

**THE NEWSLETTER OF THE**

**alcsa**

**Australian Interversity Choral  
Societies' Association**

**ERATO 23 - MARCH '77**

Queensland University Musical Society

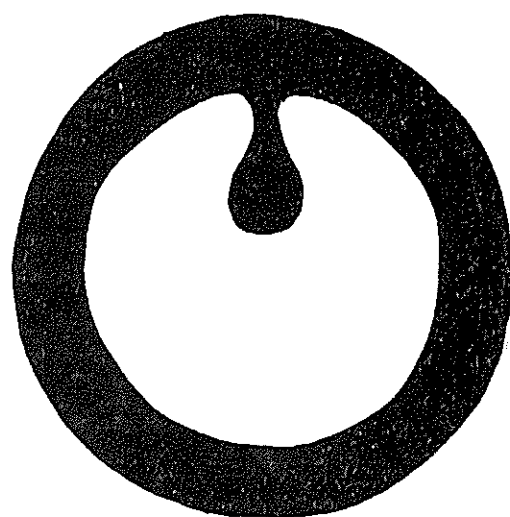
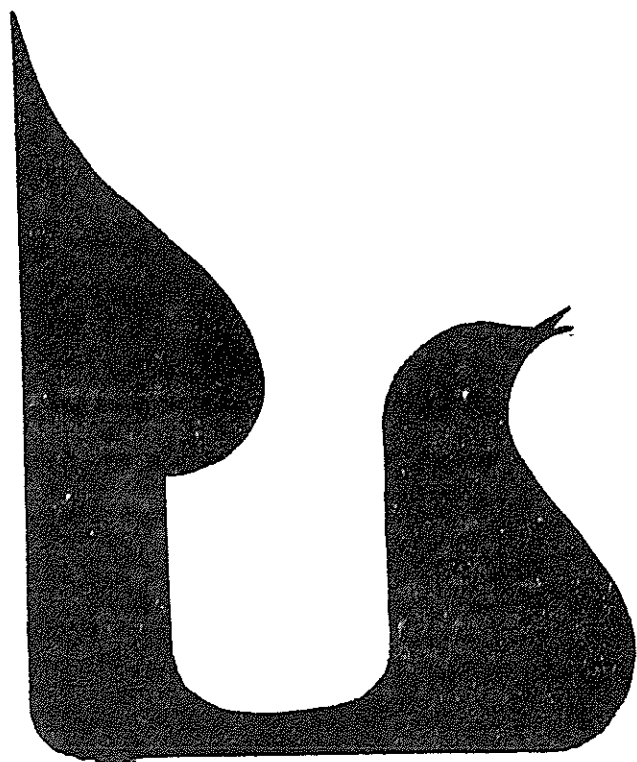


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**MONASH UNIVERSITY CHORAL SOCIETY**

C/o UNION, MONASH UNIVERSITY, CLAYTON 3168

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**fucs**



EDITORIAL

New year greetings to all choristers everywhere - and especially to those reading Erato for the first time.

Erato is the newsletter of AICSA ( Australian Intervarsity Choral Societies Association ) and transfers information both between choral societies and from AICSA to its members. This issue includes facts about a choral competition, details ? about the next MUCS concert, Hobart IV residue and a look at choral life in Stuttgart.

Although most societies have an Erato correspondent, any chorister can submit anything of interest if it is at all relevant. Erato comes out at Orientation week and at the end of each term.

Good luck and good singing for the year,

VERA GREEN  
ERATO EDITOR.

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( Editor- Some societies have not sent in their '76 AICSA questionnaires - would they please do so immediately - thanks. )

Many thanks to Paul Radnor- printer, Nicky Bevan- typist and FAUCS- collators.

## AICSA - YOUR ASSOCIATION

As another academic year begins may I firstly welcome all new members. In joining the Choral or Musical Society you have, you also become part of the Australian Intervarsity Choral Societies Association, which now has more than 600 members in Australia and New Zealand. AICSA is a co-ordinating body, constituted in 1974, and aims to strengthen the student choral movement.

It produces this magazine, Erato, co-ordinates the annual Intervarsity Choral Festival, maintains a catalogue of choral music and is an information bureau/problem-solving centre/liaison office for member Societies, whose Presidents meet at IV to discuss policy and new ideas.

Entering only its 3rd year of existence as such, AICSA is not far beyond the teething stage and there is much to be done before it can really assert itself in the arts world. Any recognition it has now is due largely to the work of Tim Mason, your Immediate Past President, and here I wish to thank Tim on behalf of all members for getting AICSA beyond the dream stage.

But the Association's future strength depends on its members, ie., you. By attending IV you help perpetuate the great choral tradition on a grand scale. By reading Erato you will learn what other Societies and the AICSA Executive are doing. But by discussing and writing articles you will spread ideas and interest. Due to economic problems, Erato is only being published 4 times this year, so if, between editions, you have an idea for AICSA or a problem you think we can help with, please write directly to me and we'll see what we can do about it. Communication within the Association is essential if we are to be anything more than just another Australian bureaucracy.

You will note that the Choral Composition Competition's closing date has been extended. Response has not been exactly overwhelming and it seems that the last Erato, in which details first appeared, was not circulated very well within some Societies. I sincerely hope this one and future editions will be.

AICSA now has an account with Blackwell's, Oxford and this will mean a greater variety of cheaper music will be available to member Societies. Librarians, please note that all music must be ordered through the AICSA Librarian, currently Neil Mason, 37 Gilnith Rd., Kenmore 4069.

Money is a constant problem, or should I say, the shortage of it is, and future funding is getting attention. Tim began a survey of overseas funding bodies and we are now getting some information back, but it is a long, slow process. I hope, by next Erato, to be able to report further progress on current projects and I also hope we will have some details, e.g. dates, of a projected Australian tour by a German University Choir in 1978 (possibly to coincide with Melbourne IV). An up-to-date handbook should be out soon, and a financial statement will be in the next Erato.

All the best for 1977.

Margaret Tamblyn  
President

13 Second Ave.,  
Sefton Park 5083

UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES CHORAL SOCIETY ( UNCS )

ANYONE FOR TENORS?

(Supplied neatly folded and packaged by UNCS. Postage extra.)

Alfred Lord Tenorson once said, "If you can't hold the forte on your own, give up and sing alto." We did. We live in a new house now. It is a pretty house. It has three loos, Ladies, Gents, and Tenors. The Tenors is padlocked. Meanwhile; "Basses, please sing sotto voce, not blotto voce".

But the real news is this; coast your minds back to SPAM and that historic question, "If we give up the volleyball can we keep the sex?" Now read on...

Volleyball is spreading. Do you know the facts about volleyball? It is very contagious. Ask anybody who's been caught up with it for a while. It is dangerous to your health (several UCSers have met and gotten married because of volleyball). It is one of the most widespread activities in the world.

The fact is, once you've got the Volleyball Bug, you've had it. In this respect it is similar to the Choral Bug. It is a tremendous game (played in nearly 150 countries in the world); fast and very exciting when played by good teams (like UNCS) and a lot of fun when you just play socially.

With the background established, I wish to draw your attention to a statement recently detected in Erato 21, page 6, made on behalf of MonUCS. And I quote: "Some of us are also becoming terribly fit; MonUCS.....play volleyball and tabletennis. After two matches our meteoric rise to fame has begun: in the first match we won a total of 2 sets to 1. Sport is guaranteed to increase lung capacity and improve your breathing (in, out, in, out), besides which it's good fun."

Well well, say no more. (Nudge nudge, wink wink).

Well, children, enough of that sort of nonsense.

The good ship UNCS made it through to 1977, calling in at the POW hospital in December to sing carols for the patients. This was beautiful, being much appreciated by everyone present.

But down below decks, all is not yet well. At the 1976 AGM there were insufficient nominations to fill the committee positions. So the details of the takeover coup won't be known for a while yet.

Nevertheless, UNCS has an ambitious programme this year. Two performances of an Easter Concert (including Alcege's "Miserere" from SPAM) will be on 1st April and 4th April. Further concerts are scheduled for 3rd June and 14th October.

Which is sufficient to keep us off the streets, and yet leave time over for volleyball, tabletennis or whatever. And as the sails fill with the winds of anticipation and UNCS forges ahead, we bid ye all a fond adieu.

Arthur Bunyip,  
c/- UNCS,  
Box 16, The Union,  
Uni. of NSW,  
Kensington.  
NSW. 2033.

P.S. Say hello to Cecilia Duck for me.

### COME ALONG 14th - 18th May

I.V. this year is in August and up til now there was no minifest planned for May. However, this is no longer the case. In May, AUCS and FUCS are taking part in a musical based on Christopher Marlow's Faust, as part of Come Out, an Adelaide festival which runs alternate years with the Festival of Arts, and aiming to incorporate the community and young people especially, more widely than the Festival of Arts. Our production runs from Monday 9th - Saturday 14th May.

This is where you come in, while all this festivity is going on and performances galore are in the offering, from scifi, rock and monster movies to symphony concerts, (all under \$1.00 admission), we plan to hold two free afternoon concerts, either in the Playhouse of the Festival Centre or the Little Theatre at Adelaide Uni (not quite as impressive but a cosy venue).

We invite you to "Come Along", see our musical and whatever else interests you and sing in the concert. There will be no camp as the whole time will be spent in Adelaide; we will billet you with AUCS and FUCS people.

#### WORKS

Joseph and His Technicolour Dreamcoat (choral version, Rice and Webber)

Captain Noah and His Floating Zoo (Horowitz and Flanders)

These are fairly easy to learn and thus suitable for the time available, as well as the youngish audience that the school holidays will generate.

#### DATES 14th - 18th May.

Sat. 14th - final night of FUCS and AUCS musical.  
group booking to the show and party after.

Sun. 15th - Tue. 17th - rehearsals.

Tue. 17th or Wed. 18th - afternoon concerts - 2pm and 3.30pm.  
party (barbeque)

#### COST

At the moment, we are trying to make Come Along free. However we may need to impose a \$5.00 registration fee to cover administrative and publicity costs.

Application forms will be sent out in late March with further details.

We are looking forward to seeing lots of old faces, and many new ones too. So, "Come Along" - you'll be mad if you don't.

Lots of love

Andy Pearce

(on behalf of AUCS and FUCS committees)



POST-REHEARSAL PUB SCENE

Dear Choristers,

On reading Erato 22, you must have wondered what had happened to QUMS in 1976. Well, QUMS is alive and well, maintaining a strong membership, and building a high reputation under the conductorship of John Nickson.

Our first concert for 1976 was given in June, and featured the Queensland premiere of Rubbra's 'Missa Cantuariensis', and the premiere of a commissioned work by Dr. Philip Bracanin. The Australia Council assisted us with a \$400.00 grant for the concert, making the larger works - Haydn's 'St. Nicholas Mass', a Handel organ concerto - possible. The University Chorale performed the Bracanin work, and Palestrina's 'Missa Aeterna Christi Mundi'. Critical reaction was most encouraging - especially from local professional musicians. We really pleased the crowd with some popular songs and spirituals.

For our October concert, we gave yet another Queensland premiere. This time, it was Samuel Barber's 'Reincarnations', and the choir handled this difficult work with confidence, and gave it a highly praised performance. The Gabrieli motet 'In Ecclesiis' was the first performance in living memory, and proved to be difficult in placing all the forces needed to perform it (all that brass). A small group performed Bartok's 'Five Slovak Songs' with great energy, and the audience went home humming Berger's 'Brazilian Psalm'.

At time of writing, we are preparing our annual Carolfest, to be given in St. John's Cathedral - and our fourth camp for the year. Our first camp for 1976 was a real smash hit. We took over a little pub in a little town called Cambooya, and we had a really good time. The publican enjoyed the weekend but he doesn't seem over anxious to have us back. Anyway, this style of camp is much recommended.

Administratively, QUMS is becoming a problem - the size and activity of the choir demands consistent effort from its committee. The treasury has a large turnover, and the committee find themselves fairly busy. 1977 promises to be another busy year - Vaughan Williams' Mass in G minor a strong contender for the June concert. QUMSians are all friendly, so do come and see us sometime.

AMW

P.S. If you need them:

President: Ms Jenny Dawson,  
2/8 Booth St.,  
TOOWONG. 4066.  
Secretary: Ms Cathy Gregor,  
Cromwell College,  
University of Queensland.  
ST. LUCIA. 4067.

## ROTTEN ASYLUM REPORT

What, you ask, is Rotten Asylum? Where is it? Who is it? Or alternatively, how is it?

What what what? You don't know. Have you never heard of PUCS Paradise? Not even of PUCS. Oh, shame.

PUCS Paradise is the Rottenest Camp ("There are good camps, bad camps, rotten camps, rottener camps, well PUCS has the Rottenest camp (1)"), also known as Rotten Asylum (2), or in more usual orthography, Rottnest Island.

PUCS are strange creatures of erratic habits, apparently akin to black swans. The large amounts of "Black Duck Ale" circulating through their veins and brains provide evidence of this relationship, as does the applicability of the folk proverb

"Swans sing before they die,

'Twere no bad thing

Should certain persons die

Before they sing" (3)

The likeness is most apparent in the PUCS known as Cecil D. Duck, and during the display known as 'Rottnest Blues'.

Although PUCS may be met with almost anywhere in W.A. their greatest population concentration are in the area known as Yuniver City. Generally PUCS mingle freely with related species in the area. In appearance, their most characteristic feature is a patch of orange or yellow covering breast and back, with a distinctive pattern of black markings on the breast, or in colder weather, black over breast, back, and extending down fore-limbs, with yellow markings on the breast. However, absence of this characteristic colouring does not preclude possibility of the specimen being a PUCS, since they often choose to camouflage themselves by adopting the plumage of other species.

When PUCS are mingling with other species they display few distinctive behaviours. But when they congregate, they indulge in many strange rituals.

During a weekly gathering commonly referred to as "rehassle", they produce their weird and plaintive chants in complex vocal patterns while one of their number appears to assert dominance by posturing before their serried ranks. (The sado-masochistic aspects of this ritual will be discussed in a later work. (4)). "Rehassle" appears very similar to "Konserts"; during "Konsert" they perform with much solemnity to a larger congregation of strangers, and may put on long black "Gowns". "Konserts" appear to occur at irregular intervals. It has been postulated that they serve as expiatory rituals; for it has been observed that after a performance of "Konsert" the nature of the "Rehassle" chant changes. The purpose of the chant; PUCS main social ritual, remains unclear.

Other PUCS gatherings are migratory in nature. We note the occurrence of a minor migration to York, usually in April, where initiatory ceremonies are believed to be held, but I have been unable to observe this at close hand. We shall move on to consider the mid-year migration.

This is commonly referred to as "oi-vee" from the frequency with which this cry is heard in PUCS greeting calls in the immediately preceding period; eg. "r-yu-goyng-toi-oi-vee" uttered in excited tones.



One of the most intriguing features of the oi-vee migration is that the destination of the migration varies each year, in what is believed to be a cyclic pattern, possibly connected with variations in the flow of terrestrial magnetism, which may in turn be related to the sunspot cycle (5).

From the fact that similar species from other localities are drawn simultaneously to the same area, it would appear that some type of attractive force is being generated at this time. The power of this force may be judged from the damaged state in which field workers investigating the area have emerged. For the same reason, no clear account of the "oi-vee" has been delivered. Such reports as have emerged have been mainly unintelligible. Yet whatever the mechanics of the meeting, the final display, the musical ritual in which the two-week gathering culminates, this monstrous "Konsert" after days packed with gigantic "rehassle" gatherings, is an unforgettable spectacle.

Leaving the fascinating questions of "oi-vee" (7) for future discussion, we proceed to the purely PUCS gathering at Rottnest. This occurs each year in mid-November, and is perhaps precipitated by some major upset in the eco-system of the Matilda Bay area, since other members of the "Yunee-ver City" community also are observed to shun the area from after this time until the onset of autumn. (8)

For several years I have undertaken field trips to Rottnest Is. to observe the PUCS migration, and have been able to mingle closely with them. PUCS are sociable creatures like the quokkas native to the island, and like the quokkas, are not very shy.. They may be identified aurally by a number of characteristic calls, many shared by other species that appear at "oi-vee". These utterances require participation by four or more PUCS, and display the "four-part harmony" that appears to be characteristic of so-called "choral" societies.

The island of Rottnest lies 12 miles off the Coast. PUCS being naturally flightless, most reach the Asylum by "fairy". A "fairy" may be called "Temeraire" (9) or "Islander" (10), but never "Manly".

On arrival at PUCS Paradise, newcomers are subjected to elaborate greeting rituals, of a most complex character, performed with apparent enthusiasm, culminating in a procession to the communal nesting place adopted. This nesting place, referred to as a "Cottage" (11), will be ingeniously decorated. Hung inside and out with "by-sickles" and "toulls" and festooned with "Pakz" and "sleeping-bags" (12) - all brought over from the mainland for this purpose, it manifests a strong nest-building instinct, and remarkable proclivities.

A strong communal instinct is shown by the closeness of quarters tolerated ... Territorial instinct, strong at other times(13), appears to be in abeyance during this period, and when night falls, PUCS may be observed shaking out their feather bags and settling down to rest in dense clumps, after a period of apparently spontaneous song.

The diet of PUCS during this gathering is mainly "kanz" brought with them in packs from the mainland, supplemented by Rottenest Island Bread which they mangle ferociously before eating, and of course, Black Duck Ale which is taken from the Quokka's Arms in the shadows of twilight in a solemn sacrificial ceremony, with much shouting, and of course, chanting.

"Rottenest Blues" is perhaps the culmination of the loosely organised migration. After its performance, the PUCS population dwindles, slipping away in twos and threes to the mainland.

The purpose of the Rottenest Blues I have been unable to fathom, and would welcome readers' theories. The comparison with pagan fertility rituals seems a little too simple.

Four days after the gathering has begun, as twilight falls, PUCS who have been scattered randomly over the island during the day draw in once more to the safety of the nest. A ceremonial meal is consumed.

Then the chant begins; primitive, rhythmic, unfettered, a play of Discord, harking back to who knows what. It swells, rises, ragged and unfettered, builds up to a frenzy.

The PUCS file into the night...

(At this point the report degenerates into apparent hysteria, or possibly delirium. The author is reported to have burst out sobbing "I missed it, I missed it. I got the Rottenest Blues." She later denied rumours that she planned a treatise on the obsessional neuroses of the merino sheep).

#### FOOTNOTES

- 1) Priv. Comm (with expression) J. Young (Aucs)
- 2) R. Bradshaw to Alto Ego "Why are you and Peter going to a Rotten Asylum?"
- 3) S.T. Coleridge (Oxford Book of Quotations)
- 4) "Can Time be Beaten" Alto Ego, in prep.
- 5) Alto Ego; best expounded over a wee glass of something at an advanced hour
- 6) "Nurglings, Ravings and Ramblings; Mad if you don't"
- 7) eg, what is the "Gilbed-mammarial-yolk"? the significance of stocking caps? the Prezzyes Pee-Jays?
- 8) Students of Yuneever City have hypothesized that "eggs-'am", apparently an initiatory ordeal to which the young of Skolastik genera are subjected is linked to this ecological upheaval
- 9) A close relation of 'Temmy', 'the Redfern Bus' or 'Chippendale Chariot' which conveys the Nice Tenor of UNCS
- 10) Name believed to be Strine in origin "I land 'er".
- 11) Derivation uncertain, may be from rural dialectal 'cotty' - tangled, or perhaps from 'cot' - a sleeping place of small size
- 12) NOT necessarily altos sopranos
- 13) eg IV "Sogball Match".

News from Otago University Music Union (OUMU if you insist)  
 or... "What do you know of the habits of Pink Elephants"  
 or..... "Yes dear, but isn't it tea time".

Cough cough, ahem...tap tap. These prefatory microphonic type noises are to herald the very first Erato article that I have ever written. (You call this writing...shut up and concentrate or you'll be sent to bed without any nice tenors... ) Well anyway, as I was saying, this is a great moment for me and also for you lovely people over that teeny weeny ocean in Australia and it is with a feeling of enormous emotion (tears are flowing, my bust is swelling and my left big toe is in ecstasies of orgasmic delight) that I set pen to paper and commit this, my maiden Eroticle, to, as it were, hard copy (it's damned hard to copy this stuff).

Well seriously folks. It is actually very hard to say anything because Ben said it all in our last article in Erato 22 (pv.) but I'll endeavour to give you some useful information. The only event which we have held since our 2nd term concert has been our AGM and final Convacatio Musica (i.e. a sort of musical wine and cheese evening). The main feature of it (the AGM) was the election of the following bods:

President	Chris Masters (i.e. me. I don't remember being elected but Ben assures me that I was and he ought to know since he stayed sober all night to scrape the cheese off the floor at the end)
Secretary	Don Sangster
Treasurer	John Aston
Orchestral Rep.	Katie Fraser
Choral Rep.	Sally Banks
Publicity	John Boyer
Social	The Misses Chisholm (alias Sal and Marg)

Apart from myself, John Boyer is the only committee member who has actually experienced an IV in the flesh as it were, but the feelings of je ne sais quoi, which those of us who went to 1975's IV acquired, there still and permeate the atmosphere of Music Union (I'm sure there's a mixed metaphor raising it's ugly head somewhere in that lot). I think that there are quite a few potential IV goers in our midst, in particular there could well be a New Zealand contingent at 1978's IV if our lunatic government doesn't increase prices too much.

This year's plans are still somewhat vague. We hope to have performance of Faure's Requiem by the Music Union Choir and Orchestra at the end of the first term. I know that everyone's already sung in it thousands of times but it's still a gorgeous piece of music and hopefully it will inspire people to come to choir practices. Apart from that we hope to have the usual camp and this year to institute pub singing sessions.

I can't think of anything else to add except that if anyone wants to contact us for any purpose at all (the mind is boggled) please go ahead and do so; we'd love to hear from you. If any of you are passing through Dunedin at any time we could easily arrange somewhere out of the snow to spend the night. The Music Union's postal address is c/- 4 Melrose St., Dunedin. N.Z. Ph; 65542. (actually my parents' address) but my flat is at 54 Union St., Dunedin, Ph; 79840. I don't know addresses of other committee members yet since most of them aren't in Dunedin at the moment but will include them in some future Eroticle. In the next article will also be some exciting news about two of our members but I'd better wait until it's official before mentioning any names.

Love Chris

### CARMEN

For opera lovers and opera haters alike, we reprint herewith the "English" synopsis of "Carmen", as it appeared in the program for a recent performance in Genoa, Italy.

"Act I. Carmen is a cigar-makeress from a tabago factory who loves with Don Jose of the mounting guard. Carmen takes a flower from her corsets and lances it to Don Jose (Duet: "Talk me of my mother"). There is a noise inside the tabago factory and the revolting cigar-makeresses burst into the stage. Carmen is arrested and Don Jose is ordered to mounting guard her but Carmen subduces him and he lets her escape.

"Act 2. The Tavern. Carmen, Frasquito, Mercedes, Zuniga, Morales, Carmen's aria ("The sistrums are tinkling"). Enter Escamilllo, a balls-fighter. Enter two smugglers (Duet: "We have in mind a business") but Carmen refuses to penetrate because Don Jose has liberated her from prison. He just now arrives (Aria: "Stop, here who comes!") but hear are the bugles singing his retreat. Don Jose will leave and draws his sword. Called by Carmen shrieks the two smugglers interfere with her but Don Jose is bound to dessert, he will follow into them (final chorus: "Opening sky wandering life").

"Act 3. A roky landscape, the smugglers shelter. Carmen sees her death in cards and Don Jose makes a date with Carmon for the next balls fight.

"Act 4. A place in Seville. Procession of balls-fighters, the roaring of the balls is heard in the arena. Escamillio enters (Aria and chorus: "Toreador, toreador, All hail the balls of a Toreador"). Enter Don Jose (Aria: "I do not threaten, I besooch you") but Carmen repels him wants to join with Escamillio now chaired by the crowd. Don Jose stabbs her (Aria: Oh rupture, rupture, you may arrest me, I did kill her") he sings "Oh my beautiful Carmen, my subductive Carmen"."

OUR MAN IN STUTTGART REPORTS:

(ON BACH, SNOW, ROMANESQUE CATHEDRALS AND THE WORLD-WIDE TENOR SHORTAGE)

Dear Erato,

Ever since I was torn screaming and whimpering from my beloved FAUCS by the Cruel Hand Of Fate to spend a disconsolate year all alone in Stuttgart with nothing but concerts by Birgit Nilsson or Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau or trips to France and Switzerland and England and Austria to compensate me for my tragic loss, I knew I would have to find a choir to lend meaning to my existence. And I did.

It's called der Akademischer Chor der Universitat Stuttgart (I suppose we'll have to call them ACUS if they ever get to Australia). There wasn't any enthusiastic recruiting drive; no banners and drums and roll-up-and-sin(g)-with-us frivolity, just a modest little notice with the time and place of the first rehearsal. When I arrived, I discovered several rather disconcerting things.

Firstly, for this choir you audition, and very thoroughly, under the beady eyes and experienced ears of the conductor and a selected group from the choir - and if they pass you, you can stay. They did and I could...but oh dear, only just.

Secondly, there's no such thing as note-bashing...and not a piano in sight. At the very first rehearsal we simply picked up the music - Bach's "Christmas Oratorio", a not unambitious choice, snatched our starting notes from a brief chord given by the conductor, and plunged in, unaccompanied and at practically full speed. Now I know what it would be like to ride a lively horse in the Great Eastern Steeplechase (esoteric S.A. reference, sorry interstaters) and keep losing the reins every few strides...terrifying and greathless, but we got to the end somehow. Of course, I soon realised that some of the old hands knew the Bach very well indeed - it's as much a cliché at Christmas in Germany as the "Messiah" is in Australia - and there were enough confident (even bored) voices in each section to keep us all going.

After rehearsal (two hours without a break) some of them went off to the nearest pub for a quiet drink - but no coffee parties. And no-one would dream of singing in the pub - ach, Mensch, nein. "We might be thrown out"... "And we don't know anything." Good grief. But I drank my quiet sociable wine and they drank their quiet sociable beers, and I talked to the President and learned that you become President by the time-honoured process of being the only mug who volunteers. There isn't a committee, but special jobs are delegated to other helpers if the need arises. And it soon did - there was a weekend in the Hunnewellhutte coming up.

The Hunnewellhutte is far from being a mere Hutte; it's more like a hostel which is owned by the university and available for student groups to use. We drove there in private cars on the Friday night, just as the first heavy snow of winter started to fall...and alas, the very steep winding road up to the house was no longer passable to cars without chains, so we just had to heft our luggage (and all the bottles of wine for the Saturday night party, oof.) for the last kilometre, leaving the cars in the village below and making our own way on foot up the hill through the snow. And after supper we SANG...not the Bach, but

a marvellous mescellany of madrigals and folksongs and Lieder which we just sight-read for fun out of various stray books. When pressed, they DO know something to sing - ranging from canons like "Dona Nobis" (oh, nostalgia.) through to ever-so-slightly improper Swabian folk songs - but the obscene glories of an Australian-style Pub Song Book are unknown to this serious and rather conservative crew. Never mind, I shall just have to spend a Tasteful and Improving year.

The Saturday night party was a traditional German Christmas affair - red table cloth, pine branches down the middle, red candles, biscuits and walnuts and oranges and chocolates and litre after litre of Gluhwein - we sang all the songs that somehow got missed out on the first night, and when the warden (there is a married couple in charge of the place) appeared at midnight to suggest that it was time for bed, most of us wouldn't think of it, put on our coats and boots and went off for a long hike in the snow. There was a full moon, bright stars, crisp clear air, and deep fresh snow underfoot; we walked for miles over the hills and through forests and even sang a few of the Bach chorales looking up at the moon - it seemed a crime to go to bed, but at 4.30 we sort of happened past the house again and it looked like rather a good idea. Sunday, needless to say, was something of an anticlimax.

After this cheerily informal affair we entered the last flurry of rehearsals for the Bach concert, which was to be in France - international prestige was at stake, and we were being broadcast live over French radio, so life was real and life was earnest; extra tenors and sopranos were scrounged from somewhere (never seem to have enough - one newsletter finished with the words "Tenors, as always, are especially wanted". Apparently men are just more likely to be born basses than tenors; it's a natural imbalance) and we rehearsed till all hours. During the last week the conductor was commuting between Poitiers (to rehearse the orchestra) and Stuttgart (to rehearse us) every few days; the two halves only actually came together on the day of the first concert.

We all left for Paris on the Orient Express (no glamour, just hard beds and little sleep) on Thursday night and arrived in Angouleme the following afternoon. Most of us were billeted at a convent, and after lunch in the refectory we came face to face with our venue - an incredibly beautiful 13th century cathedral, St. Pierre - our orchestra (mostly from Poitiers) and our soloists - three Germans and a Finn, all based in Stuttgart. Take note of this name: Kimmo Lappalainen, the tenor. He's only 32 but has already worked his way from Helsinki to Rome to Stuttgart, with guest appearances in Glyndebourne - and he is absolutely magnificent, with a powerful and beautiful voice that the world is likely to hear much more of in the next few years. He and the trumpeter (first trumpet from the Paris Opera) were very definitely the stars of the show. The drummer was an imbecile - kept getting lost and asking me in a loud whisper where we were - to which I was forced to reply in most inadequate French, but the choir, if I may modestly say so, was on the whole bloody marvellous. The good people of Angouleme, and later Poitiers, seemed to think so too; the applause was prolonged and enthusiastic. Poitiers turned out to be a marvellously interesting old town, with no less than THREE huge, beautiful Romanesque churches - and a few early Gothic - and a few more late Gothic - but after 1500 one loses interest, you know how it is. We sang in St.-Hilaire-le-Grand (11th - 12th century).

Next came Paris - so far the tour had all been free (eat your hearts out) but for the final few days we just roamed, ate, drank and spent our way from Montmartre to St.-Germain and back again on our own money, then finally caught the Orient Express back to cold dreary Stuttgart. We arrived at 5.30 in the morning, pitch dark and 5 below zero - what a homecoming.

The choir's in recess now over Christmas, but when we start again in early January there are some interesting propositions to consider - will we tour to Aberdeen or to Moscow in the summer semester? Can we wangle an invitation to the Australian choral festival? And then there's the traditional Whitsun camp in the south of France. And Australia? Well, they don't seem to be short of cash, and the conductor has definitely said he's thinking about it, but it remains a pipe dream at this stage. Who knows? I'll keep you posted.

Love from

Susan Tonkin, FUCS Foreign Correspondent.

#### MONASH UNIVERSITY CHORAL SOCIETY

Hello, good evening and welcome to the MonUCS article. We haven't had all that bad a year, really, only one major concert off our own bat, but musically quite a successful one. Financially - well, treasurer Neil Rickards still wakes up screaming. Our September concert attracted about 300 people, which is good for us, and the St. Cecilia Mass was well handled, due to a few of us having sung something quite similar in Adelaide (what a fortunate coincidence, eh). Holst's Psalm 86 sounded lovely, with the help of a nice tenor from FUCS, but the peasants in the audience didn't quite know what to make of Charles Ives' Psalm 90, (did we).

At this stage there is a blank, yours truly having brought back glandular fever as a souvenir from SPAM, but it doesn't matter anyway since nothing much happened. After the horrible ghastly exams a somewhat diminished choir was involved with tackling five of the 40 parts in the Tallis motet 'Spem in Alium', which was performed in St. Patrick's Cathedral on December 1st. Despite the relative immaturity of our voices compared with those of some of the other seven choirs, I think we did better than expected. A free carol concert at Monash went down well (the ranks being swelled by strange Zachariah-type items) as did subsequent singing in hospitals.

Now to the future. During 1977 we shall be doing 'Carmina Burana' and the Dvorak Mass in D, plus either Vaughan Williams' 'Five Mystical Songs' or the Compere missa brevis we half-learned last year. Bevan Leviston is conducting us again this year, but we still love him, I suppose. Jacky James is compiling a MonUCS songbook, Helen Seymour and Tom Healey are now Mr. and Mrs. Healey, and the saga of Janssen's Mini has ended not with a whimper but with a bang. I can't think of any more MonUCS news for the moment, so we will all just sit back and hope for some more tenors among the freshers.

Stewart Skelt.

P.S. Dear Nick Heyward: the only Mon UC likely to have pinched that flag is me and I already had one. Sorry.

### AUCS ERATICLE

Greetings, everybode, from the land of the AUC. Muchly have we been deeply involved with FUCS (wot) of late, in very groovy FAUCS activities, which have been most successful, and enjoyable to boot (huh). Our concert with FUCS in the Cathedral was followed one hot evening by carol-singing in the Royal Adelaide Hospital. With doctors, nurses, nurses, and nurses aides, AUCS tramped the floors of wards and corridors, screeching out harmonies and pouring hot wax all over our silent nights and aching feet. We had a superb supper afterwards - as we always do - and a small group sang Sweet Adeline (so sweetly) to say thank you for it.

Of course, we mustn't forget Wallaroo, and recuperation in cabins, sleeping cheek by jowl until in the end one fell out of the bed. There were some grouse local tuffs, who revved past us each night saying " 'Ay, girls, want some intercourse". There was lots of wind, and sunburn, and Barbie Ren's new car. And Manda McKay and Bill Just - interstaters, wot.

On December 18th, the AUCS Christmas party-cum-house-warming at the Julie Young residence (that's me folks) happened (45 Ellen St. Nailsworth, by the way). There was mistletoe, and Christmas desecrations, and half way through, Neil Thomas and I sprang news of our engagement to Matthew Mitchell, and made him go out and tell the others. Har Har. (Nobody believed it at first).

Next party was New Years Eve - with a Scottish theme. At McJane McSouthcott's McPlace.

AUCS and FUCS have a cricket match on 6th Feb. AUCS is currently the holder of the much coveted trophy "The athlete's Shoe", and (exceedingly smelly) old sand\$oe mounted on a biscuit tin. Ms. Rennison has a tendency to bat splendidly in her long dress and sun hat, so maybe we can do it again...

Naturally enough, we won't waste the Ides of March this year after last year's lovely orgy (of eating, I mean). So come over and be at the party. B.Y.O. toga and laurels.

At Orientation week, we're going to do Daniel Jazz (outside) and a few other sings (Get it - sings... Har Har...whaddaya mean, "fancy AUCS singing" - you being sarcastic)". The camp for first-years will be with FUCS as well, and we'll launch straight into rehearsals for our Musical production in May. It's about Faust, and is going to be terrific, and it follows up our Jabberwocky by being a highlight of Adelaide's second Come Out Festival. So you MUST COME.

As extra inducement we'll let you be in our concert 4 days afterwards, as part of our Microfest called Come Along. Two birds with one stone. (stoned birds are optional extras..) You'd be crazy to miss out.

Back to people; AUCS jet-setters are on the move as usual (ahem). Matthew is now aboard the Australis en route to London, and Sue Tonkin is (not-so) ensconced in Stuttgart (when she can't sneak off to Paris), generally missing everybody, and having been bombarded by a night of nostalgia by Sue Moffatt and Leigh Middenway.. Sue is singing in a German choir and loving it. Roll on International I.V.



Matthew had a terrific car rally (which went rather late and ended up in a ravine) and party before he left, by the way.

Then Jean Chesson and her husband had a party and went to the U.S.A. Ho Hum.

By the way, Margo Tamblyn has bought a house in Nailsworth. So Margo, Julie, Daryl, Graeme Quinn, Matthew, Heather Newall, Jane Southcott, and 4 sets of AUUS relatives (at least) own houses in and next to Nailsworth. And have a total of eight (so far) FAUCS living with them. That's not counting Andy Pearce, Aardvark, Chessons, Nona and possibly 2 others who are living in the area. It's lovely and incestuous.

See you at FAUST.

Julie Young

### FUCS TO YOU

The second Annual Madrigal Dinner in October last year, was a great success again. FUCS provided the main course of entertainment with a selection of madrigals, and some choristers helped the Folk Club demonstrate two traditional folk dances. FUCS as usual were among the last lingerers and soon encouraged everyone else to join them in a body network on the floor, as the folk band played the last slow pieces.

This was followed by the combined FAUCS concert in St. Peter's Cathedral at which we did The True Samaritan by Nigel Butterly from Hobart I.V. without breaking down in the middle.

FUCS sang carols for two old folks homes, as well as one bracket for Marion Shopping Centre and four brackets (with AUUS) for West Lakes Shopping Centre. We received \$40.00 for each of the latter which has gone to pay off the SPAM debt. The Christmas party at Nicky Bevan's followed the last carol concert and was considerably enlivened by the bringing and receiving of 50c presents. Some gems were a water pistol, 50 blank price tags, a human hair net and an all-purpose Serbo-Croatian/English phrase-book.

1977 has started off on a bad foot for FUCS with the removal (and resignation) of Ann Hoban our conductor, to Canberra where she will take up a job as half the administration of the A.N.U. Arts Centre. (Good riddance I say).

First term will be taken up, again with AUUS, in the FAUST rock musical written this year by Graeme Dudley and Frank Ford. The story is based on Christopher Marlowe's version of FAUST and as well as two choirs, the work will involve a drama and a modern dance group. Immediately afterwards we are joining in the microfest Come Along (see Andy's article).

A masquerade party, complete with masks, is planned for early in April to be followed by the first ever FUCS Mothers' Day Party held in honour of FUCS Mummy, Andrew Hand.

Well time to go and practice my "Howzats" for the cricket match.

See you in May,

Olive-Theresa Green.

MUCS

Well, MUCS is doing Handel's Saul in St. Paul's Cathedral.....oh dear, slip of the pen. MUCS' first term concert isn't in St. Paul's at all. Lord, we've changed the venue. Highly unorthodox - and dangerous. I mean, everyone knows that choristers are creatures of habit. All the pious Anglicans on Friday the 13th of May might be subject to a surprise concert, while the paying audience in Dallas Brooks advertises for a choir in the "Lost and Found" column....  
hmm.

- To get serious. In an absolute burst of inspiration MUCS decided that SAUL would probably sound lovely in Dallas Brooks. Of course with the devaluation, overheads (like Dallas Brooks) have rather "gone up." - We're just a teeny weeny bit unsure. We'll probably get the conservatorium orchestra (being Friday the 13th 'n all).

For all you people just dying to boost our thinning ranks (MUCS of course stands for MASSIVE & UNIVERSAL COMBINATION of almost all SINGERS - identity crises are rife in Melbourne) here are some important dates - NOTE BENE!

1. Rehearsal Camp - o.k? - oh, couple of snags:

site: uncertain

date: "

price: "

- actually, I exaggerate (much to the committee's fury). date: probably most likely and almost definitely May 6-8, site - not our fault.

2. Freshers camp - a real piece of organisational genius.

site: Burnside Anglesea

date: March 25-27

price: \$6!!!!!!! (worth coming just for the bargain).

The outstanding social event of the year of course is the APRIL FOOL'S BALL (April first obviously - never were ones for subtlety.) This is being organised in a bid to raise money for I.V.'78. Actually, it's not altogether positively on, - isn't "probably" a useful word?

(Attention all Melbournites about to do handsprings about the previous announcement - I did ask someone if I could - so there).

Naturally all choristers are expected to attend, particularly people who live in Darwin, New Zealand, Perth, Brisbane.

Just to prove that some things in Melbourne are quite definite and can be stated with some certainty, here's the committee for 1977.

President:	Phil O' Byrne
Vice " :	Gordana Kanacki
Treasurer:	James Braithwaite
Secretary:	Geoff Head
Ass. " :	David Nash
Librarian:	Tony Stratford
Ass. " :	Marty Lowenstein
Publicity:	Phillip Nicholls
Concert Man:	Bazza
Social Sec:	Mary Juris
Camp Officer:	Ken Anderson.

Our Address: MUCS,  
Box 51,  
Basement, Union,  
Melbourne Uni.,  
Parkville.

Feeling confident of seeing you at one or other of the stimulating events soon to take place in Melbourne at some time or other.

Mandy Boughton.

UNDERGRAD CHORAL SOCIETY OF W.A. (PUCS)

Dear everybody,

I start this eraticle in fear and trepidation, for after two years of Doug Robb's inimitable style, how can one hope to satisfy his hordes of fanatical followers? Nevertheless I persevere in the hope that a new generation of freshers will grow strong and free and sing out fearlessly and lustily, untainted by his insidious words. Anyway, there's lots of pucs news to catch up on, so I'll keep the burble to a minimum.

In 1976 the Choral Rock was a smash hit, the Prom concert was too, and the Carolfest, after a few anxious moments due to lack of rehearsal time and tenors, was equally inspiring. (Unbelievable but true, folks!) and what's more, we enjoyed them even more than the audience.

Social activities have been frequent and varied, although some still prefer to stick to one or two time-honoured diversions which shall remain nameless---. At least we make an effort to vary the backdrop to these careless pastimes - from hills camps to a seaside one, all over Perth in the car rally, to a real old-fashioned "change your image dance" (50¢ entrance, ladies bring a plate). Rottnest of course, well, was Rottnest, in more intimate conditions than ever before---. The Annual Dinner at Mama Maria's saw the alluring Penny Stuckey crowned (?) as Miss Pucs, and after several unmentionable, gruelling tests of manhood, Chris Johnson vanquished the ageing B. Macpherson and D. Lukey to emerge as Mr. Pucs.

Plans for 1977 are still being finalised: the western sun, surf, sand etc. provide serious disturbances to the internal fortitude of pucs and it's hard to muster the energy to consider things of secondary importance like music. The concert format this year will probably be similar to that of '75 and '76, which allows for variety of music, good spacing of concerts in the academic year, good rehearsal opportunities etc. etc. The Choral Rock will be at lunchtime on April 22nd, and repeated with bells and other frills on, at night, to cope with the frantic masses who in past years have been forced to sell their souls (or their bodies) for a seat. Music will be arrangements of Queen, Jeannie Lewis and a work by chorus master Rob Kay.

Several pucs are singing in the Restival of Perth production of T.S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral". (Period music, mostly sacred, has been inserted at various appropriate moments in the drama.) Unfortunately, only 13 pucs could participate in this owing to the small size of the venue, but it should start the year with a noticeable bang.

Well, that's all folks. Welcome to all new members and hope to meet and mingle at I.V.

Pucs, by the hand of Cecil Duck.

## PUCS 1977 Committee.

President	Linda Richards
Vice President	Kerry Mirchin
Secretary	Glenda Smithson
Treasurer	Lisa Davidson
Publicity Officer	Alan Derch
Dischord ed.	Chris Johnson
Concert Manager	Peter Rich
Librarian	Laura Gavet
Assistant Librarian	Julie Roberts
Social Secretary	Helen Martyr
Comm. Members	Meredith Lane, Ken Bownes
Imm. P.P.	Jim Elliott.

## Extract from

## THE REVOLUTION OF SAINT DON THE BENIGN

## Cue 628y

Choir 1 scrumple up their scores and use them to set light to Choir 2 who will shout 'Amen' in 5/9 time in the key of H Flat using diatonic venereal undertones. (This is an allusion to the back end of Bach)

The choir boys at the same time are to remove their pants and click their clickers between their legs while the organists are to drop their organs in clusters from the cathedral roof.

This cue involves audience participation. They are asked on their programmes to swing from the bell ropes with the top brass. The only exception shall be the Governor and Lady B-rb-rry who will remain seated and write the article for the next morning's 'MERCURY'.

It goes without saying that G--gh will be pretty dissatisfied with all this and call an immediate dissolution which should bring about the end of the world. (Before this happens rapid arrangements should be made with StPeter to hold the 28th IV in the Garden of Eden where university choristers should have more than their usual success in wakening the dead.)



BACHING AT THE MOON

June 9th.

My dear I.V. Choristers,  
Soloists,  
Conductors,

Apologies have been made on my behalf for failing so miserably to fulfil my promise to attend both festival performances, and to welcome you all to Government House; so I content myself by thanking, most warmly, all who signed the "Get well" card, and who made it possible for me to hear a recording of the Theatre Royal performance. The Messe Solennelle, Petite, is an engaging work, and I have now listened to the recording several times, getting a little more "flavour" at each hearing! Thank you all for singing so enthusiastically and well, thank you for all the hours of rehearsal entailed, and lastly, for being such good guests when you came to Government House. The word goes round, you know! Congratulations to all who helped in any way to make the 27th I.V. Choral Festival the resounding success it was.

*Ever your sincere  
Pearl Burbury*

THE AICSA PRIZE FOR CHORAL COMPOSITION 1976/1977.

\*\*\*\*\* NOTE NEW CLOSING DATE \*\*\*\*\*

This year AICSA is sponsoring a competition for the composition of a piece of choral music. There will be a total prize money of \$100 to be awarded to the best entry or entries (but so that the winning entry receives at least \$50). The judges have not yet been finalized, but will be leaders in the field of choral performance and composition in Australia. The results and the winning entry will be published in "Erato" later this year.

Conditions of Entry.

1. Entry is restricted to persons who are financial members of Constituent or Associate member societies of AICSA, who are under the age of 30 and, in the opinion of the judges, have not received any regular or substantial income from the composition of music.
2. The closing date for receipt of entries is JUNE 1ST 1977 (midnight). Entries must be sent to: The Secretary, AICSA, 1 Park Tce, Gilberton S.A., with an entry fee of \$2.00 per work submitted, on the entry form below.
3. Entries must be in triplicate on good quality paper of at least quarto size, in ink (with words preferably typewritten). The original and two good photostats will be accepted.
4. Only original, never previously published entries will be accepted; lyrics need not be original. Only three entries per person will be accepted.
5. Works must be predominantly choral with minimal accompaniment and of 5 to 15 minutes duration (including repeats).
6. Unsuccessful entries will be returned if a stamped self-addressed envelope is included. The judges decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

....Entries close 1.6.77 .....

THE AICSA PRIZE FOR CHORAL COMPOSITION 1976/77.

NAME: .....

DATE OF BIRTH:.....

ADDRESS:.....

.....

NAME OF SOCIETY:.....

I enclose herewith.....entries in the above competition,  
together with a cheque/P.O. for (\$2.00 per piece).

I have read and agree to abide by the conditions of entry.

I declare that I have not received any regular or substantial  
income from the composition of music, and that all entries  
submitted are my own original and previously unpublished work.

I hereby agree that AICSA shall have rights of publication in  
the first instance of any of my entries without payment of  
a royalty fee, and that winning entries will be retained,  
although I will retain copyright therein.

SIGNED:

DATE:.....

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY:

NO. WORKS:

FEE:

ACTION:

RESULT:

NOTIFIED:

RETURNED:

Dear Everyone,

It is 1977 and I note from "R.K.L.T.'s Eroticle Number Three" of Erato 22 that the I.V. I/attended was in 1975 - already nearly two complete years ago. That was, for six intrepid Aucklanders, quite an experience, and has since resulted in marriage in one case, for Rebecca Macky was married to Mal. Middleton in December 1976 and quite a number of I.Vers were present. We sang grace at the reception! We thought you might be interested to hear about some of A.U.S.'s goings-on for 1976 and some of our plans for the future.

We began '76 with our usual weekend rehearsal camp at the Peter Snell Youth Village. Choir members also spent a good day at Segedin's surf-side bach at Piha. We made two weekend concert-tours with performances in Kaitaia, Whangarei and Dargaville. One of these tours took in a sight-seeing trip to Cape Reinga - the real far north. We also undertook a week-long North Island tour during August vac. We performed in Taumarunui, Palmerston North, Wellington and Stratford, and frantically tried to discover an echo in the Waitomo Caves on the way back to Auckland. In September we took part in a Town Hall concert with the Auckland Youth Symphonic Band. The concert had an American Bi-centennial flavour. We sang "Winter's Night", "Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel?", "Ain't that Good News?" and "The Sow took the Measles"! In October we sang in another Town Hall concert put on by the Conservatorium. An "interesting" experiment at this concert was in the performance of "The Echo Song" by Orlando di Lasso and Schütz's "Psalm 100". We were the echo choir and because we sang from "The Gods" - "miles" away from the large university choral society, on stage - we nearly lost our echo again! Other works of interest at that concert included Faure's "Pavane" and "The Rio Grande" by Constant Lambert.

We eventually mastered Mr Nixon's "Festival Jubilate", and indeed included this in our repertoire for our tours outside Auckland. (Not only is it being heard throughout New Zealand, but this year it will be sung at the very special 250th Three Choirs Festival at Gloucester Cathedral, at which the Auckland Dorian Choir will be guest artists..... the Dorian Choir being the other



(non-university) choir conducted by our Conductor, Prof. Peter Godfrey. I could write a page about the Dorians, but as they aren't a university choir, I won't!) Other special favourites in our repertoire were "The Silver Swan" (Gibbons), "Fire, Fire" (Morley), "When David Heard" (Tomkins), "O Lord, grant the King a long life" (Weelkes), etc. etc..... rave, rave!

One choir member visited Japan and Scotland in the course of work for her medical degree, and Marin Segedin (the university liaison officer and our favourite stage manager) took sabbatical leave in England, Scotland, Europe and Canada!

This year our weekend rehearsal camp will be at Parau in March. We will be preparing Beatus Vir (Monteverdi), Psalm 90 (Ives), Rejoice in the Lamb (Britten), This is the Record of John (Gibbons), two works with Electronic Tape - "Collect" by Bassett and "In the Beginning" by Finkham. We hope to take part in three concerts with other choirs and orchestras: In June we will join with the Dorian Choir and the University Choral Society and the Symphonia of Auckland to present.... wait for it!..... the Verdi Requiem! The conductor will be Juan Matteucci. In August we will be fortunate enough to be conducted by David Willcocks of King's College, Cambridge, England, fame - ex! (He is now Director of the Royal College of Music.) The programme will include the Handel Coronation Anthems, accompanied by the University Chamber Orchestra. In October with the Dorian Choir and the NZ Symphony under Uri Segal we'll present Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms" - we hope!

For the first term of 1978 we expect to be conducted by Philip Ledger - Director of Music at King's College, Cambridge, England - present! He and Prof. Godfrey (our usual unique conductor) have arranged a swap!  
Quite a lot to look forward to.

At present we are being considered for "The International Festival of Youth Orchestras and the Performing Arts" to be held in Aberdeen and London in August 1978. Big Questions.

(1) Will we be accepted?

(2) If we are - can we afford it, and how??

Suggestions for fund-raising are very welcome.

Best wishes for 1977.

Musically yours,

Ross Hinton and Graham Hoffman.

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**UNCS**

**come again**

*Adelaide University  
Choral Society*



Union Buildings,  
University of Adelaide, S.A. 5000

