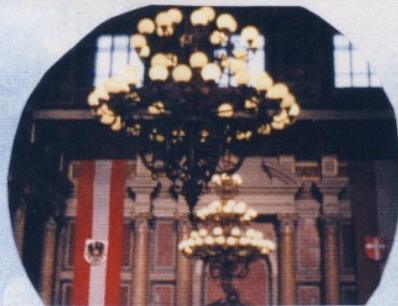


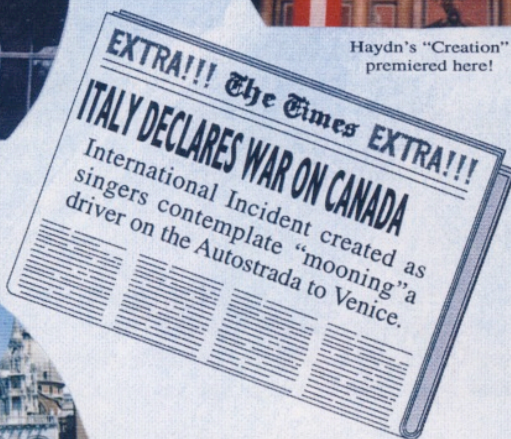
Bruce has a calm discussion with a local Viennese.



Haydn's "Creation" premiered here!



We finally get a little exercise in Graz.



Boom! Boom!



So what else does one do in Piazza San Marco?



Pink Baroque in Ljubljana.

Primas First Tour Album

or "how to endear mommy and daddy by calling home from Hero's Square at 3am".



*Becca relieves Darryl of his suit.



The "Lexa" Boogie!



Mmmmm!

Does anyone out there speak Hungarian?



Darryl, having just swallowed a canary.



Hypnotized? Moi??!!

The Atlantic

<---(Chrome)



Altos can be really weird, especially when they're sopranos.

Day 1: from Victoria, BC to Vienna, Austria

I haven't slept in 25 hrs 10 min. Tuesday morning's alarm roused me eagerly out of sleep at 8am only to put me through more than 20 hrs of straight travelling. Now I know what delirium is. By 10am, the Pacific Coach Line bus was travelling to Sidney for the 11am ferry with Amy, Andrew, Bruce and I (Heather) on board. The journey continued after the briny blue to the Vancouver International Airport. There we spent nearly two hrs. at all of the duty-free shops (which actually turned out to be the same one), checking out the most expensive liquors... wishful thinking, in Canada. We must have looked like punks, 'cause the sales-lady sure was giving us the once, twice, hell five-time lookover. Yeah, I'm gonna steal your \$119 trucker shades and make a break for it in this mile-long piggy paradise. So after a successful trek through the baggage check, we finally boarded the flight from hell... 9 hours with no sleep, 35000 feet between me and the ground, screaming children and the stewardesses stil managed to look like Barbie when we landed in Frankfurt (which is fitting, I suppose, considering hot pink seemed to be at the height of German fashion... planters, ties, phones, even whole suits blared pink everywhere). Speaking of attention, Frankfurt also brought on the urge to shout nonsensical gibberish such as "Pro-shaffe!" and "Ich bin heist!" I'm sure we made a proud reputation for future Canadian travellers. The intersnacks and trans-cereales sure make me want to come here again. Anyhow, another hour on the plane brought us to Vienna, where we caught the subway to Mittern. There Amy & I were picked up by Julieta, our 19 year old multilingual host who lives right downtown. I learned the difficulty of behaving politely with jet-lag; Amy and I were both ready to pass out. Fortunately, Julieta was quite empathetic. Now it is 6 pm and we are all set to sleep, with visions of hot pink Germans and Intersnacks "tanzen" in our heads.

Heather Lidkea - Tuesday, April 28



Day 2: Arrival in Vienna

Well, the trip there was pretty uneventful... a typical ferry ride, typical plane ride (though there was still some dispute over whether that stuff on the salad was cheese or fish). We arrived in Vienna and were greeted by Ralph and Darryl's long lost brother, Ronald (with whom a love-hate relationship would soon spawn). A long train ride into town gave us a good view of the countryside. We also got a good view of our host and would eventually realize our luck in staying with such good looking women throughout the tour. But this wouldn't be the only view we would get of her. We arrived at Gudy's (sounds like a name from out of a James Bond movie) apartment after a long walk from the train station and up to her top floor apartment. Gudy had to leave for work right away, so we were left with the keys to the place. The excitement began when Darryl discovered the bathroom. On the door hung a homemade calendar which, upon closer inspection, contained pictures of our host Gudy on the beach, and other places which didn't require so many restraining pieces of clothing (October was especially pleasing)!! Well, we searched high and low for more calendars, but to no avail, so we decided to head into town to take in some "cultural experiences". As we wound our way through the streets of Stephansplatz, we took notice (well, Darryl took notice, Felipe's much too polite) of the many various exotic bars. This obviously being the centre of attention in this culture, we decided to see what all the hubbub was about (merely for educational purposes, of course)...

We decided on a quaint little tavern with a black sign out front reading "Girls, Girls, Girls".... straight and to the point, we figured "this shall suffice". Through a darkened hallway, we suddenly found ourselves in a dimly-lit room... on the couch, sat three interesting women, but we decided that the best idea would be to sit at the bar and order a drink (we had already imbibed significantly, which was probably why it seemed perfectly reasonable at that moment to pay \$14.50 for a beer). Upon drinking our beer, two of the ladies from the couch got up and promptly "greeted us to Austria". Their English lacked a certain something (I think it's called grammar), but they also spoke in "other languages". But when they demanded that we buy them drinks, Darryl quickly stepped in and took control of the situation ("Let's haul our asses outta here, li'l buddy"). After a short and swaggering jaunt through the rest of Stephensplatz, we decided that food was a good idea, so we went to, where else, McDonalds! Did you know that in Vienna, they don't automatically put lids on their cups? Darryl, being the cheap drunk that he is, found out the hard way (sploosh)... a foreshadowing of many similar events to come throughout the tour. This prompted a speedy return to our home-du-jour, where Darryl, being the cheap drunk that he is, passed out. This left the evening open for Felipe, who met up with Gudy at one of the local bars where we met many of the other Vienna hosts. Thus endeth the saga of Darryl and Felipe for today... tune in next day when we hear more about their fabulous adventures from the perspective of other singers.... yikes.

Wednesday, April 29 - Darryl Neville & Felipe Sequeira



Day 3: Vienna

Alrighty then! After sleeping for 14 hours straight, I awakened to the sight of my hostess vigorously shaking me and shouting in my face "Alexa, are you alive?!" My vacation in Europa, Europa has begun. That first night Alexis and I were roomies. We had some girl talk then I hit the sack. On the first morning in Vienna, Alexis and I made a beeline to the kitchen to see what waited for us in the frying pan (and on the table). Much to our surprise, there was a bounty of food. Eggs, toast, various juices, ham, cereal, etc. I figured out soon that Europeans enjoy a large and filling breakfast. Although, I also found out that they enforce their large and filling breakfasts upon you too! So, we left to go on the Vienna tour. Everybody waited on the steps of the university, and when all were present we left. The city was stunning. It was unbelievable to me that I could be standing in a place so old with so much history. It was like meeting your idol or something to that effect if it makes any sense. Of course, the weather was perfect and a beer was in order when the afternoon came. When Darryl, Felipe, Dan and I got to this cute pub near the university, we sat outside at one of the tables in disbelief that we were actually here! So... we played "I've never..." and got shit-faced, except for Daniel, who does not "partake in such activities" (good, all the more for me then). That night dinner was at a little pub near the university... the same one we got shitfaced at in the afternoon. Everyone was indulging in Wiener Schnitzel and saurkraut, except for Wade, who was gobbling up a plateful of Austrian blood sausage (yum). We then spent the evening on the streetcars, singing drunkenly and searching for a nightclub to dance away the rest of the night. After being turned away at a local bar (I guess we appeared to be Americans to the untrained Austrian eye) our dwindling crew (many had decided to go home at this point) was escorted by one of our wonderful hosts to a mathematician's party at the Technical University.... yeah, I know, it sounds lame, but it was a BLAST!!! We continued drinking and dancing till the wee hours of the morning. It was all in all a wonderful day!

by Lexa Yates - Thursday, April 30

Day 4: Vienna.

The third day of the trip was a great day for many people because they got to get up (or sleep in) and do whatever they wanted until the dress rehearsal later that night. Many used their free time to recover from the long arduous task of finding a place to go dancing the night before. I however decided to use my time to explore the wonderful city of Vienna a little more. The trams and buses were not running however so I had to explore within walking distance of the flat I was staying in. My father and I decided to visit the famous fair just down the road. It was well worth the walk for the roller coasters and the cool fun and haunted houses. After all that fun was done we all met again at the University for our dress rehearsal for our first concert. The room that we performed in was beautiful and later we found out it could have been the very room that Haydn's Creation was premiered in. The rehearsal went well except for the interruption of late coming singers and of the blinding afternoon sun. The audience ended up being the smallest we had all tour but they were very appreciative. There were many triumphs that night and the applause went on and on in between each selection... so much so that the we felt a little uncomfortable and did not know what to do. The choir sang beautifully and I think we may even have surprised ourselves. After the concert a potluck dinner was arranged for us in a nearby building. A lot of the members of the university choir were there and at one point they got up and sang us a few songs they had learned while in South Africa. The whole evening was a lot of fun and all of us enjoyed socializing with the members of the other choir. It was

CLUB  UNIVERSITÄT WIEN	
<h1>Konzert</h1>	
University of Victoria Chamber Singers, Prima Youth Choir	
Leitung: Bruce E. More	
Werke des 19. und 20. Jhs. aus Europa und Nordamerika	
<h2>1. Mai, 20 Uhr</h2>	
Universität Wien, Gr. Festsaal Dr. Karl Lueger-Ring 1, 1010 Wien	
Eintritt: öS 180.- Studenten und Mitglieder des Clubs der Universität Wien: öS 120.-	Kartenverkauf: Portier der Universität Wien, Dr. Karl Lueger-Ring 1, 1010 Wien; Abendkasse
Partner des Clubs der Universität Wien Bank Austria	CLUB  UNIVERSITÄT WIEN

another late night for some of us but we knew we could sleep on the bus on the way to Budapest the next day.

Alexis More - Friday, May 1

Day 5: From Vienna to Budapest

*The History of Things to Come -
Learning To Fly During: A Budapest
Pilgrimage*

"Well, I started out, down a dirty road..." I was excited to be here. Now, if that wasn't believable let me try it another way. Wow, I was excited to be here. That, of course, is what I decided to feel. But I really was tied up in pangs of guilt. (Where did that come from?) I was about to know more about a foreign country than I did about my own province. You see there is a difference between wanting to feel something and actually feeling that something — be it emotional, physical, or just an obsession with peanut butter and chocolate. (Whoever it was that believed enough in their own abilities to create such a combination of a bitter food paste and a dark, awesome sweetness was a Nobel Prize genius.) Regardless, of course, I was truly more than thrilled to be in this country, as I had never been here before! East of Winnipeg! Wow! I was

beyond Zebra and Manitoba! I figure that any place deserves a first or second impression before being condemned and banished into my personal wasteland of impressions and, believe me, it is a very large place. Who was it that said that I wasn't judgmental? One is born every minute is what I heard. "Started out, all alone." The excitement I possessed concerning Hungary was enormous but quickly diminished as we closed in on Budapest (pronounced Budda-Pesht, dammit!). At first, I thought the country looked pretty and was picturesque enough to return to and take many an image but, fortunately, my camera was in Victoria, otherwise I would simply take as many pictures of sunsets as I could. You see, gentle reader, I have a weakness for taking pictures of sunsets. Something about final endings or rebirth or some deep-rooted psyche enveloped desire derived from many years of reading books and chewing that shredded bubble gum usually only available from baseball park concessions. (Or, I have thought, it could be a response to the colour purple combined with pink, orange, and any other colour one can find in the visible spectrum. A kind of rainbow that sinks below the horizon, yet, continues to light the sky without a visible source. Damn, I need some peanut butter.) Where was I? Oh, yes, the beauty Hungary radiated from its simplicity. This was a place I could live. I could come back here and settle down. Homestead the land and raise sheep or cows. I am sure there is a market for something here. This was a place I could survive in relative comfort and not fear to be taken away from my home (in the middle of the night) to be questioned about the way Canadians run their secret service. That would be a very short interrogation. And, yes, I wonder myself where that particular thought came from. I then thwacked my groggy self out of that mindset, which so often occurred on our wonderfully air-conditioned bus, and realized we hadn't yet left Austria. Was my love for Austria growing or was I just afraid of a place I had yet to be. It must have been that last meal in Vienna. Oh, no...the beer, the drunken state what had I done, last night? Damn, I thought. I thought again: Damn. But here I was. Bound for a distant place that appeared, to all counts and measures, as a country that had not quite recovered from its previous owners. But, like a developing child, it had learned some bad habits from its parents. Who had they been? I couldn't say. All I knew was that if you mentioned anything about the past,

one might find themselves becoming quite friendly with slimy pond scum. Not a country I would survive in most days. My mouth is much too big for that. It was at this point that I realized I was thinking too much and shut down the cognitive ability of my incredibly analytical mind and surrendered to that place just next door to REM (random eye movement, my favorite exercise). My sleep was broken (yet again), as was the string of drool attached to my unshaven chin, and thought I was on a public transit bus in Victoria. Oh, yes, the border. This was where the magic happens. Or so it had been rumored. Have you got your passport?

"And the sun went down as I crossed the hill." Now, I must interject here with my personal ideas about travelling to countries where one could be killed at the slightest stupid remark or the most offending body odor. Here I was, about 5,000 miles from home, in a country I had heard so much about — all of it bad. What would I do? Expect Bruce to defend my pudgy butt? No. This was a time that I should be responsible and mature. Yeah, right. Here I was — with a whole bunch of nuts in a foreign country. The border guard didn't look impressed. Well, we eventually entered the city and began a long trek up some narrow road up some narrow looking hill. This was somewhat abashing because there appeared to be no laws governing the way people drove their motor vehicles. Hey, wait a second. That is just like Victoria driving! Never mind, please maintain your unpredictable driving skills and stay on the left. This was turning out to be not a bad hill and the city looked very old from our peaking vantage point. Upon our arrival at the top of the hill I noticed that I was ravenous and I decided, as did a few others before me, to venture over and see what a Hungarian hot dog or hamburger (I think it was cow) looked, smelled, or God forbid... taste like. After shelling over what I thought was much too little for the price of the food, I found this food to be a pleasant experience. I decided to eat two. Then, of course, I had to drink some Hungarian beer, which turned out to be an import from another country I had yet to visit. I was happily munching away, desiring some Hungarian peanut butter, when I happened to notice Wade afoot to my location. I was happy to share in his personal experience of eating creamy mud. As he mounted the slight (and I do mean slight) rise to the burger bar, he decided that it would be more fun to perform an incredible face-plant, X-Men style. My first thought: Gee, I wonder if he hurt himself? My second thought: Gee, I wonder if I could drink another beer? My third thought: Gee, I wonder if I could eat another hot dog? My fourth thought: Gee, Wade looks funny with all of that mud on his clothes. After some time passed by and we found ourselves hiding from this raining downpour that had started before I even realized it had begun we left our Hungarian crows' nest and ventured to another site in the city, a church on a hill way up high. It seemed that a theme was developing. Everything that we were going to do in this city must be up high. If we had been in Victoria all of the downtown core would have to be placed on the peak of Mount Tolmie. This church was big. I mean, it was big. It was really, incredibly, fascinatingly, massive, and greatly big — and huge too. It was as if the whole thing was prepared for war. But I don't think they would have had many people defending the walls, as all of their soldiers would have had to pay 100 forints to stand on the walls for five minutes. Battlements and thick walls were the order of the day. Not to mention, I needed shaving equipment. I must, again, interject with some thoughts. You see there was this little unspoken contest going on between Todd and myself. He was attempting to grow facial hair. I just grew hair without trying. Todd hated that, I am sure. By the way, I never went into the church. Something about the bullet holes that littered the sides of the building. Although, I hear there was a beautiful wedding being performed? Well, we walked, toured, visited, and basically checked things out. And then, as if to complete my Mount Tolmie references, it began to rain. Ah, visions of Victoria. So, we walked down the hill. (Oh, yes. I bought some shaving stuff at a strangely designed store with a nice cashier.) I must also mention the "what the hell" story here. You see, as Magnus came down the hill from the church he decided to put one over on a not-so-destitute looking beggar. As he proceeded by this crotchety looking gentleman, bent sadly over and mumbling "please" to himself over and over again, Magnus dropped an Austrian shilling into the man's open hand. This stopped the beggar in his begging ways as he spoke aloud, in perfect English: "A shilling? What the hell!?" We laughed and laughed and laughed... Then, back to the bus, where, after some more cruising around Budapest, we arrived at this "hotel" — it was a building cleaned up with some paint and a slightly curious odor — and proceeded to move our things into the "hotel". This was not a time for me to be completely aware that our hotel was nearby to a really expensive looking junk dealer! Wow! A place to hide bodies! Agh! I can't believe that I am so biased against this country and I had yet to step off of the bus more than once! A bit of waiting and a few sittings and standings later: myself, Magnus, and Andrew (that sly devil) selected a fifth floor room and began to unpack. (Beer. I needed beer. Again.) This was exciting. We toured around the dining hall that evening and filled ourselves on some kind of soup with these "little floatie bits" and enjoyed a quiet and well deserved rest.

"And the town lit up: the world got still."

After sitting in our room, and being shaved by a beautiful maiden as Magnus and Todd looked on, (at some point that Daniel Hogg character came in looking for toothpaste or the number of a great masseuse, I can't be sure) we decided to tour the town. This didn't last long as we walked around in the dark and steadily became colder and colder. A map would have been nice. But we saw some of the town and ended up at a local station of the subway where we parted with some of the group that had accumulated. I was getting tired. Very tired. Walking was becoming slow. Slower. Need sleep. We followed our tracks and, after also visiting a little corner store to stock up on gum and many other things, found our way back to the "hotel". (Editor's Note: The group of us, Darryl, Felipe, Bruce H, Carly, Lexa and Wade, that decided to plunge on into the dank depths of the Budapestian subway system took the subway downtown and found an English-speaking