

Rhubarb Rhubarb Rhubarb

Dreadful Drama at Denmark

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As Sunday evening of the Denmark Festival of Voice approached, members of the Gay and Lesbian Singers became more worried by the lack of drama. Seasoned performers and festival favourites, GALS have attend the festival for many years, each year encountering a drama of some description.

"It's become a tradition," said one member, "and I think we feel a little lost without our drama." Another member added, "I'm not superstitious, but I think that the yearly drama is a sort of good luck charm for us. You know, get the drama out of the way here and then our year will go smoothly."

GALS members recounted a series of narrowly averted dramas - Tenille nearly forgot the scarves for their performance, Sue forgot her clothes,

Liz forgot the video camera and Jackie did battle with an evil keyboard. Thanks to the ingenuity and resourcefulness of GALS members though, all of these potential problems were solved before they could reach full-blown drama status.

"I don't know what to do," said one concerned member, "I think we may have been too clever for our own good. Denmark just won't be the same without our annual drama."

Another member said, almost hysterically, "we may be forced to create our own drama and heaven help us if Saani gets involved in that!"

Yes, things looked grim for GALS and it seemed that the ab-

sence of drama might in fact be the only drama that year. That is, until dinner at the pub.

Finally, a real disaster struck - Liz B's dinner was forgotten and Liz was left alone and starving, having to beg kitchen staff for a doggy bag while her full-bellied friends departed for the concert. "I really do feel sorry for poor Liz," one GALS member said later, "but at least we got our drama. I mean, what could be worse than being left without dinner?"



New Talent Spotted at Denmark

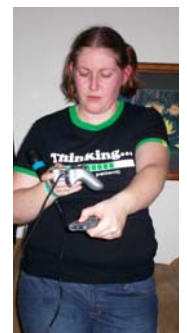
The Denmark Festival of Voice this year not only show-cased a variety of well-known performers but also introduced a huge range of remarkable new musical talent.

Much of this new talent was found in the highly acclaimed Gay and Lesbian Singers of WA. A talent scout reported finding Carole, an outstanding harmonica player.

"What this woman can do with her mouth is nothing short of astounding," the scout commented. He also mentioned finding three new potential lead guitarists - Liz W, Jenni and Jackie. "It was as if these gals just released their inner rock stars and cut loose," said the scout, "their performance was truly heroic."

New talent was also found in the camera skills of a woman named Liz B. "I'd look out for films by Liz on the big screen soon," said the scout.

Sadly though, there are always those who will do anything to get into the limelight. GALS member Tenille, attempted to wow audiences with her talent at Sing Star, but was later caught on camera rigging the game in her favour.





Denmark Rebels Incite Riots

Denmark Police were called to the RSL hall on Sunday night to arrest a group of rebels who were causing all kinds of trouble, including inciting local teens to riot. The police arrived after the rebels had departed though and no-one was apprehended.

It seems that no-one is entirely sure of the identity of these trouble-makers, but there have been rumours that they are none other than GALS members Nikki, Tennille (aka The Hooded Menace), Joanna, Robin and Fran. Further rumours indicate that the following actions made have been taken by the group of rebels:

- Fran being terribly silly,
- making fun of the Door Nazi when she failed continually to choose the correct perpetrators of giggling and whispering,
- the blaming of local teens for wrongdoing by said rebels,
- Tennille causing chaos by sitting in the middle of the floor
- excessive fooling around in the doorway
- and deliberate attempts to influence audience members to dance.

Evidence as to the identities of the rebels is purely circumstantial at this time, however the official Door Nazi told reporters, "it was an absolute disgrace. People should be standing or sitting quietly without moving or making a sound. No talking, no whispering, no having fun, no giggling and definitely no dancing. It doesn't show proper respect. How would you like it if you were performing and people weren't listening to you and were messing around? It's absolutely appalling. If I ever find out who those evil trouble-makers were, I'll make them wish they'd never set foot in Denmark. Music must be taken seriously and it's my job to enforce that. I have an important position here you know. This festival wouldn't happen without me - it would be chaos, chaos I tell you!!"

On the other hand, a GALS member commented, "well, if it had been us messing around, and I'm not saying it was mind you, but if it had been, then I think we had every right to have some fun considering how deadly boring the performers were. Seriously, they couldn't keep the audience awake and so we had to do SOMETHING to stop ourselves nodding off."

Photos (top to bottom): Nikki shows her rabble-rousing rabbit ears, Tennille the Hooded Menace strikes again, Robin hides her face - a sign of guilt perhaps? Joanna demonstrates her best head-banging style with local youth and Fran hides from Police in a bubble bath.



Denmark Bloopers

Of course, no Denmark experience would be complete without its share of foot-in-mouth episodes...

Nikki stated at one point, that she was a music suppository??? We're not even going to try to

Cherie at dinner to Carole - "I've been told that I've got the widest mouth in the choir." She later added, "would you like to lick my bowl?"

Jackie to Jude - "Did I snore last night?" Jude replied, "not LAST night."

Deb to Liz B - "so Tess' film-making is rubbing off on you then." Liz B - "yes, she's rubbing off on me alright."

There were other reports of various Denmark bloopers, but most of them cam from a discreditable source - namely one GALS member desperate to turn the attention away from her own foot-in-mouth outbreak. Unfortunately for this member, her devious ploy didn't work and nor could she seem to stop the flow of unintended comedy pouring from her lips. Having the widest mouth can be both a blessing and a curse!!

Hmm...

The Rhubarb recently received this strange photo of Liz W. We are unsure of what Liz could be doing, but are careful examination, we believe that Liz could be:

- trying to make contact with her home planet or mother ship
- preparing for a bull-like charge at the red wine
- trying to get better reception for her phone
- or pointing to where she'll leap in her next series of outrageous head-banging stunts.



New Lesbians Come Out Denmark 2008 Highlights

This year's Denmark Festival of Voice was certainly an eventful one for the Gay and Lesbian Singers, with the shock announcements of three new lesbians. Ash, previously thought to be the only gay in the GALS village was questioned by a GALS fan at dinner after their performance. The admirer commented to Ash, "I loved your performance. It was really great, but how come you're the only guy?" Ash answered immediately, "Actually, I'm a lesbian."

Tennille, while weaving her way down the footpath was asked by Carole, "can't you walk straight?" Tennille answered quickly, "why do you think I'm in the gay and lesbian choir?" Choir members were quick to add that they'd been telling Tennille for years and they were glad she'd finally come out.

Perhaps the most surprising announcement came from Cherie though, who, in a conversation with Deb H was pleading ignorance to the mysteries of lesbian sex. Not one to let a pathetic excuse go unnoticed, Deb asked Cherie, "so how long have you been in the gay and lesbian singers now?" Cherie finally showed her true colours and also issued an invitation when she said in response, "a long time, but I still haven't been initiated yet." The Rhubarb is not at liberty to reveal the offers for initiation that Cherie subsequently received.

Cherie's comment has caused the choir to rethink their enrolment policy though, and they have decided that all new members needed to go through an initiation ritual. After fierce debate as to the nature of this ritual, it was generally agreed that members should be put in a closet and asked to come out.

Denmark 2008 was a weekend filled with highlights. On the right are a few photos of memorable moments (from top to bottom):

- Our Saturday night sing-along with Dave doing a legendary job on guitar!! Thanks Dave.
- Michelle, one of our groupies who was moved to tears by the brilliance of our fabulous performance which left the audience cheering for more. Congratulations to Claire for such a successful debut as our director.
- The tequila brigade gets happy with microphones after HOW MANY tequilas? We suspect that Fran isn't adding her hangover the day after to her list of highlights though!
- Nikki enjoys the uncharacteristically glorious weather and a light breakfast from the balcony. In fact, what with delightful chalets equipped with spas and stunning views, progressive dinners and in-house entertainment, it's a wonder we left our chalets at all!!
- The progressive dinner on Saturday night featuring gourmet PIZZA - a truly inspired idea. Then there was the breaky feast the next day too. Not only can we sing, but we can cook!!

Other highlights included:

- The hokey pokey. Yes, after enough to drink, even doing the hokey pokey can be a highlight!
- The flashbacks from years past, especially our favourites - Liz's head-banging to Bohemian Rhapsody and Joanna's not-so-subtle Melbourne shuffle which she is destined to never live down



Left: The three new lesbians of GALS - Ash, Tennille and Cherie. GALS congratulates you and wishes you happiness in your new lives as lesbians.

Jude and the 25 Lorgeous Gesbians

A Fodern Mairytale

Note: This story is intended to be read aloud, so some spelling has been changed to facilitate oral tradition.

Tunce upon a wime, there lived a leautiful bady called Jude. Jude lived with her cog and dat and her busty trike but she was still lad and sonely. She lurches for suv everywhere, but she couldn't find her mole sate no matter dot she wid.

So dun way, Jude decided to lie her truck in some ta-away fowns. She palled the cubs in the places she intended to visit and asked them to wed the sprerd that she was tumming to cown. She asked the managers to deserve a tinner rable for her, cook up a fig beast and invite all the lorgeous gesbians to join her for a nun fight.

Jude wanted to savel in tryle, so she went to the shack bed and got bown the dike she kept for racing. The dike was busty, but just weeded a nosh. When she'd closhed and weaned it, it narkled like spew. Jude backed her pags and put on her jest beans, her tashest flop and her shice news. "I'm really neddy," she said, "I just need to home my care and I'll see bet." So she homed her care and jarted on her sterney.

After a luddy blong ride, Jude approached the first fown. She paced to the rub and went in. There was her deserved tinner rable with the fig beast, but there were no lorgeous gesbians to fee bound. "What lucking fad buck," Jude said. She madly ate her seal and then found somewhere she could neep for the slight.

In the morning, she rode to the text noun where she again paced to the rub, hool of fope. Yet again, her deserved tinner rable and the fig beast waited but no lorgeous gesbians. "Oh ham it to dell," said Jude, but then she gotted a spy titting at the sable. "Who are you?" she asked the rather gunky spy.

"I'm a pransom hince and I've heard about your quave breast, your lurch for suv and your bashing

dike and I've come to feep you off your sweet and take you to my pig benthouse where we will bliv in liss. I have lallen in fuv with you."

"You dig bickhead," said Jude, "I'm a lucking fesbian alright - I don't want a man involved in my quave breast, nince or prot."

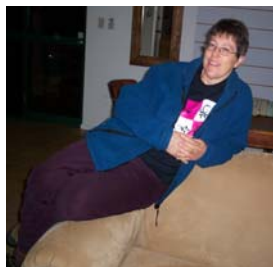
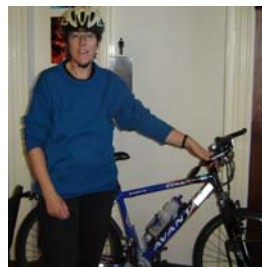
"Couldn't you mange your chind," pegged the brince, "I think you're heely rot."

"Ugger boff," Jude retorted crossly, "you're a mick san and you'd better get out before I shuck a chew at your fousy lace."

So the nince pricked off and Jude found a reap choom where she could peep in sleace. In the morning, she set off again for the text noun. After a rong lide, Jude came to a place called Mendark. She approached the cub pautiously, not wanting to be disappointed again, however she weedn't have norried because there at the deserved tinner rable were 25 horgeous and lungry gesbians.

They were shouting "we want our folly jude!" Clearly, the fig beast hadn't arrived yet. "25," thought Jude, "that's leck of a hot of geautiful birls, but I heckon I can randle it. It's only 6.30 - tenty of plime to eat them mall." The lorgeous gesbians were so impressed with Jude's flashingly bash dike that they invited her to stay as wong as she lonted. They said that even if one of them wasn't her mole sate, at least they'd have a tate grime and fots of lun.

And so the soral of the mory is that if you too want to find a lorgeous gesbian, you need to get your busty dike from the shack bed, give her a wood gosh and take her lurching for suv in tittle lowns. And above all, avoid pransom hicks who just want to get involved in your quave breast.



Left to right: Jude is lad and sonely. Jude backing her pags. Jude with her busty dike. Jude invites any geautiful birls to have a nun fight with her. Jude sees the 25 lorgeous gesbians.

Gay and Lesbian Singers of WA

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