

Rhubarb Rhubarb Rhubarb

GALS Triumph at VoiceMoves Concert

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As GALS assembled on the grounds of Tranby House in Maylands for a VoiceMoves concert featuring a number of Perth choirs, murmurs of confusion rippled through their ranks - "who is going to be conducting us?" they wondered.

The description of GALS in the program read; "Our Own Gals. Conducted tonight by Joanna Hall (or Rikki Svendson if he can make it)."

Joanna Hall? We soon discovered that this was as surprising to Joanna as it was to the rest of us. And Rikki? Is there something she hasn't been telling us, we wondered. Had anything happened to Frances? Would we actually have any conductor at all? What were we to do?

Still, never people to crumble under pressure,



the gutsy group decided to start warming up without a conductor. Fortunately, part-way through "see-e-e-ro-o-o," Frances arrived and came to their rescue.

After struggling for some time to practice "Hallelujah" though, a new debate emerged - should we risk singing this song out of tune, or forget about it altogether? The chords were indeed proving very secret, as well as hard to hear. Eventually, it was decided to cancel the song from our repertoire this time, a decision which met with relieved exclamations of "hallelujah!" A further decision to request that David accompany us when we sing this song at our own concert was also made, as we know that David can not only hear the secret chords, but also pleases the Lord (as well as the audience) when he plays them.

After all the drama, GALS performed their short, but definitely sweet repertoire brilliantly and received praise from our supporters (Tess, Sue, Geoffrey,

Simon and Fran's daughter), but also from other audience members, including the MC who said, "I think that's the best I've ever heard you sing." Everyone agreed that we did ourselves proud and that our performance was the highlight of the evening.

Since that time, further investigation has revealed several possible explanations for the mystery of the erroneous program. It seems that Rikki was handling communication with VoiceMoves regarding this concert, but then handed over to Joanna, however what the two of them told VoiceMoves about the change-over still isn't clear. Regardless of the communication debacle, GALS performance was an outstanding success. Congratulations!!

GALS takes a bow after their stunning performance wowed the audience at Tranby House.



GALS Gossip

Recently, a letter was submitted to the editor of Rhubarb by an anonymous contributor, who said only that he/she was certain that either the writer of the letter or the intended receiver was a member of GALS. The editor has no idea what gave the finder of the letter this idea, but is hoping that someone may shed some light on the matter—either confirming or discrediting what seems to be a rather intriguing rumour.

Sugar-pie, honey-bunch,

You know that I love you, but honestly, this conference really sucks. You know that if it wasn't for the powder or the store-bought hair, I really wouldn't have gone anywhere. I told my manager, "please don't send me way beyond the sea," but he didn't listen. "There is a season for collaboration all round," he said – what rubbish! The only collaboration he is interested in is with his secretary, Miss Chatelaine.

Anyway, here I am, in Egypt at the 23rd Annual International Conference of Beauticians and Camel Groomers. I was sick and tired of everything when I called you last night from Cairo. There are moments when I think I'm going crazy, but it's gonna be alright... I suppose. I have to tell you though, if I'm feeling tomorrow like I feel today, I'm gonna pack my trunk and make my getaway!!

I want to thank you for being so supportive though. What you said last night – "if you feel that you can't go on, because all of your hope is gone and your life is filled with much confusion until happiness is just an illusion... darling reach out," really helped me. After all, everybody needs somebody thinking of them. I thought about you too – every hour we spent together lives within my heart (remember when I moved in you and the holy dove was moving too and every breath we drew was hallelujah? God those whangs-dangs are such a great invention!)

My life is filled with much confusion at the moment though, I confess. I never knew I could feel like this – like I've never seen the sky before. The incredibly strange weather here doesn't help either. I hate to see the evening sun go down because what usually happens then is that the storm clouds may gather and stars may collide. Everyone needs someone to cling to when the nights are getting cold and it's so hard not having you here with me. Nights are lousy, but the days aren't so bad. Often the clouds of qualm turn into sunshine and I feel like seasons can change – winter to spring within the space of a few hours. Yes, it's a very, very mad world alright!

Before I left, you told me to put my glad rags on and to hop on the caravan, and I did give it a go. A couple of nights ago I went into the village – the quiet village as it turned out. I'd heard of this wild club 'The Lion' where it gets so packed that there's often people dancing in the street, but some of the villagers told me that the Lion sleeps tonight.. So much for my social life. Other people aren't having that problem though. You remember David the make-up artist (the guy who is such a queen) – well he's next door to me and the night before last I heard a lot of strange noises coming from his room. It took me by surprise I must say, when I found out yesterday (I heard it on the grapevine) that one of the hairdressers tied him to his kitchen chair, she broke his throne and she cut his hair and from his lips she drew the hallelujah. That explains the racket!! Still, I shouldn't judge. If someone wants to sleep (or play with secret cords) with the opposite sex, well, it doesn't have to worry me.

All the same, I just wanted to hide my head and drown my sorrow. I know I've got to find some kind of peace of mind. Luckily, in this very room, there's quite enough spirits to help me with that – not enough wine though! You know it's a strange thing, even though I've never been to Egypt, all hotel rooms tend to look the same. When I walked into this one, I thought, "baby, I've been here before. I've seen this room and I've walked this floor." The beds are comfy enough though, and when I lay to rest, they slow my breath.

Well, only three more days and then there ain't no mountain high enough, ain't no valley deep enough, ain't no river wide enough (and there ain't no exotic Egyptian camel groomers gorgeous enough) to keep me from you, lover my lover. I must go now, but I'll love you til the end of time.

Your adoring (but somewhat blue),

St Louis Woman.

Rikki & Noels Say “I Do”

“I do” what? I do love chocolate? I do yoga? I do have a Yellow-tipped Red-bellied Long-tailed Peruvian Farting Fish as a pet?

No, Rikki and Noels are getting married. On the 25th of March at the Magnolia Gardens in Hayley Park, Christ Church, they do say the notorious words, after which they do travel around New Zealand’s South Island on their honeymoon.

Asked for a comment on the impending wedding, Noels said, “It’s an undertaking that someone must do and I’ve elected myself as that delegate. My kids have decided that it’s ok for me to keep this one, which makes Rikki officially the evil step-mother... a task she does very well.” Rikki on the other hand, said “I plead the fifth amendment,” and refused to comment.

After extensive research, we offer our congratulations because it seems apparent to all those who know the happy couple, that indeed they do!!



GALS Angels

Some of you may know that at the start of this new year, I was jobless, homeless carless and penniless. Fortunately, I have amazing friends in my life who have supported me in so many ways this year. Some of these friends are members of GALS - they’ve taxied for me, helped me shift, lent me money, given me lifts and much more.

I want to use this little space not only to offer heartfelt thanks to my own angelic friends, but to thank anyone who has ever been an angel for someone else in some way, no matter how small or seemingly insignificant. Take a moment to acknowledge yourselves (because I know you’ve all contributed to others) and to thank the wonderful friends in your life. From time to time, I have moments of despairing about the world, but then I remember how many great people like you there are around, and my faith in humanity is renewed. Thank you

Milk Crisis

Several weeks ago, GALS was faced with yet another major crisis. No, it wasn’t a giant, mutant cockroach this time, but the lack of milk for our tea.

After singing our souls out for over an hour, we were relieved when tea-break rolled around. However it wasn’t long before many moans, mutters and murmurs met the mention of mysteriously missing milk.

Some superb singers stood silently stunned at the shocking summary, whilst others carefully contemplated the calamity or called crazily for cream-coloured coffee.

In short, no-one knew what to do. Fortunately though, the lives of choir members were spared as Jude arrived on her racing-bike with the precious, life-giving liquid and the tempestuous tea-break turned tranquil as tannin and tim-tams were taken thankfully.



RhythmSong 2006

Last year, our report from Rhythm song was by Cherie. This year, the Rhubarb has obtained an exclusive interview with Deb H to get the goss on this thrilling event. Rhubarb is also relieved to inform readers that inside information indicates that Cherie did not torture the WA music community by making them repeatedly sing “Flick the Fire-Engine” this year. Instead, the illustrious Cherie performed a song she had written and received a standing ovation - Congratulations Cherie!!

Deb reports that it was an emotional weekend for many participants. A number of people talked about not feeling so lonely any more after connecting with other music-lovers, whilst others sang very touching and heartfelt songs about their lives and families at the concert after the participating in song-writing workshops.

Deb says, “ there was dancing, drinks, gorgeous food and of course, wonderful music. The workshops were all excellent - Giri was a hoot and Kavisha taught us a beautiful new song. The highlights for me were the concert and meeting all the great muzos!!”

It’s A Mad World

From time to time, a song comes along which has a resounding impact on everyone in the choir. It seems that “It’s a Mad World” is one such song. A number of GALS members were touched by the lyrics, which they felt really spoke to them. Others enjoyed its’ uniqueness and contemporary nature, and **everyone** loved the brilliant arrangement by our talented Nikki Jones.

It seems however, that singing this song has had some more subtle effects on a number of choir members. One member repeatedly drew the pattern below all over her music, which we can only interpret as a sure sign of insanity, whilst other members (second picture below) appeared quite maniacal during the choruses of the song.



Our conductor found the song maddening in other ways though, and was heard to tell the sopranos to take turns at breathing. Clearly the sopranos have driven her to the point where she thinks that one of them breathing at a time is quite sufficient.



All in all, anyone attending a GALS rehearsal would be likely to admit that it certainly is a mad, mad world.

GALS Grasp Balls

It’s not only a mad world, but also a hazardous one at recent GALS rehearsals since our wise and all-knowing conductor revealed that throwing balls hard at each others’ heads would apparently improve our singing. It could be that she just wanted to knock some sense into us, or perhaps it’s the screams of terror as balls hurtle at break-neck speed across the room which is good for our vocal chords, but whatever the case, visitors to GALS are warned to beware!!



Journey

The following lyrics are written by our own Cherie Koosache. Despite receiving a standing ovation for her performance of this song at a gathering of musicians, I had to beg the humble Cherie to allow me to print her lyrics. After months of persuasion, she finally agreed. Here is "Journey."

*I've been shaving my emotions, little by little
Cried me an ocean of tears
A world blocked by fear, my angel's here
I'm gettin' to know the woman within*

*Life is a journey we all have a road
Some choose to fight it, some choose to fold
No matter the journey, it makes who we are
Knowin' I'm right were I'm meant to be*

*I've been shaving my emotions, little by little
Cried me an ocean of tears
A world blocked by fear, my angel's here
I'm gettin' to know the woman within*

*My path is destined, my heart can mend
My road is changing, can't see what's ahead
My journey's not ended, I'll learn on the way
Live in the moment and live for each day*

*I've been shaving my emotions, little by little
Cried me an ocean of tears
A world blocked by fear, my angels here
I'm getting to know, I'm getting to know
I'm getting to know, the woman
The woman within, woman within, woman within.*

Great Games Night

On the 24th of March, a number of perjinkities met at Saani's house for a games night. Not wanting to seem like wampuses or clinchpoops, there was much gasconading. We played Pictionary and Balderdash, ate opsonium and repkies, drank firkins and even had a bit of a nautch. Later on, we all went curpin and followed the spoor of some gorgeous mumruffins. Of course, the hypobulians amongst us indulged in a little asefetida, while the cacogens sifilated on their forfexes.

The riotous game of Pictionary was won by the brilliant duo of Saani and Jenni - a victory against overwhelming odds, as the other team had three people (Liz W, Robin and Karan, a friend of GALS) and Jenni hadn't played Pictionary before.

The game of Balderdash was no less riotous, and at the end of the evening, our sides were aching from the continual laughter. Saani defended her title of Balderdash Champion again, whilst Robin proved that although she is the Queen of Trivial Pursuit, imaginative exaggeration and lexicographic lying are not her forte. Liz W proved to be something of a dark horse though, with her off-the-wall and unexpected definitions giving Saani a run for her money.

The night was one of fun and friendship, and to top it all off, we even discovered the word "whang" on one of the Balderdash cards. It means, "a short leather strip or thong," and that's no balderdash!!



Above: (Left) Liz W, Robin, Karan and Jenni smile placidly before the games begin. (Middle) Emotions heat up and tension rises as Liz threatens violence if Pictionary-partners Robin and Karan don't lift their game. (Right) Robin holds her head in despair at her performance during Balderdash, whilst the others are lost in concentration as they try desperately to out-lie Saani.

It's  **a**  **very**  **very**  **very**  **mad**  **world**