



Knox Symphony Orchestra European Tour 2009

Between the many Kodak moments, there were also many experiences worth a mention on the Knox Symphony Orchestra's recent tour of Europe.

Arriving in Munich, we discovered that the beach culture there was thriving; everything from nude sunbaking on the shores of the Salzeck, to pro's riding the permanent breakers of the stormwater outlets.

With the aid of our bus driver, Johann Strauss, we arrived in Salzburg. And with a choir from Minnesota, dancers from Latvia, and an orchestra from Southern Italy, we opened the distinguished Cantus MM Music Festival in Salzburg's famous Mozarteum and resonated for a full six seconds in the colossal Salzburger Dom.

After a bout of cheeky European weather, the skies cleared and we set up in the Mirabel Gardens for a tricky outdoor gig. We drew a large crowd, mostly native chicks out for lead cello player Jakey G.

At dinner that night, the Italians conformed to all stereotypes and the Stiegel Keller, the restaurant rumoured to be the home of the Bierhall Putsch, was once again raving above Salzburg. Not to be beaten, Ms Irik ensured Australia still got a good wrap, and fully immersed herself in Austrian culture, breaking it down with Brice to some trad numbers. Inspired, we treated those European elitists to crushing rounds of the Flower of Scotland and Waltzing Matilda.

Outside of Vienna, we tried our luck as the Hapsburg's court jesters, entertaining a seriously impressed crowd at Schonbrun Palace. We crashed that night in the dark heart of Vienna, one Yr8 student forgetting, much to his later dismay, that his hotel minibar was not complementary.

The next morning we took a master class with Martin Kershbaum. Next month, he's conducting the New York Philharmonic.

In the small Czech town of Hodonin, the people weren't wealthy. The tourist dollar that floods Vienna had dried up well before this end of Europe. Surveying its spread from the council tower, we could pick out where the German's bombed, and where Stalin built. The mayor offered her daughter's to us Yr11's as future wives, and a grand 300 congregated in the Catholic Church, which cancelled its evening mass to hear us play. In this town, we had been advertised on radio, in the press, and on television, and we gave our best concert to the best audience.

In Prague, James Ferguson was drastically pick-pocketed walking across the Charles Bridge and luckily, he was quick to cancel all his cards. A river cruise on the Vltava, a steeple chase to the Castle, another brilliant master class with a Cellist formerly of the Czech Philharmonic and it was almost over. In the Church of St Simon and St Jude, once graced by the enigmas; Mozart and Hayden, we gave our final performance. That night, Ferguson's wallet was found on the bus.

Thank you to Mr Weeks for supporting this wonderful opportunity, and to the Music Dept staff for this tremendous Musical experience.

By Jack Clifford, Yr 11

