

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 Mittewien. 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**

Konzert

**University of Victoria Chamber Singers,
Prima Youth Choir**

Leitung: Bruce E. More


Werke des 19. und 20. Jhs. aus Europa und Nordamerika

1. Mai, 20 Uhr

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
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Partner des Clubs der Universität Wien

Bank Austria  **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,

nightclub called Morrison's English Music Box, where we proceeded to drink and dance and drink until the wee hours... a fun little adventure in a foreign land, and probably one of the great party highlights of the tour... and now, back to our regularly scheduled broadcast.....) "I'm learning to fly, but I ain't got wings." But, you see I didn't go to bed for long. I decided (along with other party members) to hang around and blabber until it was very late. This did happen but continued much later than I had anticipated. Mid-conversation we were accosted by a bunch of young Hungarian boys in the "hotel" stairwell. This was a little scary, as there were no clear methods of communication. But, an English phrase book appeared and conversations about Pamela Anderson, driving, soccer, hockey, and other such things were enjoyed by all. I believe I stumbled into my bed around five in the morning for a brief sleep as I was woken up around two hours later. "Coming down is the hardest thing." My day ended (or began) like I was sixteen again. Not because I had been lifted from my dim existence by experiences in this new land but simply for the fact that upon my return I was greeted with, "Where the [hell] were you?" I supposed this little room, this oasis with the busted and breeze infested doorway, was like home. At least, for a short time... "Well, the good old days may not return." I just want to take this time to say: I really enjoyed this trip and I want to thank everyone who was there because it just wouldn't have been the same. To everyone: it was a blast. Hope to see you in the fall. By the way, what is that? HAR HAR. Made you look. Gawd, I am childish.

Shane Birley - Saturday, May 2

Day 6: Budapest

2:35 am: Darryl and Felipe stagger in the door. They mumble incoherently. I fall back asleep. 7:00 am (approximately): My alarm goes off at some undetermined but godforsaken hour. I fall asleep yet again, only to be woken up at 7:40am by some inconsiderate basses in the hallway. It's still way too early. 8:15 am: I try talking to Darryl & Felipe, who, as sleeping drunk people can be, were understandably crabby. After my shower, I had better find some other people, preferably awake, to hit the town with. 9:00 am: Let's go! Amy, Heather, Amanda, Andrew Scambler, Peter Samcoe and myself set off for fun and excitement in the city of, uh... two cities. but not before catching a few minutes of Beverly Hills 90210 in Hungarian. I could have sworn Jason Priestly didn't have that accent. At this point I lost track of time, so will cease with the minute-by-minute act. Meandering through the souvenir stands by the amusement park, we discovered a tourist army surplus depot, where some of us purchased guns, bullets, and the first tour copy of "The Best of Communism". We also managed to procure the other infamous tour album by everybody's favourite Hungarian hip-hop group, Animal Cannibals. No songs about Albania had yet been sung. Ah, those were the glory days. Next, we were off to Hero Square, where everybody took turns listening to "The Best of Communism" and posed with the giant horses. Soon after, we found ourselves walking through the gates of what appeared to be a castle, which later appeared to be a massive agricultural museum. We didn't go in because (a) it smelled like buckets and buckets of paint or turpentine, and (b) it was an agricultural museum. Actually, that smell could have been a big vat of nail polish remover, I suppose (note to Darryl and Felipe... the timely use of nail polish remover after a long bus trip may significantly reduce your chances of being hit by Hungarian men). It was here were we encountered...(drum roll please)... the Macarena Guy! A big, hairy vendor, wearing a t-shirt, shorts, and a money belt was dancing to the Macarena, which was playing on his 'blaster. Not the actual dance, mind you, but gyrating in such a comical way as to inspire many of our group to take a picture. I swear we should have been taping this guy... the rest of you really missed out. We next discovered a statue simply called "Anonymous" of a man seated in a chair, wearing a hooded robe and holding an open book in such a way that one could sit on his book and put one's arms around him, giving the appearance of

MÁJUS 3-ÁN, VASÁRNAP
ESTE 7 ÓRAKOR

À

"PRIMA"

KANADAI IFJÚSÁGI KÓRUS
RÖVID HANGVERSENYE TEMPLOMUNKBAN

VEZÉNYEL: BRUCE MORE

MŰSOR:

Gloria in Cielo (13. századi olasz Lauda)
W. BYRD: Ave Verum
J. BRAHMS: Schaffe in Mir Gott
A. BRUCKNER: Locus iste
A. BRUCKNER: Ave Maria
R. POULENC: O Magnum Mysterium
H. WILLAN: Rise Up My Love
B. MORE: Lord I know I been Changed

A "PRIMA" ifjúsági kórust (Victoria, Brit Columbia, Kanada) 1984-ben alapította Bruce E. More karnagy, hogy 16 és 22 év közötti fiatalok 5 évszázad értékes kóruszenéjét önkéntességek együttlés előadásukkal kulturális missziót töltsenek be Kanadában és másutt.

close friendship (ie. another photo opp.) He was a very dark and forboding character, until we got through hugging and snapshooting him. We also spent a whopping two hours at the Art Museum, then returned home for dinner. Then, adorned in our concert gear, we headed off to a Franciscan church, where we sang between evening masses. We received a very emotional response for what I still believe was our best performance of Estidal. With another performance behind us, we headed out for a cruise on the Danube River... but first... a drink!!! Most of us crashed a fancy outdoor bar, and threw back a quick 8-minute pint of beer, then headed for the boat, where, champagne in hand, we saw some of Budapest's most beautiful sights by starlight. After the cruise, the group once again divided, with a small delegation ending up at a Chinese restaurant (apparently, Hungarian Chinese food is quite good)... I found myself searching for a bar called Morrison's English Music Box (which was discovered by Wade, Lexa, Carly, Bruce Hardy, Darryl and Felipe last night) with Alexis, Gabrielle, Lexa, Heather, Kathy, Felipe, Darryl, Bruce H. and Carly. Surprisingly, we actually found it. A good night of drinking and dancing were had by all (well not all of us were drinking)... I finally went to bed around 3:00 am. Not to be outdone, Amy, Amanda and Andrew Scambler actually stayed out all night and watched the sun rise at Hero Square. So ends another day in the annals of PRIMA history. Our time in Budapest was well spent. Daniel Hogg, signing off.

Daniel Hogg - Sunday, May 3

Day 7: From Budapest to Graz, Austria

By Haley: Early Monday morning I was awakened by a loud vibrating sound which pulsed through all of Hotel Goliat (Editor's Note: I think this may have been Darryl, but my suspicions have yet to be confirmed). By 8:30, everyone was piled into the bus heading downtown to the Market. And what a market it was. Not only was it filled with a variety of fresh meats, milk and produce, the top floor had a series of clothes, jewelry and food stands. Then it was time to jump into the rain and into the bus for Graz, Austria. The 5 hour bus ride to the border was entertaining to say the least. During passport checks, Felipe had changed sexes at (in my opinion) a rather bad time. However, by the time we reached our hosts, he'd returned to his less feminine self. (Editor's Note: Not being satisfied with the pedicure given to Darryl and Felipe a few days earlier, Lexa decided that Felipe needed a complete makeover, hence the reoccurring Felipina joke... however, this particular round of jocularitry reached its height during the passport check at the Hungary-Austria border, which caused Bruce some mild consternation over border delays and the possibility of numerous bodycavity checks). Then we all went our separate ways; myself going far from civilization and wondering how we would meet up tonight. After a filling dinner, Liz and I received a phone call to meet the crew downtown in 15 minutes... unfortunately, we were at least 30 minutes away. Well, we made our way to the townhall but could find noone. Luckily, just as we were about to turn back, we ran into a couple of Primates, who gave us vague directions to the pub where the whole gang was supposedly meeting. Well, we got lost for awhile, but managed to eventually find the pub, only to have to leave very soon in order to catch the last bus home... how irritating.

By 'Becca: Today we woke up to a day of bad weather in Budapest. No big deal for us Victorians who are no strangers to rainy weather. However, it was fortunate that we were on the bus most of the day and not outside getting drenched. We went to a huge marketplace in a big building with two levels. Downstairs there were food stalls, while upstairs it was mostly craft stalls. We spent about an hour and a half shopping around. We were back on the bus by 11:15, and then we took off for Graz. The bus ride was nothing too spectacular... lots of people caught up on some much needed sleep, and everybody basically did whatever. Felipe (or should I say Felipina?) and Lexa provided the bus with some entertainment at one point, showing us another side of his personality... umm... makeup. Passing the border from Hungary to Austria was no problem, and we also made a quick stop at McDonalds. Wade presented a new game to the group before entering Graz called Botticelli. We arrived in Graz at about 5:30 pm, where our hosts were waiting for us. It took some organization, but we finally went home with our hosts around 6:00. Everybody seems to be scattered everywhere, but it's a fairly small city, supposedly around a fifth the size of Vienna. Lisa and I went with our host, Petra, and her boyfriend Armin, and we talked for awhile before going to meet other hosts and their billets at a restaurant called Kommod. More people from our group walked over to meet us, then we departed from our hosts and went to an Irish pub. There, everyone had drinks (big surprise) and talked. People dispersed from here after about 11:00. Some people were interested in going to a club, and since Petra and her friends had pointed out a few clubs, some of us decided to go check out a place called "Q". The place had good techno music, but some very weird and sleazy-looking guys. Still, we had a lot of fun dancing. A while after, people took off to find their way home.

Rebecca Lampard & Haley Farnow - Monday, May 4

Day 8: Graz

So this is Graz! Tram into town square. Great tram system in Austria! Met everybody and some of our hosts. Tour

of the city. Climbed up the fortress hill, beautiful view, saw the tunnel through the mountain. The city has really fascinating architecture, ranging from the medieval core to the grand austro-hungarian styles. Tour guides were excellent - much information. This city is a real gem! Lunch at strudel place, checked out concert place: (Meersteinschlüssel, which means "Sea-mug-little palace: - hmm, clears that up!) Alexis and I took #1 tram to the end and back, did some window shopping. Late rehearsal at da "Schlüssel" and then to dinner at the Schubert restaurant, which turned out to be on "us", not our "hosts". The singers took it in stride but not the conductor - who was a sorehead and quietly left.

Bruce More - Tuesday, May 5

Day 9: Graz

Second day in Graz. Strudel experimentation which turned out to be a bad experience for Sara; she got the mouldy one..sounds gross, but it seemed really funny at the time. Tonight was our concert at the Meerscheinschloessl, which was a beautifully decorated room that could easily have been an early century ballroom. The lavish chandeliers and ceiling mural of angels were most memorable. Such a place inspired us to sing well and we were encouraged by a lively cheering section. At the end, the girls were given roses and kisses - two things that always make for a good night! Afterwards, we ate at the banquet Carmen (our host) had organized, and then went to party at the Arcadium where there was a great live jazz band. The group of us took over the dance floor and danced all night - till three or four, it's a little hazy now... A great day and night! Graz was always fun-filled.

Sarah Donnelly & Nicole Givens - Wed, May 7

Day 10: From Graz to Trieste

Today, we had to get up early to catch the bus. We were supposed to leave at 8:30am, however not everyone was there at that time, so we had to wait. We finally left at 10 am. Our new bus driver was Valentin. We left Graz, drove through the mountains towards Klagenfurt (Editor's Note: Klagenfurt was originally on our itinerary, but was dropped) then south to Italy. We drove through the Austrian-Italian border and then, we stopped in Travisio for lunch and shopping. This was the first time we saw squat toilets. Little did we know it wouldn't be the last. We were a little late leaving because some people had to wait for their food then run for the bus. Finally, we were off to Trieste. The mountains soon disappeared. Italy had rolling hills and the sun was shining. We drove south towards the Adriatic Sea (Editor's Note: another country that borders on the Adriatic is... Albania) then east to Trieste. Our hostel was across the street from the Adriatic Sea (which also borders... Albania - Editor). I stayed in the room of 18 girls. We had squat toilets, however there were some real ones upstairs. Once our beds were organized, a lot of us got our bathing suits on to go and have a swim. We went right in front of the hostel, over a gate, down to a cement breakwater. The water was cold, but many enjoyed its temperature; some even took off their suits and swam naked! (When in Rome... or Albania...) Poor Haley and Amy had a run-in with a couple of fierce, vicious sea urchins. Luckily, Magnus and Shane took the time to take them out (the urchin spines, that is... out of their feet). Just before dinner, two police officers came and told us that we were swimming in a military zone, and that if they caught us there at night, we would be shot on sight ("BoomBoom! You unnastan'a me?" were their exact words, I believe). We got the idea and never returned to that area of the beach. We had dinner at 7:30 pm at the hostel. It was very good. We had spaghetti, a mixed salad & veggies, and meat and peas. After dinner, everyone did their own thing. I walked down the shore and went to a cafe for dessert and drinks with nine others. We had fun trying to communicate to the waitress who only knew how to say "cat" and "dog" in English. I had a great time, especially because I was being treated for my birthday. Thank you everyone for the card. After dessert, we walked back to the hostel. I tried to stay up and write my journal, but I was too tired (among other things) so I went to bed. Good night.

Lisa Head - Thursday, May 7

**GRAZER
UNIVERSITÄTSSCHOR**
Chor der Karl-Franzens-Universität und der Erzhzog-Johann-Universität

präsentiert:

**Prima Youth Choir
Victoria-Canada**

**Mit Werken von
Puccini, Beethoven, Brahms,
Bruckner, Orff und Dvorak
sowie Komponisten des 20. Jahrhunderts**

**Mittwoch, 6. Mai, 20.00 Uhr
Meerscheinschlössl, Mozartgasse 3**

**Leitung:
Bruce More**

Karten an der Abendkasse
Preis öS 100,- / 60,-

Internet: www.kfunigraz.ac.at/unichor

Day 11: Venice

After what seemed to be a restful sleep for everyone on tour, most of us awoke for breakfast at 7:30 am. Refreshed and satisfied with our bread roll and cafe au lait, the bus headed out for Venice at 8:30 am. The sun kissed our cheeks and the wind blew in our hair while we waited for Valentin the bus driver. The busride to Venice took us through a myriad of beautiful landscapes, and the excitement built as we approached the city of canals - a magical city, a real-life fantasy land. "I can't believe we're in Italy and going to Venice" was the tour quote for the day. ITALY?!! Arriving in Venice at 11:00 am, we had all afternoon to explore the maze of canals, enjoy the Venetian glass, the hand-made lace, the elaborate masks and the museums and breathtaking cathedrals. While walking the alleyways in Venice, one can just imagine masquerading in a deep velvet cloak and a delicately-designed mask for the October festival. As we walked closer to the main attractions, the smell of pizza, fresh bread and the sweetness of waffle cones and Gelati caressed our nostrils. Upon approaching the Ponte Rialto and Piazza di San Marco, the overwhelming quality of architectural design and the personal touch that has been added to each balcony, window and shopfront are amazing! The amount of pedestrians rapidly multiply, indicating THE TOURIST ZONE!!! Despite the hustle and bustle of wide-eyed tourists, the magic of the Grand Canal took over and played "O solo mio!" on the strings of my heart. The Piazza di San Marco also deserves a quick mention. The live music from the various restaurants floats over the waves of people and pigeons, creating a Romantic ambiance. The Ducal Palace is an incredible building, ornately decorated in every room. The diversity between the richly designed ceilings, floors, fireplaces and the cold, dank and depressing dungeons brings to light the huge difference in human existence. While in Venice, a visit to La Finece (the opera house), the Arsenal and the leaning spiral staircase are also worthwhile. However, to simply roam the streets of Venice licking an ice-cream is a treat. Expecting to wait for lost Prima folk at the bus parking lot,

were were a full group again by 6:15. There were some unhappy and less rich people... 90,000 lire less rich... ouch! Nevertheless, after a hot (28°C) and exciting day, we were ready to sit down and eat some FOOD. After a brief rest in the bus, a group from Prima were ready to do some serious drinking! A perfect picnic with music, chocolate, nuts, Big Turks ("An orgasm in a wrapper" says Darryl) and, of course, ALCOHOL, was set up with an almost-full moon over the Adriatic Sea as a backdrop. A perfect way to end a perfect day!

Angela Tongue - Friday, May 8

Day 12: Llublyana

Got up, had stale roll, cubes of jam and butter and Café "Olé". Bus to Llublyana, went to main city square, 3 bridges, pink baroque church. Met Liz Novak's family - lot's of cousins & aunts, much enthusiasm, flower for everybody. Climbed the castle hill, great view, (not to mention workout). Checked out the market, had lunch on steps. Back on bus to Trieste Conservatory. Dressed, rehearsed, sang for a good sized and very enthusiastic audience, encores, complete call back. Bus to harbour, most of us got ripped-off for dinner. Without telling you, they charge individually for the bread (sticks and buns), tablecloths, napkins, plus a 20% service charge (that's not what they said but it's what they charged). Back to the hotel, more partying on the beach, many went swimming. Great day!!! (Written in haste in lieu of the jerk who didn't submit their diary for this day.)

Bruce More - Saturday, May 9

Conservatorio G. Tartini - Trieste

Piazza S. Marco 600790

Concerto Straordinario

Sala Tartini - ore 19.00

Sabato 9 maggio 1998

**CONCERTO
DEL CORO
DELL'UNIVERSITÀ
DI VICTORIA
(CANADA)**

Day 13: From Trieste to Munich

Today we sadly left Trieste, Italy and said goodbye to the obnoxious but beautiful Italian men. Luckily though, yes, we have the memories (such as swimming naked under the moonlight in the Adriatic off the coast of Italy)! Three countries in ONE DAY! Whew! On the road to our destination in Germany, we drove out through Italia, passed through Austria, on our way through the German countryside to the quaint little town of Forstern (on the outskirts of Munich). The sights were beautiful & were wonderfully accompanied by our back of the bus conversations & storytime from Cosmo! We made two stops in Austria, one for currency exchange & potty break, the other for lunch. For lunch we stopped at the most beautiful rest stop I've ever seen. We ate delicious food with a view of LUSCIOUS greenery accompanied by a backdrop of rolling hills leading up to the Swiss Alps... all this accentuated by the clear blue sky and shining sun! Off on the road again, we drove until we reached Forstern. We arrived at approx. 4:30 or so (I think) at which point we had a snack, played soccer, ate some sandwiches for dinner then got dressed for the concert. We were only some of the performers in the Mutterstag concert which doubled as a benefit for the local church (built in the 17th or 18th century) which was sadly in a state of disrepair. Our portion of the concert was extremely well received; a wonderful finale to a magnificent tour!

Gillian Stiles - Sunday, May 10

Day 14: Daytrip to Munich, then Party in Forstern!!

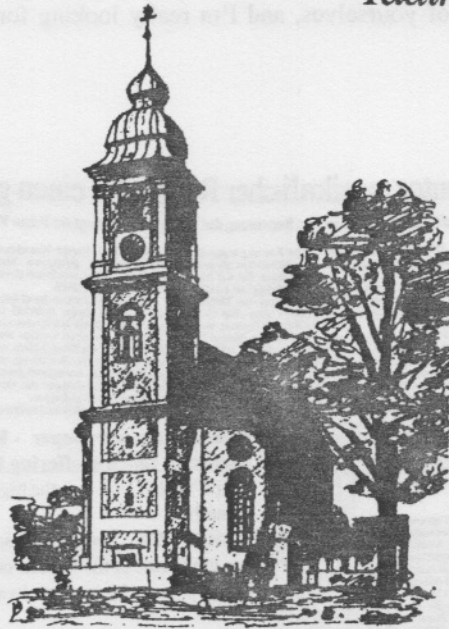
Got up late, made it to the bus with sandwiches in our hands and a big PHAT bottle of juice! The bus flew to Munich in under an hour. Everyone dispersed to beer gardens and educational entertainment. Kathy, Bruce, Alexis & I wandered aimlessly until we walked into a beautiful church. Most of the churches were newer because they had been bombed during the war. We wandered until we found an atlas, and got burned in the process. The atlas and a fuzzy animal was for the bus driver that flew us to Munich. We saw the Glockenspiel a few times which was thoroughly amazing. Eventually, Kathy & I lost Bruce and Alexis to the Museum. Kathy & I ended up getting beer & Sprite at one of the restaurants next to the Platz. We met some slimy men that wanted us to walk from Forstern to Munich so that we could go dancing with them. Eventually we made it out alive and back to the bus, flying once again back to Forstern in under an hour to get to the restaurant for our FINAL DINNER. Kathy... Dinner consisted of lots of tasty food, including vegetables... but no pancakes! We popped the champagne corks but nobody got hurt. After dinner, Gabrielle & Patrick tactfully presented us with our tour awards - some of which will probably result in people having some explaining to do to their parents... or boyfriends! When the awards wrapped up the drinking and merriment continued. Darryl hypnotized some of us and we performed for everybody's amusement. Afterwards Gabby, Alexis & I put that phat bottle of juice to good use with Alexis' bottle of Hungarian vodka. Soon our hosts came to pick us up (mine & Gabby's played the accordion for us) and home we went and off to sleep. That's where mine & Gabrielle's evening ended. Maybe others have more entertaining stories of their evenings?

Kathy Laughton & Gabrielle Warr - Monday, May 11

Day 15: Back home

Home, sweet home... well, not until we'd been crammed together for 11 or so hours on a plane... The morning started like any other Primatour morning, with the choir standing around at our designated meeting point waiting for the latecomers. Unfortunately, to my great embarrassment, I was one of them... luckily enough (for me, that is) there was a miscommunication between Bruce and the bus company, and the bus had yet to arrive. Several rather stressful minutes down the road, the bus arrived... the driver assured us that there was no problem getting us to the Munich airport on time...

*Benefizveranstaltung
zugunsten der
Renovierung
unserer Wallfahrtskirche
Maria Himmelfahrt
Tading*



BRUNNEN

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! Augh! 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

