Preface

I was invited to Rumania. An invitation out of the blue. First would I be interested in spending an entire month in Bucharest? the scheduling being more or less at my own discretion. Secondly would I also be interested in attending workshop in September. This invitation must have been issued in January 2001, and I jumped at it.

I decided to take the train. In this way I would be able to stop off at a few places like Prague, Vienna, Budapest and Berlin. I checked schedules on the Internet, confirming that the whole thing was feasible. It turned out that such an extensive train trip would actually be cheaper would I purchase a railpass. This was something I did not realise was possible for middle-aged travellers, and not only for the young and innocent and the old and infirm. It was an extra bonus, which made my trip home take a bit longer than I had originally planned. An extra vacation out of the blue.

As usual a blow by blow account. A large part of it is taken up by visits to art museums, which may to some readers prove a pain. As usual I make no apologies.

Göteborg

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