresh, simple emotions. And while surreal pictures may be brilliantly, almost concretely, evoked by much instrumenta¹ music — Beethoven's *Pastoral symphony* with its extraordinary storm sequence has become almost emblematic of music's pictorial power — the issue of emotionalism is more complex.

As an emotional statement, electronic music can achieve what the ancient Chinese and Japanese potters attained and what James Joyce achieved in *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's wake* — it actually manages to refine the artist out of existence leaving the object, the language or the sounds as the total and final arbiter of the emotional experience.

In the music of Tangerine Dream, both instruments and musicians are subservient to the emotional states they are expressing. The instruments become indistinguishable from each other, so that we cannot identify Christoph Franke's double moog synthesiser from Peter Baumann's ARP 2600. Likewise on stage, the group perform in near-total darkness so that all ego, personality and individuality is removed. Gone completely is the traditional pop obsession with image and stage presence.

The end result is that the emotional impact of the music, even the music's capacity to conjure up images, is left entirely to the sounds — their pitch, length and relationship to each other. It is only when we have accepted this (for pop music) unique means of expression that we can begin to evaluate the worth of the music.

Rubycon pushes the emotional language of synthesisers away from the secure musical imagery of the more traditional instruments and demands, as Edgar Froese would have it, "the freshness of vision of a young child". *Rubycon* demands responses to patterns and textures of sound which are fresh and unfamiliar, and yet at no point is there a desire to dismiss a sound or a sequence of notes merely as a piece of electronic fiddling.

Where *Phaedra* (Dream's earlier album) was dark, warm, teutonic and romantic, *Rubycon* is cold, sparse, bright and harsh — not that the melodies aren't still beautiful, but that it is the music of a snowscape or an arctic wasteland rather than a Tolkienian forest.

Unlike the *Phaedra* LP, *Rubycon* is a single composition spanning both sides of the album and as an extended near forty minute piece, it is remarkably well integrated. The mood evoked rarely changes from a bleak sterility, a cold indifference.

Swirling, barren gusts of electronic sound and an ethereal, rather disembodied chorus open the album but these effects soon give way to a fast pulsating rhythm section overlaid by long, exquisite organ and mellotron notes. The rhythm builds up to a blinding, high pitched climax only to fall away to the gentle lapping of electronic waves on an electronic shore. For my rather filmic imagination, Fellini's *Juliet of the spirits* and landscapes reminiscent of Dali's metallic wastelands are evoked.

Rubycon is by far the most stimulating and artistically satisfying composition to come out of the current orgy of electronic records. It clearly marks Tangerine Dream as the maestros of this particular development of pop music.



"Tell you one thing—you'll never make a violinist."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY ON A PUBLIC CONCERT

FUCS recently held a very successful public concert (see FUCS article) at which we not only performed creditably well musically, but also had a near capacity audience and made a substantial profit - so we thought other Societies might be interested in how we achieved it.

The performance was of two quite well-known works, Bach's "Wachet Auf" and Haydn's "Nelson Mass". We featured the works quite prominently in the publicity.

The concert was the Adelaide farewell concert for Michael Goodwin, who had been here for two years, and was quite well-established as a choral and orchestral conductor. Therefore we featured his name in our publicity as much as possible, which probably resulted in the attendance at our concert of "everyone who is everyone" in Adelaide musical circles.

The venue was St. Peter's Cathedral, the Anglican Cathedral in Adelaide, a very prestigious place and not a regular concert venue - in fact ours was only the second concert to be held there. Perhaps the rarity of the venue was a drawback. The acoustics were excellent for the type of music we were singing.

Only one other classical concert was held at the same time as ours - and both got very good audiences. It was the Friday night of a long weekend but this apparently did not deter the audience as we had feared. Perhaps there is a lesson to be learnt from this point?

There were four ticket prices: Gallery and pews \$2.50 (\$2.00 students/pensioners)
Outside aisles and back chairs \$1.50 (\$1.00 students/pensioners)
We sold mostly \$2.50 tickets, but felt that as a Uni group we were obliged to provide the cheap student (\$1.00) tickets although as expected we did not sell very many of these. But we still feel it was important to have the cheaper seats available - if only to get people to buy the expensive seats by comparison.

We had three ticket outlets: Allan's Booking Office - a popular booking office in the city - who sold 80 tickets (\$167); Clubs and Societies' Association Office at Flinders University, who sold 19 tickets (\$32.50), and individual FUCS members, who sold 351 tickets (\$540). Door sales were 251 tickets (\$274). We really pushed the FUCS members' sales - everyone was given ten tickets to sell initially, and quite a few members came back for more tickets to sell. The members were very enthusiastic and sold solidly for two weeks prior to the concert. It had been stressed to FUCS that their individual sales were the most important outlet - a fact that is born out by the sales figures. There were prizes offered to the FUCS member who sold the most tickets and who sold the most amount-worth of tickets, and although this was not necessarily a strong motivating force, it did provide an element of competition which was quite fun. Also all profits from the concert were announced as going towards FUCS members travelling to IV in Sydney - a worthy cause, you will agree!

Press releases were sent to all the mass media, with separate releases to every radio and T.V. programme we could think of who might announce us. We followed these up with phone calls and personal contact - particularly stressing Michael's ABC work - and as a result got excellent radio coverage, being announced on ABC radio two Saturdays running, plus every day of the week preceding the concert. We had a write-up in the Music Column of the Adelaide Advertiser and also an article about Michael, also in the Advertiser, during the week preceding Saturday, Thursday, and Friday of the concert. Only on the Friday did we advertise tickets at the door. Various University publications carried advertisements too.

We did not have any posters, but printed 5,000 offset black-on-yellow leaflets instead. These were posted up in relevant places round Uni, the metropolitan area, and especially in all music and record shops. We leafletted almost every

choral and orchestral concert in Adelaide for the preceding six weeks; this was probably the most important publicity for the general public, because we probably covered most of Adelaide's classical concert-going public. It is especially important to get to the little obscure concerts and to have choristers who smile as they hand out leaflets. The recurrent effect on much of the potential audience of receiving more than one leaflet at successive concerts was very useful and caused much favourable comment. A word to the wise - try to ask permission to leaflet concerts beforehand; it's more polite and helps keep good relations with your fellow music-type people. Besides, they might come to the concert themselves.

We sent invitations to all the secondary schools in the metropolitan area, informing them of the concert and of the fact that "Wachet Auf" is on the SA Matriculation syllabus for next year - a subtle trick, worth repeating. Also enclosed some leaflets for school noticeboards.

Also sent invitations to all Anglican Churches - figured we couldn't go far wrong with the Anglican Cathedral as venue. Stressed the sacredness of the works, and enclosed a couple of leaflets for their church porches and choir vestries.

I think that's all the publicity we did. The audience of 667 nearly filled the Cathedral, and we made \$533 profit towards IV.

If anyone else has any ideas on how to make money and raise audiences, by all means let us know.

Mary Nettle,
Treasurer, FUCS.

CHORAL SINGERS PROVIDE VARIED PROGRAM

A large audience in St. Christopher's Cathedral on Sunday night was rewarded with some excellent choral singing when a Combined Universities Choir presented a varied and interesting program of sacred choral music.

It was the final concert of the Combined Universities Autumn Choral Festival, which was held in Canberra last week and brought together singers from 10 university choral societies all around Australia.

The size of St. Christopher's was used for some intriguing antiphonal effects in the 'Deutsches Magnificat' of Schutz which is a work for double choir. With a choir and organ at the front of the church and the other choir placed at the back, the audience in between was treated to an unusual sound spectrum, and yet one which admirably suited this music.

I do not know if Schutz really intended these effects for this 'Magnificat', which was his last work; but in his early years he had studied with Gabrielli in Venice where the antiphonal properties of St. Mark's were used to fine effect and, under the direction of Brian Hingerty (who had to conduct in both directions), Sunday night's performance was powerful and effective.

Antiphonal effects were also used most entertainingly in two 'Concerti for two organs' by the 18 century Spanish composer Soler.

How the two organists, Barbara McRae and Donald Hollier, maintained such a good ensemble I do not know, placed as they were at opposite ends of the church and with their backs to each other. But from where I sat there was fine unanimity, and with lively, crisp playing these concertos were absolutely delightful as well as distinctly unusual.

The music of the French baroque is unfortunately almost unknown in this country, at least so far as concert performances are concerned so it was pleasing to hear the choirs in the 'De Profundis' of De Lalande, one of the masters of this era. A setting of Psalm 129 for five part choir and soloists, and with organ accompaniment and flute and oboe 'obligati', it is an increasing example of the religious music of its period, and was given a pleasant if slightly heavy handed performance.

The final work was the 'Missa Brevis' of Zoltan Kodaly composed in 1944, and given in its original form for mixed choir and organ. This is a wonderful piece of choral writing, moving in its intensity and using the voices with superb effect, all the more telling for its essential simplicity.

It is, in effect, an extended prayer for peace, and was given a performance which held the attention throughout - the singing fresh and vital, conveying so well the hope that lies at the source of the music.

"W.L. Hoffmann,
The Canberra Times 19 May 1975".

ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY CHORAL SOCIETY

Goodbye there, for anyone interested in AUCS this article is going to try to pinpoint a few of our many and varied activities. I shall start my expose with a discussion of our immediate past history, and then theorize about the future.

In the last vacation when every other choral society was busy going to Canberra, and Mayhem, AUCS with help from FUCS and money from the Festival Theatre were busy putting on a one weeks season of Jabberwocky. Daryl Colquhoun our treasurer was Production Manager and dealt with the "Come Out Festival" which was for children, and who were subsidising us. The "Come Out Festival" was controlled by the Festival Theatre Trust, and Daryl has a low opinion of them. Jabberwocky went very well with large audiences and lots of requests for a return season, but there isn't to be one.

Some of the highlights of Jabberwocky were the dropping of the Bandersnatch in one matinee by the Mome Raths: the Mome Raths lined up and caught the Bandersnatch usually, but once upon a time they dropped him! On the last night the Band purposely tried hard to put the chorus of Heralds off and the Heralds in one of their routines got out of step and started walking the wrong way and getting in quite a muddle. The gunpowder that exploded as the Bandersnatch came on was sometimes kicked by the clumsy oafish Mome Raths and only made a little poof. But we were congratulated from far and near: one of the newspaper critics, though, turned in a prejudiced report and he turned out to be the only bad guy in the whole show.

After Jabberwocky we rehearsed Missa Luba sitting "African Style" I heard our new conductor say: "Oh by the way we have a brand new conductor, its a her, and her name is Robyn Holmes and she is a Tutor in the Adelaide University Music Department. After rehearsing Missa Luba we all appeared (in red) one sunnny day on the Plaza in front of the library and sat in a circle and sang. Then we tumbled down to the Cloisters and sang again. Missa Luba was very successful and we will be performing it again; we also made a profit of 3 cents, anonymously donated.

Many AUCS are also going to sing for a six minute segment in Festival Theatre some Australian Folk Songs. We also just held an immensely successful square dance; everybody adored it and it was fantastic fun. We held it at Aldgate in the Majestic Adelaide Hills, in a district hall. Lots of people came and filled up the hall, and learned to square dance. As were flying around that little old hall, weaving, allemande lefting our corners, dosy-dosing, and promenading around. We realized that this was one of the most exciting things we had done

for a long time.

Now for a brief trip into the future. At the very beginning of term three we plan to put on a major concert which will consist of all Choral works. The main meal on the menu is Bruckner's Mass in E minor, for eight parts and has a double choir. It is said to be very nice and is accompanied by 12 wind instruments - in the model of Palestrina. This Mass starts off with a "Kyrie Eleison" and ends with a "Dona Nobis Pacem" and for another piece of useless information Bruckner died in 1896.

As well as this, as an appetiser we will be performing an interesting and beautiful work by the American Composer Aaron Copland, - a sort of unaccompanied cantata and is called In the Beginning. Yes, you guessed it - the words come from Genesis. It is for mixed unaccompanied chorus with Mezzo Soprano Solo. As for the Doovers we will be performing a Madrigal by Claudio Monteverdi.

The edition we will be using is a copy prepared by Dr. McCredie, the Dean of the Music Faculty, an eminent musicologist.

1975 as you all know is International Women's Year, and AUCS has shown its support for Women by electing a Woman President, a Woman Vice President, and appointing a Woman Conductor, and a Woman Assistant Conductor (Nona Monahove) plus we have a large majority of Women on our committee. FUCS may claim a similar progressive nature but I suggest that is because they lack men altogether.

To talk about disappointments, we had intended performing Peccata Mundi by Tristram Cary but we have met problems and will not be able to perform it. Nobody in AUCS is engaged: Nobody in AUCS is getting married and on that "Progressive" note I sing goodbye now.

Anthony Thorogood.

CHORAL SOCIETY ARCHIVES

This is the first of three articles describing the theory and practice of keeping archives in the context of a university choral society. It is hoped that these articles will serve to arouse an awareness of the value of archives and to provide some guidelines as to their organisation. This instalment deals with the theoretical notions of what archives actually are and how they should be organised; the second will outline the uses for archives and the record selection procedure (ie. what should be kept and what may be thrown away), and the third will survey the physical management of records (cataloguing, storage, preservation, etc.)

First some definitions: Records are documents containing information about what has taken place at some time in the past (Latin - recordari; to be mindful of, to remember). Those records purposefully created and preserved by an organisation are its archives. Such records may be arranged as groups, by virtue of their organisational origins, or as series, by virtue of their functional origins.

Not all records "created" by an organisation become part of its archives. For example, letters that are sent out to other bodies (and that may or may not accrue to other archival collections) form part of the creator's archives only when a draft or copy is deliberately preserved. Also, various communications may be received that are not preserved - these usually go out as waste paper. In other words, an organisation's archives are those documents deemed worth keeping and filing for possible future use. The principal user of the archives will in general be that organisation that created them (this point will be elaborated in the next article).

Archives are to be distinguished on the one hand from documents in current use, and on the other both from fortuitous collections of manuscripts and from those which are brought together by causes external to the circumstances of their creation (eg. collections of autographs or historical data). The essence of archives is that they are organic, being the secretions, as it were, of an organism and reflecting in their ordered succession the characteristics and the history of the organisation that produced them. From this intrinsic quality it follows that the arrangement of archives should reflect both the natural structure of their creating agency and the order in which the records were created - characteristics that archivists have formalised in the twin principles of provenance and original order.

The principle of provenance (Latin-provenire; to come forth) requires that all records arising from a given organisational unit be maintained as the records of that unit. It is an injunction against the intermingling of the records of one body with those of another, however closely related the two bodies may be in their functions.

As an example, the organising committee for an IV festival is an entity separate from both AICSA and the local ("host") choral societies. In the course of planning and supervising the festival it accumulates many records; through close (one hopes!) liaison AICSA and the local societies also accumulate records relating to the festival. Afterwards, the festival committee's records will become the archives for that festival - yet by the principle of provenance it would be quite wrong to add to these any of the AICSA or society records (and equally wrong for AICSA or the host societies to commandeer any of the IV records) because to do so would obscure the actual functioning of both bodies and destroy the evidence of their interrelationship. Moreover, within the festival committee records (or any society records, for that matter) there will exist various series - for example, files of the convenor, secretary, treasurer, etc. Items from several series should not be merged together, again according to the principle of provenance, for the significance of each office-bearer's actions would be lost thereby.

The principle of original order requires that archives be maintained in the same order imposed on the records when in current use by their creating body. This original order will indicate each sequence of actions; or may reveal administrative processes (eg. how a concert was planned and presented); or may reflect other organic connections. Re-arrangement of records not only will obscure these inferences but may even bring the records into misleading juxtaposition.

An ordered series of records, if kept intact, has as a whole a meaning greater than the sum of its parts, ie. the isolated record items. There always exists the temptation to reorganise archival records according to subject, or geographical or chronological attributes - to "systematise" them as a librarian or historian might. But a "rational" order of this sort is actually irrational, for it obscures the rationale of the records, namely why, how and when they came into being. To quote from the great American archivist Schellenberg (see reference, page 95): "A subjective or other schematic arrangement not only obscures the source of records in organic bodies, it also destroys the order imposed on them originally. It is thus a violation of both the principle of provenance and the principle of original order."

Archives properly arranged according to these two principles will automatically exhibit both the organic structure and the organic functioning of their creating body - a natural consequence of the underlying axiom that "organic relationships dictate archival organisation". This concept ensures archival integrity at every level, whether national archives, or business archives, or private family archives, or choral society archives.

Lindsay MacDonald, AICSA Archivist.

NB For anyone interested the following books contain a great deal more information about the theory and practice of keeping archives:

T.R. Schellenberg: "The management of archives"
(Columbia University Press, 1965)

H. Jenkinson: "A manual of archive administration" (Lund, 1965)

UNIVERSITY OF NSW CHORAL SOCIETY

HELLO, HERATICLE!

Horrer of horrors, hit as happened hinadvertenthand hwithout my consent (heck to hell with these haitches) that nobody knows what has been going on in UNCS, or indeed in Sydney all this year. Nobody ever tells me anything! ('There, there, nice Tenor' - launches into violent temper tantrum; but nobody notices)

(Resumes half-hour later) I shan't indulge in all the gory details - nobody told me them. I think we had a good time. There was a good Union dinner (\$)... a good carolsinging time (\$\$)... a good All-Electric Xmas Tree Show (shudder)... a good Pre-Prom (ranging from Ad Dominum cum Tribularer to The Canticle) before expectant hordes in the Town Hall - to be fair, SUMS helped us here then there was that infamous Music for Easter concert, in the Opera House ... dazzle of lavish coloured lights ... soothing comperess in glorious dress ... welcome to all and sundry ... wonderful evening ...marvellous music... my thanks to Mummy who sold the tickets ... next exciting offering (wake up!)... the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto by Johann Sebastian Strauss (! That fellow. Learn something new every day, folks!) ... we sang Gabrielli's Deo Jubilate, Vivaldi's Gloria, Haydn's Te Deum, and Handel's HallelujahChorus under the batons of Peter Seymour, Theodore Piekos and Peter Foster - SUMS helped us here, too.

Then some of us had a good Mayhem. No doubt somebody told you bout it. I've just been told to keep my mouth shut except when catching flies. Lots of other societies helped us here. Then our June concert ... Schutz' Cantate Domino, Monteverdi's Beatus Vir, Pergolesi's Stabat Mater, Telemann's Polnisches Konzert, and Mozart's Coronation Mass, under the direction of Peter Foster.

But we still haven't had our annual Anzac Day Bushwalk for 1975 .. 1974 .. or 1973 ...

Right, that's some of what we've done. Only one slight catch: UNCS doesn't exactly exist at the moment. Cheryl McCaffery has resigned as Vice-President, and David Goodwin as President due to increasing commitments. David is acting as Treasurer since stalwart Chris is all at sea, and secretary Linda Mann is Pooh-Bah. Our greatest thanks to them for successfully steering UNCS thru the chaotic seas. An election is forthcoming, and a new committee will now its path thru the Fields of Tradition, into the Leaf of History! Gad, what an erperience!

Peter (Tenor Power) Mikula
(yes, that's better).

TASMANIA UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

Ever dear to my heart choralfraternity - this little effort represents Tasmania's second effort to get an article into Erato this year - I take it, the first exciting one must have got lost in the Perth Guild Building.

Nonetheless - the Tums phoenix sings on. Hobart this year is apparently suffering a dearth of conductors - except for a few useless warts we had to knock

back anyway.

Despite the difficulty of being a choir looking for a conductor, the enthusiasm is still here - 11 trooped off to Mayhem and current indications are that about 20 will make it to IV (and 2/3 of any choir is not real bad!)

We put a concerted effort on at the Union of well known songbook items which have slipped my mind for the moment and there is another concert that will be performed at St. David's Cathedral in about a week's time (July 12).

Our two erstwhile stand_in conductors - Di O'Toole and Chris Thomas are putting us through the paces of Britten's Rejoice in the Lamb, and Vaughan Williams' Festival Te Deum and Three Shakespeare Songs, and number of small choir items and string pieces.

I personally am singing in another concert tomorrow night - Mozart's Coronation Mass and the Bach "Coffee" Cantata - but I expect you don't want to know that.

So what do you want to know? Probably something about IV'76 I should think.

O.K. IV plans are just about finalised and operational completion is about all that is required (Poor little Hobart gets deluged with culture next year - the Australian National Choral something - or - other is being held here a month or two previously) - Now, fixing an impression of Tasmania in your mind - the first week camp is being held at the middle of the top and the second week and the concerts will be held at the bottom.

Further good news is that the camp and registration will only be \$35 and that there will be two main concerts - but more of that at IV.

Another item that again most of you won't want to know is that I have a lot of assignments. It will explain why this article goes no further.

Any queries about IV'76 can be sent to me at 233 Davey Street, Hobart. Similarly if anyone feels the need to visit Hobart they're welcome to sleep here - plenty of beds.

Sincerely,
Chris Kelly.

CONFESSIONS OF A TEENAGE CHORAL SINGER

"I was a teenage choral singer, on that first day as the bus climbed the last hill on the long road, not to stardom but to the city, dawn broke, a new day dawned, and I had turned seventeen. At seventeen I was a beauty Queen, a perpetual sheen, a workshop of ideas, an Italian Love duet, a song and dance ensemble. So I left my quiet home in the country where the sweetly singing birds flood the sky with ethereal notes, and the cows crank away at a low pitched moo. I grabbed my big chance of song and dance, on the farm I left a boy who wanted to marry me envelop and tarry me, but this was my life and I was bound for the big time. I was destined to be great, another July Andrew, I didn't take his bait, from our engagement I withdrew.

Handsome young men will line up to fan me with ostrich feathers, they will cover me in gold jewels studded with emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths and rubies. I would eat pheasant, caviar, bath in champagne. I'll have chaffeurs, dozens of cars, long yellow beautiful Rolls Royces. Kings, princes, dukes arch dukes and deacons will visit me just for the pleasure of a minute of two in my company. Composers shall write operas for me, they will compose oratorios,

symphonies and jazz blue rock arias and recitatives for me to sing. The presses will turn red hot from the thousands of headlines printed praising profoundly pretty me.

Those were the thought of my whimsical highly pitched mind as it mixed its gaily skipping, lightly tripping, frivolity with the ethereal air. But the breaks didn't come my way. I was relegated to the off-stage chorus that didn't sing. Things went from bad to worse to bad. Life became a series of days. Suddenly I realised practices and rehearsals, yum-yums and nanky-poops were not for me. I found new wings as my mind took off into flights of fancy, and flew back to that young handsome man in the country. I realized we were meant for each other - he was the man for me.

With a trembling heart I disembarked from the bus in "my kind of town". There he was - my handsome prince, my superomegaman, my Achilles, my king, my hero - sitting gently rocking on the verandah of his shack which would be our country house, our mansion, our castle, our palace. I rushed up to him as the sun slowly set in the western distance, lighting the sky with soft crimson waves. My heart was shattered as his wife and seventeen children appeared. It shattered into a thousand pieces - they fell from my body and were strewn across the pitiless Australian soil I picked up the pieces of my heart and rushed back to the town where I was meant to be.

Back in the city a new, tall, dark and incredibly beyond imagination handsome bass, with beautiful brown eyes and tanned skin, had joined the choir. Naturally, he fell completely devastatingly, desperately in love with me, but he wished to kiss me on our first date. Naturally I refused, he persisted, I refused again, again he persisted, again I refused. He grabbed me with his strong manly arms. "No, No!" I screamed. He kissed me with his ruby red lips. Desperate now, I grasped my handbag, which incidentally I keep half a house brick in, and I belted him on the head.

Now I forgot about men and took up houses. As I walk up the streets the houses seem to say "Hello, how are you getting on? I'm fine myself, and you wouldn't believe they're going to add another storey to me in May". or "How are you? personally I'm quite ill, I'll have to undergo some repairs soon" or: "I almost burned down last night. He, the person who lives inside me was practicing on his cello and it was so bad and the friction was so great the cello burst into flames. My owner then gave a shriek in fright and produced the best note he's made for a long time. I was very frightened, but it was almost better to burn down than to listen to him practise."

I have my favourite houses, some are very close friends, one had to undergo a course of treatment with an architect during the summer. I visited him every day in case the treatment was fatal, I even prepared a requiem to sing in case it collapsed. One pretty rosey little house, a cherry of a building, I really loved that little friendly house, suddenly the barbarians, the criminals who owned it, painted it yellow. Nothing was saved, the columns, the walls, the letterbox, the concrete, the garage, the piano, the music stand, the lawn, all yellow, yellow as a canary.

With my friendly house now a canary, and I still being relegated to an off stage chorus that didn't sing, I got religion, superstition, mesmerism, fatalism and ritualism. Give me that gooderama olderama religionism, it was good enough for my daderama, it was good enough for my mumerama, it's good enough for me-erama.

I became very devout, believed in herbal cures for gout and in fortune telling, especially when I got paid for it. I believed in charms, dreams and omens of every possible kind. I believed in the prophesies of crazy people, in house spirits, in wood spirits, in unlucky meetings, in evil spirits, in evil and shifty eyes, in popular remedies, in herbal cures.

I ate specially prepared salts on holy days and I believed the end of the world was at hand. I believed that a mushroom would not grow after it had been looked on by the eyes of a man. I believe the devil enters the body if a person opens his mouth too wide when singing but high notes scare the devil away. I was afraid of mice, snakes, frogs, sparrows, leeches, kangaroos, wombats, thunder, cold water, hot water, draughts, horses, goats and blond haired people, and all dark haired people, of black cats. I never ate veal, doves, crayfish, cheese, asparagus, rabbit or any bird, nor watermelon. After all this devotion, dedication and devilish dialogue I got my first break - I was promoted from off stage choir that never sings to the glamorous, glorious post of offstage soloist who never sings.

A Teen Age Choral Singer
by A.E. Thorogood.

PUCS BEFORE PLEASURE

I was going to tell a joke to break the ice but the only joke I know at the moment is my study program. Ah well ...

Of interest is the success of our first term concert which we called "Let Merlin Cast His Spell. We performed three Moody Blues songs (Never Comes the Day, Lazy Day, Are you sitting Comfortably), Incidental music to "A Midsummer Nights' Dream" by Robert Kay and The Court of the Crimson King by King Crimson.

The choir was supported by two guitars, bass, piano, violin, two flutes, tubular bells and drums. The choir was in a manner of speaking miked. We had about eight mikes hanging from the roof just above the choir. All instruments except percussion and piano were amplified and the soloists were also miked.

The concert could loosely be described as a choral rock. I say loosely because there was a lot of conjecture as to whether we should do a choral rock, and finally the committee (panic - mongers swayed by hysterical shrieks that the choir would not be heard) voted out the proposition of doing a CR (choral rock, dummy).

The official reason was that the choir would not be heard and miking the choir would present not only technical problems but also alienation of the choir, i.e. those not near the mikes may as well not be singing.

Personally I didn't and don't agree that these problems are insurmountable, nevertheless after some shrewd manouvering we actually did put on a concert that Ben and myself (the two diehard supporters of choral rock) had envisaged in the first place. (the choral rock which wasn't a choral rock; democracy in action).

Anyway internal struggles aside it was a resounding success, everybody was heard and around 650 packed the Octagon. Most people were surprised by it all.

This, I think, should be a once a year must. Firstly it's popular and large attendances are possible which is important to gain the confidence of the new members at their first concert. There's nothing like performing in front of a large appreciative audience to stir up the enthusiasm of members, and it can only have a beneficial effect on the choir as a whole.

The purists may argue that this is being "commercial" (whatever that means if you're not talking about top forty radio) but I maintain that provided the choir enjoys the music, finds it a reasonable challenge and enjoys the performance then it is certainly worth doing.

I say reasonable challenge because usually, as it is the choir's first concert for the year and because of the (hopefully) large number of new faces, you would want to choose a work which wasn't particularly demanding. In my opinion a choral rock is an ideal way to start the year.

Something which we are considering is performing most of it at various high schools during lunch-times. This should have the appeal to draw the students (who have fuck-all to do during lunchtimes anyway) and could perhaps stir some interest in choral music, not to mention it would be doing PUCS some valuable public relations for future years. (also it probably will be quite lucrative financially).

Before I drop the subject you might be interested to know that we'll be performing the Moody Blues segment at IV. (I bet you can hardly wait). And now for something completely different.

We've had two fun-filled rehearsal camps (I especially enjoyed the last one) this year and are at present building up our ranks to 100 for our third term spectacular. This should be the highlight of the year.

We will be performing the Gabrieli Jubilare Deo; Handel's Zadok the Priest, Bach motet Lobet den Herrn, Beethoven's Choral Fantasia and Kodaly's Te Deum.

Conducting the choir will be Peter Bandy and Robert Kay and we will be accompanied by the Melville Symphony Orchestra.

At this stage its coming along very well.

Well, tension mounts in the PUCS camp as we count the days off to SYDNEY IV. Several members have started rigorous get-fit campaigns to make the most of the coming feast of music (music??).

Already there's a buzz of excitement at rehearsals as Helen frantically writes out receipts for PUCS windcheaters (the mark of a Pucser, don't be fooled by cheap imitations).

The distant humming of the Indian Pacific drifts to the ears of the quivering sopranos, whose eyes are glazed by the prospect of some real men (?).

The basses pace the room occasionally belching out an evil chuckle, while the tenors have ceased playing 'handies' for the night as they too feel the tide of expectation welling up inside their breasts.

Yes all is quiet, all is ready, for Sydney IV.

Love Doug.

Flinders University Choral Society.

Dear Erato Reader,

I thought this might be a good opportunity to let you in on the state of the game here at F.U.

Things are looking very healthy indeed, following the smash success of our concert on June 13th. Never try to avoid that number, it could mean bundles of money (see FUCS treasurer's article).

From start to finish the choir was full of determination for the success of the concert. As it was Michael Goodwin's final appearance as our conductor, we did all we could to ensure that it was memorable. Concert-goers formed a queue outside St. Peter's Cathedral and the gallery was opened to accommodate all the audience members.

With regard to the musical works performed;

• SAT. 14TH JUNE • Choir sings Bach, Haydn

The Flinders University Choral Society performed two minor masterpieces at St. Peter's Cathedral last night.

Michael Goodwin, making his farewell appearance after two years in Adelaide, conducted Bach's "Wachet Auf" (1731) and Haydn's "Nelson Mass" (1798) with fine control and understanding.

He achieved the right

balance of tone between the choir and the orchestra led by Wendy Thompson, with James Govenlock at the organ.

The Bach church cantata was sung in German and the opening "Wake Up" had a firm German beat.

The Watchman's tenor recitative, "Er kommt," by Alan Crooks, rang out clearly and the duet, by soprano Daphne Harris and basso Douglas Gibbs was joyfully spontaneous.

The famous centrepiece chorale "Zion hears," with the violins and violas playing the descant in unison, glowed with intensity.

In the soprano-bass-oboe trio, the instrumen-

talist (Jonathan Dawe) was inclined to rush his runs, but the overall effect was good, and the concluding chorus most satisfying.

The concert climaxed many weeks of solid work by all members of the choir, orchestra and conductor. At the post-concert party, held at Ewart Shaw and Bob Van de Laak's house, I could feel much of the relief and exhilaration of all who were in any way connected with the performance.

FUCS is now working under the baton of Joannes Roose, and will be performing the Stanford Motets and Haydn's Little Organ Mass at a lunchtime concert under the auspices of the Music Advisory Committee at Flinders Uni late in July. More about FUCS later commitments in the next ERATO.

Social activities of note include the wedding of Sue Lower and Gwilym Henry-Edwards at St. George's C. of E., Goodwood, on the 22nd Nov. at 11 am. Members of both Adelaide university choral societies will form the choir for the ceremony.

Anyway, until the next issue of ERATO, I hope all goes well for individual choral societies and I hope IV is a memorable experience for all who attend. I am unable to make it to IV, unfortunately, so that all I can do is work towards its success.

Bye for now,
Julie Claidge,

xxx

Queensland University Musical Society

Greetings, people!

This has definitely been, so far, a vintage year for QUMS - not literally, as we acquired dozens of new members at the beginning of the year, giving us a working (?) membership of around 70 - but in terms of quality, which far exceeds one's most optimistic nightmares (which are always so much more interesting than dreams, don't you think?..... you want more details? - oh, well). It all started with preparations for the Brice Concert, scheduled for June - for details about Neil Brice, see Erato No. 15; for details of our portion of the entertainment, read on - commissioned work by Colin Brumby 'In a Solitude of the Sea' for chorus, semichorus and prepared tape (Uni. Pro Musica was the semi-chorus); three Negro spirituals; and our piece de resistance (and did it ever put up some resistance, in the beginning!) Aaron Copland's 'In the Beginning' for choir and mezzo solo; all this under our current Superconductor John Nickson. Lest our newcomers be daunted by the programme (all 20th century, and almost all unaccompanied), it was obviously expedient to have a friendly camp (I'll refrain from the obvious jokes, Charlie doesn't like them) to show that all is not work in QUMS. We were indebted to Ivan for a VERY empty house (and a few other things we won't mention) at beautiful Byron Bay (yes, I know that's in NSW....so?) which, with up to forty people attending, meant wall-to-wall people - definitely the most friendly way to camp! 'Twas a great success socially, although morally rather dull - one meagre moral raid, a little skinny-dipping by some idiots who didn't realize it was exceeding cold, and a set of photographs (soon to be available commercially) of the Deputy Morals Officer in bed with, consecutively and one after the other, the entire Committee (to hide her shame, we shall leave Teresa anonymous) - oh yes, and we did some singing too.

Our next camp - at Mt. Tambourine, and the weekend before the concert - was for obvious reasons very much more work, but not noticeably less play - as evidenced by the 'Intimate Welding Award' (your mind boggles? - let it, it probably enjoys it) - presented twice for executive ability (or something). Except for a temporary misunderstanding with the caretaker, who didn't think we were behaving as a Christian Youth Group should (neither did we) - orgies and things and all (orgies, she asks? what orgy? -oi me, I missed it!) - 'twas a very successful weekend. Not, however, as successful as the actual concert, at which we laid them in the aisles (er..... not literally, although Mayne Hall floor is VERY comfortable so they tell me, that is!). Our soloist, Margaret Russell, did a magnificent job in the Copland, (she sang well, too), and as for us - thus spake the critic: '..... interesting and varied choral music most effective performance of Brumby Performance was thoroughly musical and well thought out ... The group's singing had plenty of colour and its pianissimos were a joy to the ear.' Even more significant than the crit was the feedback from other local musical heavies, who tended to be decidedly complimentary Definitely one of our better efforts. Our next exciting appearance, and ABC Youth Series concert in October, features another Brumby work - 'Charlie Bubbles Book of Hours'. Let us devoutly hope that this time the audience realizes that it is not, in fact, a serious work. (The last Brisbane performance, they didn't!). Aside from this, the University Chorale, QUMS' small elitist splinter group, is about to make its first appearance in the Brisbane Eisteddfod.

To compensate for our minifest contingent, we're planning a full-scale

(twelve-tone?) invasion for Sydney IV. So - we'll see you there, all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed regarding which I leave you with these words, obviously a description of choral festivals, from one Rev. Haweis ('Music and Morality', 1876)

'It is the public who are content to demand the sacrifice of fresh, girlish constitutions, and the shattering of young, manly frames, and the general wreck of mind, and sometimes of morals, through over-fatigue and over-excitement, and unhealthy conditions of activity'.

Sounds like fun!

Love, Jenny.

Twenty Seventh Intervarsity Choral Festival.

Perhaps the most important thing to say about IV76 is that it's on, folks, it's on! It will be in Tasmania in May, starting with a camp in Deloraine (30 miles west of Launceston) on May 8th., and finishing in Hobart a fortnight later.

There'll be two concerts, both rather different from the usual I.V. type. The first will be in St. David's Cathedral (a small but nice place, we think) at the end of the first week, and will consist entirely of Australian music. We've commissioned two works - one by Donald Hollier (Canberra) and one by Ian Cugley (Hobart) - and both these composers will be in residence at camp and will conduct the performance in St. David's. Hollier's work needs double choir (plus double string orchestra, double brass choir, double hand-bell chorus, assorted percussion, harp, piano, organ - plus the Cathedral peal and carillon bells and pre-recorded quadrophonic sound!) and we will use the two choirs so formed as separate units as well, one for Cugley's work (with string orchestra, string quartet, brass, and flute) and one for another work as yet unchosen but to be conducted by Brian Hingerty. In addition, Donald Hollier will conduct a small group of about sixteen voices in another work. We intend to ask the string orchestra and the string quartet to perform by themselves as well.

The second concert will be at the Theatre Royal at the end of the second week. The theatre is the oldest one still functioning in the country and is decorated in the most superb Victoriana style, complete with plush and cherubs. So the second week will be a Victoriana week, with promotional stunts every day, finishing with a costume concert (with supper for members of the audience who wear costume, perhaps). We have engaged a staging advisor to make it all happen, and the conductor will be John Lanchbery, who is currently Musical Director of the Australian Ballet - in case you don't know, he conducts opera in England, and wrote the score for the film of The Tales of Beatrix Potter.

I hope that's enough to whet your appetite and starting saving your pennies to cross the moat next May. I know it's expensive to get here (just imagine what it's like getting out at regular intervals!) but we're doing our level best to keep other costs to participants as low as possible - promise! We'll be sending regular bulletins to societies (so please let us know the name of your I.V. correspondent) but just for the record our address is now, and ever shall be (till after I.V., anyway): 27th. I.V.C.F.,
P.O. Box 418, Sandy Bay, Tasmania 7005.

Di O'Toole.

The diva is a jackass

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IN HIS introductory message to the forthcoming Rostrum '75 concert series Bernard Heinze writes: "We still have not achieved anything like a recognisable Australian music, nor can it be said that our music lovers in general show any enthusiasm for new ventures in musical composition . . . English, French, German and Russian composers, for example, using the same system of tones and semitones have created a style of original music peculiar to their own country. Why can't we do so?"

This is perhaps the most important question facing Australian musicians today. I don't know the answer to it. But philosophers specialise in unanswerable questions, and philosophers of music have always been interested in the relations between music and national character . . . So here goes!

First of all, sir Bernard is wrong: we might not have achieved a recognisably Australian *art* music, a national equivalent of the European or Asian highbrow stuff, but there's plenty of music which everyone knows is Australian, and couldn't be anything else. If you're looking for local accent and regional character, then it's obvious where you *don't* find it — in those institutions devoted, as George Munster puts it, to "the overseas dominance over our cultural life" (*NR*, June 20), the Music Board of the Australia Council, and its main beneficiary, the Australian Opera. But these institutions are relatively enlightened and progressive compared with aunty ABC or — horrors of horrors — the NSW education department and the Australian Music Education Board. Forget the colonial establishment and its emigre nostalgia, and tune in to the local sounds. What do we hear? For one thing, *the birds around us*; and under this very title, on EMI OEX 9699, you can hear them all, from the kookaburra to the golden bronze cuckoo, care of Alec Chisholm and the Gould League of NSW. No foreign vultures here, no over-protected exotics. Just the natural song of the Australian bush; and how beautiful it is, compared with the unnatural din of the Australian cities!

Art imitates nature, according to the classical philosophers; and, for serious students of the natural Australian school, the National Library has recently acquired 17 tapes of over 500 songs of their feathered colleagues. Where is the Australian Couperin or Messiaen who can cut these precious gems and set them artistically — at least for the delight of our children? If you're interested in the development of ethos from ecology, try *Australia and all that jazz*, tracks by John Sangster to two nature films put out by the Australian Museum with beautiful compositions and improvisations inspired by the sounds of the bush and outback. A wonderful present for overseas friends, who hear the local sound more easily than we do.

From the natural Australian music, we could trace the beginnings of its artificial imitation — human song and dance — in such well loved nursery lyrics as *Maggie, Maggie magpie, perched up in the tree*. (Could it be anything other than a gum?) Simple and charming, this song has an authenticity and immediacy lacking in the more obviously imported equivalents, such as *Within the shady thicket, the cuckoo singeth clear*, with its heavy European ethos. Or we might follow up with such highly self-conscious studies in the Australian style as sir Robert Helpmann's *Display*, a ballet following the classical doctrine of mimesis, with the mime based on the gestures of natural Australia (the dance of the lyrebird) as well as artificial Australia (the football game, followed by the familiar display of sexual aggression). Strangely enough, the imitation of the lyrebird seemed to come off better — it was so good, in fact, that I was afterwards able to recognise a lyrebird one day in the bush, from having seen Helpmann's re-creation of its characteristic movements. The lyrebird, Robert Helpmann, and the dance they share are all recognisably Australian.

But the obvious objection to all this is that Australian music, that is, the music that is loved and practised by most Australians, is really foreign music, whether it's the imported highbrow that Bernard Heinze is concerned with, or jazz, rock, pop, and even folk. This situation isn't entirely the result of a multinational conspiracy. The ABC probably thinks it's doing

the right thing by bashing away on the classics. The success of 2MBS FM has shown just how out of touch the ABC is with contemporary taste and feeling. Nevertheless, the music of both the progressive and conservative highbrows is certainly European. *Waltzing Matilda* is another obvious exception to Heinze's generalisation: everyone, all over the world, apart from a few ageing conservatives of the Liberal and Country parties, recognises this as the signature tune of Australia. But it's European music too, and, though it mysteriously sprang up and flourished in this strange new land, its roots clearly go back to Western Europe, almost certainly the British Isles.

Any discussion of an Australian music must start from the fact that this is a European culture, which both inherits some of the most ancient traditions of the mother countries, and preserves very full communications with the old and new world, as well as developing unprecedented relationships with cultures of Asia and the Pacific. Any search for a national style of music must, therefore, start from the twin determinants of heredity and environment, and study the subtle and gradual changes wrought on our inherited music through its adaptation to a new environment.

The adaptation of European society to the Australian continent is a slow, but deep process that is largely beyond the effects of individual decisionmaking; and, similarly, the acculturation of Western art to its new environment cannot be greatly affected by the manipulations of the ABC and the recording industry. In as far as we can manipulate our musical behavior, our search for a national style and identity — a *moral necessity*, in my opinion — cannot ignore tradition, and long established tastes and preferences. I recently heard an excellent concert of choral music, *Renaissance to now*, by the Sydney Philharmonia Motet choir and singers, under the energetic Peter Seymour, in the great hall of Sydney University; and, in trying to evaluate the performance, I found myself struggling to formulate a rational attitude and policy to the great traditions of European art and life represented there. Very difficult. On the one hand, my heart tells me that Peter Seymour and his singers are to be applauded for working so hard and well to preserve and extend the choral traditions of England and continental Europe: life in Australia 1975, or 2075, would be impoverished, unthinkable, if the old masses, motets and madrigals of Palestrina and Lasso, Byrd, Tallis and Gibbons, and all the rest of that glorious company were sung no more. Even an atheist can follow their serene logic, and be spiritually renewed by their sublime harmonies — just as the clergy (several of whom turned up the other night, dog collars and all) can surely relish the feeling with which Lasso and Jannequin welcome their mistresses on May morn.

So these traditions, institutions and values must be preserved, and renewed for every generation, and the same applies to the great operas, symphonies, ballets and all the treasured poems of the lyric arts.

On the other hand, my overtrained head tells me the whole scene is somehow a museum — the university, the great hall, the music and the audience — and that, whatever their intrinsic value, these institutions have to come to terms not only with the 20th century, but also with a new ecology and lifestyle that is so different from that of medieval Europe.

Which brings me back to Bernard Heinze and Rostrum '75. During August and September Music Rostrum Australia will bring together an impressive line-up of Australian and international talent in a series of concerts and lectures in Sydney and Melbourne, designed to stimulate a rethinking of the problems of tradition and innovation, especially in relation to contemporary music in Australia. Musicians seriously seeking an answer to Heinze's question, should write to Music Rostrum, PO box N26, Grosvenor street, The Rocks, NSW 2000, and get all the program details. More of that anon. I'd just like to conclude by recommending Adelaide readers to go and hear the concert by flautist Margaret Crawford and harpist Mary Anderson, at the Adelaide Festival Centre, July 7. Their recent Sydney recital, presented by Australian Concert Direction, was one of the most delightful evenings of chamber music I've attended in a long time.

NATION REVIEW — July 4-10, 1975 **Graham Pont**

26th Intervarsity Choral Festival

Are you ready? ... Get set ... COME!!! - to Sydney, the only surviving Great Entertainment centre of the 19th Century (with the exception, of course, of Queensland)!!

Yes folks, you've had to wait a long time for a there's-never-been-one-like-this-before I.V. in Sydney, and here it is ... just a few days away! Can you believe it! We are ready for all 300+ of you - and we just can't wait to have you ... if you perceive my meaning. Can you contain yourselves (?) at the thought of:-

- * An incredible Sydney-type fortnight including a fabulous week at Chevalier-on-duckpond ... boat races ... sogball ... the Deplorable Party in Bad Taste ... camp fire ... camp revue ... camp mother (truly!) ... more parties ... harbour cruise ... pressies PJs ... barbecue ... etc ... etc ... and more!
- * An unbelievable period of musical intercourse including Verdi's "Requiem" ... John Nickson's "Festival Jubilate" ... 14 (fourteen) workshops ... I.I. Concert ... the odd pub sing-a-long ... publicity singsongs ... and the rest!
- * A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to sing at the world-renowned Sydney Opera House in a series of concerts promoted by Music Rostrum Australia which is being hailed as "the most exciting new development on the Australian music scene since the ABC was formed in 1932" (and that's serious, folks!). Our one-nite stand at the whitest big elephant of them all will be the largest ensemble yet to perform there, and we are expecting a packed house to hear our performance of "THE" Requiem - and with Peter Seymour training us, an excellent performance it will be too!

There's nothing more to add - just hurry up and come!

See you in Sydney very soon.

Much love,

David Goodwin
Convenor, 26th. I.V.C.F.

This paragraph is taken from Music Rostrum Australia's publicity brochure:

THE INTERVARSITY FESTIVAL CHOIR

is appearing for Music Rostrum Australia as part of the activities of the 26th Intervarsity Choral Festival. The annual Festival is a fortnight of intensive singing and study for members of all Australian University Choral and Musical Societies which culminates in a gala public concert of the massed choirs.

This year, the choir of 300 will combine forces for the first time with the Australian Youth Orchestra, consisting of the finest young musicians from all over Australia, in a performance of the mighty choral work, Verdi's "Requiem", in what will certainly be the largest ensemble ever to perform in the Concert Hall.

The premiere of the commissioned "Festival Jubilate" by John Nickson, to be conducted by the composer, will provide an intensity and excitement to the concert.

Pearl Berridge (soprano), Lauris Elms (alto), Raymond McDonald (tenor), and Grant Dickson (Bass) provide an impressive group of soloists, adding distinction to what will be a very memorable occasion.