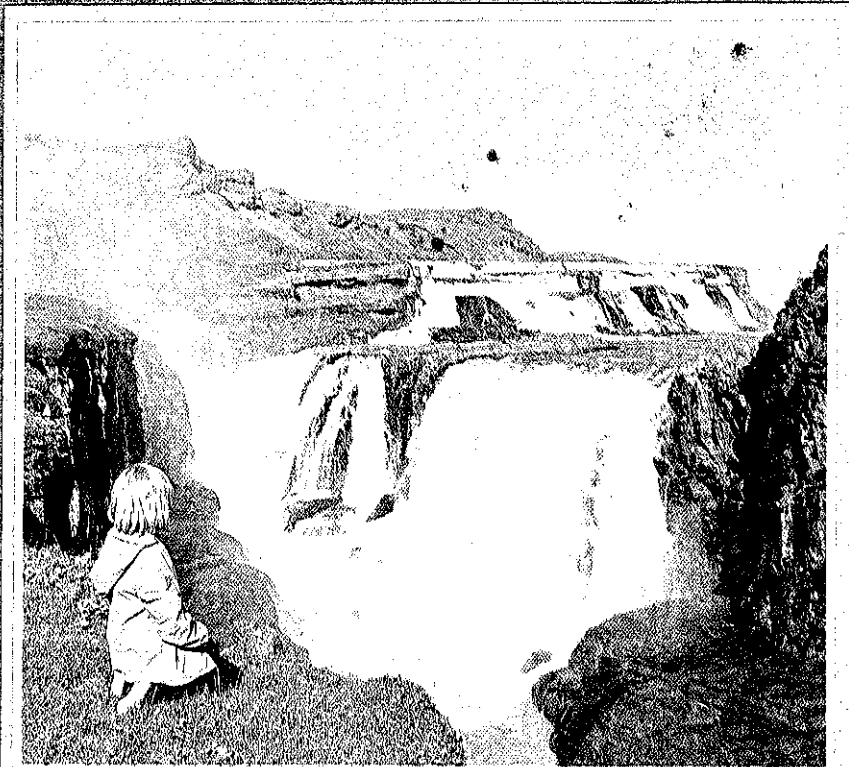


to Iceland

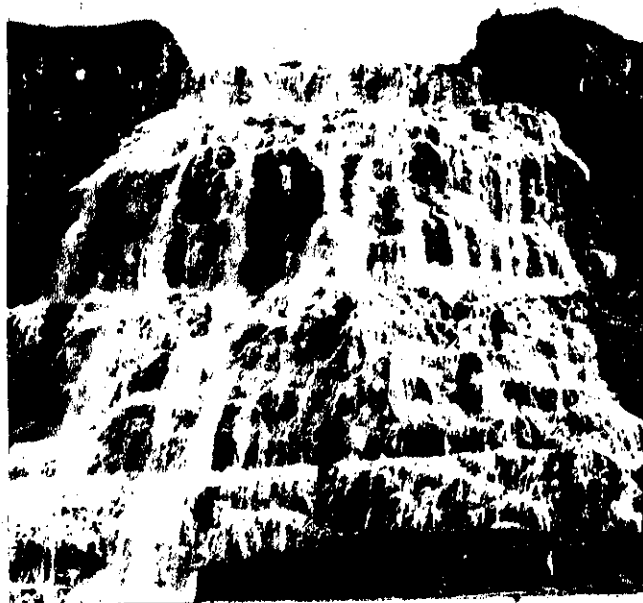


With MADS —
— 1968

from
Longship



ICELAND



MADS IN ICELAND

or the goings doings and comings
of the elizabethan madrigal sing
ers during their tour of iceland
june 26th to july 12th 1969

faithfully recorded by scribe
nigel waugh in his own blood on
paper and typed by h roberts very limited
aided and abetted in parts by j.m hearne

tour arranged by Reginald or was it Regibald Burgess
Enterprises
or was it enterprising burgess?>
or was it all a shot in the dark?
-it could'nt have been, the sun never went down

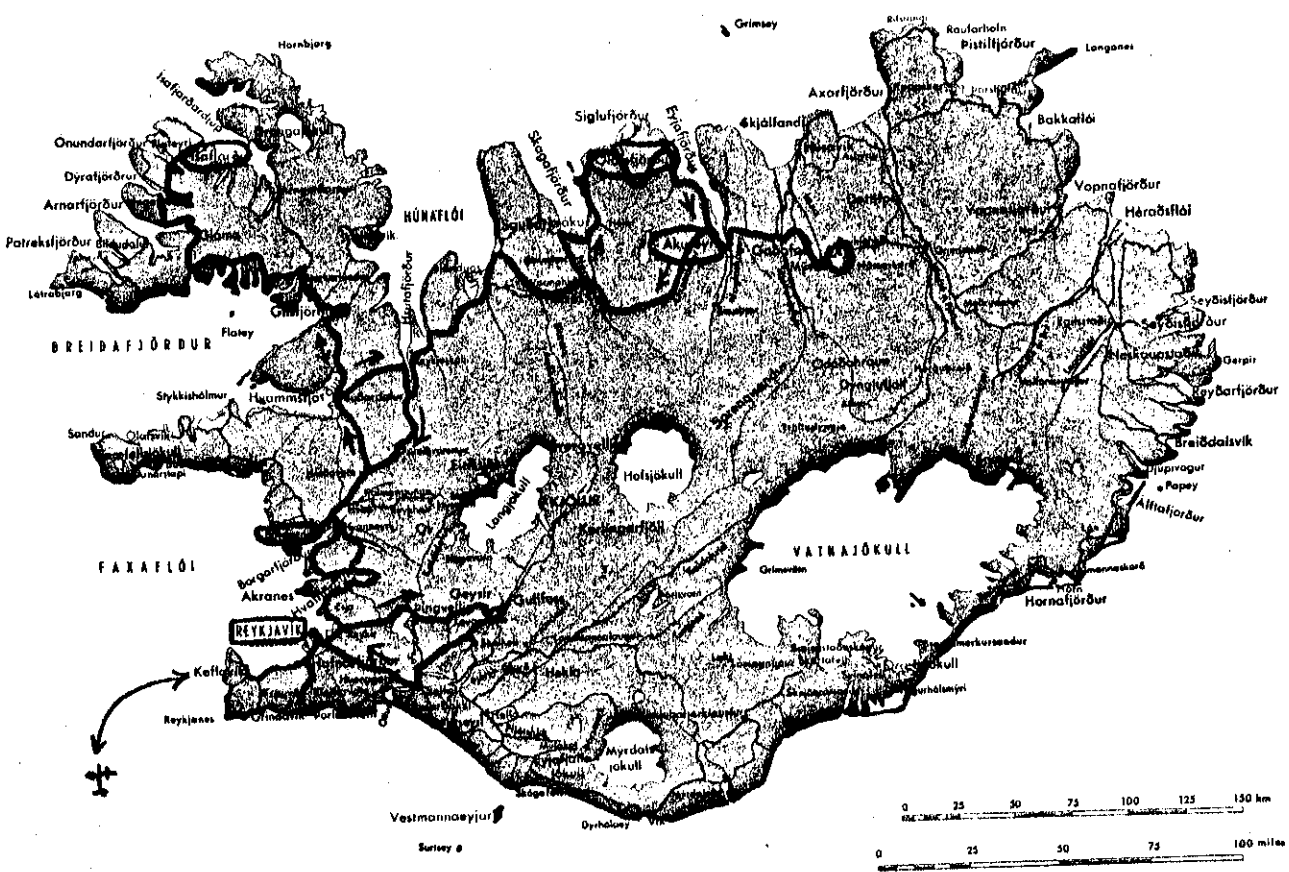
a private publication, published by the committe of the above society
printed by lithographic method by e.l. jones, printers of cardigan town.

Söngkór frá Wales syngur hérlandis



Í dag er væntanlegur hingað til lands söngkór frá Wales á Englandi, sem ber heitið The Elizabethan Madrigal Singers, og er í nánnum tengslum við Aðventistasöfnuðinn. Söngfólk-ið er frá „University College af Wales í Aberystwyth“ og í kórnum eru 20 manns. Í dag syngur kórinn á Elliheimilinu Grund kl. 3, en á morgun, laugardag kl. 8 í Aðventkirkjunni. Sunnudaginn syngja þau í Keflavíkurkirkju kl. 10.45 árdegis, og í kirkjunni á Keflavíkurflugvelli kl. 7 um kvöldið, og sama kvöld kl. 10.30 að Hótel Sögu. Síðar ráðgerir kórinn að ferðast út um land, m.a. til Vestfjarða. Söngstjóri kórsins er John Hearne.

The 1968 Tour of Iceland was arranged by Reg Burgess, an old friend (still!) of mine, who at that time was in charge of the Publishing Department of the Adventist Church in Iceland. Our route is shown in red on the map below. We gave concerts in the towns whose names are ringed. Above is some advance publicity from Iceland's leading daily paper (there are five!) which gave us excellent coverage during our two-week stay.



'Travel with them and understand them. Men show themselves on journeys.....'
(Old Moroccan Proverb)

Weds., June 26th

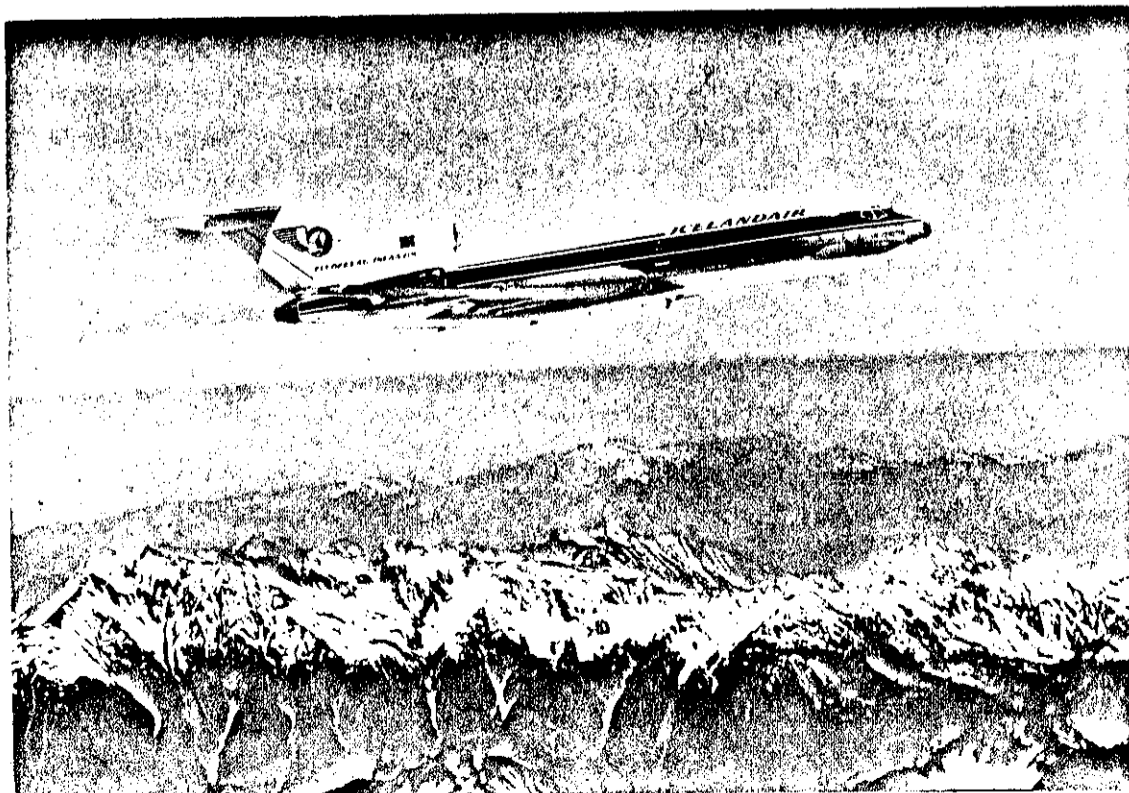
We left Aber. at 2 p.m., and just like last year, it was raining as we did so. The journey contained such exciting events as passing the spot where Liz Willock turned her car over - (a neat trick if you can do it), presenting Mr. Albinson with Judith's trunk (legs and arms to follow) and dropping Babs Hollinghurst, that well known B.A., at Preston. After this latter event the tour seemed assured of success!
We arrived at Kendal at 9.5p.m. - 5 minutes behind schedule ("What's wrong with Dai?"), had a meal in a steak bar and then repaired to our respective boarding houses. My landlady looked and talked just like Hilda Baker. Only Cynthia was missing.
It's also interesting to remember that premonitions of some impending disaster were rife among the more sensitive members!



Thurs. 27th Kendal - Glasgow - Keflavík - Reykjavík.....

'Yer a boiled egg, are yer....?' (landlady at breakfast to Caroline as she broke her fast)

We left at 9.45. The journey was uneventful, save for lunch just over the border - pie and chips. Certain members decide to take this opportunity to walk round saying 'Hoots Mon' but the mood soon passed. We arrived at Glasgow airport at 4pm - luggage duly weighed and no-one was found to be over-weight, quick snack then into the Boeing 727. And before you could say 'Is Hywel Roberts Anastasia?' we were airborne. The weather was perfect, the jet was everything a modern jet should be and the food that came round in 'TV snack trays' was first rate. Hostesses were all right an' all.





A few minutes before touching down at Keflavik airport, we flew over the new island of Surtsey, but nothing was happening (volcanically at least). We landed at 6.25 (2hr flight but we gained an hour) and we were whisked straightway to the American Armed Forces T.V. Station nearby. This served the NATO base there of 5000 personnel, and also broadcast radio programmes all over Iceland and as far as Greenland. It was a typical Yank reception 'Keep it informal - relax - you're on in 10 mins....' Commander John Rush (slightly the worse for a noggin or two or three or four even at a staff party) welcomed us, 'I play the recorder very well...' 'Now yer singing to the entire Defense Force of Iceland, - a very esoteric audience. But don't forget folks, there are real warm-hearted people behind those cameras'. Yet in spite of everything, - Yank organisation, singing in a tiny studio that 5 mins before that had been a news set, the programme - announced by roll of drums ('Tonight the Elizabethan Madrigal Singers - in concert') went very well. John explained where we came from and who we were and we sang for just over half an hour. One viewer said that it was the best thing she'd ever seen on Keflavik telly!





Enskj kórinn, sem hefur sungið hér á nokkrum stöðum að undanfögnu við góðar undirtektir kemur fram í sjónvarpinu að loknu sumarleyfi. Myndin var tekin við upptökuna í sjónvarpssal.

Hark, Saint
 A Madrigal
 Choir & Coll.
 Tours. Ce Neuf.
 Austria. Au Vely Bois.
 English. A pretty
 Bur bonny lass
 Fair phyllis.
~~Fygathea~~
 American.
 Tours Two Spitch.



Hearne had to be Narrator as well as Conductor for this appearance (above). And with no chance of rehearsal my "pace notes" had to be sketchy (left)!



The we were driven to Reykjavik 'down the main drag'. The landscape was more akin to a moonscape than anything else, flat strewn with huge boulders and covered in parts by moss. Barren but impressive. But as we learnt later this was not typical Icelandic scenery.....'We gave Keflavik to the Americans because Icelanders did not want it'

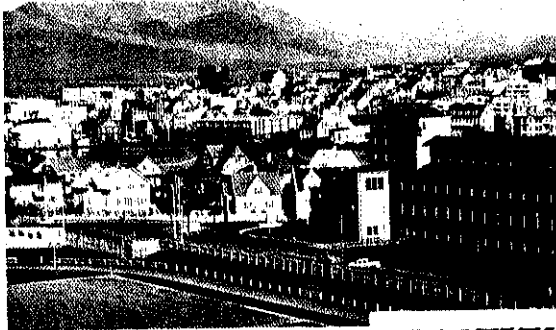
We were staying in an Adventist Church Hall - boys upstairs, girls downstairs. Unlike British church halls, this one was clean and modern with all mod. cons. We discovered that we had a very big and varied programme planned by Our Man in Iceland Reg

Burgess
First impressions of Iceland were very favourable indeed. Reykjavik is a smokeless city and the most northerly capital in the world. It was clean, modern, quiet, and perhaps most notable of all, the air was crisp and absolutely clean.

Nigel: How much do you put in the parking meter...?

Jackie: One Corona.....'

We lived over there...



Down the bottom of our road....

REYKJAVIK

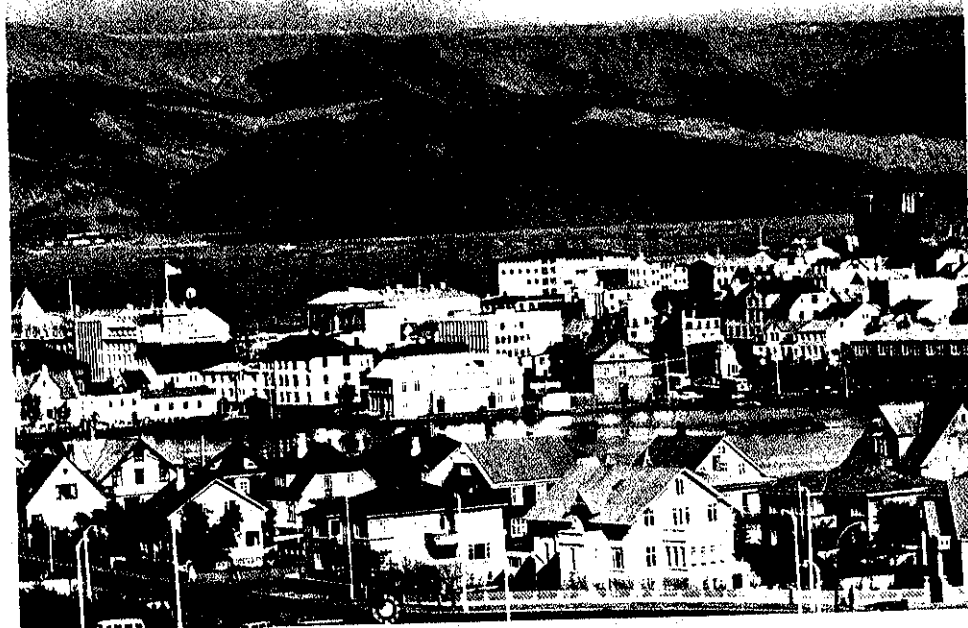
Reykjavik

REYKJAVIK — the capital of Iceland with a population of 90,000 has developed in half a century from a little township of 6,000 inhabitants into a modern metropolis, though a miniature one. It is the seat of Government and Parliament, and here you will also find the university, museums and art galleries, two theatres, ten cinemas, the main radio station, many secondary schools and colleges and two sports stadiums. There are several up-to-date hotels, restaurants and cafés. Reykjavik has a busy harbour and airport, and it is the main

centre of the country's trade and industry. It is the northernmost capital in the world and the only one heated with water from natural hot springs. The city is completely free from smoke and swimming-pools are also heated by natural hot water.

Reykjavik has a picturesque setting in a large bay surrounded by beautiful mountains. The mean temperature in July is about 52°F. and in January 30°F. The air is crystal-clear and invigorating.

Nothing special about the above except a rather charming misprint....



REYKJAVIK

views of Reykjavik...



Fri. 28th

It's a very funny experience you know, going to bed at midnight in broad daylight, rolling over at 2 p.m. and from between clenched eye-lids discovering it's still daylight. These ruddy foreigners can't do anything right. Still we arose sore but refreshed. Strange to have spent half the day at 31,000 feet and the rest at 2 inches (Reg's Friday Miracle was to have camp beds, lilies and mattresses for us by the evening!) We practiced a couple of Icelandic songs, with Óle Dýrmondsson, an Icelandic Aberystwyth student, correcting our pronunciation and we then had a short rehearsal in the Lutheran Cathedral, prior to a concert there the following week. Lunch was at a vegetarian restaurant, it offered food at a cheaper price for groups - by Icelandic standards anyway (10/-). The main dish consisted of sweet potatoes, jam and a prune. As Jackie said, at least we wouldn't catch scurvy from meat. (But for the rest, greenfly seemed assured.)

We then repaired to the National Museum of Iceland, where Judith invoked Icelandic wrath by touching a canoe.

Focus on Fact No. 1 : Did you know that in 1914, 90% of the population lived in turf huts? I learnt this from Johnny Hearne, who should know because he was there.... Moving on we gave a concert that afternoon in a nearby old people's home. The audience was very appreciative, if a little restless. We sang only moderately well but nobody noticed. A light tea followed (60 watts each) and the director of the home explained his policy of providing a worry-free old age for these old people, just as you need rest and relaxation after a hard day's work. He ended by thanking us for finding time for old people, just as he hoped someone would find time for us when WE are old. What a difference in outlook and policy to some of the dismal old people's homes in Britain.



Brezkur kór

Myndin hér að ofan er af brezkum söngflokki, madrigal kór frá Walesháskóla í Aberystwyth, en þessi kór kom hingað til landsins í gær og mun ferðast hér um og halda hljómsveit leika næstu tvær vikurnar. Kórinn er skipaður háskóla-stúdentum einum og söngstjór

inn er einnig úr hópi stúdenta. Undanfarin ár hefur kórinn ferðast víða um lönd og hefur hann sungið bæði vestan hafs og austan, en til Íslands hefur hann ekki komið fyrir en nú. Kór þessi nefnist á ensku The Elizabethan Madrigal Singers, en madrigalsöngur var tónlistarform, sem var einstætt í sinni röð og stóð í blóma tiltölulega skömmum tíma á sexánda öld. Madrigalsöngur er ekki ekká nema lítill kór syngi, og í upphafi voru aðeins tíu í þessum kór, en nú eru kórfélagarnir 21 af báðum kynjum.

Kórinn kemur fyrst frá héraði á landi á ellisheimilinu Grund í Reykjavík, en þar syngur hann í dag. Á morgun syngur kórinn í Adventkirkjunni í Reykjavík, en hann mun fara víða um land eins og fyrr segir.

Our evening meal was at the vegetarian restaurant again. A suðigæstur was round as many times as you like and as much grass as you can eat. Jenny Griffiths was growing horns and Liz Fulford was starting to moo.

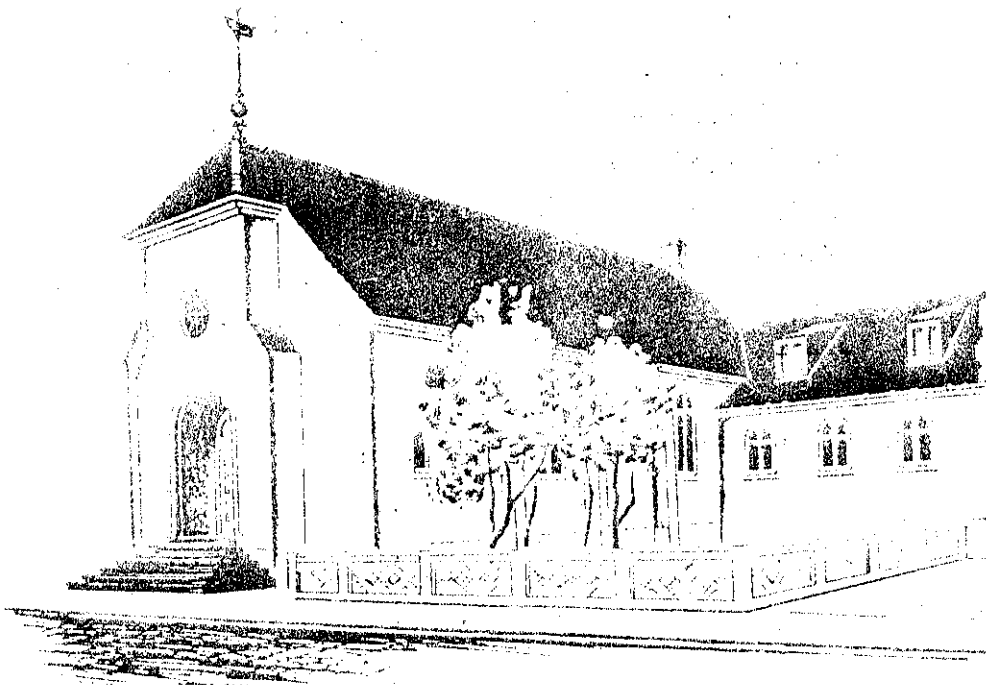
We managed a short practice afterwards, and then most of us went for a walk round town. John Hearne solemnly warned us that Icelandic couples do not usually show affection in public. But in private.....

Quotes of the day: 'get off my child-bearing hips' - Liz Fulford.
'do you need vind bags.....?' - Olé, meaning lilos, but looking menacingly at Rhion.....

Adventkirkjan Reykjavik



„Drottinn er í sínu heilaga musteri —
öll jörðin veri hljóð
fyrir honum!“



Programme of morning service in the Adventist Church in which we sang, and in which Reg preached, in English with quick-fire interpretation into Icelandic by Jon Jonsson, Principal of Adventist School in Iceland.

Sat. 29th

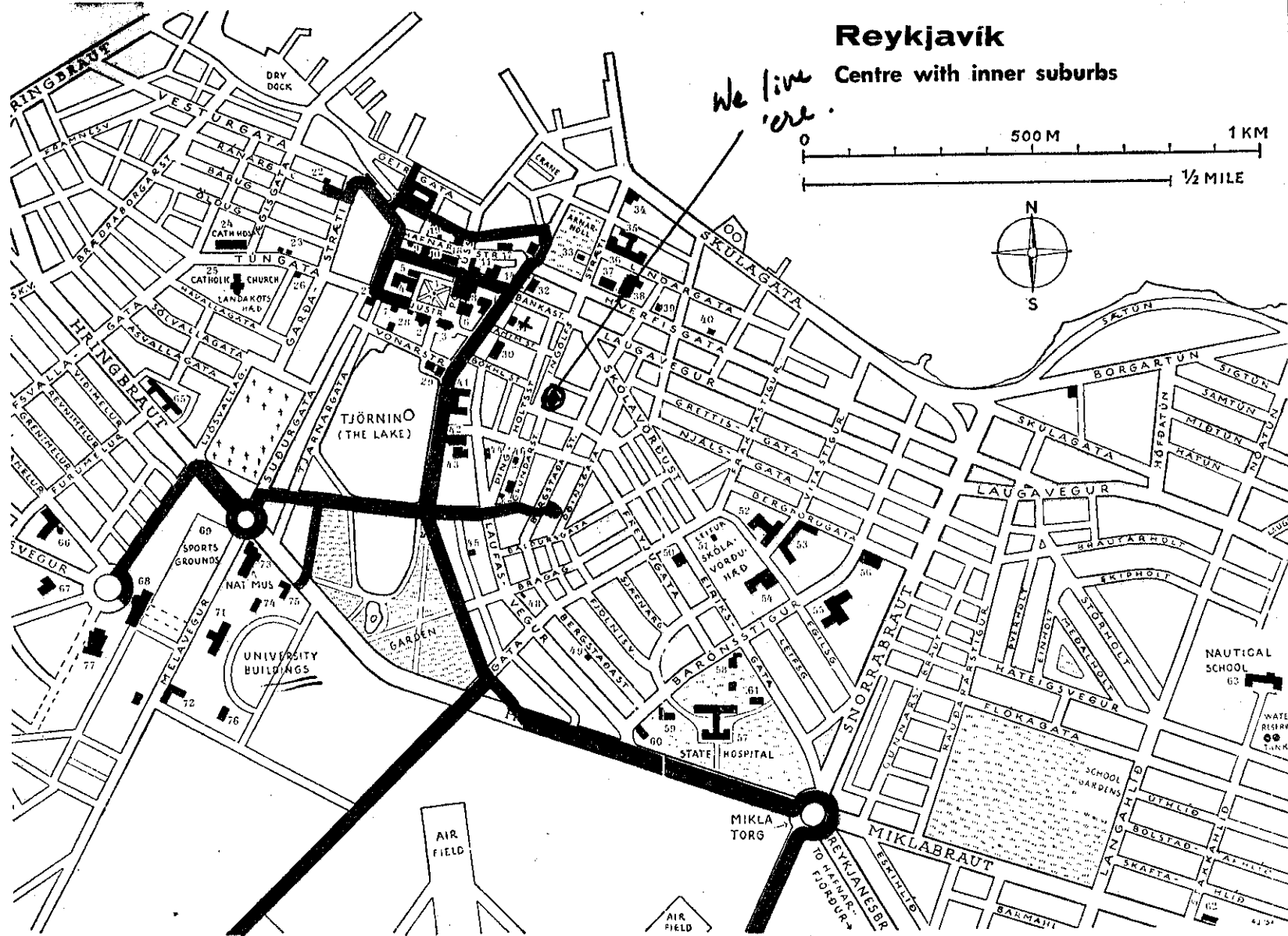
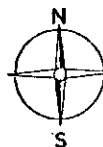
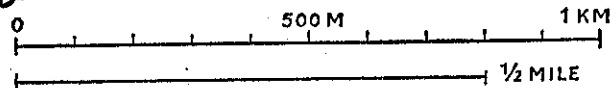
Reykjavik and to Kleifarvatn.

This being the Adventist sabbath we were up fairly early and had to clear our rooms ready for Children's School. Most of us went down to a nearby coffee house where a cup of coffee cost 2/-, but you could have a refill free. (This idea of 'second helpings' was not uncommon, one place gave us three bowls of soup each!) The woman behind the counter was very placid as was her helper and showed absolutely no surprise at what was to become a several-times-a-day invasion of 20 foreigners. Having sung Laudate and Aberystwyth at the Adventist service we all trooped off reluctantly to the 'vegy. restaurant. There is a word to describe that meal, BUT I can't spell it. Suffice it to say that we resolved to buy food ourselves and by the end of the next week the girls were just about managing to prepare a lovely bread and cheese lunch, with dried carrots as an option.

Reykjavik

Centre with inner suburbs

We live here.



Key to map

- | | | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|--|--|
| 1. Austurvöllur -Statue of Jón Sigurðsson | 14. Icelandic Airlines (Loffleiðir) | 24. French Embassy | 35. Federation of Icel. Co-operative Societies | 50. Gallery | 66. Primary School |
| 2. Parliament building | 15. Laekjartorg (city bus terminal) | 25. Landakotspítali (Catholic Hospital) | 36. Arnarhóll (Government Dept., Treasury, Supreme Court etc.) | 51. Museum of Einar Jónsson | 67. Neskirkja (Luth. church) |
| 3. Cathedral | 16. Baðstofan (Souvenir Dept. of Iceland Tourist Bureau) | 26. U.S.S.R. Embassy | 37. National Library | 52. Statue of Leif Ericson | 68. Hotel Saga |
| 4. Central Telephone & Telegraph Office | 17. B.S.I. (Cross country bus terminal) | 27. Catholic Church | 38. National Theatre | 53. Technical School | 69. Sports Grounds |
| 5. Stigtún, Restaurant | 18. Pan American Airways | 28. U.S.S.R. Embassy | 39. Danish Embassy | 54. Primary School | 70. University |
| 6. Hotel Borg | 19. Iceland Steamship Co. | 29. Salvation Army | 40. Norwegian Embassy | 55. Middle School | 71. University Gymnasium |
| 7. Hotel Skjaldbreið | 20. Steindór bus terminal | 30. Oddafellow building | 41. Primary School | 56. Health Centre | 72. National Museum & Art Gallery |
| 8. Municipal Offices | 21. Hafnarhús (State Shipping Dept., Customs Post Office, pilots etc.) | 31. Iðnað-theatre | 42. Free Church | 57. Swimming pool | 73. University Research Institute |
| 9. Agricultural Bank | 22. Naust (Restaurant) | 32. High School | 43. Glaumbær (Restaurant) | 58. National Hospital | 74. University Research Institute |
| 10. National Bank | 23. City Hotel | 33. Stjórnarráðshús (Foreign Ministry) | 44. U.S. Embassy | 59. University Research Institute - Blood Bank | 75. University hostel (Hotel Garður) |
| 11. Post Office, Police Station | 24. Embassy of Federal Republic of W. Germany | 34. Amarrhólstún - Statue of Ingólfur Arnarson | 45. Swedish Embassy | 60. Maternity Ward | 76. University hostel (new) (Hotel Garður Annex) |
| 12. Fisheries Bank | | 35. Iceland Tourist Bureau (Ferðaskrifstofa ríkisins) head office | 46. Municipal Library | 61. Teachers' Training College | 77. Háskólabíó Auditorium & Cinema |
| 13. Icelandair (Flugfélag Isl.) | | 36. Stjórnarráðshús (Foreign Ministry) | 47. Commercial School | 62. Lidó (Restaurant) | |
| | | 37. Iceland Fisheries Association, State Radio. | 48. British Embassy | 63. Nautical School | |
| | | | 49. Asgrímur Jónsson | 64. Municipal Offices | |
| | | | | 65. Old Folks' Home | |

After lunch, Reg and some of his friends took us for a car trip. First stop were the hot water tanks on a hill outside the city. Natural hot water is pumped up to these tanks and is then gravity fed into the houses in the capital.

Moving on, we came to the President's House and church, standing alone in a rather desolate spot across the bay from Reykjavik. A quick 'Laudate' in the Church and then a drive over our first typical Icelandic main road - an unmade dust track. The snow covers them every winter anyway, so when the spring comes, the Iceland authorities just drive a bulldozer more or less along the line of the old road and there you are. And some of these roads make driving up Consti look easy. Anyway, off we went, bowling along like Winnie the Pooh falling downstairs until we reached Lake Kleifarvatn.

The scenery was little less than weird. The steam rushing out of a pipe and shooting up the side of a hill with a noise like 2 million bunsen-burners-with-the-holes-open, was a little more than weird. Crossing boiling streams on wooden planks was a bit of a laugh. Falling in would probably have been a riot. A little farther on we came to one of the few places in Iceland where you can find lava eggs, - lumps of lava which have rolled down the side of a volcano, and for some reason I'm not sure about (q.v. J. Hicks) the inside cools a lot slower than the outside and is thus of a different colour. Anyway, we found several and in due course lugged them back to England, - sorry Britain.



Back in Reykjavík, we gave a concert in the Adventist Church but partly because we had had a day out and partly because we were very cramped on the rostrum we did'nt give a very good one. The audience sat there stone-faced, but we were told later that this was just Icelandic initial Reserve, and that inside the impassive exterior, they were bouncing about like mad. Anyway that's what Reg said but he might well have been at the communion wine again.

We had an early night (about 1.30 a.m.) but the sun was still up, -
(You'd think they'd do something about it really....)

Sun. June 30th. Reykjavik to Keflavik... and the NATO base.

At 9 a.m. we left sans breakfast, to Keflavik for a concert at the Base. Luckily the chaplain had 'cookies' and coffee ready and waiting and at 11 we sang Laudate, Lumen and Psallite at Morning Service. This was typically American, but very well presented nonetheless - they had programmes for example, although the Service was not a special one. 'The widow losing her mite' said the Chaplain, 'is like a woman today losing her contact lenses...' (You could've fooled me). The most notable thing or feature of the service was the fact that all hymns were taken in Ragtime



OFFERINGS
Chapel \$134.84
Sunday School \$19.49

Sunday

We are again taking orders for the Concordia Sex Education Books. To order or for more information, please call the Chaplains' Office, 4111 or 2111.

The Madrigal Singers from the University of Wales will present a concert in the Chapel on Sunday, 30 June, at 7:30 P.M. Everyone is invited to attend this concert. They are also scheduled to sing during the Sunday morning Church Service on the same day.

We thought our advance publicity was very well placed...!

We want to thank the OWC for beautifying our Chapel grounds by planting flowers in our flower beds.

PROTESTANT DIVINE SERVICE
STATION CHAPEL
KEFLAVIK, ICELAND

30 June 1968 The Third Sunday After Trinity 1045

The Organ Prelude Organist

The Call to Worship

*The Hymn "Come, Thou Almighty King" No. 237

*The Call to Confession

*The General Confession

Almighty and most merciful Father; We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us miserable offenders. Spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore thou those who are penitent; according to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And Grant, O Most merciful Father, for His sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life. To the glory of thy holy Name. AMEN

*The Prayer for Pardon and Forgiveness

*Chaplain: Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me;

*Congregation: For I am desolate and afflicted.

*Chaplain: Look upon mine affliction and my pain;

*Congregation: And forgive all my sins.

*Chaplain: Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul;

*Congregation: O my God, I trust in thee, let me not be ashamed.

*The Gloria Patri No. 420

*The Affirmation of Faith "The Apostles Creed"

The Anthem *Ballade* Madrigal Singers
Lumen

The Old Testament Lesson

Isaiah 12:1-6

The Epistle Lesson

1 Peter 5:6-11

The Anthem *Laudate* Madrigal Singers

*The Gospel Lesson Luke 15:1-10

The Offertory

The Doxology

*The Sermon Hymn "The Church's One Foundation" No. 340

The Sermon "The King's Invitation" Chaplain Henriksen

*The Hymn "More Love to Thee, O Christ" No. 322

*The Closing Prayers Chaplain

*The Closing Hymn "Eternal Father, Strong to Save" No. 399

*The Benediction and Choral Response

*Your Silent Prayers

*The Organ Postlude

(*Indicates the Congregation will please stand.)

ACOLYTES

CRUCIFER

C. Harbison

F. Coffman

B. Miller

The nursery is open at 0900 every Sunday for ALL pre-school children.

We are taking orders for the Concordia Sex Education Books. To order or for more information, please call the Chaplains' Office, 4111 or 2111

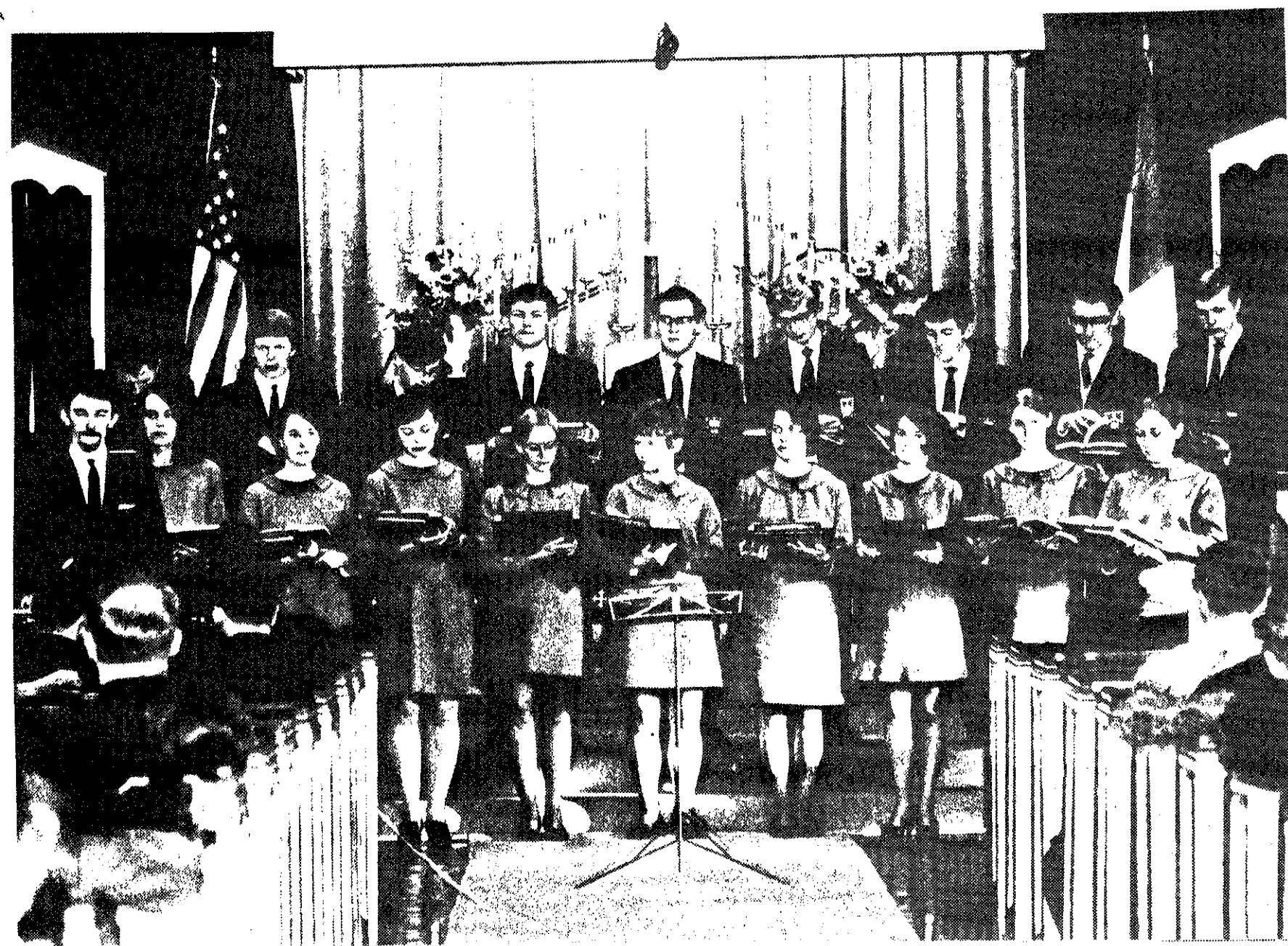
The Senior Choir will be on vacation during the month of July. We shall have special music each Sunday.

There will be a Bible School from 5-16 August for 3 to 13 year olds

After the service we were taken to the Officer's Mess for lunch, escorted by the Chaplain's charming daughter. Having eaten our brunch, gully gully and eggs-sunny-side-up (all of which tasted rather better than their names), we moved into a lecture room for a talk by Commander John Rush on the 'Role of NATO and the Iceland Defense Force'. For the first hour he briefed us, then we briefed him. Discussion varied from Vietnam to weather forecasting ('our boys are right 95% of the time, - it's that 5% that kills me') to - what a surprise, Welsh Nationalism, which he'd never heard of. Well he's heard of it now! By the time Wyn and Rhion had finished - about 4 hours later, he was on the verge of sending American Advisers to aid the FWA.

His performance as a P.R. man was impressive, although as an Interpol student I thought his interpretation and choice of facts a bit suspect. Still, the more gullible 99% of Mads was soon swayed and came out shouting 'All the way with L.B.J.'

Then we were taken on a short tour of the base - into a P4 anti-submarine aeroplane for example. (In the cockpit actually, which ruffled Judy and Sue because it seemed inevitable that the wrong button would be pressed sooner or later on such a complicated control panel, and we had yet to fly back to Glasgow.) Next stop was the weather station and satellite tracking station. All the staff were keen to show us round and made us feel quite privileged. We returned to the Mess (Mike Roberts made it, let him clear it up) for a candlelight supper (during which Jackie 'waxed' eloquent, flamed into life and got on everybody's 'wick' HA, HA,...) This was rather a special one because it was the last of the session. The buffet was superb - a good job we had an hour before the concert!



At 7.30 we sang in the chapel again. We concentrated hard, sang pretty well and the Yanks loved it - despite Hywel changing key frequently in 'O Lord I don don! (For which his resignation as Spiritual Solos Man was requested) We had a reception at the Youth Center afterwards, where an American ex-madrival choir, just arrived from the States, loved us and invited us for a concert in the States next year. We were presented with cake and nuts as we left and that well-known phenomenon - Yank Gush - poured everywhere. But we had really enjoyed ourselves.

By 10 o'clock we were in the Hotel Saga - biggest and best hotel in Iceland. We danced until enough people had come in from watching the Presidential elections, and then we stood on the stage to perform, the stage came up to meet us and on this circular stage Mads became a Cabaret act for the first time in its long and illustrious history. Both our singing and the floor went down very well, but the strip show eagerly expected did not materialize. We finished off with 'Good Night Ladies' and then danced on until 2 p.m.

Highlight 1: Judy being grabbed by a drunk for 2 dances, with an option (apparently to be taken up at his discretion) on 20 more. She was rescued.

Highlight 2: Every girl in Mads being dragged in turn on to the dance floor by our own, very own - Speedy Gonzalez Hicks. And just to prove that the Hicks is faster than the human eye, he averaged 50 circuits of the floor to other couples' one, and his partners' two. He sows on all his own sequins....

Quote : (as numbers of willing partners dwindled) 'Everyone but me's had enough, so I might as well knock it off.. (JTH)

Monday July 1st

Reykjavik and to Ole's

Rose late (so was the daffodil). Desultory activities - shirt washing, sock shooting, underwear chasing, having our own buffet lunch (very nice too). Then after a short rehearsal, some went swimming and the rest souvenir gazing. With 300 k. a minimum what else could you do but gaze?

In the evening we went to Ole's parents' house on the outskirts of the city. We went by bus. You got in at the front and out of the middle and dropped your prepaid ticket into a sort of ash-tray by the driver. Very efficient really, and the Icelanders are trustworthy...

We spent a very enjoyable evening with Ole and his family; well put free fodder in front of Mads and any evening is enjoyable. We left at midnight and chatted into the small hours. As you will have realized this was a day off.

A few snippets of conversation heard during the day, taken out of context and faithfully recorded by Scribe Waugh

'It's a foot longer than I thought it was.... (Jackie)

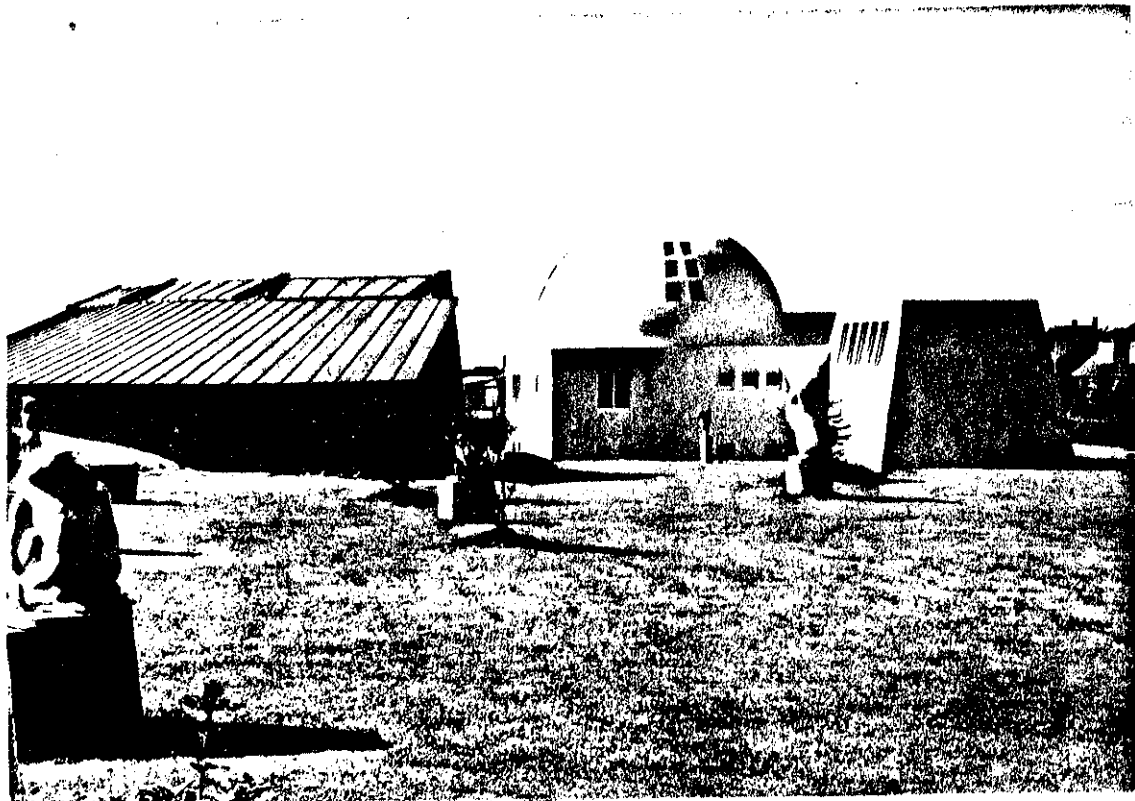
'It's a sad feeling to see this thing dangling in front of you (J. Hearne)

'Would you let my underwear down please? (Jackie)

Proving once again that it's all in the mind, and if it's not there, where the hell IS IT.....

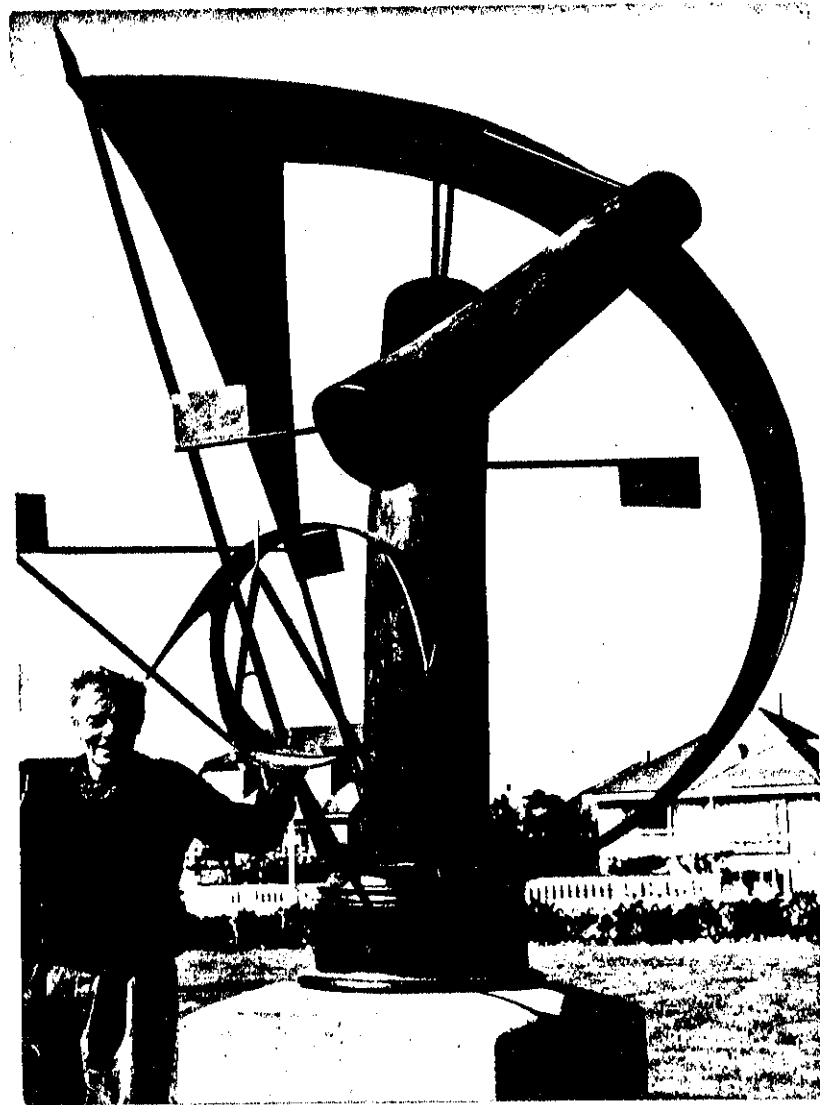
JH:

During the afternoon I was entertained by one of the leading Icelandic composers, Jón Ásgeirsson. He is Music Lecturer at the Teacher Training College in Reykjavik and took me to see this very fine building. He also took me to visit the Icelandic Music Information Center. Here a couple of composers and a writer were celebrating the news of the election of Kristján Eldjárn as the new President of the Republic of Iceland. After coffee at a nice cafe in town, Jón took me to his house to see some of his books and music, and then we went to visit the sculptor Ásmundur Sveinsson at his home and studio. This charming old character showed us round the studio and talked about his work, and Jón bought a set of transparencies of some of his works for me. The old man also autographed two of the postcards (see opposite page) for me. I felt very honoured.



THE ICELANDIC SCULPTOR ASMUNDUR SVEINSSON

It has been said of the Icelandic sculptor Asmundur Sveinsson that he stepped right out of the heathen times of the Sagas into the very light of modern day. In a sense this is true, both of his life and art. Born in 1893 on a remote farm in the western dales of Iceland, reared to become a farmer himself, his strong urge to art soon brought him into contact with the most modern movements of his day, studying under the great Swedish expressionist Carl Milles in Stockholm and later working side by side with some of the most daring cubistic sculptors in Paris. In the same way his work is twined of motives from ancient folklore and mythology and a totally fresh conception of material and form. Thus Sveinsson is at the same time an international modernist and an Icelander, deeply rooted in the cultural traditions of his country.



Tues, Jul 2nd

Reykjavik and the British Embassy folks!!!

Our leaders J.H. and H.R. were interviewed by the main Icelandic newspaper, Morgun-bladdidd and had their pictures taken (Publish and be damned!) The rest courted or shopped or went to the park where Reg gad assured us that Icelandic girls sunbathed in their underwear. In spite of diligent observations, only one very large, middle-aged lady, fully clothed, could be found.

Focus on fact No. 1 : it is very easy to sunburn in Iceland because the sunlight is not diffused.....

After a while, several drunks surrounded John, Graeme and myself, so we left. Strange that drunkenness should be a problem among the Icelanders. There are strong restrictions, but then again, they drink strong liquor. Still they're usually friendly when drunk.

In the evening we had a reception at the home of the British Ambassador - a Mr. Macloud, who fancied himself as a bit of a Scot (his conversation was littered with 'och ayes') but came from Birmingham - and his huge wife complete with fag hanging from the corner of her mouth suitably hidden by depths of make-up. Never had that sort of thing in the Raj, dash it!

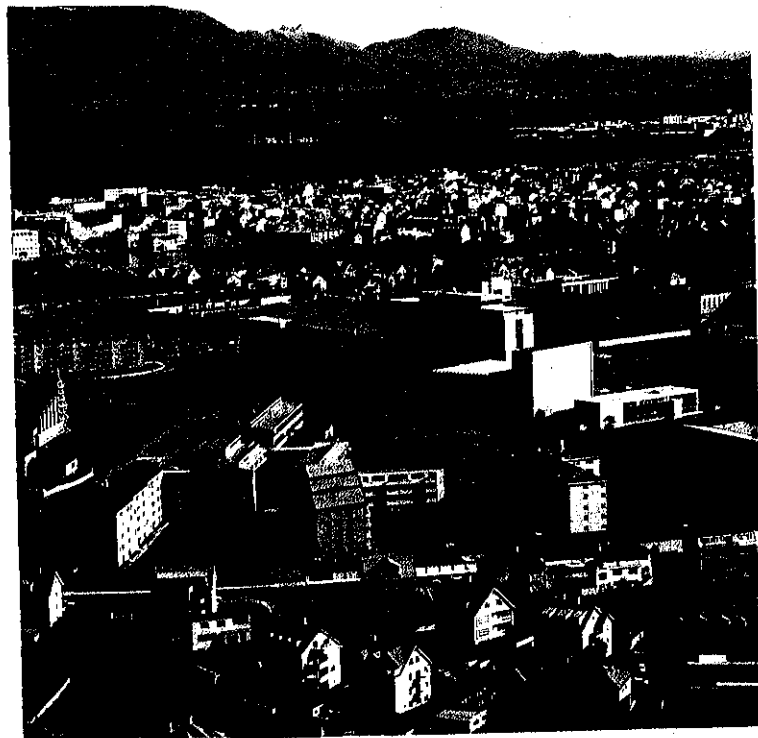
Anyway, polite conversation was made for two hours. Several top people were there, including Thirston, an ex opera singer who knew Redvers Llewellyn. Jenny distinguished herself by dropping a savoury biscuit on Mrs. Ambassadors' foot, and Nigel by nearly dropping his glasses in the toilet and in the momentary panic that followed, messing the floor. Blame it all on McEwan's Export and Scotch. Conversation followed conversation, tray of drinks followed tray of drinks and by half 7 the company waas very merry. We were asked to sing. Amazing how difficult it is to sing Fa la la la la when you've had a couple. Still the audience enjoyed it and was as bad as we were, except for Reg, who stood giggling behind an archway. We finished with 'Guide me oh thou great Jehovah' at which the Ambassador recalled the dark days of the 1930's and started to cry. Quite something to tell our grandchildren ' our singing made the British Ambassador weep '

We left.

By 10.30 we were sober enough to be shown slides of places we would be visiting, and Reg told some of his notorious, dubious jokes. Then we all had a piece of his birthday cake. He wears well for a man of 73. (the President was so drunk he lit all the candles with one breath.)

We all slept very soundly.

JH: Also present at the Reception at the Embassy were Ingolfur Gudhbraðsson, Conductor of the Icelandic Polyphonic Choir, and Dr. Robert Ottþsson, Head of Church Music in Iceland and one of the country's leading musicians. When I mentioned to him that I was interested in Iceland and would like to work there, a conversation developed that was to have far-reaching consequences.



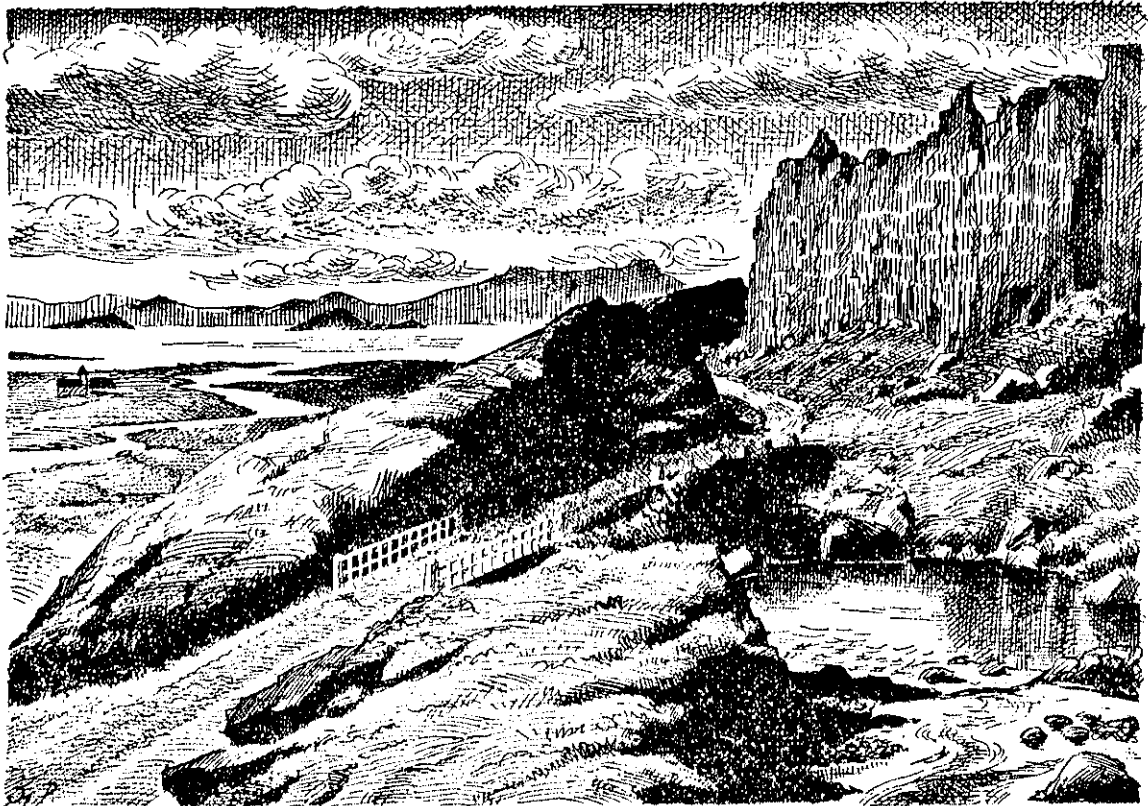
Weds., July 3rd

Reykjavik - Thingvellir - Geysir - Gullfoss - Hveragerddi

The day dawned bright and fair and at 10.30 we left on a coach tour of some of the sights which we could take in on a day trip. First step was to Thingvellir - the original law giving rock of the Althing, the oldest Parliament in the world

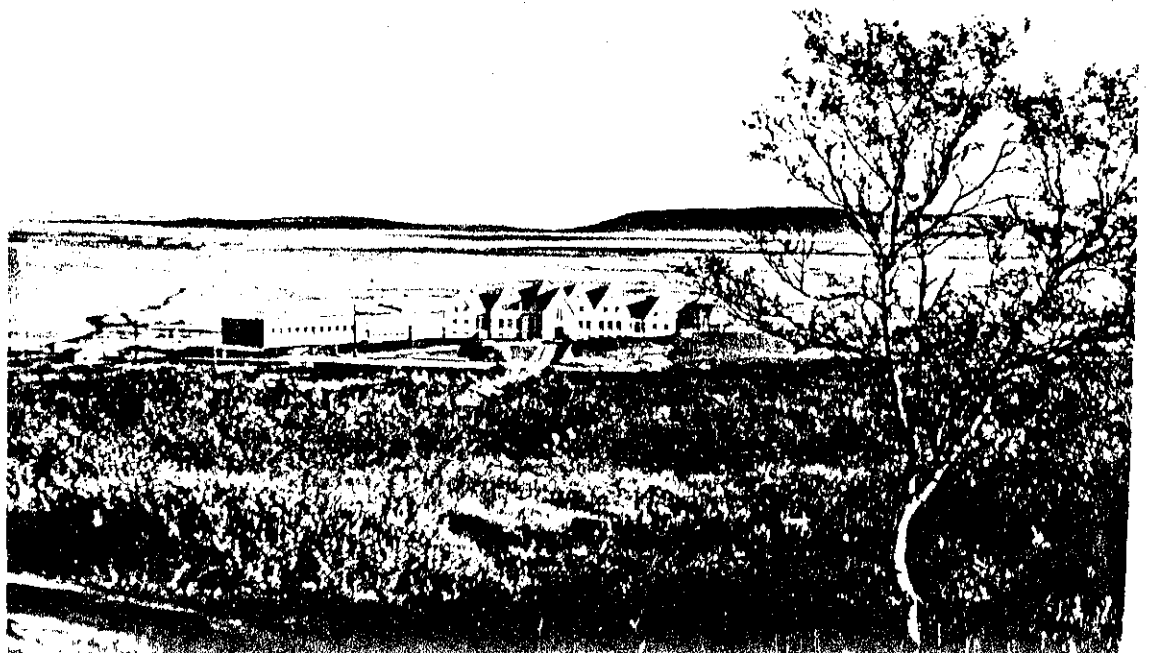
The air here was wonderfully clear and the singularly fine views prompted us to take many photos.

From here we travelled on a "summer road", a twisting dirt-track which is bulldozed out every spring. We stopped to look at some caves which had been lived in quite recently, and from here could see Mount Hekla away in the distance.



TINGVELLIR OG ALMANNAGJA.

Laugarvatn, a high-school and summer hotel, between Thingvellir and Geysir.

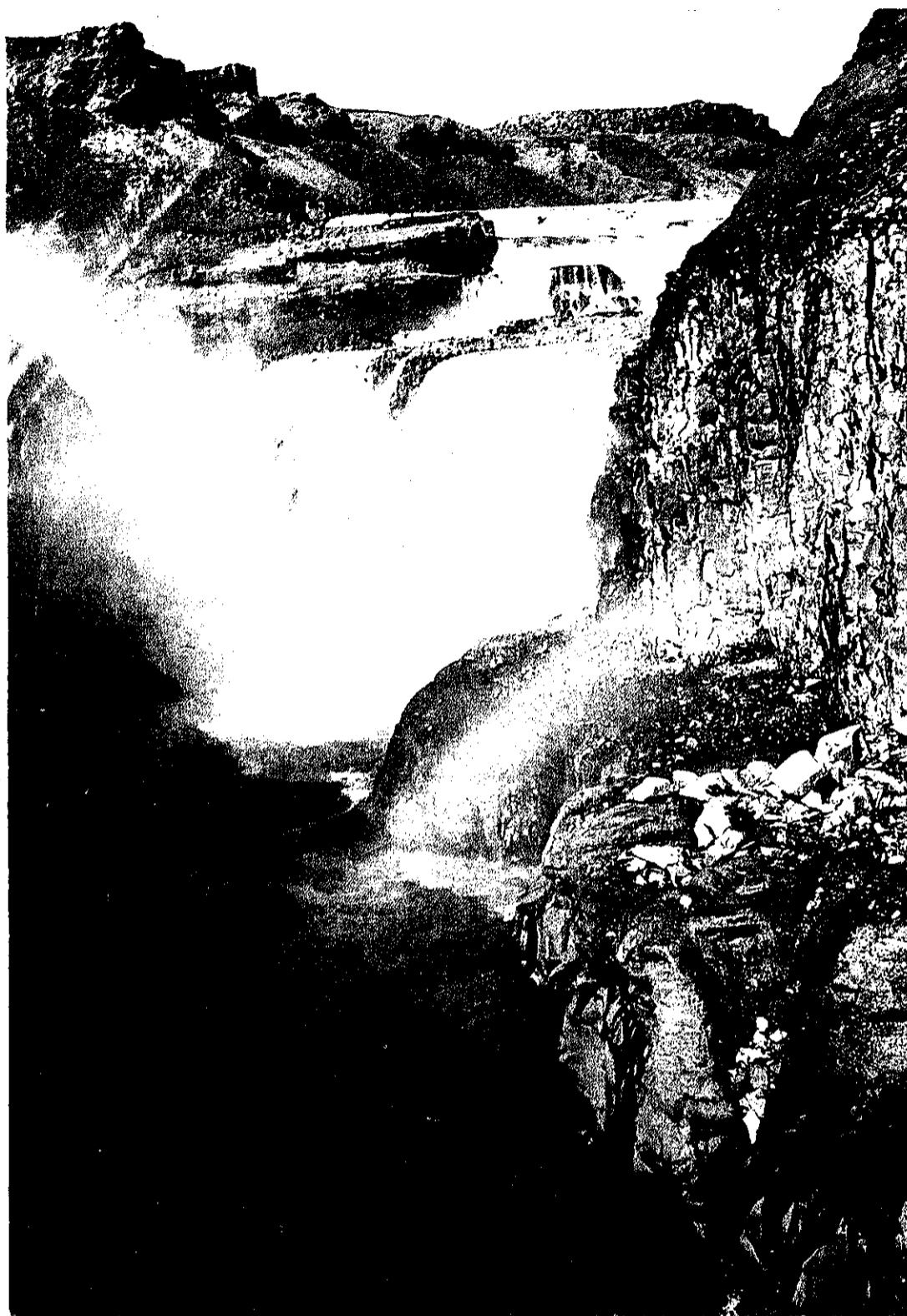


We rode on to Geysir - the geyser from which all others derive their name. It was very disappointing to hear that the original no longer works. Clever Man found out that he could make it work more often by pouring in soap powder and now the thing's bunged up with Fairy Snow. But another geyser was working and going up about every 10 minutes, and was really a magnificent sight. All around were little bubbling pools and things, and a heavy smell of sulphur was everywhere.



Strokkur is the Great Geysir's little brother.

After lunch, oh those horrible sweet potatoes, we rode on to Gullfoss, The Golden Waterfall. This was perhaps one of the most memorable sights in Iceland, although other choir members might disagree. We stayed for nearly two hours, photo-graphing or just watching this wonderful sight.



Rivers and waterfalls

Iceland is also a land of rivers and waterfalls, some of them impressive in size and beauty. These rapid and powerful rivers sometimes run peacefully, though with a latent strength, through fertile plains, sometimes rush down into thunderous falls. At some points where the rivers drop down from the highlands magnificent and beautiful waterfalls are to be seen. The most famous of these, perhaps, is Gullfoss, the Golden Falls. The spectacle of this huge waterfall, sparkling with all the colours of the rainbow as the sun strikes the spray which rises from it, is indeed a splendid sight. But Dettifoss in the north of Iceland is undoubtedly the most impressive of all waterfalls in Europe.

Published by
Ferðaskrifstofa Ríkisins
(Iceland State Tourist Bureau)
Reykjavik

Distributed by:

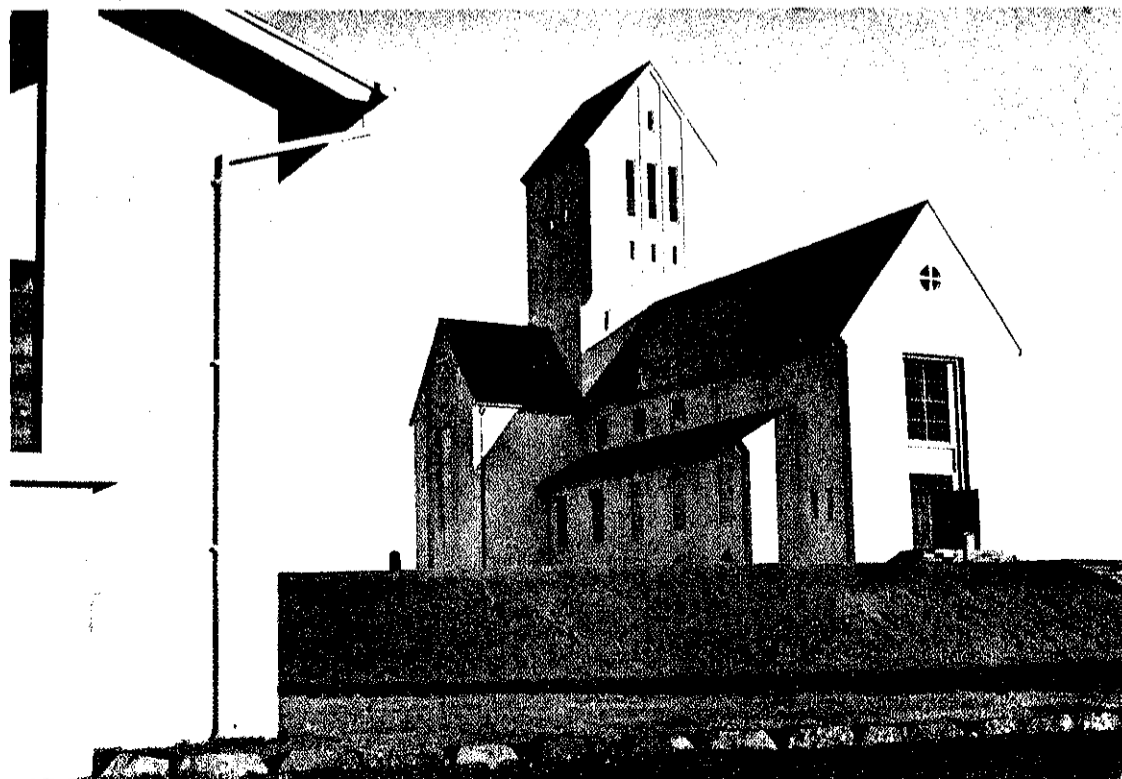


ICELANDAIR

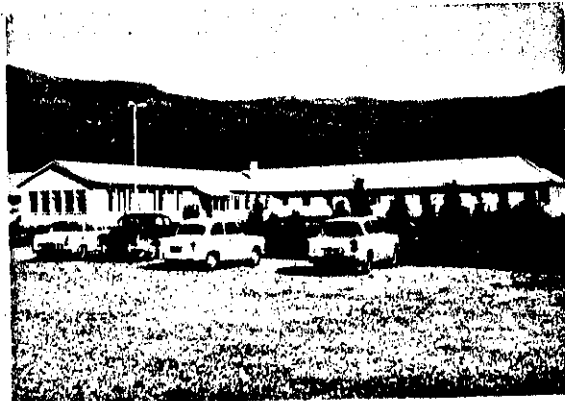
14: After leaving Gullfoss, (where Nigel omitted to mention that he found what he THOUGHT was a lava egg, only to find that a sheep had put it there!) we stopped to visit Skalholt.

This new Cathedral was dedicated in 1963, on the site of the first episcopal seat in Iceland (A.D. 1056); it was also a centre of education and cultural activities.

We looked in at the Cathedral, which has splendid acoustics, and sang "Si ch'io vorrei" just for fun; and then came out through the ancient burial vaults.



Then we went, pausing to look at a huge volcanic crater - of interest because it only erupted once and is now full of water. Our last stop was at Hveragerddi, a town that exists because of the hot springs that spring up there, some people bake bread in little steam holes at the end of the garden, and we found green-houses full of semi-tropical fruits and plants. All sorts of fruits and veg. are grown. Little spurts of steam appear everywhere, even in the middle of the road.



Nearly a nasty international incident when we tried to get food and buy a meal We entered a cafe to find The Treasurer, Mike Roberts waving his wallet in the face of a young waitress and saying 'How much, how much..?!!! ' He was restrained with difficulty. Ole came to the rescue and soon we had had 3 bowls of soup each, cheese, bread meat etc. all cheaper if we buttered the bread ourselves afterwards. So a wonderful day out came to an end. Tomorrow work !



The Elizabethan Madrigal Singers.

Kynnur stúdentakór frá Wales syngur hér

Um þessar mundir er staddur hér á landi stúdentakór frá University College at Aberystwyth í Wales og nefnist hann The Elizabethan Madrigal Singers. Kórinn var stofnaður 1951, og voru upphaflega aðeins í honum 10 manns en nú er söngfólklið um 20 að tölu. Var kórinn beinlínis til þess stofnaður að flytja enska Madrigal-tónlist, sem stóð með mestum blóma á 16. öld og er sérstætt tónlistarfyrirbrigði. Er kórinn aðlið skipaður stúdent-

um eingöngu og stjórnandinn jafnframt nemandi í tónlist. Heltir núverandi stjórnandi kórsins John Hearne.

Kórinn kom hingað til lands í síðustu viku og hefur m. a. sungið á Elliheilmilinu Grund og víðar hér í Reykjavík. Í kvöld kl. 8.30 mun kórinn svo syngja í Kópavogskirkju og á föstudagskvöld syngur hann í Dómkirkjunni kl. 8.

Þá mun kórinn ferðast út á land og m.a. halda tónleika í

Borgarnesi, á Ísafirði, Ólafsfirði og Akureyri. Heldur kórinn heimleiðis hédan eftur 30. júlí.

The Elizabethan Madrigal Singers hefur mörg undanfarið sumur farið í söngferðalag til annarra landa, svo sem til Þýskalands, Bandaríkjanna og Kanada tvisvar, Sovétríkjanna, Ítalíu, Austurríkis og Sviss' en auk þess hefur hann ferðast um í heimalandi sínu, sungið þar í útbærp og sjónverp og tekið þátt í tónlistarátöllum.

More publicity from Morgunblaðið, from Thursday July 4. By now people were beginning to recognize us in the street. We felt very important!

Thurs. July 4th

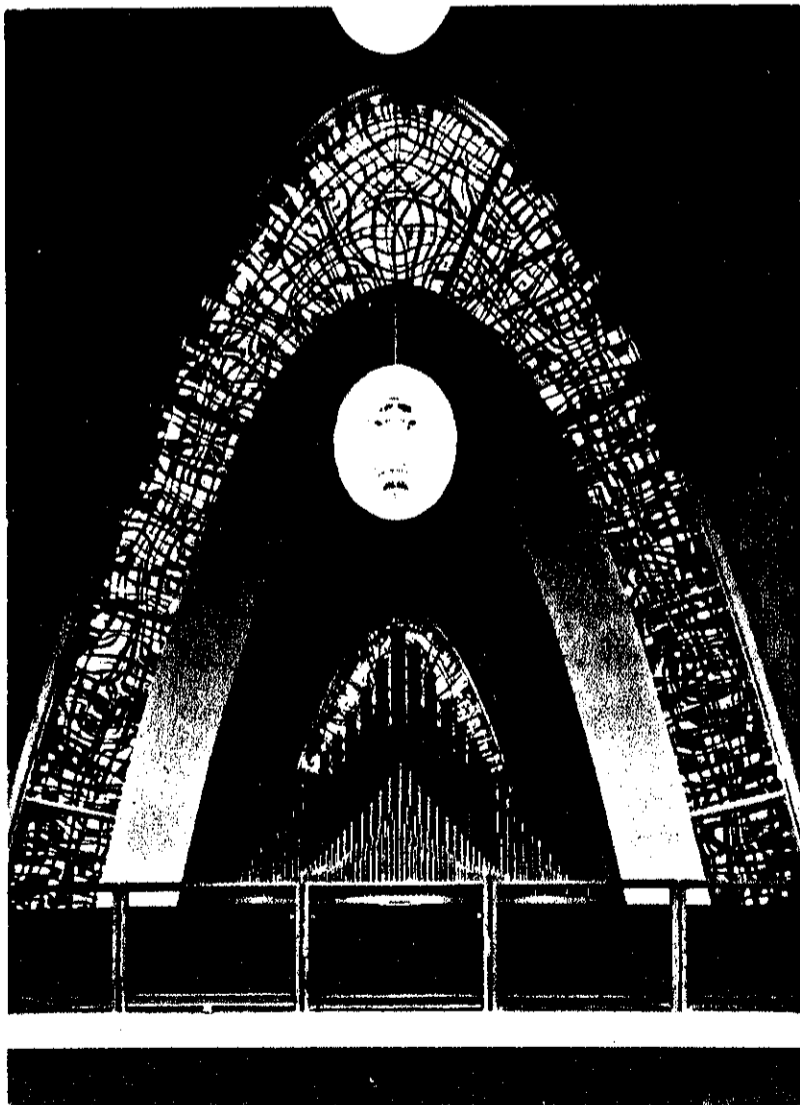
Reykjavik - Keflavik - Reykjavik and Koppavogur Church and Hotels
Saga and Borg.

But the work did not start too soon. We had yet another lie-in, and a short rehearsal. Another concert had arrived - this one via the British Embassy and was an invitation to sing for the new President of Iceland

At midday, our old friend the Yank bus took us out to Keflavik. It was, remember, July 4th. John Rush and his wife and daughters supplied us with a wonderful buffet meal and plenty to drink. Hywel remarked frequently how strong the beer was. We were also taken to see an all-American Ball Game - officers against the men. Comm Rush later played us several tapes on his recorder, which had only one level of volume - very loud. Included was a recording of a piece he had written himself in honour of a friend killed in an air crash. After this story, no-one dared say they didn't like it. He also explained how his house was built 'by pulling several levers' and how it nearly was blown away during a night storm. After the buffet meal we had a short rehearsal, during which Comm Rush took endless candid close up shots - apparently of Caroline's tonsils. We left about 7p.m., having had yet another enjoyable time on the NATO base

We drove back to Koppavogur Church, just outside the capital, a very modern and unusual building but even so a very attractive one. We had an audience of 18 folks. But although this might sound daft, the 18 were very appreciative and we collected 2000 k, plus a handful of humbugs from one little old lady.

Interior of Koppavogur Church.
The whole design is based on this shape. The architect was Hordhur Bjarnason, and the windows are by Gerdhur Helgaddottir.



Koppavogur
Hark st.

Now a Now
lover has
Laudate
Isallite
sing joyfully.

Si chi'io corre
Schnee
An joly
Cenaps
Fryaleher
Bi Bi
Little B.

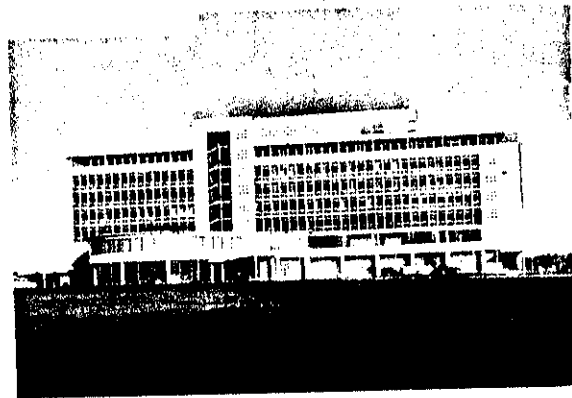
As was now usual for this tour,
the programme had to be drawn up
in a hurry!

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Name

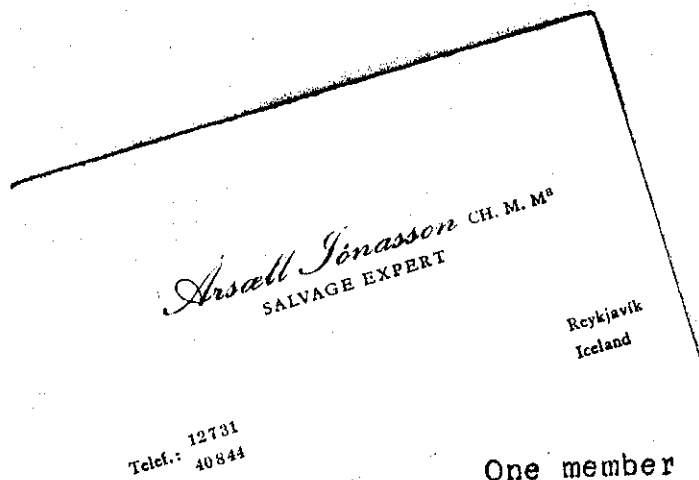
No.

Lover. 45
 Bunny. Penguin 50
 Froyalehen
 Bornin
 Now O Now
 Goodnight ladies



As soon as the concert was over, taxis collected us and whisked us away to the Saga Hotel to sing for the President at his victory celebrations. 'Littlu Börnin' was encored as was our Good Night Ladies-and - drift- from -the stage at the end. We encored with 'something on my mind' We paused for less than a second, the taxis took us off to the Hotel Borg, and we again got a very good reception (although at one stage we acquired a rather drunken tenor with a bass voice). We danced for a while, and then a rather nice German girl asked us to sing and for the rest of the evening we had a combined canu with some of the members of the Icelandic Polyphonic Choir who happened to be there. Thissame choir choir had competed at Llangollen a few years earlier incidentally. So after a very successful day, we went home to bed.

Hotel Borg on the left.
 Domkirkja to the right.



One member
 of the Hotel Borg
 audience, also somewhat
 tiddly, left us his card!

Our appearance at Hotel Saga was quite an honour. We actually sang for Kristjan Eldjarn only five minutes after his first public appearance as the newly elected President of Iceland. There were reckoned to be over 700 people in our audience!

Fri. July 5th

Reykjavik and the clock at Domkirke

We had another late rise, followed by a late breakfast or early lunch depending on how you look at it. We had a date at the Radio Station on the waterfront, and here we recorded a 20 min programme which was to go out sometime in November. We've heard since that it was quite a good broadcast. We sang everything twice, recording the second time, but everything seemed better the first time. The after a short break we went back to the church for another rehearsal. What dedication.... At 6 o'clock we went to the Hotel Saga for a meal. This was our payment for our two appearances there and was reputedly worth £52. Even allowing for high Icelandic prices it hardly seemed worth it. One regulation issue drink was allowed and those darned sweet potatoes came around again. And do you know what? John Hicks had a quiet nose-bleed into his soup. Can't take him anywhere.

At 9p.m. we sang in Domkirke, the Cathedral. This concert was a success, and although the audience could'nt clap, they appeared to enjoy the concert. Mads appeared to be breaking through the initial Icelandic reserve at last!

JH:

But what about the clock at Domkirkja?
Well, just as we were about to begin "Bi bi og blaka", it decided to strike 10. Then while waiting for it I realised that it was chiming a G, which was just what was needed!

Another reason for the success of this concert could well have been the group of nurses in the front row of the audience.....

VÍSIR . Föstudagur 5. júlí 1968.



Welskur Madrigal-kór syngur hér

Stúdentakór frá Aberystwytháskóla í Wales er á söngferðalagi héraendis um þessar mundir. Kórinn, sem nefnist The Elizabethan Madrigal Singers, var beinlínis stofnaður árið 1951 til þess að flytja enska Madrigal tónlist, sérkennileg tónlist, sem stóð í sem mestum blóma á 16. öld.

Kórinn hefur þegar sungið í Kópavogskirkju, Eilíheimlínu Grund og víðar, en í kvöld kl. 9 mun hann halda tónleika í Dómkirkjunni. Seinna fer kórinn til Borgarness, Ísafjarðar, Ólafsfjarðar og Akureyrar.

Kórinn kom hlagað algjörlega á eigin vegum, en í honum eru 20 stúdentar og stúðnir. Hann hefur ferðast um fjöldamörg lönd austan- og vestanhafs.

More publicity, this time from the afternoon paper, which is sold on the streets by kids screaming "VEEEEE-SIIIIrrrr"

We rose reluctantly at 8 in the morning in order to have the rooms cleared by 9 a.m. (this being yet another Adventist Sabbath...) Having nowhere else to go pro tem at this very early hour, most of us drifted to our coffee-shop-on-the-corner, where the assistants were by now lifting the odd eyebrow in recognition. In all fairness, though, there was something very pleasant in their calm, unhurried but very efficient manner.

Afterwards we split up and drifted around the shops until midday when we all met in the park for a picnic lunch consisting of bread cheese tomato and regulation issue apple or orange (but NOT both). Well fed, a game of football was started by the boys - Rhion in goal and Eddsbury showing that even at 43 he could run faster than us youngsters. A rest was soon needed, but this was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of 2 small precocious Icelandic girls anxious to learn our names or something. All very charming, but after $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour these two small precocious Icelandic girls were still there and the appeal of two small precocious Icelandic girls began to wane. Reactions in the choir varied from John Hearne insisting he was Che Guevara to Rhion grabbing one of the girls and attempting homicide (though some would have called it insecticide) Help arrived in the shape of Dai and June who kept the little brats quiet for the rest of the afternoon by teaching them - and later their parents - English and learning some Icelandic. The football resumed, but an offer by 6 Icelandic boys to take us on was refused on the very commendable ground that they were bigger than us.

After a beautifully lazy morning and afternoon we returned to town for a meal (12/6 for omelette and chips!) - and then to the Church for a wash. Here it was decided that we go to the pictures and it was at 8.30 that an expedition was led by Nig. to the Tónabíð Cinema to see TOM JONES. The seat prices 8/6 was quite reasonable as the cinema was well designed. The audience reacted extremely well to this very 'English' classic, in spite of having to read Icelandic subtitles, and we all enjoyed it - some for the third time.

Arriving back at the church at midnight we found that the reception in honour of the retiring pastor had just finished. The surprise package deal sprung on us was that we could eat what was left if we washed up afterwards. And so it was that one hour a couple of cakes, 250 glasses, some smashed, 250 plates and 250 spoons later we finally went to bed, if not disgruntled, at least far from grunted.

Söngkór leggur land undir fót

Svo sem áður hefur verið frá skýrt hér í blaðinu, hefur enskur Háskólakór haldið héraðslendis margar söngskemmtanir. Kórinn ætlar ekki að ein skorða sig við Reykjavíkursvæðið heldur leggur á sunnudaginn land undir fót og ferðast bæði til Vestfjarða og Norðurlands.

Við hittum á förnun vegi fyrir skömmu söngstjóra kórsins John Hearne og formann kórsins Hywel Roberts, að máli og spurðum þá um þessa söngför.

„Þetta verður langt og líklega nokkuð strangt ferðalag hjá okkur,“ segja þeir félagar. „Við höldum frá Reykjavík á sunnudagsmorgun og höldum til Borgarness en þar syngjum við eftir messu í kirkjunni kl. 2. Á manudaginn ökum við svo alla Vestfjarðaleiðina til Ísafjarðar. Við veljum það frekar að ferðast með bíl en flugvél og höldum, að við sjáum með því móti meira af landinu. Á Ísafirði syngjum við svo í Ísafjarðarbiói kl. 8.30 á þriðjudagskvöld. En okkur er ekki til setunnar boðið þar, því að við ætlum okkur að aka til Ólafsfjarðar, en þar syngjum við í kirkjunni kl. 9 á miðvikudagskvöld. Næsta dag ætlum við að skreppa til Mývatns. Okkur er sagt, að þar sé mikil náttúrufergurð.“

„Já, og ekki gleyma að það er ykkur í Grjótagjá. Þið munið aldrei gleyma þeirri reynslu,“ skjótum við inni.

„Verst, hvað við getum stanz að þar stutt, því að þetta sama kvöld syngjum við í Akureyrar kirkju kl. 9, og svo höldum við til Reykjavíkur á föstudag, og þaðan á laugardag með Flugfélagi Íslands til Glasgow.“

„Ykkur veitir ekkert af „sjómilnaskóm“ til svona ferðalags. En hvenær er kór þessi stofnaður?“

„The Elizabethan Madrigal



Hywel Roberts og John Hearne

Singers of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth eins og hann heitir fullu nafni var stofnaður 1951, og þá voru í hópnunum 10 meðlimir, en seinna var bætt í hann, og erum við nú 21 talsins. Söngstjórinn hefur jafnan verið einnig stúdent við Háskólann og tilgangurinn með þessum söng okkar er auðvitað að skapa tilbreytingu frá náminu, og um leið flytja góða músík, sem sérstaklega er samín fyrir svona fámenna kóra Líklega mætti helzt líkja kórnum við Pólitónkórinn og líka kóra héraðslendis.

Stúdentarnir, sem í kórnum eru núna, stunda nám við fjölmargar háskóladeildir, t.d. jarðfræði, lögfræði, grasfræði hagfræði, allskonar mál og fleira.“

„Ég legg t.d. stund á Welska tungu,“ segir formaður kórsins Hywel Roberts, og að beiðni okkar fer hann með setninguna um Mývatn og Grjótagjá hér að ofan á welsku, og kom í ljós að hún er mjög frábrugðin ensku.

„Stefnið þið að sjálfstæði frá Englendingum eins og Skotar?“

spyrjum við.

„Það er nú líkast til,“ svarar formaðurinn fullur áhuga.

„Ég hef heyrt, að þið hafið ferðast víða um heim.“ spyrjum við. Hinn ungi söngstjóri verður fyrir svörum:

„Jú, rétt er það. 1966 ferðumst við til Sviss og Austurríkis, sungum m.a. í Mozarteum í Salzburg og Stefánsdómkirkjunni í Vín. Einnig höfum við tvívegis farið til Bandaríkjanna einu sinni til Rússlands og víðar og víðar.“

„Okkur hefur liðið fjarska vel á Íslandi og hlökkum til að ferðast um landið og kynna landið og þjóð ennþá betur,“ segja ungu mennirnir að lokum og hédan fylgja þeim beztu óskir um góða ferð. — Fr.S.

Á
FÖRNUM
VEGI

Our Tour schedule for the second week -
in Reg's fair hand!

Sunday - 8:30 am - Leave Reyk.
10:00 - Whaka Bay.
12:30 - Hotel Borgarnes. Lunch.
Leo Juliusson 2.0 - Church (45 minute mass)
Concert following
5.0 - Leave Borgarnes for
Bjarkarlundur. - Reel - Breakfast

Monday.

9.00. Leave for Isafjorður

Arrival at Isafjorður.

Go to Kennavaskoli - + contact.
Ragnar H. Ragnar. - telephone 236

Tuesday

9:00 p.m. Concert.

Wednesday

3:00 am leave for Otafjorður

Breakfast at Bjarkarlundur.

9:00 p.m. Church Concert.

10:30 p.m. - Travel to Akureyri

Thursday

9:00. Leave for Myvatn

9:00 p.m. Concert in Cathedral.

Friday

9:00 a.m. Leave for Reykjavik

Telephone 13899) 42363
19442

Sunday July 7th

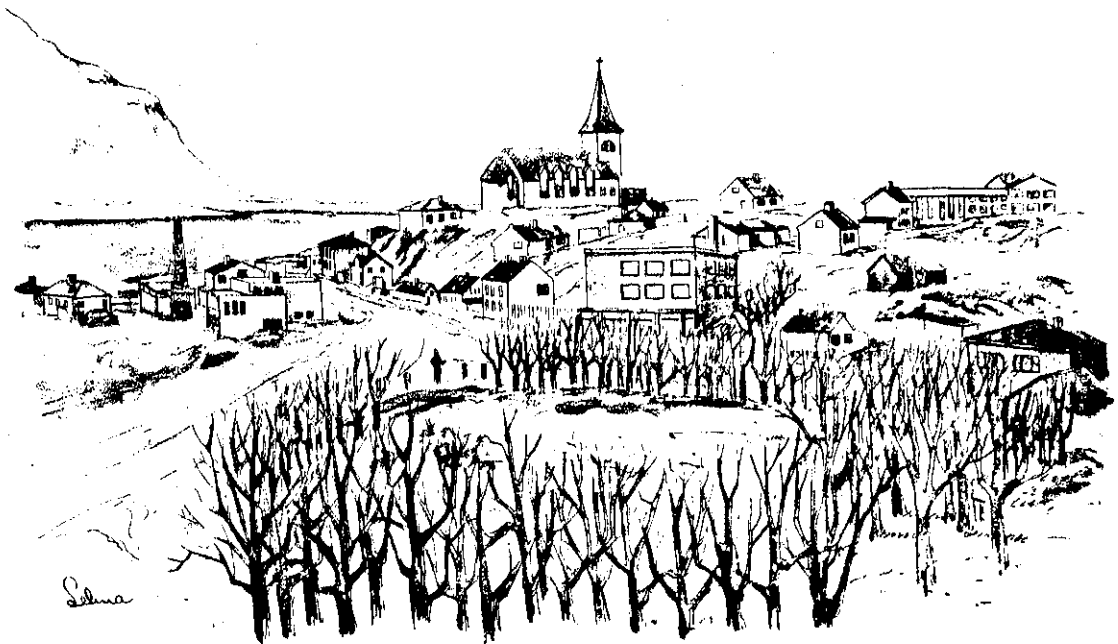
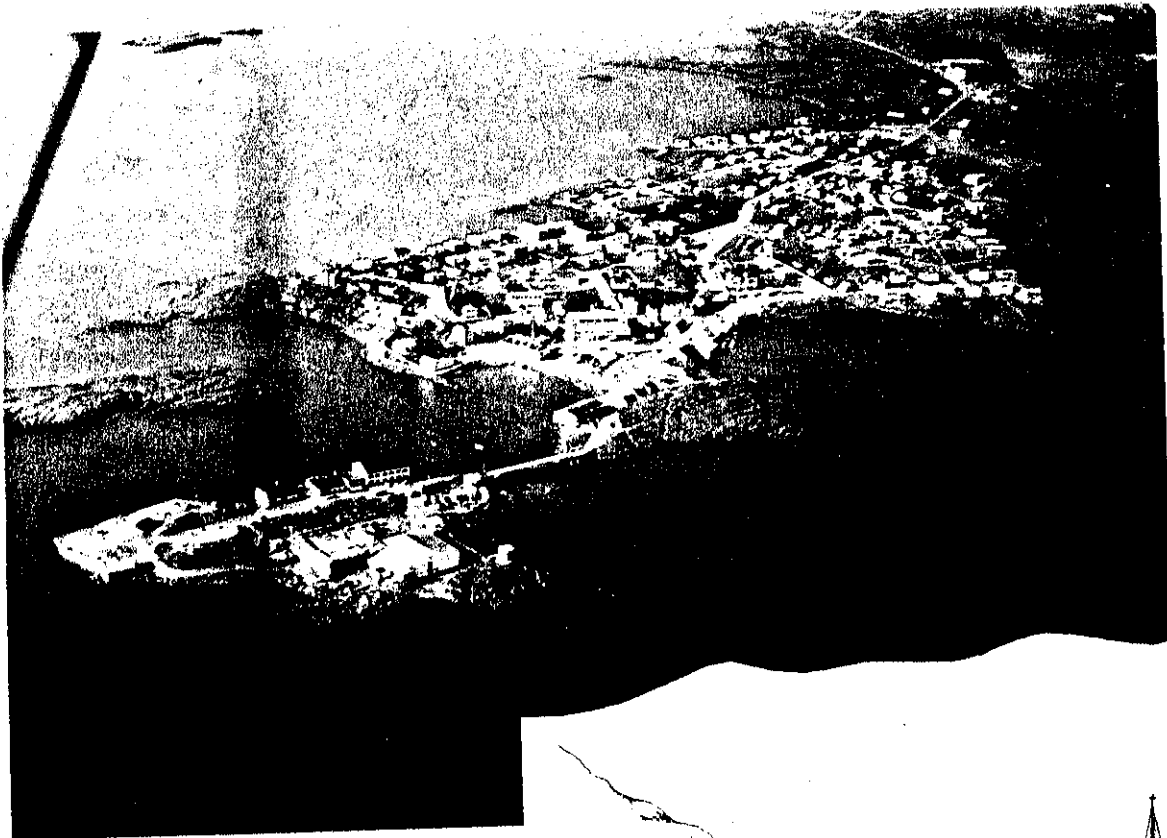
Reykjavik - Borgarnes - Vaddlafjöll

We left Reykjavik at about 9a.m. on the first leg of our tour of Northern Iceland. The bus was of the same type as the one we had hired for our mid-week excursion, but the driver - Viktor - was different, and in the next week was to win our admiration not only for the long periods he had to drive, but also for the way he handled the bus on what must surely be some of the worst roads this side of Welshpool. In practice the bus proved to be extremely comfortable (all things considered) and the foot thick suspension meant that our journey was not much rougher than a ride in a British coach on a British road. We also had an extra passenger in the shape of a young lady named Nicola from the British Embassy who was taking the opportunity of seeing Northern Iceland.

We travelled along the coast road, leaving Mount Esja on our right this time, and made our first stop and very nearly our last at the Hvalfjörddur whaling station near Midsandur. The smell that hit us as we stepped out of the coach defies adequate description but it could easily have been cut up and sold in lumps. We stayed perhaps five minutes, but the men on the slipway hacking away the potential margarine and dog-food seemed completely unaffected. Familiarity breeds contempt, but can contempt breed familiarity? Rhion announced that there was something fishy about the place (plaice?) but that we were all having a whale of a time. Going apparently for a Royal Flush in Funnies, a little later he made the profound statement that 'It'll be far more less duller without John Hicks in the choir'. This was the reason for a "Pickle Rhion for Lent" campaign which unfortunately failed.

Continuing our journey, we arrived in Borgarnes at 1p.m. and had lunch in the local Hotel. The meal was nothing special but there was plenty of it, particularly the beef which it was despite a rumour spread maliciously by Warren-Thomas that it was whale meat.

Because of the slow service, we did not finish in time to sing at the local church service as arranged, but instead changed at the hotel and were ready to give our concert by 2.45. The audience was small 35-40 (80% of the pop.) because of the good weather but even so the concert went quite well and the audience seemed to enjoy itself.



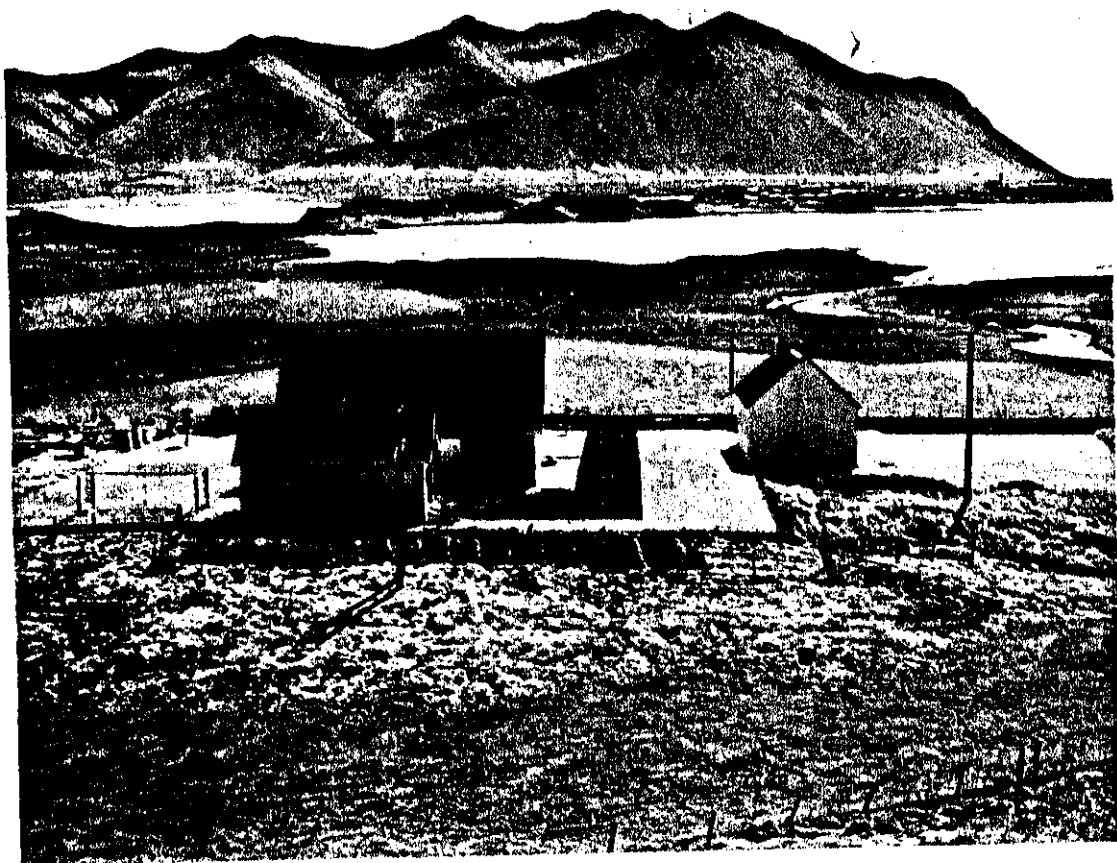


We travelled on after the concert, with many more Kilometers to go before we reached Vaddlafjöll, our shelter for the night. But the journey went relatively quickly because the scenery became progressively more dramatic and impressive and there were numerous 'photo stops! A good meal awaited us at the journey's end and at 10 o'clock an " Expedition -to-a-funny-shaped-rock " was led by Nigel. Having grossly miscalculated the distance, it soon became an Eddsbury/Rhion led expedition and Hywel and Jenny soon dropped out leaving Eddsbury, Rhion, Jackie, Liz, Nigel Graeme and Wyn to complete the ascent. The view was well worth the effort, cameras clicked, snowballs were thrown and on the way down marching songs were sung, audible to Johnny Hearne at the bottom, 1000 feet below.

Parents please note - we all slept together that night. It was a little crowded perhaps, but at least it was free. One large and one small cushion each was regulation issue, and a tolling grandfather clock which insisted on calling the Faithful to Church every 15mins was soon silenced by our president.

BORG Á MYRUM

LJÓSM: M.W. LUND



Monday July 8th

Vaddalfjöll and on to Isafjörddur

Nobody had alie in! Complaints were lodged by Mr Rees on the problem of snoring by Mr Hicks. This had, said Mr Rees, kept him awake for much of the night and he reaffirmed his intention never to sleep next to Mr Hicks again EVER.... We left hurriedly at 8.30 Our President having more than likely bust the grandfather clock.

The scenery was again - now almost needless to say - breathtaking. We stopped at a funny little Esso station for breakfast (2 biscuits) and Viktor, Nicola both bought some dried fish and ate the stuff with a relish that lowered the tone of the journey for the rest of the morning. The next highlight was the drive through a place with a delightful sounding name of Thingmannaheiddi. This pass possessed the roughest road we had yet encountered, but Viktor was working well that morning and accomplished the occasionally vertical descent with ease. Why a police car was sitting in the middle of it is difficult to say. Perhaps they were waiting for a case of speeding or just dying to try out their breathalyzers or expecting a Crime at any minute.

Lunch was at a delightful modern hotel - many of which have been built to cater for that thing - the tourist, until recently a total unknown quantity in Iceland. The meal - bacon and eggs - not had by all, was expensive and cold. After a mini-break on the grass outside, we journeyed on. Up a bit down a bit, up a lot, and snow was seen folks once again; down a lot turn left at a fjord and we came across our second waterfall - Fjallfoss (or Dynyandifoss). Unlike Gullfoss, this one was higher but narrower and came crashing over a sheer rock face (Boy, what breathless prose!) Half way up, some of us met an Icelandic couple, who immediately spoke in English and obviously knew who we were. The ascent was a bit of a scramble but the view from the ledge near the cliff top was well worth the effort. Lower down, it was possible to walk right under one of the smaller sub-falls. At this stage Graeme, that well known idiot and cess-pit cleaner, decided to paddle across the stream to some exposed rocks. And there he got stuck, knee-deep in icy water. It looked as if we'd have to leave him, but with one last sub-human (?) effort he reached the shore. We watched his toes floating downstream.



A few more kilometres and we entered the town of Thingeyri, and while Viktor delivered the crates of books which Reg had sent up, we searched for a coffee shop. We ended our hunt in a small upstairs room of what appeared to be a private house. This reminded us of a diddy Price upstairs room, actually Chris was pleased to have a break to rest her tired bones, rattled into dust by that great pass. Cake and coffee were consumed. Meanwhile John Hearne had discovered a poster - with our picture! - advertising our next concert.

The final ride to Isafjörddur involved a climb over the Breiddadalsheiddi - up into the snow, (and still Chris' bones rattled) and then a dramatic descent to the strangely shaped town itself, sitting on what appeared to be a dirty great pontoon! Actually we nearly never made it, Viktor took his 9' bus across a 7' bridge.... We were staying at a girls' domestic science coll and for the first time in what seemed like three months, we had beds to sleep on. Well, bunks actually. Built with typical Icelandic cunning. The top ones were so high that by the time you got up there you collapsed with exhaustion.

After a quick snack, prepared by the girls in the kitchen, we went for a walk with Ragnar Ragnar - the musical elder-statesman of Iceland and conductor of no fewer than 5 choirs in this small town. We walked to the quay and here found a cork 6" across, thus solving in one go the mystery of why drunkenness is a problem in Iceland. By which time our bunks beconed and the mist descended and the sandman having made his round, one Madrigal choir drifted peacefully to sleep.



Tues. 9th July

Isafjörddur

All except Jenny Griffiths that is, who was about half the night demanding action or something. Kim, for one, gave her the short action, sorry answer...

The swimming pool next door was at our disposal early - too early for most - this morning. Needless to say Flipper Hicks was there. Thar she blows...!! However most of the choir had a late breakfast and then drifted around town, adding to our by now vast selection of postcards and Hywel bought 'yet another' set of slides. At midday there came a mighty roar and Reg flew in, a nifty trick if you've got the cheek. We rehearsed in the afternoon - had a good meal - washed hair - had baths and at 9 o'clock one fat clean choir gave what was perhaps the best concert of the tour, with some notable contributions from our soloists (HR). With Ragnar H. Ragnar as cheer-leader the audience clapped so much we nearly had to encore our entrance. All solos were encored as were several of our 'numbers' as John Rush would say. JTH disgraced himself again by having a coughing fit, but apart from that, no trouble. At the end we gave 'em 'Good Night Ladies' and drifted from the stage into the audience. Well, if the stage had revolved we'd probably have gone round on it but this was second best.

However we had no time to rest on our laurels or on Mrs Ragnars magnificent tea. Within the hour we were on the coach, waving to little Icелander gardening at 1.30 in the morning as we passed

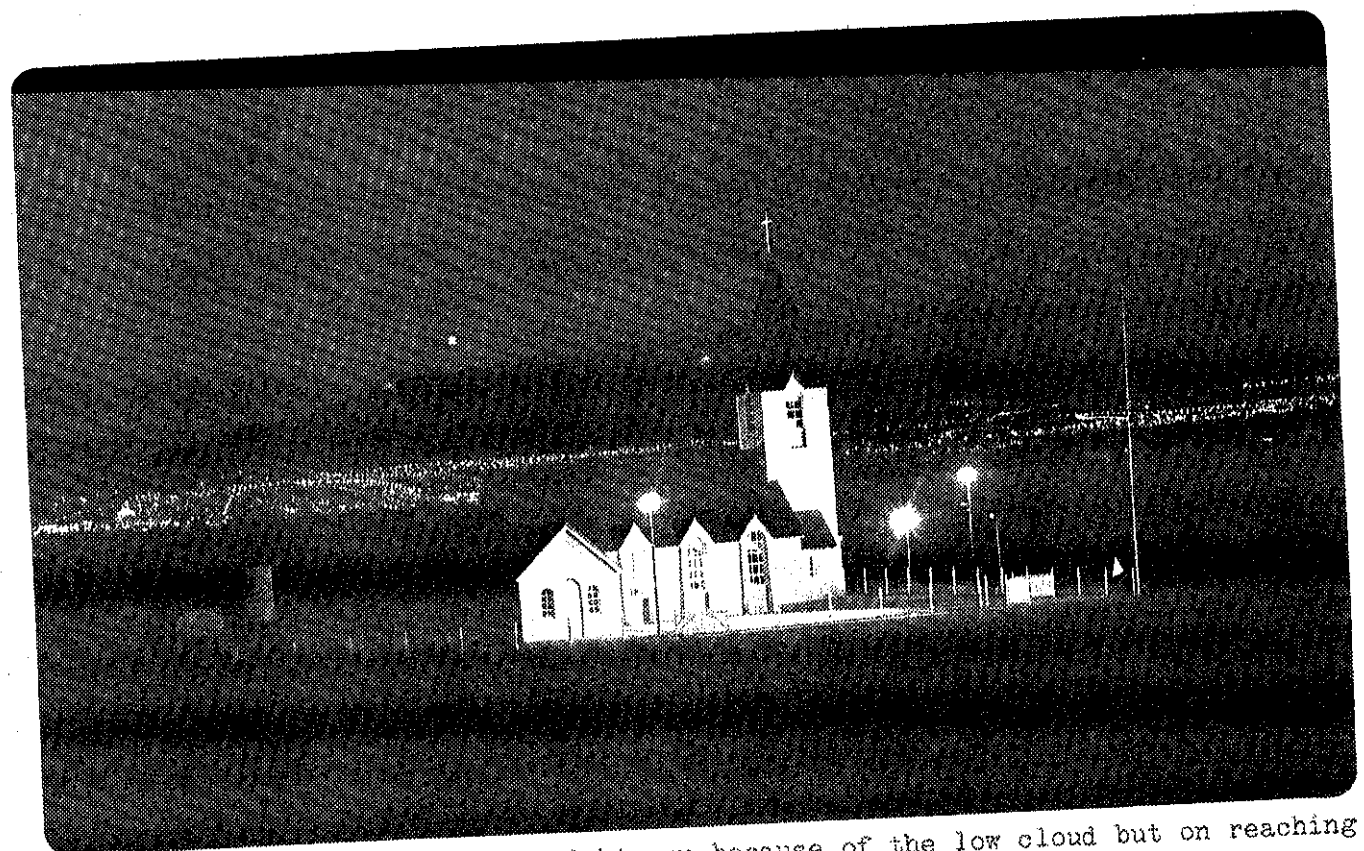


Weds July 10th

on and on and on and on to Ólafsfjörddur and Akureyri

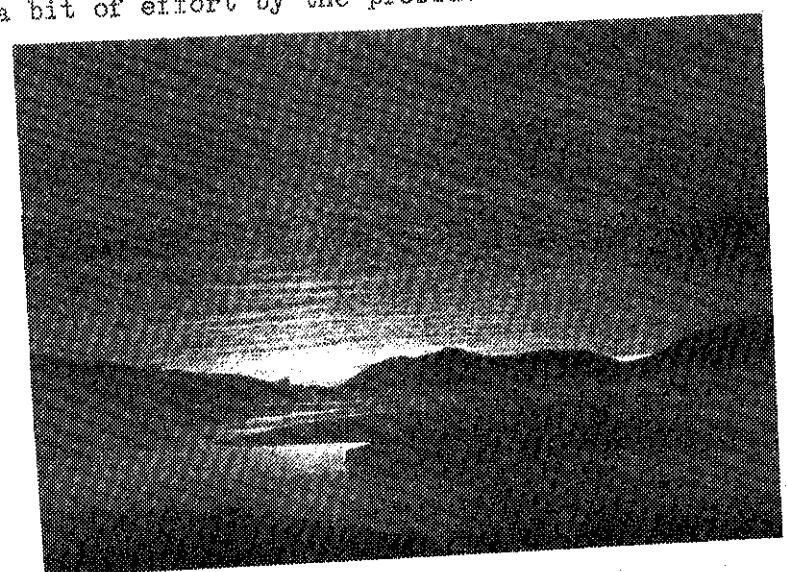
And so began 24hrs of hell. We travelled all night until 7 o'clock the following night. How we slept is a story in itself. JTH found solace or something on a female shoulder - Kim climbed on to the baggage at the back (sorry 'bout that, Sue) - John Hearne stayed awake, clutching his cine-camera and ready for action (typewriter got all excited then... that clutching bit...) - Reg talked too much (joke session in the middle of the night - I ask you!). Nigel slept on the floor and got trodden on every time we stopped to become a Relief coach. Highlights included passing a man on Thingmanawatsit in a sleeping bag who was apparently sleep walking, and washing ourselves by a mountain stream at 2 in the morning. The rest of the journey was spent in all sorts of uncomfortable positions - and that's about all that happened.

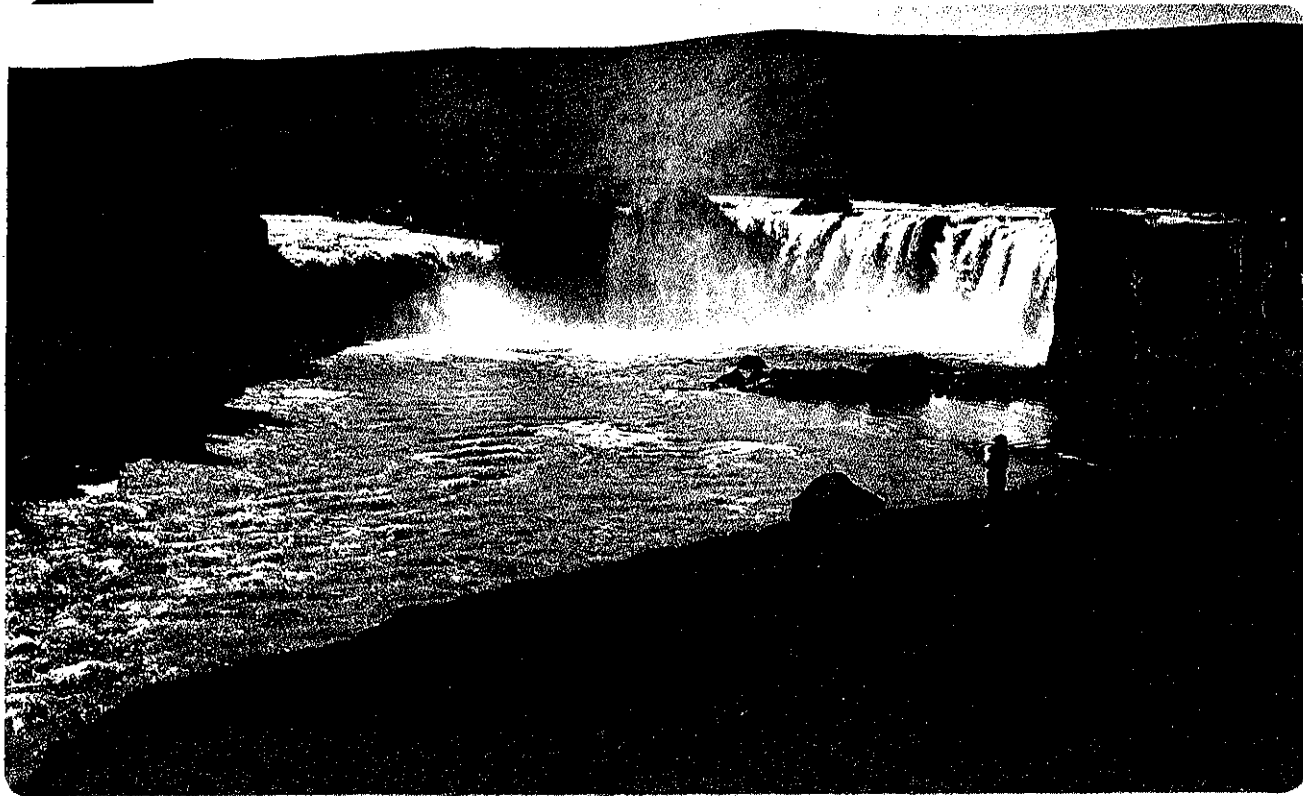
We arrived at Ólafsfjörddur, and all things considered, we all felt quite good. But all the honours must go to Viktor, who had driven with hardly a break since the previous evening. Even now he could'nt go to bed because after the concert here we still had to travel the same evening to Akureyri. The concert was good, held in a delightfull little green church, and though it was only tiny the acoustics were pretty good and the audience enjoyed it. Refreshments were provided afterwards at the ministers house, and Icelander trained at U.S. universities. He was a very nice chap and his wife had done wonders with five loaves because everyone was soon full.



We missed seeing the midnight sun because of the low cloud but on reaching Akureyri we were only too glad to sleep - on camp beds, and they didn't move. We stayed in a church school, affiliated to the Cathedral of Northern Iceland. We were asked to take off our sandals etc. before entering; travelling on hands and knees to Mecca was optional.

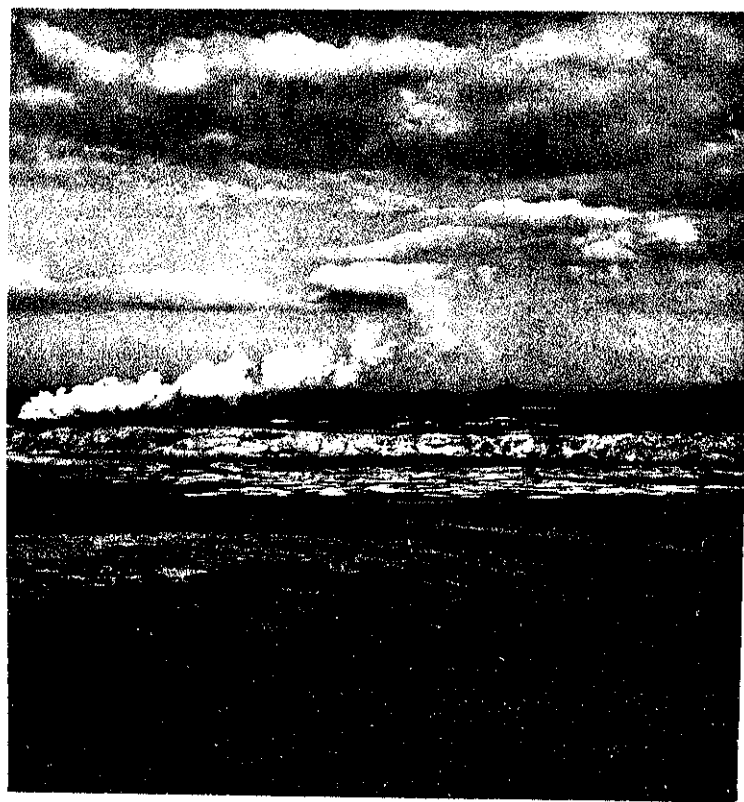
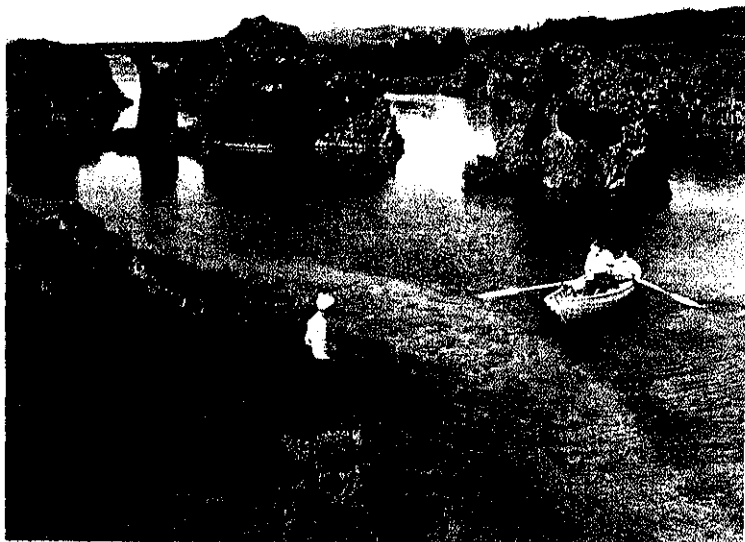
During the night Mr. Hicks again presented us with his big problem i.e. violent, window shattering, snoring. Next morning he found himself out in the corridor having been dumped with a bit of effort by the president.





Thurs July 11th a trip to Mývatn..... and a few irritating hours with the midges.

We set off early on a day trip to Lake Mývatn. On the way we stopped at yet another waterfall, but a very lovely one Godafoss. This sort of came round a corner and getting the best view involved risking a horrible death crossing smaller streams at the top. Luckily Nicola had her wellies on and helped us across. This waterfall got 8½ out of 10 in the Madrigals Waterfall League



Lake Mývatn itself, reputedly the most beautiful spot in the whole country, was a weird place; one side had a lot of little grass covered craters, another had strange castle-like lava formations and in the middle sat great pillars of lava. All round swarmed midges and these spoilt things a little. Some brave Mads bathed in underground, warm, natural pools - Reg comes up here for his annual bath. And as a complete contrast, a few minutes away in the bus was a barren sulphur area with a lot of bubbling sulphur pools and lots of steam or was that Rhion?

Back in the northerly city we prepared for our concert in the Cathedral. This proved to be a fitting end to the tour. We sang our best. It's sad that just when Mads reaches its best we have to split up and rebuild it next session. Afterwards we stood at the door and shook hands with the audience as they left. Then a good feed was provided during which speeches were made and everyone thanked everyone else for making the tour such a success - particularly of course John Hearne, Hywel and the other committee members. Last and by all means least (!) to Reg for working so hard for us. As his reward we sang for him his favourite 'Now o Now'....

SÖNGFÖR

um Vestur og Norðurland í júlí 1968

THE
ELISABETHAN
MADRIGAL SINGERS

HÁSKÓLANUM Í ABERYSTWYTH
WALES



EFNISSKRÁ :

Söngstjóri: JOHN HEARNE B. MUS
Einsöngvarar: JUDITH ALBINSON, soprano
JENNIFER GRIFFITH, contralto
NIGEL WAUGH, baritone

I.
ENSKIR SÖNGVAR: (Madrigals)
Hark, all ye lovely saints ... *Thomas Weelkes (1575 - 1623)*
A little pretty bonny lass *John Farmer*
Fair Phyllis *John Farmer*
Phyllis farewell *Thomas Bateson (1570 - 1630)*
Phyllis, go take the pleasure ... *T. Weelkes (1575 - 1623)*

II.
EINSÖNGUR MEÐ PIANOUNDIRLEIK

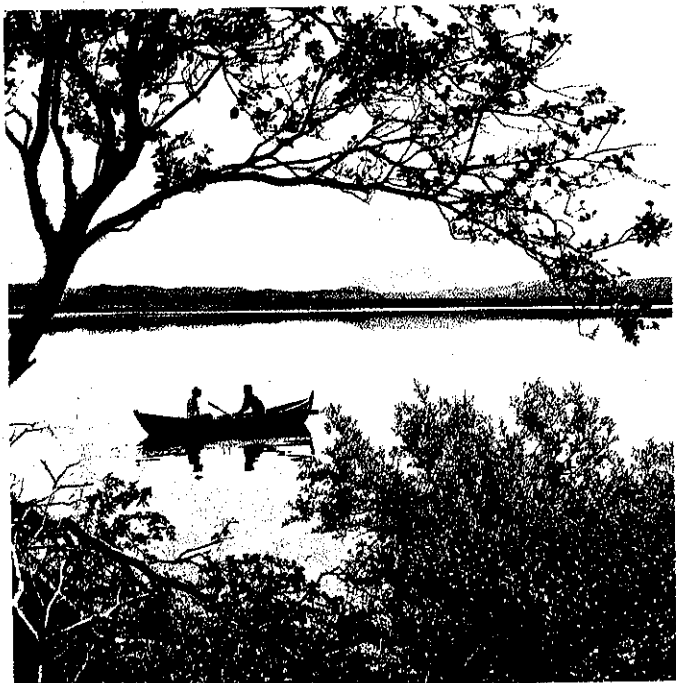
III.
FRANSKIR OG ÍTALSKIR SÖNGVAR:
Ce mois de mai *Clement Jannequin (1485 - 1564)*
Au joli bois *Claudin de Sermizy (1529)*
Bonzorno Madonna *Antonio Scandelli (1517 - 1580)*
Lascialemi morire *Claudio Monteverdi (1567 - 1643)*
Si chio vorrei morire ... *Claudio Monteverdi (1567 - 1643)*

H I. É

IV.
SÖNGVAR FRÁ NORÐLÆGUM LÖNDUM:
Es ist ein Schnee gefallen ... *Caspar Otmayr (1515-1553)*
Thule, the period of cosmography ... *Thomas Weelkes*
Lillu börnin leika sér *Isl. Radds, John Hearne*
Bí, bí og blaka *Isl. Radds, John Hearne*

V.
EINSÖNGUR MEÐ PIANOUNDIRLEIK

VI.
ÞJÓDLÖG OG NEGRASÁLMAR



An idyllic scene from Lake Mývatn

HARK ALL YE LOVELY SAINTS....

Grútið ekki, fögru meyjar, þið skuluð heldur fagna ástinni.

A LITTLE PRETTY BONNY LASS.

Lítill, falleg stúlka var á gangi á vormorgni fyrir sólarupprás. Ég tók í hönd hennar og fór að tala um daginn og veginn á þann hátt, er bezt ég kunni.

FAIR PHYLLIS.

Ég sá Phyllis sitja aleina yfir hjörðinni við fjallsræturnar. Hirðarnir vissu ekki, hvert hún hafði farið. Amyntas, elskhuginn, reikaði um og leitaði hennar.

PHYLLIS, FAREWELL.

Vertu sæl, Phyllis, ef til vill er líf mitt sem á enda. Kæra Phyllis, þótt ég deyi, mun ég fyrirgefa þér. Ég hefi lifað of lengi. Dauði, kom og bind enda á þjáningar mínar og léttu sorgir mínar.

PHYLLIS, GO TAKE THE PLEASURE.

Phyllis tak aftur gleði þína. Hjarta mitt er brostið. Phyllis er réttlát, en samt ekki nógu góðlynd.

CE MOIS DE MAI.

Lítill söngur um ungan mann, sem er svo hamingjusamur, að hann fer út og happar af kæti, einu sinni, tvisvar, þrisvar.

AU JOLI BOIS.

Ég er svo hryggur, að jafuvel skógarnir og blómin finna það.

BONZORNO, MADONNA.

Góðan dag, heillin. Þú ert mjög aðlaðandi, en mundir lífa betur út, ef þú værir ekki alveg svo gömul.

LASCIATEMI MORIRE.

Leyf mér að deyja. Enginn getur gert neitt fyrir mig.

SI CHIO VORREI MORIRE.

Er ég kyssi þessar elskulegu varir, finnst mér sem ég vildi deyja við hinn ljósa barm hennar.

ES IST EIN SCHNEE GEFALLEN.

Það hefur snjóað, og það er fyrirboði kulda í veðri og kaldrar ástar.

THULE THE PERIOD OF COSMOGRAPHY

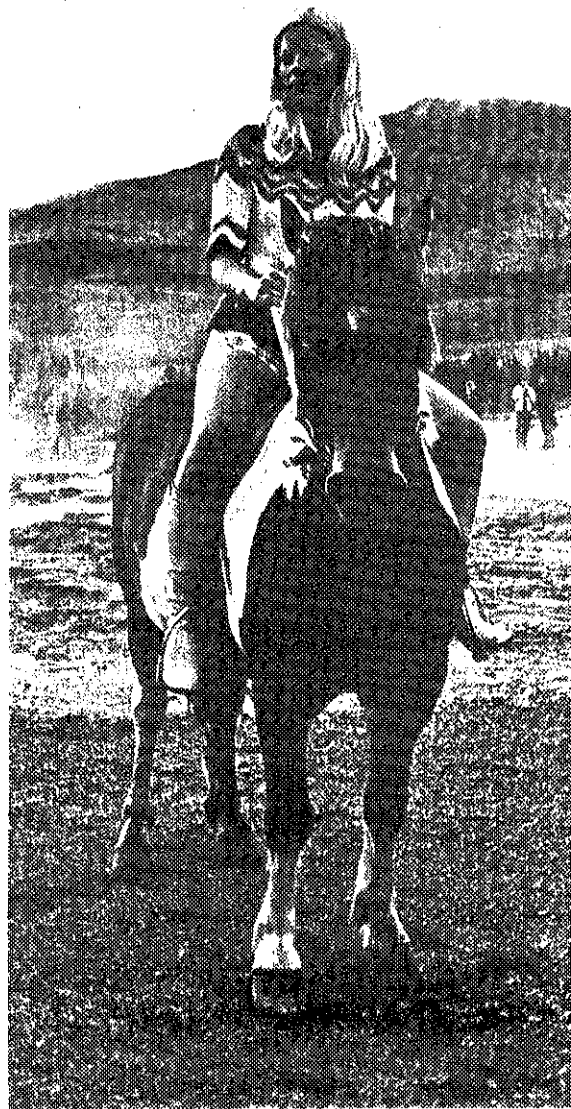
Thule, endamörk í sköpun jarðar, þar sem Hekla gýs og bræðir gaddinn. Ekki rísa logar Étnu hærra, Þetta er stórkostlegt, en samt er ég sjálfur enn stórkostlegri. Hjarta mitt frýs af ótta og brennur af ást.

NEGRASÁLMAR.

Ertu vel trúður? Vissulega, faðir. Hefur þú verið skírður? Hefur sál þín verið þvegin í blóði guðs lambs?

Ó, faðir, ég hef gert allt. Þú sagðir mér að syngja, biðja, prédika, kenna, syrgja og hrópa. Ég hef gert það, sem þú baðst mig að gera.

Ó, það er eitthvað sem angrar mig. Ég held, að ég verði að læðast í burtu. Sumir segja „gef mér silfur“, aðrir segja „gef mér gull“, en ég segi „gef mér Jesúm“. Hann er sál minni dýrmættastur.



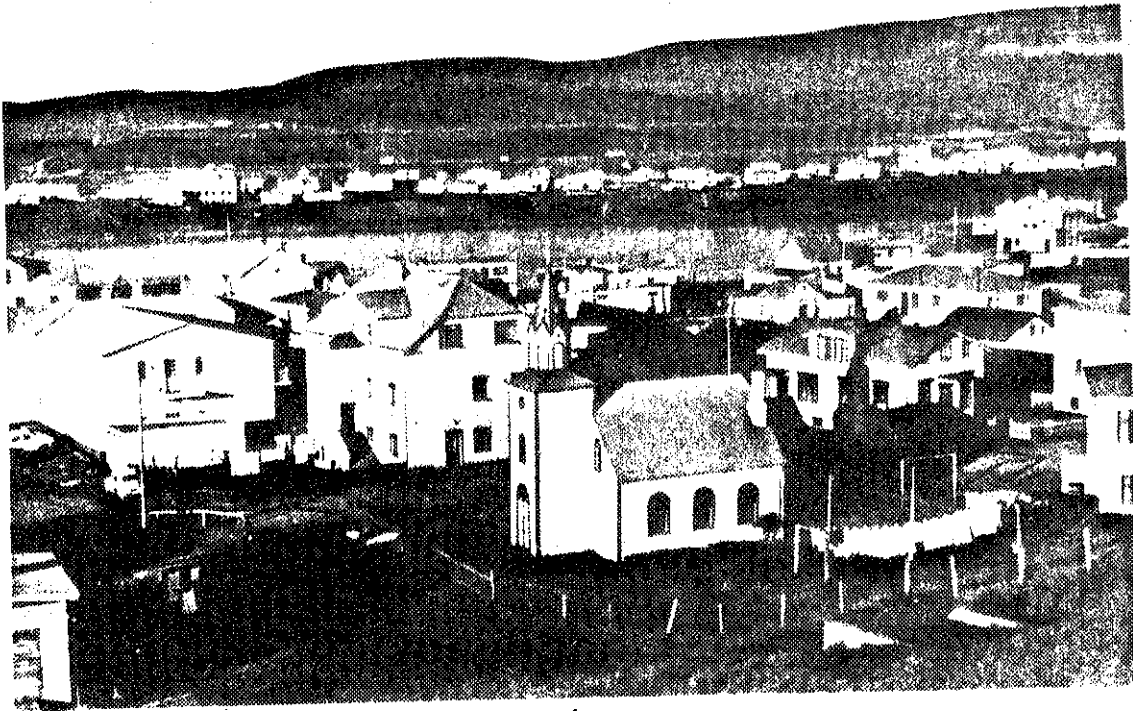
Fri July 12th

Akureyri and all the way back to base.

The choir left at 9a.m. on the 12hr journey back to Reykjavik, all except Reg and Nigel the last having incurred the wrath of the gods who deemed he should pay frequent visits to you know where. The posh term for his ailment is food poisoning. All he remebers of this particular Friday is that the plane flying him back went up and came down and in between he went to thr toilet, OFTEN.
So what follows is John Hearne's own account of the journey: unexpurgated and for the first time in print:

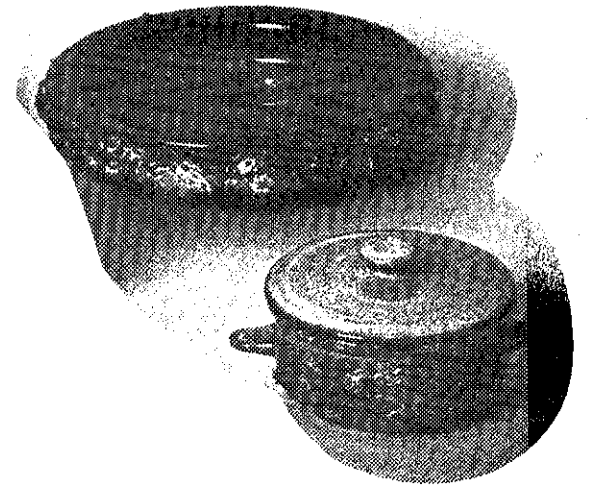
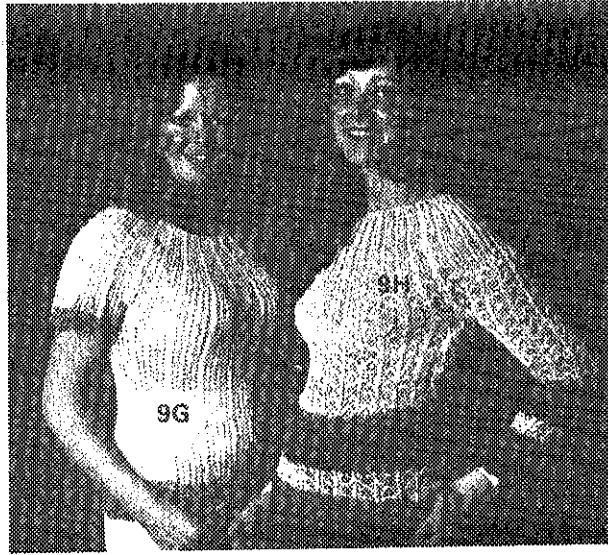


" We travelled down the Oxinadels Heiddi pass, stopping for photographs at the Hraundrangi, a funny shaped mountain. We also stopped at Varmahlidd for a snyrt. Then on to Blonduos to photograph ice-floes. Lunch consisted of halibut and here we presented Viktor with some tobacco with which he was chuffed. The weather was very warm, in spite of the ice (Note that Mr H. omitted the gorgeous bit at the reception desk, the best bit of crackling seen on the whole journey and that's saying something HR.) We then travelled over the desolate Holta-vorduheiddi and stopped at Hredavatn. A little later Viktor, just for a laugh, drove the bus through a river rather than over the bridge. Later still he drove through a dried river bed. We did'nt stop at the whaling station, and arrived back at R. at 9p.m."



Blönduós

Unquote. The choir now had a canu with the Icelandic Polyphonic, as arranged the previous week. Apparently a boring time was had by all, but I didn't care because I was still busy providing Iceland with a sewage disposal problem. Actually the evening was not that bad, except that the IPolyphonic had a nutty conductor - he hissed like an old Ford Pop when conducting and the problems encountered by those sitting on the same table in trying to keep a straight face were immense, especially with Reg also laughing his head off until he moved.



Sat July 13th

And so we came to our last day in Iceland. Reg brought round the hundreds of sheepskins and other skins which we had ordered 'for the folks back home', and everyone did their frantic last-minute shopping. Packing was rushed, it was time to leave for the air terminus, some left with the baggage, others followed, but others got lost..... Various Welsh swear words rang through the air terminus, the little ticket office chap looked on and probably swore himself, but eventually we left for Keflavik. Then Reg was missing with various peoples property, cameras etc. He arrived and we boarded the plane Reg's final miracle was to come on the plane to see us off - just murmured something about "police sh, sh...." at the customs, and through he came. With a shudder we left, all hoping to see Iceland sometime again. For the journey back, read Thurs, June 27 backwards! Yet again, the plane failed to crash and we arrived safely if with a jolt at Glasgow to find Dai and the Bus waiting - and had been for hours, the president having forgotten about the extra hour on the journey back! It's a good thing all the boobs and mishaps happened on the last day. The customs were obviously convinced that we were some sort of international sheepskin smuggling ring and dealers in Icelandic pottery on the black market, but no diplomatic incidents were reported.



We spent the night in Edinburgh, and it rained... It also rained on the next stage of the journey to Kendal and Scotland and Northern England didn't 'alf look dismal and dirty. But then so did Wales as we travelled back to Aber to sing in Grad.

And so we come to the end of a tour which could'nt have been more enjoyable or successful.

from

Longship

smiðskot
fawells
keithhall
Ipæruríe
scotland

ABS OLN

