

It was another long day. It was extraordinary how much we packed into the days in Cuba. We awoke to the perma-party music that was perpetually playing in our resort in Cienfuegos. There was also a constant crowd of Cubans around the bar and in the pool. No one really knew where they came from, but they were there all the time. Breakfasts were not quite as tasty as they had been in Havana, although the tablecloths were somewhat cleaner. Lucas (Pukas) made a brief appearance at breakfast at which time he told Dallas and Felipe he was never speaking to them again. Poor Pukas - led down the garden path. So reformed was he that he formed the Fraternity Sobriety with Jordan. No more alcohol for them. The bus departed for Cienfuegos-- without me. I caught a cab into town just in time to hurry up and wait (which never happened at any other time during the tour). We were waiting at the Hotel Union to hear the Cantores de Cienfuegos sing melodiously for a bunch of unappreciative stuffed shirts. So while the impeccably dressed and coiffed choir sang the waiters brought out cheesy blue drinks to everyone in the audience, except for us, of course, because we were just the sweaty gringos at the back. After the concert the altos went for a lunch (I'm sorry-- I do not know where everyone else went) and I had my first introduction to helado ice cream-- chocolate-- and man, did it ever taste good. The air conditioning was so powerful we were freezin' our asses off, but it was a cute little cafe that we would have missed but for the Cubans who pushed the door open for us. As with many places in Cuba, it was somewhat unrecognizable until you were up close. Many people shopped at the grocery store, buying crackers and water and sweets. We met at the bus again for a short stop at the hotel and then off to the beach. The competing themes of the beach visit were baseball (a Cuban favourite-- as evidenced by baseball corner) and burial. Trish was ceremonially sacrificed and buried - and then was rendered anatomically correct. Once all of her hair was in place (ahem) a group photo was taken, and Graham Specht took it upon himself to light a fire. Trish did not want to become an honorary burning bush member, however (a la Megan), and was not impressed with Graham's incendiary technique. Megan participated in the morbid plot as well, succumbing to a siege of sand initiated by McGrant. And no, he did not use his massive jaw as a shovel. The Cubans love of baseball saw its fruition in a match with the whities. Suffice it to say that what the whities lacked in skill, they made up for with bumbling clumsiness. Even at baseball, it is hard to match the raw physicality of the Cubans. Of course, the requisite nudity took place. Darryl showing off his special "new form" of swimming, was divested of his trunks by the least likely candidate, Megan! To his extreme (fuddduddd, schwing) surprise, he even had to wrestle her for his shorts! (I'm willing to bet he didn't try too hard to get those shorts back). He was joined by the other usual proud penis partners, and together they schlonged their way into the annals of chamber singer history. Julio was designated to be sacrificed to the man eating bugs, but it was soon evident that they weren't going to go for his impressive expanse of flesh, so everyone else felt comfortable exposing themselves as well. Phil tells me that the women on the beach were tossing their undulations of their love at him - but not knowing what "te amo" meant until later, he was unable to catch their sentiment. We had dinner and then ventured



into town for a concert at the museo with the Cantores de Cienfuegos. I guess our willies didn't scare them off and they were still willing to sing with us-- provided we were suitably covered, of course. The acoustic was marvellous-- the environment was stinking hot. It was the first concert that I felt the sweat rolling off me. And of course, that was a veritable fountain. The Cantores sang first - a varied program which included "El Cuchero" (spelling?) - a piece we had heard the Coro Nacional sing and which was quickly becoming one of our favourites - well - at least some of us liked it. I was called out to the bus to look at ailing Kim. She was suffering. She was in the midst of an illness that would give her a great pain in the ass. The Cantores came back to the hotel with us for some more perma-party music. We talked around the pool - but our energy level was starting to sag (horrors!) so it was a relatively early night for most of us. Good thing, because the next day started bright and early...

Tuesday, May 6th -- Kim Head

My experience in a Cuban Medical Clinic.

Sunday morning, I woke up fairly early, mainly because I had been feeling like crap for three days and it was starting to wear on me. I hadn't been able to even hold down water so I was hoping that since I was going to be alone at the resort all day, I would start to feel better. No such luck however, and shortly afterwards I woke up Michelle to call the clinic. I didn't want to go to a doctor because to be honest I don't like them, but I've never felt that terrible in my life so it seemed like the only option. I don't remember going back to my room to lie down because I was having trouble even sitting or standing at that point, not having had food for 3 days. The clinic was called and someone organized for the bus to take me there along with Michelle and Jon. We headed off to the International Clinic where they spoke some English, which was a real bonus. When we arrived they sat us on the most comfortable couch that I just sank into and stared blindly out the window at the ocean. I'm sure it was a beautiful place for a clinic, but I don't remember. The pharmacist told Michelle that we had just missed the doctor and all I could think was "welcome to Cuba", a 24-hour clinic with no doctor. I only got a few minutes on the comfy couch because they moved me to an examination room and sat me in a chair. We talked to the nurse, who said her name was Louisa, and she asked about my symptoms. She kept saying something and Michelle, Jon and I couldn't understand it, until I think she made a gesture near her bum and I say "diarrhea." She got all excited because we had finally understood her. The nurse took my blood pressure and then put me in a bed. The doctor came in and asked Michelle about my symptoms and I couldn't hear or tell what was going on. Then he started to explain what he was going to do and I missed that too. The nurse returned to give me a shot of graval in the ass. I wasn't able to keep anything down so that was the only way they could do it. She kept saying "no pain, no pain" before jamming this thing in my ass, which I didn't appreciate until five minutes later when it hit me: the fastest working graval ever. She then took a blood test and inserted an IV. Michelle took off around that time because she figured she couldn't do much more. The bus left to take the rest of the group to Trinidad at that point and Jon stayed with me in the clinic. I was pretty drugged up at that point and just lay there drifting in and out of sleep. Jon headed off to find some food and ended up at some fancy hotel across the street. When he came back he was in and out of the room. He had borrowed a travel book about Cuba from Michelle and read to me about Trinidad because we were obviously missing it. At one point when he was in the bathroom, the nurse came to check on me and asked if he was my brother!?! It was pretty boring just laying there waiting for the bag of glucose water to empty. My arm started to get sore too. Try having a needle in your arm for several hours and not being able to move your arm because if you do you disturb the needle. Eventually the nurse and doctor decided that it was enough glucose water for me and they stopped the IV. At that point I had no energy left. Jon paid and then someone got a cab for us to take back to the resort. When we arrived, the front desk lady asked how I was feeling, which I thought was pretty cool. Then I napped and after I woke up all I wanted to do was eat. I can't remember how much I ate, but it was a lot of stuff because let me tell you I like food and I had been missing it for four days. My day in the clinic wasn't as scary as I had predicted before I went there and I was glad to finally be feeling better and get on with the rest of the tour.

Monday, May 7th -- Bruce More

The dream: Bruce More's diary entry

MAY 7 - (or I'll never mix beer and Sudafed again!)

I had this awful nightmare last night. I dreamed that one of the sopranos was about to run off with a Cuban, and that a bass was chasing an alto naked through the hotel grounds. Wait - it gets worse....one of the tenors left his waist pack on the bus with all his money, cards and passport in it and when he checked this morning, it was gone and we had to rush like hell to get a new passport before our departure tomorrow!! My God, it was horrible!! But wait - there's more....I had the most horrendous image of all: it was of a waiter at breakfast coming towards me with a tiny bun filled with the dreaded mystery meat, no fruit, no juice!! Aughhhh!!!!!! And then! And then!!!! I dreamed that we arrived at ISA to spend the night there were only 8 beds for 27 people - this could never happen in real life! I tried to wake up, but I couldn't - I was transported to a scenario of the next morning as we departed for Mexico. Now, get this - we left ISA in 7 taxis and when we arrived at the airport, the first two metered cabs had \$8.50 and \$9.80 fares on their meters, but the other 5 had no meters and demanded \$15 each. I can hear myself yelling - as if through a fog - to the singers: IT'S A SCAM, PAY ONLY \$10 - (these words still echo in my brain each night as I go to sleep). But my demons would not let me go, they told my dream that one of the cabs then drove away with Dan's luggage (including passport) a potential disaster since without it he would not be able to visit his beloved Mayan ruins. Then I was yelling again to the singers to surround the remaining cab and hold it hostage until the driver located the missing luggage and forced the disappearing driver to return it. (I knew I was dreaming, because as the reader knows, I'm usually such a calm person, I would never yell in public like that). My nightmare becomes fragmented at this point with images flashing by me of police who just stand there like statues, telephones that don't work, a Canadian Embassy that can't be reached and airport attendants who don't know their ass from a hole in the wall - ohhhh the pain, the vertigo, the horror of it all!!!!

Ayiii!!!! But just a minute! Something good happens, thank God!! Twenty minutes before the flight, the luggage is returned and Dan and I fly through the check-in and immigration but noooooooo! The immigration officer decides to hold Dan up for another 15 minutes. I'm pacing holes in the floor and s...ing large bricks on the other side of that horrible wall of doors through which no-one passes - and no-one passes - and no-one passes. I am spiralling, down, down, down into hades and suddenly the door opens and I KNOW I must be dreaming, because - I'M HAPPY TO SEE DAN!! I must have reversed direction at that point, because when I wake up, I'm in heaven... a beautiful hotel in a charming city, friendly people, cheap and fantastic food and best of all - a rooftop pool. In the name of all that's holy, I hope I never have

a night-mare like that again. Maybe I'll just stop sleeping.....

Tuesday, May 8th - Megan Huckabay

After an effortless and stress-free check-in at the airport in Havana, we flew back to civilization in Merida. The contrast between Cuba and Mexico was truly astonishing. The cheer that went up as we passed the Burger King expressed our happiness that we had escaped the land of ham and cheese sandwiches. I had my first meal A.C. (After Cuba) in the hotel restaurant. I had a glass of orange juice that tasted so good I thought I would cry. When I went to the washroom, the toilet had a seat! It was one of the most beautiful sights I had ever seen. While I felt relieved to be back in my comfort zone, I was surprised to find out how much I had missed the modern conveniences of home. Later in the day, we (Migrant) went to the heart of Merida's capitalist centre - the bartering market. Tiny stores were packed with gucyabaras, square dresses with elaborate embroidery and silver jewelry. I didn't buy anything but a bag of mangos. Alex, Felipe, and Grant ate soup at the food court for 20 pesos. They especially enjoyed the chunks of black mystery meat in the "chicken" noodle soup. After a long walk through the fruit and vegetable market, we headed back to the hotel. We stopped at the cathedral which was built in the 16th century to see the largest wooden crucifix in the world (according to Alberto). As I write this entry, it seems that I have done an injustice to this day. There were so many sights and smells - so many moments of wonder and amazement. It makes me think that for all I have traveled, when I visit a foreign place, I become like a child again - barely comprehending the world around me - just soaking it all in.

Wednesday, May 9th -- Lauren Moline

Our first morning in Merida was when we all were able to finally bid adieu to the ham and cheese breakfast...instead we were presented with an amazing buffet with eggs, fruit, yogurt, refried beans (of course...we were in Mexico!) and coffee. There was a wonderful variety and everyone chowed down. However, we couldn't stay and gorge ourselves on breakfast as the Uxmal Pyramids awaited. We boarded our bus (obviously named after Darryl, as it was called "The Big D") at 7:45am. The bus ride was about an hour and most people took the opportunity to sleep...I, on the other hand,

was able to rock with Jon to Dave Matthews and it totally kicked my ass!! Whenever an opportunity to rock out to Dave Matthews with Jon...I highly recommend it! The Uxmal Pyramids were rather touristy but once Alberto took us to one side, we were able to see the pyramids and hear all the stories. The tour was reasonably short and studded with iguanas!! We attempted to test the acoustics of the ball court, which failed miserably! We got some free time to look around, but we were very glad to return to the cooler full of goodies on the bus. We landed in a fabulous hotel for a buffet lunch (again no ham and cheese...yippee!) which included a special soup, native to the Yucatan, chicken, rice, refried beans (of course!)...with an exquisite creme brûlée for dessert. We then took a dip in the pool! This was when poor Trish decided to drop the pool on her face. Poor dear...I believe that Darryl assisted in the trauma. Once we established that Trish's face wasn't going to fall off, we all climbed back on the bus. And the battle of the air conditioning raged on! We all went our separate directions when we were back at the hotel. Cassia and I took a fabulous trip to the grocery store and the market, we talked with the locals, then took our purchases back to our room where we had a fabulous girl night. Celia found some fabulous coconut ice cream, Grant and Megan ate Mexican and shopped, and Dan ate for the first and last time at Burger King! Most of us had a quick e-mail break at the café across the street and then we all prepared ourselves for our concert at the Merida Theatre. First we had a 6pm sound check, then a break where most people slept...and the concert with a fabulous local choir...even if they were a little fond of madrigals! There were a couple of concert snags...with the really loud air conditioning, no table for the glockenspiel, and Alex skipping over Punal as he had had too much Mexican Spices! Very hot after the concert we all wanted to take a dive in the rooftop pool...but we were all dooped when the pool was closed. So we sat by the pool and ate cake to celebrate Grant's birthday (HAPPY BIRTHDAY GRANT!). But that was only after Grant blew out the trick candles...it took him a while, but that boy has lungs! Dan's elbow acted up around the concert. s o

began Michelle's relationship with Dan's Ass! The Maple Leaf's lost and the Mexican election raged on! We sat by the pool smoking one of Graham S's cigars and drinking Kahlua...well past our curfew.

DAY #14: THE BEACHEY BUNGLE
-- Lucas Marchand, Friday, May 11th

Day #14 began, as did most of the other days, with breakfast at our hotel. We each order meals ranging from pancakes to huevos mexicanos. After loading our bags into the bus we sat down for what would be the longest bus ride of our tour. The bus ride was uneventful. We passed the time by playing practical jokes on sleeping choir members. Part way through our bus trip, Graham Specht had an announcement for us: "We will not be stopping at a beach on our way to the resort. However the place where we are staying is very beachy." ...Yes "very beachy"



indeed. Those words would haunt us for the rest of the day. After hours of bus riding, we stopped at a small Mexican town. I went off with G Rob, Dalls, and Jordan to find food. We circled the block and only found one restaurant. The restaurant was small, dingy, and only had one thing on the menu. However, we were very hungry so we agreed to "order" the chicken. The chicken came with tortillas and soup. On the table were some dried Jalapeno peppers. I had a bit of a cold so I tried some of the peppers. I can't say whether the food we had at lunch was good or not because after the peppers, I couldn't taste a thing. A very strange thing happened at lunch. Halfway through the meal, a flatbed truck drove past with a huge tiger on the back. There was no cage, no fencing, just a tiger, a chain and a flatbed truck. Taken at face value, this was a bizarre incident. However, upon symbolic inspection, I realized the meaning of the event. It was a sign of things to come. A warning from the collective unconscious about our next accommodation. The tiger, as everyone knows steals children away from their homes at night. Therefore, it symbolized the absence of something vital. The flatbed truck is often used for hauling dirt or rocks. In this case the flatbed truck symbolized sand. Together, the tiger and truck told me that the resort we were going to was devoid of sand. Sure enough, when we arrived at "The Blue Lagoon" we realized that there was in fact, no beach at all. The world class resort we had envisioned was nothing more than cabins overlooking a swampy, reedy shoreline. Some of us tried to brave the weeds and swim anyway, but most of us were so disheartened that we could do nothing more than sit on the shore and cry.



Celia's Tour Journal Entry for Saturday, May Twelfth

Kim and I woke up early-ish (7:45) and went for a swim in the Blue Lagoon. We arrived at breakfast at 8:20: the best fruit plate so far this tour! In my humble opinion, the best fruit plate has much to do with the absence of papaya and extra points for kiwi. (Possibly the most unexpected disagreement between my senses and cubamexicobelize is the vomit taste of this tropical fruit that I thought I would like. I mean, we have papaya juice in fruit cocktails at home and they taste fine...anyhoo...) Breakfast also included pancakes (like the Dutch panneköek) with honey syrup and to drink, cantelope juice. After a nice, satisfying meal, we chilled in the lobby for a while while everybody arrived, ready to go, and waited for the bus. Ten minutes had elapsed and Bruce incited a group demand for the Drayden Dance. We got it, and now everyone (almost) has seen it, courtesy of Darryl and Graham. Once the group had gotten a taste of the variety show entertainment, they craved more. Soon enough, Lucas was persuaded to perform his magic show. When all these shenanigans were through, the bus had arrived and we were on our way into town. About a third of the way along, some people might recall hearing Kim and I yell, "Monkey in a tree! Monkey in a tree!" That's because we had just seen a monkey in a tree out the left side of the bus. He wasn't doing anything, he was just sittin' there - maybe he was tied up, who knows? Connie thinks that it is all a hoax: that Kim is making up monkeys (look Connie, another monkey!) We got to the theatre in which we were to be sing>

Nice theatre, nice washrooms. Even though we're not in Cuba anymore, we had to wait for the bus for about half an hour. It came, we got on and we headed back towards the resort to pick up the guy who was to direct us to the nearby cenote and to check on our sick singers. (Cassia and Kiiri had stayed behind and slept because both were not well.) They both seemed to be getting better and could probably make the concert if they kept sleeping, so we left them to rest and went to the cenote.

"Cenote Azul is a fresh water sinkhole said to be the world's largest. Some 600 feet across and more than 250 feet deep, its blue water is unusually clear. etc..." -AAA Mexico Travel Book

It was absolutely incredible! From the water's edge it went straight down. The water was so warm and clean; I don't remember who, but someone described it "it's like the water's caressing you." Very astute. We spent a couple of hours sunning and swimming. There was a "diving board" off the roof of the restaurant that people enjoyed hurling themselves off of. Some people got naked in the middle of the water in true Chamber Singers form. After we were all cenoted-out we rode back to the resort for lunch (which was excellent, as were all meals at the Blue Lagoon) and then had about two hours to kill before we needed to be ready to leave for our concert that evening. Kim and I went back to our cabin/room and after frolicking in the rain and then crawling into Trisha's bed (still wet) we lay down for a much needed nap. The nap was needed more than we thought because the next thing we knew, Lauren was at our door telling us that everyone was waiting on the bus (in concert dress) and that the bus was scheduled to leave two minutes ago. Well, that was the fastest Kim and I got ready the entire tour. So finally the bus rolls out on the road again towards town. No monkey sightings on the way in. (On a tangent, this bus was Michelle's least favourite bus of the tour. Partly because of the smell, but mostly because of the green windows - they made her crazy. Crazy? I was crazy once, they put me on a bus with green windows. Green windows? I hate green windows; they make me crazy. Crazy? I was crazy once, they put me on a bus with green windows...) The concert was great! There were some snags, such as Alex's "back stage" chair and Bruce's forced, but accomplished synthesizer playing ("the fingers you have used to play this keyboard are too fat..." - just kidding Bruce, you don't have fat fingers) but the group pulled off one sweet-ass concert. Afterwards, cd sales were huge. I don't think I have ever signed such a series of autographs! They were crowding around the stage door for more autographs and a couple even came on the bus, as we were loading, to buy cds. It was a boisterous ride home with lots of singing and merry-making. When we arrived, it was time for a late dinner. Some people, feeling not so well, retired early while others spent a happy evening quietly partying. In my opinion, it was one of the best days on tour.

Sunday, May 13 -- Dallas Bergen

Today was the worst day for weather we've had on the tour. Obviously not much happened today since I have to open by talking about the weather. We left our resort at Chetumal shortly after nine. It had poured rain most of the night and the morning's weather didn't look too promising. When we got to the Mexico-Belize border some people had trouble finding their Mexican immigration form, but after rifling through bags and a wee bit of panic, all went smoothly; Jordan and Leah even managed to dupe the border guard by crossing using each other's passports. Unexpectedly, we found we had to roll back our clocks an hour, which meant our rides to Corozal would be an hour late. Heavy clouds rolled in and about 15 minutes prior to Ken's arrival, we were under a relentless downpour. Ken got us all to the Corozal Bay Inn and then took Dan, Felipe, Geronimo, Jordan, Graham S. and myself to his place. Within thirty minutes we had transformed the place into your archetypical bachelor pad; 6 guys, shirts off, music loud, watching sports and drinking cold beer. Best of all was the full-on smorgasbord we set up in the kitchen (Ken was an outstanding host and told us to eat/drink anything in the house). After lunch I took off on my own and walked along the bay eventually



arriving at the bar at the Inn. I had some great conversation with the bartenders, the owner, Michelle and Bruce. The poor weather and change of venue-- to the "Civic Center", a basketball court in a barn-- resulted in a crowd smaller than the choir, but we still put on a great show. Those in attendance were very impressed. Felipe (with some help from others) prepared an outstanding meal while the rest of us watched "Bloodsport" and put back more beer (can you say, "holy testosterone!"). After dinner some of us headed back to the Inn. I had hoped to see everyone out for drinks after the

Today I woke up with Leah's knee in my kidneys and then Lauren's voice, which I mistook as my mother's, over my face saying: "Come on girls, if you want to have breakfast you have to get up now." I removed the knee and ignored the voice. Leah grunted and Lauren sighed. I made a calculated mission to the bathroom as sharing a room with 4 other girls makes time ALONE in the bathroom a treasured feat. We were at the Chateau Caribbean and ate breakfast Belize style - toast, watermelon of which got none! Pineapple, eggs, probably some other stuff but I don't remember. There were no spots left so I sat by MYSELF! But then Dan came and sat with me and got me some juice. So we left the hotel and walked across the street to the pier and loaded our plump selves into the sweetest boat with hot Oliver and his honey crew. I felt like I was in a Will Smith Miami video. We cruised through the Cayes (pronounced Keys) and docked at San Pedro, one of the smoothest dockings I've ever experienced - and boy have I experienced some! Anyhooole, we took off down the shore trying to locate a "better beach". We were unsuccessful. We came back to where Bruce was floundering about in the water, which many pointed out was "REALLY SALTY." Ya ok guys, it's salt water. Get over it. So we floundered as well and swam "too far" to a sand bar where we played the traditional "steal the boys bathing suits" and then got a full frontal of some unnamed Chamber singers (Michael, Darryl, Dan, Graham Specht, Gerry). Lauren showed us her boobies and G Rob got molested. It was a typical day. Summers in Rangoon... Apparently, whilst we were frolicking, there was an incident on the beach: Lucas maderd to a grasshut where Haley was exercising her role as beach beauty and sat in an unoccupied chair. Suddenly a woman appeared and bitched at Lucas like a dog in heat. Lucas laughed in her face like a true Sobriety brother and then watched as Bruce represented and chewed her out. We adjourned to a stripey tent full of good food and bad music and downed rum punch like it was mummy's breast milk. Mmmm....rrrummmmm punch... We had to leave San Pedro and I think we all agreed it was one of the best days we spent on this trip - no bitching, no whining, just good old R&R. On the way back we stopped at what Gerry tells me was a reef and swam with some sharks and stingrays. Leah and I macked hard on the boat crew and realized afterwards that the rum punch

was to blame. We disembarked back in Belize City and napped like Banehis. We rode to Belmopan in our old skool...school bus and tried to give a concert in a Baptist church. I say try because 3 or 4 of us nearly puked/passed out and many more dodged flying bug-like creatures. Bruce shone when he leaned only slightly miscue so as not to intercept the flight path of said creatures. We all made it to the second half (sans Epitaph- thank God) and enjoyed a rousing rendition of Somethin aided greatly by our dancer. Bugs and nausea aside, it was one of my fave concerts. The ride back to Belize City that

frankly, all it would take is for one ham and cheese sandwich to be offered to me and I'd lose it. Last time I lost it on a plane was the flight out of Cuba. I found myself mimicking the flight attendants during safety demonstrations, pretending I was afraid of flying to the point of hysteria and spitting partially chewed cookies all over anything within range of my mouth. So go ahead tour, do your worst. Ask me whether I'm from Toronto or if I want to buy a cigar. I dare you. Or maybe this wedding planner movie could be a little worse or maybe there could be a little more turbulence. Yeah, turbulence, that



night was the bumpiest I've ever experienced. I got more sick on the bus and promptly deposited myself on my bed upon arrival at the hotel. Party plans were ruined, children cried - it was a disaster. However, we woke up refreshed and glad of our sobriety decision. There ends my day. NOTE: Yes, I regretted to mention the boat-boy. You guys tease me enough about homey-G so you don't need more ammunition AND I told him to come party with us and then went to bed instead...and dreamt about my home-boy. So there.

Your beloved pool,

Tricia

Final Day of Tour -- Jordan Dyck, Wednesday, May 17

Waking before dawn from a turbulent dream in which I was trying to buy a gun from MacDonalds I found myself poking Grant who lay innocently beside me, and saying "we've got to go, man, we've got to go" probably because I couldn't figure out where or who I was which continued to plague my mind until I simply gave up and decided that whatever bed I was in, the safest place was under the cover which is where I retreated to until ten to nine at which point I took a long moment to contemplate how much of the previously mentioned episode was dream and how much was reality then seeming like a difficult question made easier only by the fact that there wasn't actually a gun in my possession - at least that I could see. Disappointed, my thoughts turned to the more pressing issue of whether the bathroom was free.

awake bathroom relief shower cold (sunburn) dressed stinky dirty clothes breakfast lineup awaiting eating BANANA PANCAKES thankyous Minita superwoman clapping smiling more clapping awards laughing clapping skipper?! Whatever packing boring like this bus more boring airport boring airplane

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOORINGGGGGGGG

In honour of the tour motto I bring you an improperly written haiku interlude:

wait hurry wait some more hurry up now hurry up and wait wait for a while
hurry up say what? Wait

If you haven't noticed yet, this diary entry has two themes: firstly, the intensely boring nature of long distance travel by flight and, secondly, the dementia caused by severe Chamber Singers over-exposure. I'm suffering from both of these and quite

might do it. Shake this plane, tour, SHAKE IT OUT OF THE SKY!! Hold it hold it hold it calm calm Jesus family girlfriend cello calm calm calm la la la la la. I think I'm going to have me a bowl of cereal and a glass to tap water when I get home. Despite the mentally vulnerable state it has put me in, I must say tour has been great. I liken it to sonata form: starting off with a bang, a little slow in the middle and then a big finish. I guess that would make this plane ride the completely redundant half-page of cadence which is agony while in progress but immediately forgotten once finished. Well, now that my "I'm a music geek" secret's out...ya secret whatever. At least I'm with my own kind. This entry's steering dangerously close to sentimentality so I think I'll sign off. From a plane somewhere over the rockies, thanks for a great tour.

jordan

