

Rhubarb Rhubarb Rhubarb

GALS Sing Sixties Songs - Finally!!

There was great rejoicing and much dancing in the street following the recent GALS concert in May. The Gay and Lesbian Singers had finally sung their sixties repertoire, much to the great relief of everyone who knows them, and of course the choir members themselves!

Friends and family members turned up at the North Perth Lesser Hall to celebrate the performance of this long-lasting set of songs.

Fortunately, their way-too-many months of hard work paid off, as the audience enjoyed the night and got into the groove of the swinging sixties.

The guest artists were also a great hit and we were privileged to be hear a version of 'These Boots Were Made for Walking' by the lovely Nancy, accompanied by the



The cast of Queerstock, 2005

longest pair of legs you ever saw. As always, Neville had the ladies flocking after him with a love song. It is suspected that his massive joint had something to do with the attraction, although others have suggested it was his 'cucumber.'

The audience were in tears as Nikki gave a beautiful rendition of 'Blackbird,' and we were

surprised by a visit from the Extremes, looking gorgeously stunning, who sang 'Stop in the Name of Love.'

The enthusiastic surfers in 'I Get Around' were also a big hit, and the audience enjoyed hearing many of their old favorites. The night was declared a success and GALS were grateful to leave the sixties behind and finally move on!!

with such songs as 'the PMS Blues,' 'Menopause Medley,' 'and the Zimmer-frame Rock.' GALS members showed their musical talent with ideas for creative choreography and lyrics which are sure to be a hit.

The all-powerful Main Committee has yet to make a decision however and until such time as they do, all lesser mortals will have to endure the suspense of what GALS next concert will be...

May/June Special Edition

Special points of interest:

- What your shoes reveal about your personality.
- Snore Wars - Find out who REALLY snored in Denmark...
- GALS nearly starve in the great famine of 2005 - read more in this gripping life article of life, desperation and near death.
- Wedding Bells chime for GALS members.
- A daring rescue attempt fails, with tragic consequences.

What's Next For GALS?

Following their small but successful sixties concert, the question on the lips of GALS fans is 'what's next?' Debate has been raging strongly regarding the theme for the next concert.

Suggestions have ranged from the silly to the sensational. Ideas which have been discussed include : a Monty Python concert, a Burt Bacharach concert, a Back to

Bollywood concert and a concert entitled 'We're singing what we want to and if you don't like it then that's too bloody bad.'

The suggestion of a seventies concert was howled down and the suggester was pelted with copies of 'Blowing in the Wind,' however there was great enthusiasm for the idea of an opera or musical celebrating the stages of a woman's life



Conductor Frances O'Neil will lead GALS in their next musical masterpiece.

The Denmark Diary

Dinner at Indigo's

We were sitting round the table, drinking lots of wine, reminiscing 'bout our concert, and we were feeling fine. The folks in Denmark loved us it was really plain to see, as they clapped and stamped and whistled at our gorgeous melodies. The start of songs weren't missed at all, although we wondered why, but luckily we'd an excuse—the poem reading guy. This rather rambling fellow with his bush ballads galore, went on and on 'til all we wanted, was just to shout 'no more!' He stole our thunder and put us off, and made us wait as well, which spoiled our concentration - at least that's what the tenors tell!

Still, we had fun and were adored, counted amongst the elite, and rather high from our success, we hurried off to eat. In what seemed like no time at all, someone started a song, and very soon the lot of us, were singing right along. We were letting rip the lyrics, and belting out the tune, delighting all the diners, eating in the other room. We muddled up our choruses, and our verses too, whilst mixing our chapattis with our vege vindaloo. Cherie sang 'Rubber Ducky,' until the cows came home, and the serious lack of chicken made a number of us groan. We ate and sang with great gusto, and of course with harmony, when some bright spark suggested singing themes from the TV.

From there is very quickly got a little bit pathetic, but after another round of drinks, we were all still energetic. Which was really just as well, cos the next song we were singing, reminded us of the wedding bells, which would soon be ringing. Rikki and Noels had gotten engaged, we were all so pleased to hear, and we celebrated their happy news with another wine, or beer. But then a shock announcement—Michelle and Carole too had news, they'd also decided to tie the knot because they had nothing to lose. They wouldn't share the same house, but they'd both be the bride, and have GALS there at the wedding singing ABBA out with pride. Once we'd finished plotting, what the future had in store, for this curious pair of lovebirds, we wandered to the door.

The owner and the waiters were really sad to see us go, as they'd loved our gorgeous singing - our impromptu dinner show. And sadly here the saga ends for now, for I must go you see, but I'll have this poem up my sleeve in case I'm ever an MC.

Highs and Lows

Here are some of the reported highs and lows of our weekend, with sources kept anonymous for safety reasons.

Highs included - Deb H electrocuting herself because she wanted to see if the fence really was electric or if they were just tricking, dinner at Indigo's including the owner saying he loved us singing 'Yellow Submarine,' and didn't want us to stop singing 'Greenacres,'

Michelle sending desperate text messages about having to watch to Nightingale Chorus, visiting the wineries, Michelle and Carole's wedding announcement, Liz B's bold stand for her femininity, the percussion jam session late at night, invading the bottle shop and most of all, the music!!

Lows included - not stopping at the church I passed along the way, Michelle and Carole breaking up, the percussion jam session late at night, the snoring and the Nightingale Chorus.

Who Said It?

The 2005 Denmark Festival of Voice was a highlight once again for the now famous and greatly sought after Gay and Lesbian Singers. This year's experience brought with it a wealth of laughter, memories, fun, music and surprisingly little drama!! The following quiz is a selection of quotes from choir members over the weekend. A prize is offered for anyone who can correctly identify who said each quote.

"I'm not the only one in GALS who snores!"

"We did that at RhythmSong."

"Look at my new camera. Look at my new camera. Hey, look at my new camera."

"It was a war of attrition, and you've won."

"I think if we get any more bonded, it will get messy."

"So I lifted up my shirt and showed her what I've got."

"What door?"

"Well, I killed a galah and cut my finger." (On being asked what memorable things had happened to him/her on the weekend)

"I'll be the nude centerfold."

"Now, about the next committee meeting..."

"We're getting married." (Yes, it's a trick question)

"Well you know I'm the queen of gadgets."

"As long as it goes bloop bloop bloop, it's happy."

"I don't snore." (Alright, I admit, another trick question)

"I'm waiting to be picked up." (On being asked what she was doing standing alone on a street corner)

And now for the ultimate (and not tricky) question - who DIDN'T say it?

"Stopped in to a church, I passed along the way..."



We congratulate the Lime Café on being the only place in Denmark with any food left on Monday morning. Breakfast was definitely a high!

Snore Wars

After hours of grueling debate, our courageous organizers had finally settled on a sleeping plan for who people were sharing cottages with, which they were sure would suit everyone. The members of GALS were confident that they knew who the snorers of the choir were, and that they wouldn't be sleeping with them.

Well, there was to be a number of rude shocks when new snorers were discovered over the weekend. Pillows were put over heads, doors shut, noses pinched, and snorers (or in some cases, people who were thought to be snorers but actually weren't) kicked. The Snore Wars were in full force.

As editor of this fine publication, I have been approached by a number of people

who wanted a list of snorers published, so that they could be avoided in the future. After consulting with my lawyer however, I decided that it would be safer to form a committee to solve the problem.

The new GALS Anti-Snoring Committee met during the June long weekend to discuss this grave problem. At the conclusion of our meeting, we had formulated a solution, and are delighted to announce the new rules for our future Denmark trips.

The Anti-Snoring Committee hopes that these new rules will solve the problem of snorers, however they are yet to find a solution for people such as Deb H who find their own jokes so funny that they laugh in their sleep!

The Gay and Lesbian Singers of WA Snoring Rules

1. All snorers must declare themselves as such before the trip.
2. Snorers and non-snorers shall hereby be placed into separate cottages.
3. It is the responsibility of all GALS members to determine whether or not they are snorers before each trip, by any means necessary.

Strict penalties and dire consequences apply for any snorers who do not declare their status before a trip.

Daring Rescue Mission Fails

The sounds of a drum filled the cottage, accompanying Bollywood music played on a CD. Soon the drum was joined by an empty wine bottle being tapped with a fork, a set of spoons being played, shakers, a metal bucket being banged and some rather noisy agogo bells.

The would-be percussionists were having a fine time, jamming away to their heart's content, however in the adjoining room, lay a choir member who was not having such a fine time.

Carole had chosen to try to sleep in the designated party hut. It wasn't long, before several compassionate people in a neighboring cottage decided that since they had a

spare bed, they would launch a rescue mission, attempting to extricate the helpless Carole from her noisy sleeping quarters.

The intrepid rescuers first tiptoed around to the back of the cottage and threw stones at Carole's window to attract her attention. When that failed, they knocked on her window and called out to her. There was still no response.

Back in their own cottage again, the rescuers decided to try one more thing—a dangerous and risky operation, but worth a try - the mobile phone maneuver. Texting Carole subtly "We hear drumming. Do you want to come and sleep here?" the rescuers at last gave up their desperate fight to save their

friend from sleeplessness. Sadly, this story does not have a happy ending, however the editor hopes that readers have learnt from the moral of the tale - never trust a woman with a box of percussion instruments!!



The instigator of the late night percussion jam session and a fellow culprit enjoy making music at midnight.

What Do Your Shoes Reveal About Your Personality?

Psychologists have recently discovered that the shoes you wear can reveal a lot about your personality, likes and dislikes, and even inner secrets. Here are several examples from various people of this fascinating theory :

The shoes below are light pink, decorated with pink and white skulls with fairy wings on them. This would indicate an owner who may appear to be sweet and lovely, but who actually has devious and wicked tendencies (or at least pretends to). This per-



son may also enjoy the art of deception and will enjoy subtle or even dark humor.

The next pair of shoes show brightly colored stripes with a dog's head at the end of them. This would reveal that the owner has childlike qualities and a youthful exuberance. This person would also be a person who enjoys



appearing eccentric and who sometimes avoids responsibilities such as not attending committee meetings. On the other hand, the owner would also be likely to be very

creative, easy-going and fun.

Our final pair of shoes show black and white checks with a skull and crossbones. This is an indication of a mentally unbalanced personality - someone who likes the realm of the strange and bizarre, enjoying such things as science fiction and opera.



The editor hopes that this new technique is of value to GALS members in better understanding people they encounter in life.

The Great Famine of 2005

By Tessa Millesse

It was the first sunny day the sleepy hamlet of Denmark had seen since the Gay and Lesbian Singers of WA arrived to take part in their third Festival of Voice. We emerged from the Civic Centre as the Singer/Songwriter's concert drew to an end to find a small group of GALS assembling in the gathering dusk. The short break between the afternoon and evening concerts often proved too short to enjoy anything but the most casual of dining experiences, but Rikki seemed to have matters in hand and took a quick head count before rushing off to the Denmark Tavern to reserve a space for us.

Eventually, the rest of us meandered casually with all the decorum of a herd of kittens in the general direction of the tavern. On our way we encountered Jude Comfort working an unlikely corner in front of the video shop. We gave her a few quick tips and suggestions and left her there to her own devices feeling rather hopeful yet sad for her. As we approached the tavern we saw a forlorn Rikki walking in our direction. The tavern was full to the brim with Nightingales! Who knew that a choir stupid enough to accidentally fly some of its members to the actual country of Denmark was going to be smart enough to reserve ahead? No worries, though, because Lambretta's was right next-door and it was half empty. We rocked up all eager with our grumbling stomachs and were pleased to see our waitress from the previous day spot us and rush to open the door. That happy reunion lasted only a moment because the restaurant was fully reserved for the evening and we were sent on our sad way feeling just a tad rejected.

We walked past the empty shell of Luscious, our favourite spot from previous years. In happier days we had slapped the thigh of their waitress and called her Barbara but today we openly lamented. Who, at that time, could have known what doom the closure of this place would visit upon us? We pressed on, towards the Food Haven. It would turn out to be neither a Haven, nor particularly endowed with food. Having been already ravaged by a locust swarm of other hungry singers, the Haven was reduced to a two-item menu. Fish and chips or Souvlaki, but as there were no more buns, the Souvlaki was only available on a slice of bread. The GALS heaved a collective groan in near-perfect four-part harmony.

Someone joked about joining the soup line

at the ambulance hall. That idea was swiftly shouted down and we left there visibly disgruntled after having been called 'rude' by the tired and worn counter staff. We discussed the possibility of the Lion's Den but didn't hold out much hope due to events earlier that day when the chef had popped her cork and refused to cook any more. Perhaps some miracle of modern medicine had 'cured' the chef of her kitchen phobia? Perhaps something in pill form? We approached the restaurant with some apprehension but were prevented from entering it by a sign on the front window that read: CLOSED UNTIL AFTER THE CONCERT. Maybe the nearest open pharmacy was in Albany?

Someone suggested the soup line. That idea was shouted down, once again, unanimously. Someone else suggested the pizza joint. We all perked up a bit at that idea and started to head off in that general direction when we once again caught sight of Jude sauntering towards us. Holy bloody amazing, but she'd actually succeeded in picking up a hot chick in Denmark! That just proves there's hope for us all! Now I guess you can work up an appetite strutting your stuff on a street corner because the next thing that happened is that Jude and her hot date joined us on our seemingly endless quest for food even though, we're pretty sure, they had *better things* to do.

Fortunately, Denmark is small. On the upside, this meant that all this wandering around had only taken up half of the dinner break. On the downside, this meant that we weren't getting as much exercise as it seemed. But since we still had an hour, there might be time yet for pizzas. Well, in a perfect world there would have been time for pizzas. But this was no perfect world. This was Denmark on a busy day! I'm sorry to report that there wasn't a dry eye in the group as we arrived at the pizza parlour only to find yet another unwelcome sign: SOLD OUT. We stood blinking at the sign. It was simply unfathomable.

Again, someone suggested the soup line. This time there would be no dissent. We moved quietly through the night, making our way towards the ambulance hall. We walked, heads bowed low towards the cold ground. Our gait was slow at first but as the hall came into sight, we began to pick up steam. We went from a walk to a jog, then to a near sprint as we strode anx-

iously towards our destination ever mindful of our predicament. What if they run out of soup???? By the time we reached the door, it was every woman for herself! There might have been some elbowing and nudging but we wouldn't have noticed, our attention being so sharply focused on the big silver pots perched on the stove. Were they empty? Were they full? We knew no shame. We threw ourselves at the counter and begged for food! Our prayers were answered...there was oodles of pumpkin soup, and not just any pumpkin soup, but the most goddamned delicious pumpkin soup you could imagine. Add to that the all you could eat bread scenario and we thought we'd died and gone to heaven! We gratefully accepted our allotment of soup and joined the huddled masses, well, the other 4 people who couldn't find anywhere to eat, on the floor where we sat cross legged, slurping at our styro cups of hot soup and not caring one bit that we didn't have a spoon between us. I was even fortunate enough to have a piece of bread so stale that I could use it as a utensil. What luck!

After dinner, we stuffed bickies into our pockets and sat outside drinking chai tea with Graham Mason and begged him to have the boy scouts do a sausage sizzle between shows next year. The amazing soup chefs at the ambulance hall proposed doing curries for next year, which I think is a good idea, but I like my proposition best. I say: let's phone in our reservations at the tavern sometime next November!

Well, that was certainly a night to remember. I heard a rumour that some crazy-as Canadian woman is making a documentary film on the great famine of 2005 and that will be airing in the not to distant future. Until then, Rikki, Noels, Jackie, Cherie, Cathy, Liz, Jude and Sabina and Saani...I say...so long and BON APPETITE!



"What, no food?" Liz B expresses the horror felt by all of us at the terrible prospect

GALS Goss

Romance, Relationships and Revelations in Denmark

Congratulations Rikki and Noels

Beloved choir members Rikki and Noels took the opportunity of having a choir close by to announce their recent engagement. As one would suspect, the choir burst into song to celebrate this wonderful news. The happy couple explained their plan to marry in New Zealand, whilst GALS members immediately began plotting ways of getting the choir over there in order to sing at their wedding.

It was eventually decided that Rikki and Noels could use a recording of GALS, since they naturally wouldn't dream of being married without the voices of GALS present, if not the bodies.

Suggestions for music ranged from a Grease theme with 'You're the one that I want,' and 'Hopelessly Devoted to You,' to ABBA, to New Zealand related songs such as 'Click go the shears.' Another suggestion was to use songs from 'The Sound of Music,' such as 'A Few of My Favourite Things,' with the lyrics adjusted appropriately of course...

"Whipped cream on Noel's lips and honey on Rikki. Our wedding night might become rather sticky. Champagne and strawberries and the joy chocolate brings, these are a few of our favourite things.

Electrical gadgets like i-pods and, others. Kittens and pussies and soft doona covers. Blue satin sashes and bright sparkly rings, these are a few of our favourite things."

When asked to comment on GALS' ideas for music Rikki said, "I'm glad we're getting married in another country." The editor believes that this statement means that she is so overwhelmed with delight at our selection that she can't wait to introduce all those GALS deprived Kiwis to our glorious singing.

Carole and Michelle Announce Engagement



The happy couple : Michelle and Carole celebrate with wine and song.

It must have been something in the air at Denmark, because not only did Rikki and Noels announce their engagement, but with an announcement which shocked us all, Carole and Michelle also declared their intention to marry.

When asked for their reasons for this sudden decision, both women replied that since neither of them could find anyone else to marry, they'd decided to marry each other. Carole added that she really just wanted an excuse to wear a white silk suit, whilst Michelle said, "it seemed like a good idea at the time."

The pair argued about who would be the bride, but both agreed that living in separate houses would be a good idea.

"We just want to get married," they said, "we don't want to live together." As with Rikki and Noels, the ever helpful GALS members threw themselves into organizing the wedding with great enthusiasm, even managing to solve the problem of where the ex-partners should stand. It was decided to form three sections—one for Carole's ex's, one for Michelle's and one for the ex-partners of both of them.

Carole and Michelle Announce Separation



The unhappy ex-couple : Michelle takes to the bottle, while Carole makes her feelings known after the breakup.

Carole and Michelle's engagement was to be short lived. In a messy scene, the two decided to separate the next day. When asked to comment on the grounds of their breakup, Michelle said, "it's none of your business. That's between us and our bed." Carole refused to comment, although there were rumours of irreconcilable snoring.

This sad situation was a much talked about event, and gossip was abundant, as it became apparent that there were deeper reasons for their separation than had first been apparent. The plot thickened when it was rumoured that the real reason was that Michele wouldn't put out. Other information suggested that Michelle was saving herself for the wedding night, and that Carole couldn't wait.

Still more speculation indicated that neither had actually wanted to wait until the wedding night, and that Michelle had problems of a personal nature. Other speculation indicated that it was Carole who had the problem. It is likely that we will never know the truth. Perhaps that will remain, as Michelle said, between them and their bed. Whatever the case, we offer our condolences to the pair, and wish them better luck next time.

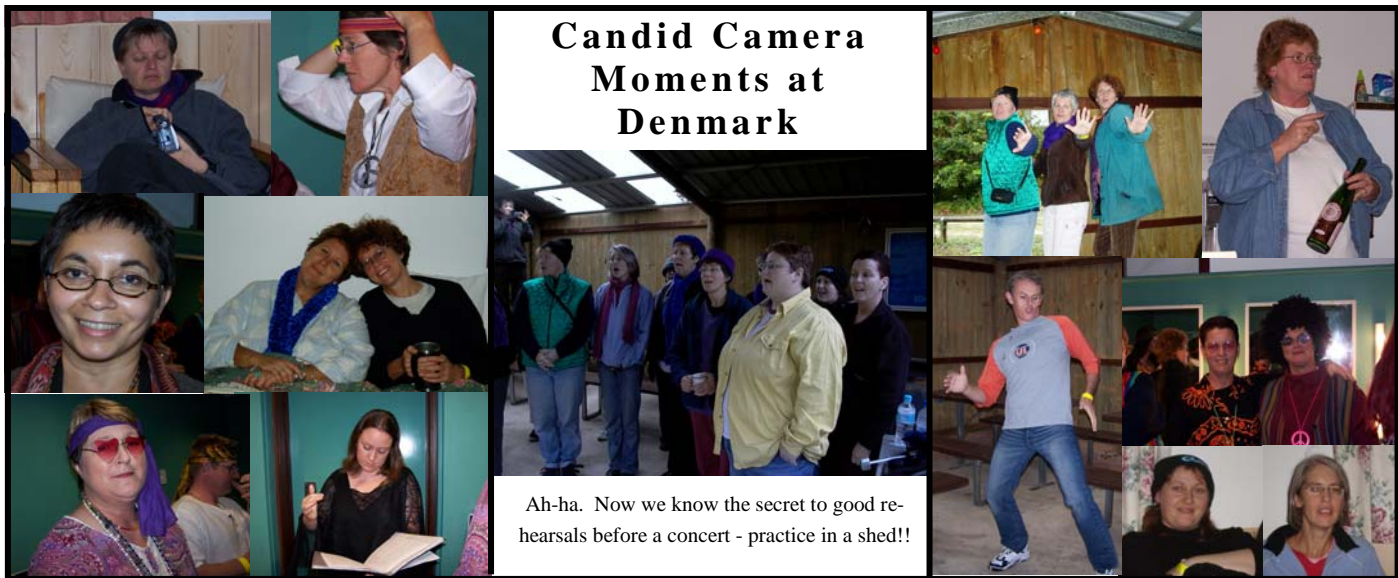
Rhythm Song - The REAL Story

After Cherie's report about RhythmSong in our last issue, one of the Rhubarb's roving reporters was surprised to discover that Cherie had not told readers the whole truth. The reporter was covering the Denmark Festival of Voice, and happened by coincidence to meet someone Cherie had met at RhythmSong. This person then informed the reporter about what really happened.

It seems that at breakfast time, Cherie had coerced a whole table full of people into repeatedly singing "Flick the Fire Engine" in four-part harmony !!

Readers will be pleased to know that Cherie is now getting help for her Flick obsession. She has been given the contact details of the nearest FELATIO group (Fire Engine Lovers Anonymous Talking It Out) with whom it is hoped she will find the appropriate support.





Candid Camera Moments at Denmark

Ah-ha. Now we know the secret to good rehearsals before a concert - practice in a shed!!

Caption Competition



Create a caption for this photo. Either email or tell Saani your creative captions. Many thanks to Cherie for being so delightfully photogenic as well as such a good sport.

Dates for the Diary

- 12th July - Main Committee Meeting at Liz B's. 7pm
- 20th August - Games Night at Saani's new place.
- 12th November - GALS Jazz & Blues Concert. Put it in your diaries now!

Rhubarb Submissions

Feeling perplexed because your article for the Rhubarb didn't reach your alliteration-loving editor? Well, worry no longer. Saani has changed her email address. All submissions for the next issue of the Rhubarb, which will be distributed at the end of July can be sent to the editor's new email address - saanib@hotmail.com



Brilliant Bass Bids Bye-bye



Andrew prepares to do battle with the weather in England.

GALS recently and reluctantly said good-bye to one of our long-standing basses, Andrew Milne. Andrew says,

"David and I are going to England in few months, so I am bidding the choir a fond farewell. I would like to thank all the musical directors who have worked with us in my time—Frances, Brian, Jo and Susan Margaret. They have all brought individual talents that have broadened my musical experience and helped our singing grow in different ways.

I remember many of our different venues: Fly By Night Club, North Perth Town Hall, Sydney Opera House, Loton Park Tennis Club, the Irish Club, Subiaco Church and even Nedlands.

The variety of venues has been matched by

the variety of music we've had over the years: Christmas carols to ABBA and the Beatles, medieval madrigals to South African and Native American spirituals. I can't say I loved every single one of them, but I certainly enjoyed the variety, and trying to master widely different styles of music has been an enjoyable challenge.

I'd like to thank all the choir members we've had over the years, particularly the basses who have had to put up with my humour at close range. It's been heaps of fun. Never forget that the purpose of a choir like ours is to get together and have fun!! That is a political statement on its own. I wish you all the best. Keep the harmony going, GALS."

GALS wishes Andrew all the very best for the future and extends the invitation to him to come back and join us again any time.

