

The Confraternity of
Saint James



BULLETIN

September 1997

Nº 60

President
H.E The Spanish Ambassador

Contributions to the Bulletin are welcomed from members. They should be typed or word-processed on A4 paper on one side only, with double spacing. IBM-compatible disks are also acceptable, with a printed copy. Articles and shorter items should be sent direct to the editor, Patricia Quaife at:

57 Leopold Road,
East Finchley,
London N2 8BG.

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS

The Confraternity is happy to send you up to 5 copies of a Bulletin in which a piece of yours has appeared. As this cannot be done on the first dispatch, you are asked to telephone the office on (0171)-403 4500 if you would like some extra copies.

Bulletin 60

September 1997 – and the Confraternity's 60th Bulletin, published for over 1500 members worldwide. The lapse of time since the appearance of Bulletin 59 is greater than it should have been, due mainly to the editor's prolonged summer visit to Galicia.

A long road has been travelled since Bulletin no.1 – consisting of four sides of A4 produced on a manual typewriter – was sent out in June 1983 to the 50 or so people who'd bravely joined the fledgling Confraternity that was born on January 13th of that year.

Since then technology has moved on and we have moved with it, via an electric typewriter, a self-correcting (bliss it was at the time!) electronic typewriter, a Canon Starwriter dedicated word-processor (from mid 1992), and now for this landmark issue a computer with desk-top publishing software.

The format of Bulletin 60 is due to Anthony Brunning who kindly acted as production editor on this occasion. Visually the improvement is obvious and it is hoped that the contents, which concentrate on the themes of music and on activities at Rabanal will be found equally appealing.

The quality and interest of the Bulletins depend very much on members' contributions and happily they have been arriving in considerable numbers over the past three years. It is not always possible to publish items immediately and I hope contributors will forgive the delay sometimes occurs between receipt and publication.

To contents and means of production must be added the question of the dispatch of the Bulletin to so many members in almost every country of the world. In the early years of the Confraternity the routine tasks associated with dispatch: writing labels, 'stuffing' and sealing envelopes, buying and sticking on stamps, sorting overseas airmail from overseas surface mail, and taking hundreds of brown envelopes to the letter box, were all done from the editor's home. In the later 1980s other committee

members would come and help and the local Post Office doubled the size of the pillar box at the end of the road. Fortunately, just as membership was reaching the 1000 mark and dispatching the Bulletin from a suburban sitting-room was becoming too much, we not only acquired an office but also – thanks to John Hatfield – a computerised label system, and – thanks to Timothy Wotherspoon – a large stock of pre-paid A5 envelopes.

Now a team of volunteer dispatchers is enlisted by the Secretary four times a year to take charge of sending out the Bulletin from Talbot Yard, which makes a still onerous task that much lighter.

This kind of detail is not normally editorial subject matter but the appearance of Bulletin 60 seemed a good opportunity to draw readers' attention to the enormous amount of voluntary effort that goes into each issue. As editor I am totally reliant on and very grateful to those individuals mentioned above, to all the varied contributors and to the dispatch teams that at the end of the day haul heavy post-bags of Bulletins down to the Borough High Street Post Office.

PQ

Presentation to George Zarnecki, CBE

Laurie Dennett and I were honoured to attend the presentation of the *Encomienda de la Orden de Isabel la Católica* to Professor George Zarnecki by our honorary President, H.E. the Spanish Ambassador, at the Embassy at the end of May. The small gathering of family, colleagues and CSJ representatives (unfortunately Pat Quaife who was invited as the CSJ representative was in Spain and unable to attend) heard D. Alberto Aza read the citation in Spanish and apologise most graciously in English for the long delay in actually achieving the presentation. Professor Zarnecki recalled the 1961 Barcelona exhibition which had been the occasion of the original award (see p.17 of Bulletin 59) and immediately modelled the insignia with its smart yellow and white striped ribbon, plus small lapel badge.

MM

Confraternity Events

Autumn / Winter 1997-8

Saturday 18 October

3rd Constance Storrs' Memorial Lecture

'The Early History of Santiago:

Written Sources and Archaeological Evidence'

by Dr Fernando López Alsina of the University of Santiago.

At St Etheldreda's crypt, Ely Place, London EC1. 5.30 for 6pm. Tickets: £4 members; £5 non-members, to include a glass of wine or fruit-juice. To apply for your ticket/s please complete and dispatch the form at the end of the Bulletin.

24 to 26 October

Weekend Visit to Lincoln Cathedral and Pilgrim Churches

Programme

24 October: Arrive in Lincoln evening meal

25 October: 11.15-12.15 'Floor' tour of Lincoln Cathedral (£3, £1 concessions).

Lunch

2.15-3.45 'Roof' tour of Cathedral (£3, £1 concessions)

5.15

Evensong.

Early evening lecture: *'The Pilgrimage of Master Robert Langton, Clerke, and other Lincolnshire pilgrim connections'* by Carol Bennett, architectural historian, (£3).

Evening meal together.

26 October: 8.00

Holy Communion in the Cathedral.

10.00 (ish)

Walk and/or cycle ride in environs of Lincoln, to finish early afternoon. Will probably include ruins of Temple Bruer, built by the Templars in 1265. Return home.

Accommodation

Members are requested to find their own accommodation (see form) in Lincoln. The Lincoln Youth Hostel is at 77 South Park, Lincoln LN5 8ES, some 15 minutes from the centre of the town, tel. (01522)-522076. £8-50 per night.

Trains from London

Note that they carry only 3 bikes each.

Cost

Cathedral tours - £6 (£2 concessions); lecture - £3; Sat. evening meal £8; Admin.- £2. Total to send: £19 (£15 concessions).

Booking: to ensure a place on this weekend please complete and return the form at the end of the Bulletin as soon as possible. For further enquiries please contact Rosie Slough on (01273)-461451.

Wednesday 12 November
*Research Working Party Meeting
at the University of Birmingham*

- 1.00 Picnic lunch (bring your own)
2.00 - 4.30 County Coordinators' meeting
(An agenda will be sent to county coordinators and other interested members).

Thursday 20 November
Crossing the Pyrenees

Illustrated talks on different Pyrenean passes by CSJ members. 7pm at St Alban's Centre, Baldwin's Gardens (off Grays Inn Road), London EC1. Nearest tube: Chancery Lane. Free to members; £2 non-members. Note change of venue from Bulletin 59.

Saturday 17 January 1998
15th Confraternity Annual General Meeting

A date for your 1998 diary - a convivial and interesting occasion which lights up the dark days of January. Reunions, business meeting, tea, lecture-cum-presentation, New Year party, slides and much more.

Other Events

14-16 November
'The Road to Santiago and Muslim Spain'

A weekend course at Madingley Hall, the seat of the University of Cambridge's Board of Continuing Education. Cost of weekend: £117 per person. A non-returnable deposit of £25 is needed to secure a place. Tel: (01954)-210636 for a brochure and further details.

23 November
Bredereth Sen Jago AGM

At St Piran's Hall Truro, 2pm. A short business meeting will be followed by a talk on an aspect of the pilgrimage and refreshments.

23-27 March 1998

'Pilgrimage Past and Present to Walsingham, its Shrines and Buildings'

A week of 10 lectures starting at 4pm on Monday 23rd and ending after lunch on Friday 27 March. Other events include concerts, walks and a visit to King's Lynn. Cost £115 per person in a standard twin room, £140 with en-suite facilities. To reserve a place send a non-refundable deposit of £25 (cheque made out to RC National Shrine) to the Centenary Coordinator, RC National Shrine, Pilgrim Bureau, Friday Market, Little Walsingham, Norfolk NR22 6EG. Tel.: (01328) 820217. Fax: (01328) 821087. (See also Secretary's Notebook below.)



Interpreting Lincoln Cathedral the Medieval Imagery

Lynne Broughton

The ideal way to prepare for the Lincoln weekend is to read this book by CSJ member, Dr Lynne Broughton. Lynne has lectured at both Lincoln Theological College and Cambridge University and has spent many years studying the art and architecture of the Cathedral.

Why was Lincoln Cathedral built on the hill, and why so large and elaborate? Are its attractive carvings simply decorative, or do they have a deeper meaning? Are the beasts and grotesques, such as the famous Imp, just playful fancies of the masons? *Interpreting Lincoln Cathedral* attempts to answer these questions.

It is generally thought that the sculptural imagery of the English cathedrals lacks the sophisticated religious content of the French Gothic style. This book corrects that misunderstanding by showing that Lincoln Cathedral does indeed have a meaning, one which is engraved in its stones and can be recovered. Drawing upon previous historical scholarship and new inter-disciplinary research it uncovers the theological message in the surviving imagery of the cathedral. The book's many illustrations include details of architecture and sculpture which have never been published before.



The Lincoln Imp

Interpreting Lincoln Cathedral (100pp, 80 illus.) is published by Lincoln Cathedral Publications. It is available from Lincoln Minster Shops (and other good bookshops) for £9-95. It can also be ordered direct from Lincoln Cathedral Publications, Cathedral Library, Lincoln LN2 1PZ, price £11-50, including p&p.

John Davies 1932 – 1997

When the first appeal for volunteers for our Stamford Street office appeared in the Bulletin in January 1995, the first Confraternity member to respond was John Davies, who has died very suddenly at the age of 65. He quickly impressed with his reliability, careful attention to detail and suggestions for improving the office routines, which were still rather rooted in the Secretary's home way of proceeding. Similarly when stewards were needed for the South Bank section of Pilgrims' Way '97 John's was the first response and he attended a briefing at the nearby Southwark Diocesan Office with me some weeks before the event.

It was rather worrying when John failed to appear for duty at the office on 27 May. That evening I received a phone call from Dilys Thomas, John's closest friend, to say that he had been found dead in his flat on the previous Sunday, having had a massive heart attack. The shock was made worse by the fact that we had not only been expecting to see John on the Tuesday in the office but also the following day for Pilgrims' Way. I had left him a note preparing the Bulletin mailing, the organisation of which he had largely taken over. Happily Alan Hooton and Mary Pryer were able to help with this mailing.

John's funeral mass was held at his present church of All Saints, Margaret Street, London W1. The Confraternity was represented by Laurie Dennett, Marion Marples and John Pickering, another office volunteer who had nobly coped alone when John did not arrive and who had worked frequently with John over the last six months. We were very pleased to meet John's brother Geoff and his family and learn more about his previous life in the chemical industry. Many of John's later interests were unknown to his family. They included industrial archaeology, railways, Kempe stained glass, genealogy, the Welsh language and active life in the Church, both as a previous treasurer of St James, West Hampstead, for which he had researched a church guide, and his positions on numerous synods and committees. On these his quiet presence belied his attention to detail and persistence when he believed the hierarchy or others to be wrong.

At the time of the centenary of St James, West Hampstead, in 1988, John came to hear of the Confraternity, joined up and would not only attend our meetings but occasionally act as a steward at the Purcell

Room for one of Mary Remnant's lecture-recitals or appear at a lecture of the Ecclesiology Society, or the City Churches walk. He was able to visit Santiago for the feast of St James in Holy Year 1993. He and Dilys travelled with the group led by the former Bishop of London, Graham Leonard, who was nearly decapitated by the *botafumeiro* in Santiago Cathedral.

Apart from his valued work in the office the Confraternity is also grateful to John for visiting the Southwark Local Studies Library further down Borough High Street and obtaining photocopies for us of the history of Talbot Yard and the auction bills for when it was sold in 1873. The mounting of the material he collected will be a fitting memorial for a much missed member.

Marion Marples

Bernard Schweers

Bernard Schweers, who lived in Bremen (Germany) and who died last February, was an Anglophile who became known to many other CSJ members at the Hengrave Hall conference held in March 1990. At the end of a lecture on one of his great interests, the Hand of St James, by Professor Brian Kemp, he presented the Confraternity with a copy of a medieval document from Bremen on the time the Hand spent in that city.

Bernard's age was not known precisely - he was between 77 and 80 - and until the last year or so he would make an annual cycling pilgrimage, alone, to Santiago de Compostela. He was a real 'gentle man' of the old school who spoke knowledgeably about Jacobean matters, especially the Hand of St James and its history, in beautifully modulated, idiomatic English. One of the highlights of his visit to England in 1990 was to go to the Catholic Church of St Peter in Marlow (Buckinghamshire) to see for himself the relic of the Hand that is kept there and about which he knew so much. Bernard Schweers was our longest-standing German member, a loyal supporter of our activities and someone who enhanced the international nature of the Confraternity. He will be much missed.

PQ

From the Secretary's Notebook

Other Obituaries

Other members of the Confraternity have lost members of their family this year. We were very sad to hear of the death of Brendan Murphy, the 33-year old mountaineer son of Brigid and Gerry Murphy, in an avalanche in the Himalayas in early June. Brendan was swept away as he was attempting to help an injured companion and his body remains on the mountain.

More recently, on 15 August, Hazel Watson, who participated in nearly all the Confraternity's visits to Spain, lost her husband, Bernard, who died of leukaemia, six months after it was diagnosed.

Our deep sympathy to Brigid and Gerry and to Hazel on their sad losses.

Second Elías Valiña Prize (1997)

This year the Xunta de Galicia's prestigious Elías Valiña Prize was awarded to the Asociación Amigos dos Pazos, based in Vigo, which has worked for over 25 years promoting the Camino de Santiago, especially the Portuguese routes. Seven candidates were put forward, including the young Amigos do Caminho de Santiago de Brasil. A small jury which included CSJ chairman, Laurie Dennett, debated the merits of the candidates on 24 July in Santiago. Our warm congratulations to the Amigos dos Pazos on their success and to their long-standing chairman, D. Juan Manuel López-Chaves.

Pilgrim Records (1)

I have received a number of requests from members to record the award of their *compostelas* in the Bulletin. It has not been our practice to do so except to note exceptional achievements. However, all pilgrims are asked to complete the pilgrim register forms sent out with the records to ensure that their achievement is recorded in the Confraternity's official Pilgrim Register, which is kept in the office.

Pilgrim Records (2)

We apologise to those members who found their Pilgrim Record had insufficient room for stamps this year. Due to a misunderstanding by the printer we had to reorganise the pages and information inside. I hope next year's model will be more satisfactory.

Slide Library

A reminder from John Hatfield that slides are available to illustrate any pilgrimage talks you may be giving this autumn/winter in the UK or Ireland. He asks that you give him at least four weeks notice so that a catalogue can be sent and your choice made. Slides are available only for giving talks **and must not be copied** because the copyright resides not in the Confraternity but in the person who took the original photograph. Please note that John Hatfield will not be available in December, so that if you are planning to give a talk in December or the first three weeks of January, please contact him before the end of October at 9 Vicary Way, Maidstone, Kent ME16 0EJ. Tel.: (01622) 757814.

Library Books

Please return your library books if you have had them for more than four weeks and especially if you have had them since early in the year (some are outstanding from February and March).

Walsingham Celebrates 100 Years of Pilgrimage

It is just 100 years since the statue of Our Lady of Walsingham, blessed in Rome by Pope Leo XIII, arrived by train at King's Lynn station and was carried in honour to the nearby Red Mount Chapel, ancient stopping place for pilgrims on their way to Walsingham. The statue was later placed in the restored Slipper Chapel at Walsingham. Since then pilgrimage to Walsingham has grown in both popularity and ecumenism. The centenary is being marked by a year's programme of events, full details of which are available from the address given above (under Other Events) for the March 1998 conference.

Ship's Biscuits

A recent exhibition at London's Guildhall Library celebrated the eccentric 18th-century Lord Mayor, Sir William Curtis. One cartoon depicts Sir William as a Santiago pilgrim. He holds a pilgrim staff from

which dangles a gourd and which is crowned by a cross made up of a knife and spoon. Around his neck is a chain of sausages from which hangs a pilgrim scallop shell. Sir William owned a ship's biscuit factory in the parish of St James, Bermondsey.

Relay St James '95

When Edward Faridany first rang the Confraternity about his planned wheel-chair pilgrimage the task seemed nearly impossible. But persistence and the hard work of Edward and of Charles Harcourt Smith meant that the pilgrimage (May to October 1995) which involved many wheel-chair participants for longer or shorter stretches of road, was a resounding success. Now they have produced an 80-minute video which gives many insights into both the stamina and organisation required for the task of setting up and then dismantling camp every couple of days. For a change quite a lot of the countryside shown in the video is in France, with a few of the obstacles, eg the bridge at Portomarín, highlighted. The film quality is variable but there is splendid footage of the Pilgrim Mass they attended at Santiago, 66 days after leaving England. The video can be borrowed from the Library (maximum loan period: 2 weeks).

Marion Marples

Refugio Gaucelmo News

July and August continue to be the busiest months at Rabanal and while full details are awaited for August, Joe May, the Wardens' Coordinator recently received a long and interesting letter from Nancy Frey who acted as warden, along with Jose Placer, for the month of July. Extracts from Nancy's letter are included below.

Dear Joe,

José and I had a lovely month in Rabanal. Surprisingly, the first week was particularly cold and rainy which allowed us to light the fire in the *salón* for a number of grateful pilgrims. The relatively cool weather and intermittent afternoon lightning and rain storms continued through the third week of July. Only in the last few days of the month did the sweltering heat and attendant flies settle in Rabanal. We were fortunate to see a Rabanal and the surrounding countryside still in bloom and fragrant: foxgloves, mint, rosemary, thyme and an assorted array of yellow, white and purple flowers whose names I do not know.

... To try and counteract misconceptions [in the village about donations, accepting cyclists etc] we made an effort to welcome in curious villagers while, of course, maintaining the pilgrims' private spaces. The villagers were always very appreciative and especially enjoyed seeing David's [Wesson] excellent map in the kitchen. ... We were also fortunate that our stay happened to coincide with a visit from Charo and Asumpta who were in Rabanal for about a week to make sure that the workmen got the garden taken care of which turned out very well! (They were putting the door back on the day we left).

... We had a busy month tending to the needs of 1119 foot/rump-sore pilgrims. Hailing from 27 countries, the walkers continued to far outnumber the cyclists. We had one *burro* [donkey] (Pom Pom) from France on the 8th of July with his 25-year old master, his 22-year old wife and their 2-year old son, Charles-Marie. Quite a sight. I wasn't sure whether or not to count them as three walkers and one *burro* or if they were

three on a *burro*. Other interesting stories – a French man who wanted to recreate the historical pilgrims' stages as suggested by the *Codex Calixtinus* arrived on foot from León still smiling. A Belgian man arrived with his backpack and a small suitcase in his left hand and explained that inside he carried about ten stones and that the next day his journey would effectively be over once he reached the Cruz de Ferro. Each stone represented different chapters of his life that he would be symbolically putting to rest.

... On the 25th of July we celebrated St James's Day with a Galician *queimada* and a huge rectangular American apple pie with a large pastry scallop shell adorning the top. Almost all of the pilgrims participated in the party we held in the patio. After a robust Galician man had done a spell-binding job telling a story over the flaming drink, other pilgrims began to contribute in their own way. A joyous and hearty Austrian man sang several songs and taught the group another that he and his choir will be singing next month in South Africa. A young Dutch man recited a verse from Tolkien that he had memorised for the pilgrimage:

*The road goes ever
on and on,
Down from the door
where it began,
Now far ahead the
road has gone
And I must follow,
if I can.
Pursuing it
with weary feet,
Until it meets
some larger way,
Where many paths
and errands meet,
And whither then?
I cannot say.*

Lord of the Rings, Part I

... José and I were active with Gaucelmo's maintenance as well. Enjoying a high level of activity we put ourselves to work

and we varnished all the refuge's wooden benches, the bookshelf in the library, the wooden chairs and table ... and the wooden box which covers the *bombonas* for the upstairs showers ... An exciting addition to the garden we made were a number of pilgrim's gourd plants. At the beginning of the month an artist from Barcelona arrived with the seeds from his gourd that he had bought in Astorga. He gave us some for the refuge. We planted them in little containers and ten days later much to our thrill they began to sprout. By the time we left they were two inches tall and we transplanted them to the garden. Hopefully, by September, they might be ready to harvest.

... With the increasing number of pilgrims at the beginning of the month it became apparent that we needed to take better advantage of the space in the barn. The lower room in the barn, after the rains, was flooded and dirty with the bunk beds dismantled. It turns out that water enters the barn from the door and needs a bit of cement to create a diversion flow. After cleaning up the water, we mounted the bunks and created a comfortable space for twelve. Both of the double beds are in there and several couples happily volunteered to sleep below the beams and the lovely new roof. By the way, the roof is wonderful. What a beautiful and symbolically spectacular job. The Confraternity and El Bierzo have a lot to be proud of.

Nancy's letter contained many other helpful points which the Rabanal Sub-Committee will consider at their November meeting, along with suggestions from our other 1997 wardens.

1998 Wardens

Joe May, who coordinates the Refugio Gaucelmo wardens, reports that he almost has a full quota of wardens for 1998 except for the month of July. Any members interested in acting as warden for July 1998 are invited to contact him at: 5 Ayot Green, Ayot St Peter, Welwyn, Herts AL6 9AB Tel.: (01707) 333178.

More Refugio Gaucelmo News

A fuller news section, with details of donors (from April) and the work carried out in the meadow, will appear in Bulletin 61.

On the road

Christina Ballinger

At the height of its popularity in the late 12th century, the Spanish shrine of St James in Galicia was visited annually by 100,000 Christians. As a pilgrim destination it ranked equal with Rome and Jerusalem. Now once again, Santiago de Compostela is the place to visit, the subject of countless coffee-table books and newspaper articles. Increasing numbers of people walk across Spain to Santiago, and bring home a *compostela*, certifying the holder as a bona fide pilgrim, and a souvenir scallop shell, the icon of St James and the pilgrimage. Even Tubby Passmore, the neurotic, pear-shaped hero of David Lodge's novel *Therapy*, finds himself on the road to Santiago (where, by the way, he finds mental solace and physical relief from his self-styled Internal Derangement of the Knee).

The discovery of the supposed relics of St James, or Santiago as the Spanish call him, on the coast of Galicia in the ninth century, put Compostela on the map. According to legend, the bones of the apostle were interred in a place that became Compostela and a series of churches built over the site. In no time, Christians from all over Europe were flocking to the shrine, and in 1078 work began on the cathedral of Santiago. By the 12th century there were four main pilgrim routes crossing France. They converged in Spain in Navarre at Puente la Reina whence pilgrims continued westward to Compostela. The pilgrim road across northern Spain became known as the *Camino de Santiago*, the Way of St James.

To the musically oriented, the pilgrim road has more to offer than a 1,000-year-old history and a string of churches across Spain. As surviving medieval manuscripts show, St James was the inspiration for a corpus of music and poetry, both secular and liturgical. Medieval pilgrims, whether sheltering in one of the churches, convents or monasteries that sprang up along the *camino*, or trudging from one village to the next, would have shared an oral tradition of story-telling and song. Every year, on 25 July, footsore and weary, they thronged to the newly built cathedral of Santiago to celebrate the divine office and mass of the feast day of St James.

The few medieval songs that refer directly to St James and the Santiago pilgrimage are contained in the *Codex Calixtinus* (also known as the *Liber Sancti Jacobi* or simply *Jacobus*) and the *Cantigas de Santa María*. Other manuscripts of medieval Spanish music contemporary with the heyday of the pilgrimage include the Las Huelgas Codex, a book of songs and praise of the Virgin in the keeping of the nuns of the Las Huelgas convent in Burgos, and the *Cantigas de Amor* of Martin Codax, a 13th-century minstrel from Galicia whose seven surviving poems (with music for six) were found tucked inside a book binding by a bookseller in Madrid in 1914.

The *Codex Calixtinus* came into the keeping of the cathedral of Santiago in the late 12th century. It contains an extraordinary range of material including an account of the life, miraculous works and martyrdom of Saint James, and a practical guide to the pilgrim routes across France and Spain. Of probable French origin, the Codex contains many grammatical errors and, in the absence of a more convincing argument, is thought to have been a kind of spot-the-deliberate-mistake teaching aid for French school boys. Also a music book, the Codex records the repertory of chant for the celebration of the feast of St James. In addition, the manuscript contains the popular pilgrim song *Dum pater familias* that can still be heard in Galicia today, and polyphony of a later date.

The *Cantigas de Santa María*, on the other hand, were collected by Alfonso X el Sabio, king of Castille and León from 1252 to 1284. They are some of the first Spanish songs to be written in the vernacular, Galician, rather than in Occitan. Including hymns in praise of the Virgin and tales of hapless pilgrims saved from final damnation by her miraculous intervention, they provide a rousing and dramatic complement to the *Codex Calixtinus*.

My quest to find musicians and performers inspired by the medieval music of the Santiago pilgrimage was no long-distance walk across northern Spain, but a stroll through south London. My first stop was the house of Mary Remnant, and any concern that I might have come to the wrong address was dispelled by the scallop shell decoration around the doorbell. Remnant is an authority on medieval instruments and a founder member of the Confraternity of St James. So, had she undertaken the pilgrimage? 'I feel rather bogus, she admitted. 'Although I've been there several times, I've never walked to Santiago.'

Researching medieval instruments since the 1950s, Remnant first visited Santiago de Compostela in 1967, on a Winston Churchill

Travelling Fellowship, to study the Pórtico de la Gloria of the cathedral. An important source for medieval instruments, the pórtico depicts 24 elders, a number of whom play fiddles, harps, psalteries and instruments of the guitar family. Sculpted in the centre is an organistrum, the two-person hurdy-gurdy (one turning the handle, the other playing the melody) with which Remnant has become closely associated. In 1980, she commissioned one of the first modern organistra from Alan Crumpler, who has built more instruments for her than any other maker.

From the late 1960s, Remnant was establishing a reputation for her lecture-recitals on medieval music, although not until 1980 did she devote an entire lecture tour to pilgrims and music on the Way of St James (hence the organistrum). The programme was the result of an invitation from the Early Music Network and a second, month-long Churchill fellowship, during which she drove the *Camino de Santiago* in a battered Morris Oxford. Since that programme, Remnant's Santiago lectures have become the most popular and most often repeated of all her lecture-recitals. Whether in parish church or Purcell Room, her infectious enthusiasm will spirit even the most uncooperative audience back to the middle ages. Darting from instrument to instrument from anecdote to academic reference and back, Remnant's warmth and conversational style and uniquely off-the-wall manner have brought her a cult following. In 1983, having become increasingly involved with Friends of Santiago groups in France, she hosted the inaugural meeting of the Confraternity of St James, in her own home. Thanks to Remnant, the Confraternity has its own choir, and a thriving programme of musical events.

Remnant concentrates her energies on performance rather than recording although she did take part in Philip Pickett's 1989 recording project in Temple Church for the double CD *Pilgrimage to Santiago*: 'I played one note on the organistrum!', she recalls with amusement. In *Pilgrimage to Santiago*, Pickett blended a selection of Spanish medieval music under one banner. On release in 1991, the recording was an immediate and lasting success.

Pickett's interest in Spanish medieval music was stimulated by his friendship with Andrea von Ramm in the 1970s, who at that time was recording *cantigas* with Thomas Binkley. In the 1980s he began working in earnest on the medieval Spanish repertoire after an invitation to take the New London Consort to perform in the cathedral of Santiago de Compostela. Since that concert, he has performed at all of the major churches along the *camino*. Taking listeners on a musical odyssey through

Navarre and Castille, León and Galicia, *Pilgrimage to Santiago* includes all the songs that refer directly to St James and the Santiago pilgrimage. The CD also draws on the Las Huelgas Codex and the cycle of seven love songs by Martin Codax.

As part of the recording project, Pickett reconstructed the medieval 'orchestra' sculpted on the Porticó de la Gloria, in an experiment that he deemed surprisingly successful. He based his idea on a passage in the *Codex Calixtinus* that describes pilgrims singing and playing instruments around the altar of Santiago cathedral during the feast day vigil of St James. The Codex refer to harps, lyres, drum, shawms, flutes, trumpets, fiddles, British or French rotes and psalteries. The punters certainly liked it: *Pilgrimage to Santiago* spent six months at a stretch in the classical music charts on two occasions. 'I wasn't interested in the repertoire commercially,' Pickett told me in the studied elegance of his Vauxhall home, 'though it was successful. The pilgrimage theme was one the public could relate to.' He was obviously enthusiastic about the music: but what about the walking? 'Walk to Santiago? Walk? I don't walk anywhere!'

As Pickett is the first to agree, his was neither the first nor the last recording of medieval music associated with the pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela. Nonetheless, the *Miracles of Sant'Iago* CD released last year by the north American ensemble, Anonymous 4, was the first recording entirely of liturgical music from the *Codex Calixtinus* to come out of the English-speaking world. Until recently, the early-music community has tended to focus on the polyphony of medieval Spain rather than on the plainchant. In Britain, Mary Berry has been the exception. In September 1995, she and her ensemble, Schola Gregoriana of Cambridge, sang liturgical music in a votive mass in Santiago cathedral. Berry is hoping one day to make a recording of the programme in the cathedral itself, believing it the most appropriate venue for such a project.

Meanwhile, Stevie Wishart, following on the success of Sinfonye's recording of *cantigas, Poder a Santa María*, has also turned her attention to Santiago de Compostela. In May, Sinfonye was again working with Cantabrian traditional singer Equidad Bares to record a selection of music associated with the pilgrimage. The CD, *Road to Santiago*, to be released by the Spanish label Glossa, will include music from the codices Calixtinus and Las Huelgas, songs by composers who made the pilgrimage themselves, such as Guillaume IX of Aquitaine, and in keeping with

Sinfonye's philosophy of performance practice, traditional pilgrim songs from France and Castille.¹

The final stop on my journey was a flat above a boarded-up shop in Camberwell, the home of Belinda Sykes, a young singer who has yet to make her first record. Her voice has been praised by Christopher Page as one of the most striking and original to appear in the medieval music world. In her performance of medieval songs, Sykes draws on the sound and vitality of contemporary folk traditions: 'From illustrations of musicians at the court of Alfonso X, it's clear that there was a melting pot of musical traditions there, with Jewish and Moorish singers and dancers coming from Andalucía, north Africa and as far away as Baghdad. So, when I perform the *cantigas*, I give them a middle-eastern/north-African flavour. And when it comes to performing songs of Galician origin, such as the *Dum pater familias*, I give them a more Celtic flavour.'

Since her student days at the Guildhall, where she studied oboe (classical and baroque) and recorder, Sykes has developed her chest voice and an improvisational style that, she argues, is appropriate to the medieval period. She studied voice with Bulgarian folk singers, and collected songs from Bulgaria, Spain, Morocco, Hungary and India. On a field trip to Spain in 1992, she visited music festivals in remote parts of Galicia. There she heard Galician women singing folk songs with a full open chest voice: 'It was the kind of singing I'd longed to hear, but never expected to.'

Sykes has performed with the New London Consort and the Munich-based ensemble Sarband among others, but in 1994 she put together her own ensemble, Joglearesa. Looking for musicians who could play by ear, read any music, and (most important) improvise, she went outside the classical music world. The group consists of percussionist Paul Claris, jazz guitarist Stuart Hall and jazz cellist Ben Davis, all playing a variety of replica medieval instruments. 'The *cantigas* come out different every time,' Sykes told me. 'We don't use arrangements and as the audience are unlikely to understand the words, I really emphasise the different dramatic parts. Concerts can vary in length by up to 20 minutes.' In March 1996, Joglearesa gave its first concert, in St Mary's Church, Putney. Entitled 'The Field of Stars' (a possible translation of the word

¹ Stevie Wishart's pilgrimage recording has been postponed by Glossa in favour of other Sinfonye projects and will probably take place in the summer of 1998, with release later next year.

Compostela), the programme drew on 13th-century music from Galicia to recreate the art of the medieval entertainer, the *joglar* and *joglarena*, who would have accompanied pilgrims to Compostela. More than a year after the concert, Sykes continues to explore influences on Spanish medieval music. In August she revisited Morocco, to try to find singers working in the traditional, classical style. 'The purpose of the trip is specifically to link the music of North Africa with the music of medieval Spain,' she told me before she left. Here was my last chance. Had Sykes thought of making the pilgrimage itself? She looked doubtful: 'I'm not sure about walking to Santiago. Sounds a bit too much like hard work.'

They say that the road to Santiago starts at your own front door. People make the journey by whatever means and for a variety of reasons –



Christina Ballinger on the *Camino*

religious, cultural, recreational or sporting. As things turned out, not one of the performers I talked to had actually walked to Compostela, and only Remnant, a practising Catholic, spoke of her religious interest in the pilgrimage. Yet all three have made their musical way to the shrine of St James, evidence once again of the enduring attraction of the *Camino de Santiago*.

This article was first published in *Early Music Today*, vol 4, no 6, December 1996/January 1997. It was revised by the author in August 1997. In October 1995 the author walked 200 miles of the *Camino de Santiago*.

A Wild Goose Chase in the Footsteps of St Aidan?

Peter Donaghy

The idea of walking from Iona to Lindisfarne arose as a result of Peter and Jeanne Donaghy's and John and Ann Hardy's mini-pilgrimage in April 1995 when they walked some 150 miles of the St James's way from Ponferrada to Santiago de Compostela.

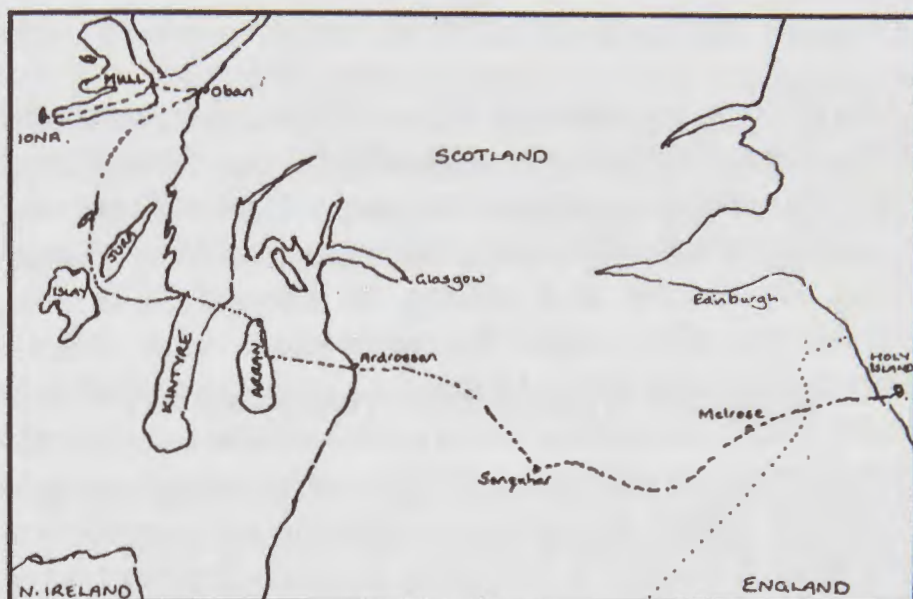
I suppose it was a case of how do we follow this? Obviously we have a strong desire to return to Spain to do further sections of this classical pilgrim route and even to attempt the *Vía de la Plata* route from south to north.

However, inspired by this experience we began to look a little bit nearer home. Living as we do in the north of England we are familiar with Northumbria's role as a major cradle of Christianity. St Aidan, St Cuthbert and St Bede, Lindisfarne (Holy Island), Jarrow and Durham are well-known names. The relationship between Iona and Lindisfarne is also one that we have frequently come across.

Was not King Oswald educated on Iona before coming to Northumbria and becoming its King in 634AD? And then did he not ask the monks from Iona to evangelise his people? A task that proved too difficult for the first missionary, Cormac who just couldn't cope with "those barbarous Northumbrians". And so didn't it fall to Aidan to take up the challenge and establish himself and a community of Iona monks on the island of Lindisfarne, within sight of the royal residence of Bamburgh Castle? The rest, as they say, is history.

The Route

We did wonder how Aidan and his monks had journeyed between these two westerly and easterly extremes. And if they had done it why couldn't we? We didn't manage to find details of their travels, but that may simply be because we didn't look hard enough or ask the right people.



Iona to Lindisfarne

When we subsequently discovered that Whithorn in south-east Scotland was, in fact, the earliest centre of Celtic Christianity, we did wonder whether the monks from Iona would have followed a sea route south in their coracles and then journeyed eastwards across country. And how about the remains of the roads (not to mention the Wall) that the Romans had left behind only a few hundred years previously? Alternatively did we go for the shortest possible route from the Scottish mainland at Oban across to the Northumbrian coast using the West Highland Way as a way south?

In the end, like many good walks, the route emerged from a mixture of expediency and coincidence. On the one hand, the emergence of a few major cities, such as Glasgow and Edinburgh, acted as a deterrent to the "as the crow flies" route. On the other hand, the availability and timing of ferries became of prime importance. Which Caledonian MacBrayne ferry combination would enable us to get beyond these obstacles? If we could pick up the Southern Upland Way we would then be able to embark on our travels in an easterly direction. Melrose, long associated with St Cuthbert, then seemed a good point to aim for. And lo and behold didn't we hear that someone was planning to open an official St Cuthbert's Way from Melrose to Lindisfarne. And so our route emerged.

Iona

We travelled to Iona by train as far as Oban, then took the ferry to Craignure, the bus to Fionnphort and finally the ten minute ferry trip over to Iona. All completed in a day, in contrast with the three weeks that it would take us to cover the 260 mile return journey! We enjoyed a day on Iona walking its shores and taking in its special atmosphere in preparation for our pilgrimage. We were made very welcome in the Abbey where the Warden, Peter Millar, was most interested to hear about our impending walk. He invited us to arrive a little early for the Sunday Communion service, so that he could join us in prayer as we lit candles in the side chapel before he gave us a blessing for our journey. We left immediately after the service, hurrying to catch the ferry back to Mull, really feeling like pilgrims with the good wishes of many of the congregation ringing in our ears, although we missed the shouts of "*buen camino*".

Mull

Although we had expected to walk along the road which leads across the island back to the port of Craignure, we were pleased to locate substantial traces of the old road, albeit heavily overgrown but at least recognisable and passable. This enabled us to avoid the succession of tourist buses which regularly ply their way towards Iona. The sights and sounds were truly magnificent on this stretch, with views across Loch Scridain and up Glen Mor to Ben Mor. Basking seals and herons merged with the countless varieties of wild flowers that were identified en route as we spent three days covering the 38 miles from west to east of Mull.

Island Hopping

Once back in Oban, Jeanne and Ann took their leave and caught the train back home. John and Peter then enjoyed a mini cruise, in glorious sunshine, from Oban via Colonsay, Jura and Isla to Kennacraig on the Mull of Kintyre. From the modest jetty where we arrived at 9pm it was, fortunately, a very short distance to our overnight accommodation at the Old School House, Whitehouse. We stayed throughout at bed-and-breakfast places which we had booked up well in advance to be sure of finding a good bed for the night. Naturally the availability of such resting

places tended to shape the nature of our route and the daily distances we had to cover. We were delighted to receive a warm welcome wherever we went and several of our stopovers would merit a story in themselves.

However, all went well and we soon found our way across Kintyre and via another ferry from Claonaig to Lochranza and on to Arran. After a night's stay there, we took our final ferry trip from Brodick to Ardrossan and the Scottish mainland.

Across Country – Ardrossan to Sanquhar

We felt that this early part of the walk was very adventurous as it was untried and certainly not way-marked as was the latter two-thirds. Indeed walking from Ardrossan to Fenwick to Darvel, to Muirkirk and on to Sanquhar was rather like skiing "off piste", crossing moorland often reserved for grouse shooting, over boggy terrain, past traces of old mines and spotting the occasional abandoned cottages and a few sheep but scarcely any human beings.

We had imagined that we would encounter traces of Celtic remains but these were few and far between with the notable exception of the fine ruins of the abbey at Kilwinning founded by the Celtic monk St Winnin sometime between the 6th and 8th centuries. However, there were two rather more dominant themes, at least on the first parts of our travels: the masons and the covenanters.

We were surprised at the number of masonic symbols we came across on monuments and in churchyards. This was especially the case in Kilwinning, where adjacent to the abbey we saw the "Mother Lodge", the oldest masonic lodge in Scotland which claims a history of over 800 years.

The bitterness of religious strife was made apparent through numerous roadside signs and monuments along this first third of our mainland route which recalled, in fairly explicit detail, the persecution and martyrdom suffered by those Scottish Presbyterians, the covenanters, during the "Killing Time" in the latter part of the 17th century at the hands of the English and the established Church.

And all we had really hoped for was some sign of Columba, Oswald and Aidan! However, at Muirkirk we did pass very near to the site of a 15th century chapel belonging to the monks of Melrose and here at least, we thought, we might be retracing the path of the early missionaries!

Southern Upland Way

From Sanquhar, boasting the oldest post office in Scotland and several further indications of covenanters, we picked up the well way-marked Southern Upland Way. John's map reading skills had successfully brought us this far, and from now on it was largely a question of stamina. There were certainly some very hard sections with steep climbs and descents as well as distances of 20 or more miles to be covered in a day. We were blessed with very good weather throughout our walk with only two wet days. This was particularly important on this stretch, as at times we had to climb to over 700 metres. The scenery had all the delights of a blend of quiet rural backwaters, rolling hills, vast forests and the industrial archaeology of the old lead-mining area around Wanlockhead, the highest inhabited village in Scotland. Nevertheless we were quite relieved when we eventually made it to Melrose via Wanlochhead, Beattock, St Mary's Loch, and Traquair. It was at the latter that we came across Traquair House, home of a Stuart family who had supported the Jacobite cause and where the chapel and priest's hole reflect another tradition of religious struggle and defiance.

St Cuthbert's Way

After meeting up again with our wives and enjoying the delights of Melrose Abbey, the charm of Sir Walter Scott's house, Abbotsford, and noting the existence of the "joint oldest Lodge in Scotland" we then embarked upon the newly opened St Cuthbert's Way. This delightful trail followed the river Tweed for some distance before heading along the route of the old Roman Dere Street to Ancrum, just short of Jedburgh. Then Yetholm brought us just short of the English border and conjured up images of reivers and other raiders of long ago. Here we followed the final stage of the Pennine Way as we made our way back into England at Border Ridge and on down to the market town of Wooler. This afforded us splendid views of the Cheviot hills before reaching St Cuthbert's Cave, an impressive cavern said to be one of the resting places of the coffin of St Cuthbert as the monks from Lindisfarne carried it away on its 200-year journey to Durham. It was just a few hundred yards from here that we got our first view of the Northumbrian coastline with the Farne Islands and Bamburgh Castle clearly in sight and there, at last, our goal Lindisfarne!

The following day we made our way over the sands in our bare feet across the Pilgrims' Way to reach our destination, being met half-way by members of our families and close friends. Our pilgrimage ended as it had begun, with a service in the island church as we celebrated the feast day of St Aidan, together with fellow parishioners from the church of the same name in Gosforth, Newcastle.

It had been a wonderfully exhilarating and demanding journey with plenty of time for reflection, and many opportunities to rethink one's destiny, just like our journey to Santiago. Perhaps the Wild Goose, the Celtic symbol for the Holy Spirit, was not too far away from us!



John Hardy and Peter Donaghy celebrate their arrival on Holy Island beneath St Aidan's statue.

The Spiritual Dimension of the Pilgrimage

Nigel Elbourne

Based on a talk by the Reverend Nigel Elbourne to the Northern Group Practical Pilgrim Day at Ripon on March 1st 1997

I shall begin with what I hope foot-sore pilgrims will forgive me for calling a Pre-"amble"! Pilgrimage has long been seen as a metaphor for life itself: a life filled with a succession of problems which all pale into insignificance as the journey ends at the Celestial City. John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* gives us the literary *locus classicus*. That is one reason I give no apology for introducing a spiritual dimension to a conference dedicated to the Practical Pilgrim. I am further emboldened by recently-published statistics from Jeannine Warcollier (of our sister organisation in France: *La Société des Amis de St Jacques*) which affirm that those who give "*Spirituelle*" as their motivation for making the pilgrimage now out-number those who give "*sportive*" or "*culturelle*".

We begin with St James himself. There are three aspects of our patron which we might explore before we turn to the pilgrimage. First, of course, there is St James the Apostle. We read about him in the gospels and in the Acts. Not all we read of him is complimentary either – the Gospel for St James's Day tells of a rebuke by our Lord, and a falling out with his fellow disciples over the question of pre-eminence. The account of the incident used in the Roman Missal blames his mother, but in these feminist days, I think we might discount that as an editorial gloss! Two things which need to be said, though: he didn't write the Epistle of St James – that was probably by James the brother of our Lord; and, second, there is no scriptural evidence to say that St James went to Spain. But, conversely, it doesn't say that he didn't! So we may still expect to encounter the Apostle at Santiago de Compostela.

The second aspect of St James is *Santiago Matamoros*. This is not politically correct to us, but is still very real to the Spanish at a more or less conscious level. The reason I did not stay in Santiago to celebrate St James's Day – having timed my walk for that very purpose in the Holy Year of 1993 – was that the arrival of the King and Queen the day before

laid an inevitably greater emphasis on the nationalistic aspect of Santiago Matamoros. (See my article in Bulletin N° 51.)

Lastly - and most congenial to us - comes St James the Pilgrim. We may see representations of him throughout Spain. But, best of all, we may see him in his hat and cockle, with his scrip and staff, in pictures and statues throughout Christendom. There is a St James window in the cathedral here in Ripon.

After three aspects of St James, we come to three aspects of pilgrimage. One of the things that originally attracted me to the Santiago pilgrimage was the fact that arriving is relatively unimportant - the journey's the thing. The cultural and spiritual remains on the Way itself are as numerous and satisfying as at Santiago itself. This is reflected also in the walk itself. As one French person put it: "*Ce n'est pas exactement une Grande Randonnée, c'est plutôt une Petite Randonnée ... prolongée!*" There are few serious challenges even to the moderate walker - beyond that of setting out again the next morning and fulfilling one's daily average mileage.

The next - somewhat un-Christian - aspect of the pilgrimage is what one might call the Pilgrim Hierarchy: the fact that we all look down on someone! Walkers look down on cyclists; fully-laden cyclists look down on the racing cyclist with motorised back-up; those who set out from their own doorstep look down on those who set off from a more congenial starting point. We *all* look down on those who arrive by their hundreds in an air-conditioned coach, tripping over their broom-handle, plastic-cockle-decorated, "pilgrim staves" in their rush to join the queue at the shrine!

Which leads us to the third aspect - which is a question: what awaits us at Compostela? Is it the shrine? Then make sure you get there first thing in the morning when the cathedral opens at seven, or you won't be able to spend enough time at the shrine to appreciate what, or the one who, is there - for those who are culturally motivated there is a wealth of other attractions - for those who are "*sportifs*" there is the walk to Finisterre. I personally would make a strong case for visiting Padrón - a place of impeccable Jacobean connections - either on foot or by train (incidentally, subsidised trains are cheaper than buses in Spain - worth bearing in mind). I thoroughly appreciated the chance to walk up the hill from the church where St James's river-side mooring post is preserved, past the fountain where he baptised his first converts, to the natural hill-top pulpit where he evangelised the Galicians.

I began this talk with a sort of preamble, so I will conclude with a Post-"amble"! There has, in recent numbers of our Bulletin, been quite a discussion on the problems of returning home after the pilgrimage. Here are three suggestions, based, both on my own experience, and on what I have said above, which may be helpful in this difficult process.

First – remember the "*Petite Randonnée prolongée*". Life, too, is a day-by-day journey – to be enjoyed for itself. When St James, along with Saints Peter and John, were privileged to join our Lord on the Mount of Transfiguration they tried to prolong the experience by fixing it in "three tabernacles". For Christ, however, the Transfiguration was a major step on the Way of the Cross (read Mark 8.27–9.32) and the most commendable reaction to the whole event is that of the father of the epileptic boy who so anxiously awaited Christ's descent from the Mount: "Lord I have faith – help me where my faith falls short" (9.24).

Which leads us to the different *personae* of St James. I suggest that St James the Apostle must be the role model for us – as he is for most other people. For he witnesses to a changed life in Christ which enabled him, not only to live the gospel, but to preach it – and to die for it.

Remember, too, that the Gospel for St James's Day (Mark 10.35–45 for Anglicans or Matthew 20.20–28 for Roman Catholics) tackles the question of hierarchy which so bedevils pilgrims. We should never forget that, for the people getting off the plane or coach at Santiago, this will be one of the highlights of their life, for not everyone has the privilege of a three-month "holiday" to walk from Le Puy! The close society of the *refugio* gives us ample opportunity to learn humility and tolerance. We shall have plenty of occasions to put that particular skill into practice on our return home.

And finally – a *Post Scriptum* for practical pilgrims. I cannot recommend highly enough the use of the FEVE narrow-gauge railway which links El Ferrol to the two ferry ports for the UK – and now, I believe, the French border too. The near walking speed, the spectacular rural scenery, the opportunity to stop off at Oviedo, the contact with real Spaniards as well as international tourists – all these give a splendid re-acclimatization to real life. So too does the 24 hour crossing of the Bay of Biscay. Let the train take the strain!

A Pilgrim's Reflections

Brendan Nolan

"Feel very tired tonight – bed at 9.45 pm, but short stages over the next two days. Only two weeks to Santiago – approx. 230 miles!" So read the entry in the pilgrim's journal for 10th June 1996. The tiredness may have been due to walking 20 miles in the heat that day, to Carrión de los Condes, or perhaps it was due to two weeks walking without a rest-day. On the other hand, maybe 43 days walking, carrying one's whole world in a rucksack for over 700 miles, was taking its toll.

A journal entry a few days earlier reads, "Main aim now is to get the miles behind us as fast as possible and to get to the end, and home." "Us" consisted of myself and three other pilgrims: Elisabeth and Wieland, a married couple from southern Germany who had started the pilgrimage just before the border of France/Spain, and Willy, a Dutch pilgrim who had started alone from Le Puy, in France, nearly six weeks earlier. The group had begun to 'gel' about a week earlier at Puente la Reina, a town which gets its name from the 11th-century pilgrim bridge over the River Arga, built at the command of Queen Urraca and which, with its six arches, remains unchanged today. By the time we arrived at Puente, Willy and I had already been walking together for nine days through France and Spain, having previously travelled alone or with other groups of pilgrims. The pilgrim route or *camino* is not littered with saints and so one hopes to meet up with pilgrims who are more easy-going, or just less irritable than others: pilgrims who don't snore at night, pilgrims who don't rise too early or, if they do, use a torch rather than flood the dormitory with light at 5.30 am, pilgrims who don't talk incessantly, who will allow others to experience the peacefulness of creation as they plod their way across the hot, flat, Spanish *meseta* or the high, open plateau of the Aubrac in central France.

It is in Le Puy, in the Auvergne, that many medieval pilgrims used to gather, having already journeyed across Europe on foot. Dirk, aged 60, whom I met in south-west France had walked from Le Puy also, but his walking pilgrimage had quite literally started from his own doorstep in Amsterdam. He remarked at one point that he had "found the first 1,000 kilometres quite lonely". This was not really surprising – not until Le Puy would he begin to meet other pilgrims. However, for me, the journey to

Le Puy was by bus via Lyon, and it was there, walking through the old streets that I experienced a very moving moment. I had my rucsac on my back, a pilgrim staff, with scallop-shell attached, in my hand, when a Lyonnais gentleman pointed, and said to his young son, "Un pèlerin". In those two words one was put into the context of nearly a thousand years and millions of feet that had set off for Santiago.

A brief evening meeting with Françoise, a French friend, in front of the Cathedral in Le Puy, after getting the first stamp in the pilgrim passport at the sacristy, sorted out the meeting-place for the next day. Françoise had been ill, but had taken up the invitation to walk the first three days; her husband, Maurice, would meet up with us each evening. They had booked the *gites* for the first three nights but would take no money for accommodation or even picnics: "You are a pilgrim, you are our guest". This was to be typical of the sort of generosity a pilgrim encounters. Is this openness, generosity, shown so easily to a pilgrim because the person shares in some way in the pilgrimage, or perhaps the pilgrim is vulnerable and is therefore less threatening? After a week or so of the open expanses of the Massif Central, lashed by wind and rain, it was a relief to descend into the forested Lot valley, and take a day's rest at the Hospitalité St Jacques at Estaing. Here there is a lay community that welcomes pilgrims, surviving on donations: their way of putting something back into a pilgrimage that had given them so much. It was here that trust and generosity were shown again by two French pilgrims, Jean and Huguette whom I met for the first time. Being short of money, and having missed the bank at Espalion, Jean gave me 200 francs saying, "You can pay me back if we meet again, if not, here is my address". We met three days later in Conques and the debt was settled. Planning for banks or cash points, finding food shops open, locating Post Offices and telephone boxes for contact with home: all these become major tasks for a pilgrim on the move, who is sleeping on a different bed each night.

Gradually a routine is established: up early, breakfast (maybe), pack rucsac, on the road, snacks of dried fruit and/or bread and cheese, an average of 15-20 miles walking, wash clothes each night, cook evening meal, write up journal, sort out next day's journey and accommodation, bed. As the miles build up the pounds drop away, familiar faces are seen on the route and small groups form. Some pilgrims are only able to walk for 2-3 weeks, starting again each year where they finished the previous year. It was one of these groups who cooked and shared a meal with René

and I in Nogaró. When we asked how much we owed, the answer was simple: "Nothing, just say a prayer for us in Santiago".

Some days later we emerged from the woods, and there, in the distance were the snow-capped peaks of the Pyrenees gleaming in the sunshine, with Spain beyond them – two hours by car, six days on foot! The final day in France, climbing to over 4,000 feet and walking 17 miles to the first halt at Roncesvalles, is very special for the pilgrim who has been on the move for several weeks. No matter that there are still 500 miles and four weeks walking to contend with: there is a great sense of achievement, almost as though the pilgrimage was completed, or at least one is on the final lap. The physical effort no longer seems a problem: to average 20 miles a day now seems relatively easy, and Pamplona and Burgos are soon left behind (or so it seems), and the heat of mid-June makes the rain, hail and snow of the Auvergne seem a distant memory.

I still have that prayer-debt to pay in Santiago. Having gone to bed at 9.45 pm on 10th June 1996, I was woken at 12.30 am. I was back in Durham by 2.00 pm on 11th June. Hopefully, that prayer will be said in Santiago in June 1997, only 250 left to walk!

¹ The sudden return was due to the imminent death of my mother. I arrived in Durham in time; my mother died on 12th June. I have left the *camino* but not the pilgrimage.

Ed: The author successfully completed his pilgrimage and paid his prayer-debt this summer.

Stop Press

Monday 3 November

"A Celebration of the Life of the Florentine Organist and Composer, Francello Landini; together with his Contemporaries Guillaume de Machaut and Geoffrey Chaucer"

A lecture recital by **Mary Remnant.**

7.30 pm in the Purcell Room (South Bank Centre), London SE1. Ticket prices: £12, £10, £7-50. Telephone bookings on (0171) 960 4242 (every day, 9.30 am to 9 pm) or in person at the Festival Hall box office.

CSJ Study Visit to the Maragatería

October 1996

Pat Quaife and Leslie Smith

Late in October 1996 a group of CSJ members spent a week in the village of Rabanal, walking through and exploring the surrounding area, known as the Maragatería. Some of the group stayed in the Refugio Gaucelmo, where warden Howard Hilton nobly and hospitably coped with the influx of 'special' pilgrims, while others stayed in the Mesón Hosteria on the Calle Real on the opposite side of the church square.

An Asturian Welcome

Flying in to Asturias airport on a quiet Sunday afternoon we were startled but gratified to be met by the press, a bouquet of flowers and leading members of two of the local associations, the Asociación de Amigos del Camino de Avilés and the Asociación Astur-Galaica. Their programme occupied the rest of the day and included a visit to the nearby church of Santiago del Monte and a walking tour of the old part of Avilés. This city is not renowned for its beauty but the old centre was full of interest, especially the Romanesque church of Santo Tomás de Cantorbery (whose dedication recollects the arrival of medieval English pilgrims at Avilés and other Asturian ports). In a second Santo Tomás church the choir sang in our honour most beautifully before we were invited to celebrate our visit with local cider and *tapas* in a bar belonging to one of the Avilés *amigos*. All these festivities meant a late arrival in Rabanal but a nonetheless warm greeting from Howard Hilton and Alf Lonsdale, the second warden who was leaving the next day.

Maragato Days

As this was a study-tour Monday morning found us in the Refugio's *salón* for an informal lecture/information session on Rabanal and the Maragatería are a generally. This was to be the pattern for most days, with walks and mini-bus excursions alternating and a visit to Astorga and its market on Tuesday. Warm sunshine on the Monday later found us walking to Foncebadón, paintbrush and yellow paint in hand. Several CSJ

members had complained about the way-marking around Foncebadón so Roger Cocks painted in some strategic yellow arrows to help future pilgrims on their way. After a picnic lunch (complete with apples for everyone brought all the way from Finchley) at the Cruz de Ferro and hermitage of Santiago a small group opted to go on 'up the mountain' to the near-deserted village of Manjarín. There they enjoyed meeting Tomás, originally from Madrid, but now installed in a self-built refuge where he supplies coffee and sustenance to many thousands of pilgrims each year. Highlights of the return walk to Rabanal included Mary Remnant's entanglement with Maragato cows while she photographed their bells and a brief encounter with María in the village of Foncebadón. María and her son are the sole full-time residents of Foncebadón although padlocks and electricity meters on several other houses indicate that these may now be holiday homes for people from Madrid.



Ruined church of Foncebadón. Photo: Margaret Wood

Our second rural walking day was Wednesday when we went down to the river just south of Rabanal, crossed it on a rickety bridge and climbed up through woods to the villages of Santa Marina, Turienzo de los Caballeros (reached across fields) and Santa Colomba de Somoza. Foreigners, especially on foot, are a rare sight in Maragato villages off the pilgrim route and we met a number of friendly local people, including a lady who offered everybody nuts to eat. At Turienzo, where houses are grouped around a green square and where there is no tarmacked road, we

enjoyed the beautiful Romanesque church where several people climbed the bell tower and sang, the many autumn trees and the newly restored medieval tower of the Marqueses of Astorga, which gives the village its aristocratic name. At Santa Colomba, the largest of the three, with a range of characteristic domestic architecture, a funeral procession was under way with the whole village taking part. This delayed our *cocido maragato* slightly in one of the two bars but not seriously.

Urban delights

As all pilgrims know, Tuesday is market day in Astorga when people from what seemed like all 44 Maragato villages came in to town with their wares. As well as shopping and visits to the Cathedral and Gaudi museums we enjoyed a special lecture in the municipal library given by D. Martín Martínez Martínez, an Astorga scholar who has written extensively on the Maragatería. D. Martín spoke in Spanish but with linguists in the group like Janet Richardson and Jim Wilson who took it in turns to translate into English perfect comprehension was the order of the day. As well as touching on the pilgrimage D. Martín described some of the southern villages off the beaten track which was a great help in deciding on our mini-bus itinerary for Saturday.

Pilgrims on Wheels

Two days were devoted to excursions further afield in which a bus-driver well known to Confraternity members, Santiago from Autos Pelines of Ponferrada, enhanced the visits with his knowledge of the area and its people. Destinations on the Thursday were El Acebo, Compludo (down in the valley and boasting a medieval forge that could date back in part to the 7th century) and the unforgettable Peñalba de Santiago in the Montes Aquilianos south of Ponferrada. Thanks to Santiago we were able to have lunch in the *cantina* in Peñalba before walking on and upwards for a mile or so to the cave of the 9th century San Genadio. He retired there after a stint as Bishop of Astorga and the altar at which he prayed can still be seen at the rear of the cave.

Our last full Maragatería day was Saturday which was devoted to another mini-bus tour, this time principally to southern towns and villages off the beaten track. Our outward route included El Ganso with its church porch that has sheltered so many pilgrims from rain and heat over the centuries, and Santa Catalina where Vincent Kelly looked up an old acquaintance from his last pilgrimage. In Val de San Lorenzo which

specialises in making blankets and knitwear a number of purchases were made before we went on to Santiago Millas (and an unbooked and delicious lunch in the Mesón there), Quintanilla de Somoza and a couple more remote villages in the shadow of Monte Teleno. Time was pressing at the end of the afternoon if we wanted to be back in Rabanal in time for the 6pm Mass so Santiago put his foot on the accelerator and the mini-bus sped through landscape and villages as fast as safety allowed. To our delight we arrived 'home' just in time to take part in a procession from the chapel of the Bendito Cristo on the eastern outskirts of the village to the parish church of Santa Maria, where Mass was celebrated in the overflowing church.

Fifth Anniversary of the Refugio Gaucelmo Inauguration

October 25th 1991 was an unforgettable day in the annals of the Confraternity when the Refugio Gaucelmo was formally opened by the Bishop of Astorga in front of at least 200 people from all over Europe, including a large contingent of CSJ members. By coincidence the 1996 party was not only in Rabanal five years on but the day was the very same, ie Friday the 25th October. So of course there was a celebration in the form of a party for the visiting group and villagers alike, along with guests from Astorga and Ponferrada, especially our sister-association the El Bierzo association with whom we continue to work very closely. Our immediate neighbours, Asumpta and Charo, were just back from being away and therefore able to be present, which was a great pleasure. We were delighted too that Alberto Morán, who had been secretary of the El Bierzo association during the years of planning the Refugio Gaucelmo, was there with his beloved guitar. At 4.45 precisely the bells of Santa María were rung by Ublines, the village sacristan, in the staccato fashion that summons everyone to the church (or nearby in this case). Soon Alberto's songs and music, along with that of Maximiliano, the famous Rabanal piper-drummer, inspired everybody to dance on the patio - young and not-so-young alike. On the Confraternity side Mary Remnant had been rehearsing a group of singers for some days; after a rousing welcome in impeccable Spanish from William Griffiths, standing on the Gaucelmo balcony, the choir took over and performed a number of well-known pieces, including *Ad honorem Regis summi*. During this time quite a few bottles were opened and much *empanada* consumed. By the time the stars came out we all felt that the fifth anniversary had been fittingly celebrated by Confraternity and village alike.



5th anniversary Gaucelmo party with Alberto Morán (centre). Photo: Leslie Smith.

No Way Out?

Those of us staying at the Mesón needed to leave to go across the square to the refuge for breakfast by about 8.10 each morning and there was a standing arrangement that the outside door would be unlocked, to allow us out at that time. On Wednesday morning however we had come down to find the front door locked, keyless and un-openable. On the two previous mornings a connecting door between the hall and the bar had also been unlocked, allowing access to the street via the bar as well as via the outer hall door but today even this connecting door was locked. However, hanging in the lock of a door on the first-floor landing we found a bunch of keys and taking it downstairs we proceeded to try every key in each of the two relevant locks – but none fitted.

The connecting door to the bar, which also led to that part of the building occupied by Antonio, our landlord, and his family, was furnished with a magnificent wrought-iron knocker; after a brief debate we decided to abandon caution – and courtesy and to find out whether the knocker might be as good in the effect as it was in the appearance; obviously appearances were deceptive, for although when we plied it the house shook, no-one appeared. Greatly daring, we tried again, but with the same lack of result. Then someone pointed out that the outer door had a Judas window (a stable-door type arrangement).

This proved to be secured by a single bolt on the inside. Drawing the bolt and opening the window showed that for a Judas window it was surprisingly large; certainly large enough to allow a person to get through but set quite high above the ground. Feeling that one of us would be able to get out through the window, we fetched a couple of the hall chairs and using one to stand on passed the other through the window and put it on the ground below. After that it was a relatively simple matter to climb out through the window, on to the second chair and then the ground.

That exercise put one of us outside but it had to be recognised that the manoeuvre was not exactly easy (or particularly dignified). Nothing daunted however, Pat Quaife, who was also staying in the Mesón, immediately set out to follow and with a little help and encouragement from the one without and from the others within she was soon also in the road outside and disappearing purposefully into the paling darkness of the Rabanal dawn. The next task was to persuade those still inside that there was nothing to it and that if they followed the examples set everyone would soon be enjoying an only slightly belated breakfast in Gaucelmo. They seemed, however, to remain somewhat unconvinced.

The Great Escape

The outer door was fitted with a knocker even heavier and more ornate than the inner one we had already tried. 'He outside' stood contemplating it now; it had caught his attention the first time that he had seen it a couple of days before and he had nurtured ever since a desire to use it for its true purpose. If he did so now, would its superior size and appearance prove more effective as a knocker-upper than had its cousin indoors? Was this opportunity knocking? He decided that it was; and seizing the handle, lifted it and brought it down hard against the door...

There was no immediate way of knowing what the effect on the good Antonio and his family might have been but it was certainly possible to see, through the open Judas window, the effect on those unfortunates still waiting inside. The knocker had certainly lived up to - indeed, it had well exceeded - every expectation. The first effect was to lift everyone, simultaneously, some three inches off the floor while at the same time propelling them bodily some three feet back from the door. The next was to prompt a general, and wholly understandable, desire to get away as quickly as possible, from a racket that they were convinced must by now have wakened the entire village. Their energy renewed they flew back to their chairs and set to work passing out rucksacks, boots and bodies with

a speed and enthusiasm that, only a few moments before, would have seemed utterly inconceivable. With all attentions thus fully engaged, it was some little time before we became aware that we were no longer alone! Slightly flushed, buttoning his waistcoat, pulling down his cuffs and wearing a rather worried expression Antonio had joined us. Our frenzied movements hesitated, slowed and finally stopped ... we stood around him in a half-circle, looking sheepish, rather like a group of children caught scrumping apples, and watched him insert the key into the lock, turn it and finally swing open the heavy front door. After a short pause, British phlegm quickly re-asserted itself and with as much nonchalance as we could muster, we began to busy ourselves, ostentatiously dusting chairs and vigorously returning them to their rightful locations. In the meantime the true perpetrator of the crime – the disturber of the peace of a slumbering Rabanal – having crept back into the hall tried vainly to hide himself behind whatever item of furniture stood nearest to hand, adequate or otherwise. Later, the hall having been restored to something approaching a state of normality and explanations and apologies having been tendered and accepted on both sides, we gathered up our rucksacks and scurried across the way to breakfast, leaving Antonio to go, in peace, to his.

Any tiny crumb of comfort that 'he outside' might have derived from the thought that (whatever else it might have done), the knocker had at least had the desired effect, was rudely brushed away when, a short time later, he discovered that this had in fact been achieved by Pat, by the simple act of telephoning Antonio in the Mesón from Gaucelmo!

The following morning, during those delicious, all too short moments between waking and rising, while idly mulling over the events of the previous day, it dawned on a certain slowly awakening brain that, if Pat had been able to ring Antonio, then equally so might we have done. While we had been milling around in the hall, trying to find some way of escape or of summoning Antonio to our aid, there on the wall above us, in full view for all to see, had been hanging ... a telephone.

(Readers will be relieved to know that no further great escapes were necessary during the course of the Rabanal study week.)

Sounds and Silences of the *Camino*

John Revell

Music is the acknowledged sphere of Mary Remnant, so I tread lightly in attempting to recapture some of the aural attractions of the recent study-visit to Rabanal.

Our days began with breakfast in the *Refugio Gaucelmo* to the strains of Bach as chosen by October warden, Howard Hilton, as his recommended passage into the pleasures of the daylight hours. And at the other end of the day it was agreeable to sink into sleep to the dissonant chiming of the two clocks on the church tower, dissonant not in tone but in their varied telling of the hours.

Musical interludes punctuated our visits to various Maragato villages as Confraternity voices were raised in pilgrim song. Of particular memory to me was an aerial outburst in the steeple of the village church at Santa Marina, followed by spontaneous renderings of the Lord's Prayer in both Gaelic and Maltese.

Friday was fiesta day at the *Refugio Gaucelmo* when a large number of invited guests assembled on the patio to celebrate the fifth anniversary of its inauguration. Just before five in the afternoon the church bells were rung staccato fashion to summon the village - a typical Rabanal sound at times of celebration or emergency. Mary Remnant's choir, with volunteer additions, hymned the occasion from the balcony amidst garlands of drying pilgrim washing, whilst at ground level the more local musical contributions were wonderfully varied. It is a tradition of the Maragato villages that each has its own piper-drummer and Rabanal is no exception. But the combination of a piper-drummer and the plangent strings of D. Alberto Moran's guitar is the stuff that gives rise to legends. Happy the members of D. Alberto's parish of Dehesas, west of Ponferrada!

On our final night in Rabanal our piper-drummer (Maximiliano) accompanied the village procession through the streets from the Bendito Cristo chapel to Mass at the parish church of Santa María. Was it only six nights earlier that we had landed at Asturias airport to be taken off to the nearby town of Avilés to a choral welcome at one of the churches dedicated to St Thomas of Canterbury? Unaccompanied the choir of St Thomas had sung us into our first Spanish evening, and later in a nearby

bar, with cider flowing freely (and vertically, in Asturian fashion) they sang again so that the departure on our long coach journey to Rabanal was delayed for the best of reasons.

Organ music in the loftiness of Astorga Cathedral, an unrehearsed but welcome bonus, was a feature of market day in the only near-metropolitan venture of our week's visit.

Better far perhaps – or certainly of comparable importance – were the deep stillnesses of remoter places. The *Valle del Silencio* has a name that tells its nature, but of equal quiet resonance was the near-to-dusk peace around Rabanal itself, apart, of course, from the dual tolling of the passage of the hours from the church clocks. Six kilometres away in the almost deserted village of Foncebadón the bells have long since fallen silent and given rise to the beginning of a legend of their own. In such a setting it is not hard to imagine pilgrims down the ages making their various ways for their various reasons to the distant Galician shrine. As we do today.

The Road to Santiago; a Journey to Santiago de Compostela, by Knud Helge Robberstad. (Stavanger, Norway 1996, 160 pages, 152 colour photographs, large format. English edition ISBN 82-994149-1-1).

The Road to Santiago is the account of photographers Knud Helge-Robberstad and Mark Baker's walk along the pilgrim road from Le Puy to Santiago de Compostela. In April 1995 they packed their cameras into their rucksacks to spend over two months walking along the French road. Their intention was to capture the visual impact of the road on film, in order to produce a photographic book about their journey on their return. After the completion of their pilgrimage, Knud Helge Robberstad went back to his native Norway to work on the written account of their journey. The result was the first ever book in Norwegian describing a walk along the *Camino Francés*. Robberstad then continued by translating the original text into English for the parallel international edition. The book is not only a recollection of places they visited and people they met, it is also an account of their daily life, reflections and experiences along the road. With more than 150 high excellent colour photographs, this handsome book is also a visual journey along the pilgrim roads to Santiago de Compostela.

Copies of the book are available from the CSJ Office for £25 (collected in person), £27 (inland post), £29 (overseas post).

The Vlaams Genootschap in Kent and Sussex

Marion Marples

The Confraternity was delighted to welcome a group of Flemish pilgrims to England this spring. They were on a comprehensive study tour of the south-east led by Berthe-Marie Reichardt Bosch, a member of the Vlaams Genootschap committee.

When John and Etain Hatfield and I met them initially at Canterbury they had already visited and been entranced by the marvellous Romanesque churches at Barfreston and Patricbourne on their journey from Dover. Together we all drove to Chilham and walked the final six miles of the Pilgrim's Way back into Canterbury, enjoying the apple blossom but not the bitter wind. After a good lunch in their hotel we took them to the Cathedral and the exhibition *Power to Inspire*, a small display of Canterbury pilgrim badges and Becket relics. Perhaps even more inspiring was Choral Evensong, with seats in the choir stalls.

A week later a larger group of Confraternity members met the Belgians again, this time in Chichester. They missed the walk around the Roman walls with Peter FitzGerald, but Ben Burrows had arranged for us all to picnic in the (draughty) Cathedral cloister. We then all set off for a wet walk along the Chichester Canal to Birdham. Not only were we delighted by a nest of cygnets along the way, but also most grateful for a warm welcome (which included tea and home-made biscuits) at St James's Church in Birdham. The Vicar, Fr John Williams, was able to welcome our guests in Flemish and lead an impromptu bi-lingual liturgy with hymns sung by both groups.

St James Birdham has a good new east window depicting Chichester harbour and its environs, with copious local bird life as the setting for the 'Call of St James'.

International fellowship and goodwill was further sealed that evening in the 12th-century Crypt restaurant in Chichester with food, wine and song in true pilgrim style.

On Sunday morning we introduced some of the Flemish visitors to 8am Holy Communion in the Cathedral, after which everyone enjoyed a specially arranged whistle-stop tour taken by Richard Meynell (Surveyor of the Fabric of the Close). His love of the building and of the houses in the Cathedral Close was infectious and we could have listened much longer.



Chichester Cathedral

However, we had to return to Birdham to continue our walk to Bosham, which has a Saxon church depicted in the Bayeux Tapestry, and where Harold prayed before leaving for Normandy. This time the attraction was taking the Itchenor Ferry (ten pilgrims at a time and remember the ferryman's tales in the *Pilgrim's Guide*) across one arm of the harbour. Then around the shoreline to Bosham, hoping that the tide would not yet have come in and covered the causeway into the village - which conveniently shortened the walk for us.

After a visit to the Holy Trinity church with its unusual horseshoe chancel arch incorporating capitals of a large square stone over a round mill-stone shape at top and base, we spread out along the Quay and John and Shirley Snell produced quantities of red wine to enhance our picnics. After a bi-lingual rendition of 'Auld Lang Syne' we waved off our new friends who still had to visit Arundel, Petworth and Brighton that day.



Vlaams Genootschap group on the Pilgrim's Way with Marion Marples (kneeling, left) and John (with staff) and Etain Hatfield (kneeling, centre)

I am particularly grateful to Rosie Slough who organised the weekend and all the Sussex members who supported her, particularly Joe Cheer who helped lead the walks.

It is not always possible for all of us to visit the *Camino* in Spain every year. Welcoming groups of pilgrims from Europe is an excellent way of recreating the atmosphere and fellowship of the *Camino* here at home. There will be two more opportunities to meet our Flemish friends next year: the weekend of 18-19 April when Berthe-Marie's group will be in Bristol and Glastonbury prior to visiting Devon and Cornwall, and later in the year when a mixed Belgian and Dutch group will be visiting London.

St James's Way Basingstoke to Winchester

Rosemary Clarke

Since 1994 CSJ members have been spending one day a year walking the route of a long-distance path between Reading and Southampton, St James's Way, which the Confraternity hopes to waymark in the future. Last September 28th seven members set off from the outskirts of Basingstoke along the Way, which follows the route of a Roman road. Our first stop was Dummer, where we looked at the delightful church, with its rustic timbers and 14th-century pulpit, being serenaded as we did so by the choir practising. An eighth member of the group joined us there, having intrepidly found his own way from the edge of Basingstoke and over the M3! After following part of the Wayfarers Way, and surprising a deer in a spinney beside the path, we descended into Preston Candover, where we had lunch at the pub. The route then took us across the Hampshire Downs, a very remote part of the county with few houses or farms, just wonderful views of fields, hedges, trees and sky. We paused for a while at the small Norman church of St James, Upper Wield, then set off along the Ox Drove, an ancient track leading south-west to Alresford. There was just time to buy some watercress there but not unfortunately time for tea before catching a bus to Winchester and then the train back to London.

This year, on a grey and damp May Saturday ten of us met at Alresford for the next stage of the walk. The stage covered a comparatively short distance of eight miles, because we plan a weekend next year to finish the route in style, with a full day's walk from Winchester to Southampton one day and an examination of some of the medieval pilgrim-related sites in Southampton the following day.

Access to Alresford is tricky, since the only railway is the Watercress Line, so some of us travelled by train to Winchester and then used a very expensive Stagecoach bus to the starting point. The route is very pretty, following a stretch of the Wayfarers' Way along a riverside path through Alresford and past an attractive fulling mill. The path then rose across the Downs. Unfortunately the drizzle and mist made both conversation and enjoyment of the views somewhat difficult. At the highest point of the route we again joined the Ox Grove Way to walk south-west towards Itchen Abbas where a pub lunch in the welcome shelter of the Trout Inn awaited us.

After a brief look at Itchen Abbas church we resumed the route, following parts of the Itchen Way along the Itchen Valley. We stopped briefly to look at the churches in Martyr Worthy and King's Worthy, then approached Winchester along the Pilgrim's Way. After enjoying refreshment in the attractive modern Visitors' Centre, some of the group explored the Cathedral to the strains of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, which was being rehearsed for a concert that evening.

Pilgrims' Way '97

Marion Marples

For a long time it seemed that only a few church people 'in the know' and the Confraternity had much idea of what Pilgrims' Way '97 was all about.

The issue of the St Augustine and St Columba postage stamps raised its profile and those involved with organising the transport and accommodation of more than 300 people over 14 days between Canterbury and Derry began to get more frantic and to attract more participants.

The Confraternity was able to draw a little on its experience in organising Le Walk last year and make useful suggestions for the planning in the Diocese of Southwark. About ten CSJ members were at London Bridge City Pier to welcome the S.S. *Millennium* with the pilgrims aboard who had come upstream from Greenwich. There were excited reunions with at least another ten members before we left for a greeting from the Bishop and a picnic lunch at Southwark Cathedral. Here the stewards were joined by members of the CSJ Choir who sang songs in honour of St James, as well as 'Bache Bene Venies' in honour of the free beer being dispensed by a local brewery.

We then led the huge group (at far too rapid a paced along the Thames Path, past the new Globe Theatre and the Bankside Tate Gallery to welcomes by the local parish clergy. Communication between the various parts of the groups was speeded by Walter Ivens and James Hatts on their bicycles and the pilgrims arrived in good time for tea with the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace.

CSJ members involved as pilgrims were: Peter Cox, John Crowe, Mavis and Michael Fisher, Ann and Aymeric Jenkins, Greg Littledale, Bernardine Murphy and Aileen O'Sullivan. Stewards included Irmgard Churchill, David Elliot, James Hatts, Leigh Hatts, Mary and Walter Ivens, Marion Marples, Janet Richardson and John Trelease.

Accounts of their journeys have been received from Peter Cox and Aileen O'Sullivan and extracts from them will appear in Bulletin 61.

Note to Pilgrims' Way '97

A useful and attractive small book was produced for pilgrims travelling from Canterbury to Iona, Christopher Irvine's *The Pilgrims' Manual*, published by Wild Goose Publications at £5.99. It is a collection of hymns, prayers, Bible readings and samples of music, which Fr Antony Grant CR describes as follows: 'Although there is naturally a strong "Celtic" flavour, there is much here which would be valuable for any pilgrim on whatever pilgrimage. I would certainly have appreciated it very much if I could have taken it on the Camino de Santiago.' The CSJ Library has a copy, kindly donated by Greg Littledale. The book should be available from bookshops, but in case of difficulty write to Wild Goose Publications, Unit 15, Six Harmony Row, Glasgow G51 3BA.

NTS Takes Over Newhailes

Leigh Hatts

Newhailes, the Scottish mansion decorated with scallop shells, is expected to open to the public in 2002. The announcement was made by the outgoing Director of the National Trust for Scotland, Douglas Dow, speaking at a press conference held in the parish of St James Garlickhythe in the City of London.

The Trust describes the acquisition of the 17th-century Newhailes House in East Lothian as its most important for fifty years. The £3 million appeal for the purchase of the contents and provision of an endowment is the biggest in the Trust's history. Newhailes with its landscape of over 80 acres was gifted to the NTS by the trustees and heirs of Sir Mark Dalrymple who died in 1971.

Newhailes House, by the architect James Smith, was built in 1686 and purchased by Sir David Dalrymple in 1707. His son, Sir James, who is believed to have travelled to Santiago, extended the house and added the carved and gilded shell decorations. Sir James's son, Lord Hailes, wrote the Annals of Scotland in the library which he described as 'my favourite room'. Dr Samuel Johnson called it 'the most learned room in Europe'. The NTS is hoping to bring the 7000 books which once adorned the shelves back to the room.

Trevor Croft, the new Director of the NTS, is looking forward to seeing the St James connection researched as part of preparations for gradually opening the house and estate. Meanwhile this year's annual NTS cruise holiday will be calling at a Spanish port in order to visit Santiago.

Musical Reviews

Pilgrimage to Santiago

Reviewed by Heather Coleman

The Chieftains. RCA Victor 09026-68602-4 (Cassette) 1996. 58 minutes. £10.99.

If you have room to carry a cassette player in your haversack this recording would make a good companion on the road.

Its 15 tracks all have some connection with the music of Galicia including that taken to the New World by emigrants. This is explored with joy and enthusiasm by the group aided by local musicians playing traditional instruments.

Their version of *Dum Paterfamilias / Ad Honorem* was made in the Convent of San Paio de Antealtares opposite the Cathedral in Santiago watched by the nuns in the shadow of their enclosure. Other pieces reflect the musical heritage still found in the province.

Vox Iberica

Reviewed by Heather Coleman

Sequentia. Deutsche Harmonia Mundi. 05472-77333-2. Boxed set of 3 CDs. 1993. 3 hours 48 minutes. £29.50.

I stand to be corrected but these three recordings originally issued separately, are possibly the most complete collection of the music of the pilgrim roads available at present.

Volume 1 consists of twenty-two pieces from the *Codex Calixtinus*, making a varied selection from this work to illustrate the different styles which had developed from the traditional Gregorian chant.

Volume 2 brings us twenty-six works for female and male voices from the *Las Huelgas Codex*. The works chosen show that, like architecture, musical styles travelled along the roads to be used either in the form in which they arrived or adapted by local musicians in the lively musical scene of the convent.

Volume 3 takes us to the court of Alfonso X (El Sabio). Thirteen pieces come from his collection known as the *Cantigas de Santa María* and include the final work the King's personal petition to the Virgin.

kharjas, short erotic texts in the tradition of the *Cantigas de amigo*, use the Mozarabic dialect and were traditionally sung by young women. These remind us of the final flowering of the courtly oral traditions of 10th-century Moslem Andalucía. Also included is the personal prayer of Guiraut Riquier, widely known as the last of the troubadors, who lived at Alfonso's court from c.1270 - 1279. The

moving words conceal the expert crafting of the poem while the intricate melody brings out its author's emotions of humility.

The accompanying booklet has the original words and translations into English, German and French, together with brief notes on the contents.

I found this very atmospheric music brought back vivid memories of places in Spain on and off the pilgrim road.

Book Review

Spanish Hours by Simon Courtauld.

Libri Mundi, 1997 (£16-95).

Reviewed by Alan Hooton.

This new book has an attractive cover: a peasant, ox-cart, rolling hills and a distant *pueblo* in the background. At the CSJ office I dip into it and pine, too loudly, for Spain. 'Well, perhaps you would care to write a review for the Bulletin?' Who can refuse our Honorary Secretary?

And so I read it all. The author, Simon Courtauld, is a Cambridge graduate, one-time deputy editor of *The Spectator*, editor of *The Field* and a contributor to *The Daily Telegraph* (so you have been warned). He is also a lover of Spain, speaks the language and has an understanding wife who tolerates his love affair with that fascinating country.

Usually he enters Spain via Tangiers, as did the Moors in 711, conquering almost the whole of the peninsula in two years. He is right to start there as without the centuries of *los Moros* Spain would not be the Spain we know today. They brought learning and culture, left behind the most beautiful buildings in the country and, for 500 years, provided through the *Reconquista*, a unifying purpose to Spain. Not that the author has much to say about that period of Spanish history: he is more concerned with the relatively recent event of the Civil War which he covers at length in a chapter headed 'Black Nights'.

He sees significance in the name of the first Spanish pop song to hit the charts, 'Black is Black', for black is also Spain. As he sees it, *España Negra* expresses something intrinsic to Spanish life and culture and which is deeply ingrained in the Spanish psyche. The 'Black Legend', which had its origins in the conquest of the New

World and the expulsion of the Jews in 1492, was, he suggests, revived by the Civil War and the events leading up to it. Certainly the War, which broke out in July 1936, was barbarous even by the savage standards of such wars. In the first terrible year far more were killed, murdered in fact, behind the lines than in action. It has been estimated that over the whole period of this war 130,000 were executed in this way.

The bullfight is also, one assumes, part of *España Negra*, although it enjoys the chapter title 'Culture in the Afternoon', somewhat more euphemistic than Hemingway. Simon Courtauld disclaims any idea that he writes to defend bullfighting, but he does mention that if it were outlawed, 'the wildlife which now flourishes in those areas grazed by fighting bulls would be destroyed'. Now that rings a bell, Fish, of which the Spanish eat a prodigious amount; women, of whom 27 out of every 1000, were, in the author's words, 'on the game' in 1970; ETA, about which the author can only express incomprehension and the tiny hope of a solution in 'autonomy within Europe'; railways, with particular nostalgia for a journey on FEVE; and Gibraltar, with again a possible 'European' solution – all warrant a chapter each and are covered intelligently and eruditely.

And what of the *Camino*? The pilgrimage rates a page and a half but what the author has to say may resonate with some members. 'Like any other pilgrim or heritage trail elsewhere in the world the *Camino de Santiago* is in danger of becoming commercialised ... pilgrims to Santiago were, by the nature of their journey, adventurous people. They do not need to be nannied along the Way.' Now that surely warrants a few moments' discussion!

Spanish Hours is not likely to become a classic travel book but it is worth a leisurely read. And, or course, it has a pretty cover and illustrations. Particularly attractive is the scene, on the last page, showing three hounds in hot pursuit of an elongated fox. So the Spanish ride to hounds as well!

The review copy has been placed in the Confraternity Library.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

On reading the article 'Of Names and Shells' by Peter Robins in Bulletin 59 I was prompted to refer to my collection of Bibles in different languages to see how their versions of 'Jacob' and 'James' compared with the English. For what it is worth, I give you my findings:

Welsh: OT: Jacob NT Iago

French: OT: Jacob NT Jacques

German: in this language I possess only the New Testament where James is known as Jakobus. However, in the first chapter of St Matthew, which lists the descendants of Abraham, he is Jakob.

Spanish: I possess two copies of the Bible in Spanish, one published in 1930, the other in 1969. The Old Testament in both versions gives Jacob, but the New Testament differs. In the 1930 publication, James is Jacobo (with a final 'o' to the name). It is only in the Epistle of James that we find the heading '*Epistola Universal de Santiago*', but even so the Epistle starts: 'Jacobo, siervo de Dios ...'. In the 1969 publication, James is Santiago throughout the NT.

To the above I would merely add 1) in Welsh St James is always known as 'Sent Iago' (written in two words); and 2) the Christian name 'Jaime' (the equivalent of our 'James' does not figure in the Spanish Bible.

Yours sincerely,
Lilian Williams (Llanfairfechan)

Notes and News

Getting Pilgrim Bikes Home

After receiving many complaints from cycling pilgrims and, significantly, Santiago travel agents on their behalf, RENFE is at last (from 11 July 1997) offering a transport service for bikes from Santiago and other points in Galicia (A Coruña, Vigo, Lugo, Ourense and Monforte de Lemos). The cost per machine is a flat-rate 2250 pesetas to any station in Spain. Ironically this will not take place on RENFE's own trains but via a commercial company, Nacex, using road transport. Is this the ultimate environmental irony, that a national railway company should abdicate its responsibilities for passengers' luggage in this way? Thanks to Nancy Frey we also learn that pilgrims can contact Nacex direct at their Santiago office at Calle Avenida de Lugo, 193 bajo (tel. 55.71.71 and ask for José Luis Luis). The price she quotes is 2610 ptas. While this may be a useful service for cycling pilgrims anything that puts even more lorries on to Spain's dangerous main roads is to be deplored.

Pilgrims' Footsteps in Norway

Thanks to Dr Stanley Wood of Herefordshire the Confraternity Library's Norwegian section now has a booklet of walking tours devised to coincide with the millennium (997 to 1997) of the foundation of Trondheim (formerly Nidaros) and St Olav, Norway's patron saint. The illustrated booklet describes two short tours of three and five days respectively but details of an address for further information and booking seem to be lacking. Members who would like their own copy of the booklet can obtain one by writing to the Norwegian Tourist Board, Charles House, Lower Regent Street, London SW1Y 4LR.

Small Earthquakes in Galicia

Galicia and particularly the province of Lugo were shaken by a number of earthquakes in the month of May. They may or may not have featured in the British press but for a group of Waymark Holidays walkers, which included Barbara Deane and Pat Quaife, they added a real element of fear to an otherwise uneventful but enjoyable walk from Ponferrada to Santiago. The two strongest, 4.9 and 5.3 on the Richter scale, with the epicentre between Sarria and Becerrea, occurred when the group was

spending the night in O Cebreiro. Around 2am those in the hotel annexe, a small solidly built, two-storey, stone house were awakened by creaking and groaning as the house shook violently on two occasions. The second tremor was strong enough for the *Guardia Civil* to come up from Pedrafita below and order residents and visitors to come out of their homes and the hotel. After an hour spent shivering in cold Galician night air, we were allowed back but found sleep difficult. We experienced another earthquake the following evening in Triacastela, less alarming but preceded by a loud bang. A number of local people slept outside on mattresses or in their cars and vans and one Waymark member needed quite a lot of persuasion to continue the walk.

An Invitation to Welsh Members

Xesús Cociña Souto of Santiago has set up a Galician/Wales Association, Irmandade Galicia-Gales, which is particularly interested in pilgrimage from Wales to Santiago and in making links with Welsh CSJ members or those living in Wales. Xesús has already been sent some information, including a copy of p. 173 (the Llandyfodwg pilgrim tomb) of John Adair's 1978 book *The Pilgrim's Way ...*, and of the church leaflets of St Mary's Haverfordwest (with its battered medieval pilgrim effigy) and St James Llangua (with its carved wooden figure of St James). Members with further information about Wales and the pilgrimage to Santiago are invited to write (in English) to Xesús at rúa Clavixo 2^{1º esq}, 15703 Santiago de Compostela, Spain.

Norwegian Pilgrim Fellowship of St James

The increasing awareness of the ancient pilgrim roads to Santiago and the re-opening of the pilgrim road from Oslo to Trondheim have led to the founding of this new organisation for people interested in all aspects of the two pilgrimages. Set up on 28 September 1996 the Fellowship already has more than 200 members. Its main objectives are to offer information about the pilgrim roads to Santiago, to focus on Norway's cultural heritage related to St James and to renew pilgrim traditions in today's society. The Fellowship organises four meetings a year on art, architecture, history and music connected with the pilgrim routes and produces a quarterly bulletin. For further information contact Pilegrimsfelleskapet St Jakob, Kristian IV's gt 15, N-0164 Oslo, Norway. Tel. (47)-22.11.19.05, fax: (47)-22.11.51.53. With thanks to Knud Helge Robberstad for sending us the information.

Spanish Tourist Office Moves

After 20 years in St James' Street, SW1 the Spanish Tourist Office is on the move - to 22-23 Manchester Square, London W1M 5AP, tel.: (0171) 486 8077, brochure line on (0891) 669920 (50p per minute).

St James, Barrow-in-Furness

This 19th-century church, described by the Ancient Monuments Society in its *Summer Newsletter 1997* as 'a noble early work by Austin and Paley of 1869 in an area of social deprivation' has been awarded a grant of £439,000 by the Heritage Lottery Fund. Otherwise it would have been facing oblivion.

The Art and Practice of Medieval Medicine

This is the title of a lecture to be given by Dr Helen Valls on Friday 28 November 1997 at the Reading University Graduate Centre for Medieval Studies at 11 am (coffee at 10.30). Venue: Faculty of Letters, Room 157.



Gold Cross of a Knight of Santiago 1588.

This cross featured in the exhibition *Treasures for Everyone: Saved by the National Art Collections Fund* held at Christie's earlier in the year. It was acquired by the Ulster Museum with the assistance of the NACF in 1987. The cross was saved from a Spanish Armada galleon the *Girono*. With thanks to Irene Lawson for sending in the catalogue of the exhibition.

New CSJ Members Summer 1997

(Interests in brackets)

LONDON

- 97251 Mr Fela Adebisi & Mr Daniel Nicola
28 St John's Church Road London E9 6EJ 0181 986 3513
- 97278 Mr Stuart Alford & Mr Nick Salwey
Flat 4 55 Warren Street London W1P 5PA (Cycling) 0171 387 2073
- 97264 Ms Hilary Brown & Mr James Lennox
241a Cavendish Road Balham London SW12 2BP
- 97190 Mr Brian Callaghan & Mrs Bernadette Callaghan
60 Bellevue Road London W13 8DE 0181 991 8072
- 97193 Ms Jane D'Albiac
Pilot Film & TV Pr. Ltd. The Old Studio 18 Middle Row London
(Lonely Planet) 0181 960 2771
- 97234 Mr Trevor Davis
213 North Road London SW19 1TP
- 97177 Mr Leon Donnelly
178a Leytonstone High Rd London E11 3HU 0181 519 6026
- 97219 Mr James Gauran
21 Macdonald Road London N11 3JB 0181 361 3098
- 97186 Ms Rose Heatley
91 Haberdasher Street London N1 6EH 0171 608 2380
- 97287 Ms Kirkpatrick
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- 97185 Mr Jim Matthews
10 Melior Court 79 Shepherds Hill London N6 5RQ 0181 341 1812
- 97233 Mr Charlie McAleenan
Flat 23 Walker House Odessa Street London SE16 1HD 0171 252 0945
- 97246 Mr William McElroy & Mr Max Ostwald
17 Tudor House Tudor Grove London E9 7QJ
- 97178 Ms Teresa Ortiz
157 Silverdale London SE26 4SQ
- 97213 Ms Emily Pope
26 Curzon Street London W1Y 8LD
- 97239 Mr Mark Strange & Mr Mark Zacharias
74 Richmond Road London SW20 0PD
- 97232 Dr Dilys Thomas
76 Lyncroft Mansions Lyncroft Gardens London NW6 1JY
- 97274 Mr Richard Yates
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HOME COUNTIES NORTH

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- 97191 Mrs Margery Shaw
46 Ashfield Milton Keynes Bucks MK14 6AV 01908 321 500
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97198	Mr Chris Jennings & Mr Malcolm Jennings 111 Petts Wood Road Petts Wood Kent BR5 1JY	01689 817 455
97242	Mr John Martin Tybryn Keepers Hill Patricxbourne Canterburv Kent CT4 5BT (Walking)	01227 830 447
97260	Mr John Mayne "Kooline" Cripps Corner Road Staplecross Robertsbridge East Sussex	01580 830 280
97223	Mr Russell Rogers 6 Seymour Square Brighton Sussex BN2 1DP	01273 571 877
97228	Mr Robert Scarlett 131 High Street Broadstairs Kent CT10 1NG	01843 869 043
SOUTH		
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97224	Mr Michael Dixon & Mrs Maria-Rosa Amorga 128 Newstead Road Weymouth Dorset DT4 0AR	01305 773 643
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- 97199 Mr Lawrence Quinn
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- 97174 Mrs Jane Trousdale
11 The Grove Mosman NSW 2088 Australia 61 299 698 631

3rd CONSTANCE STORRS' MEMORIAL LECTURE
Saturday 18 October 1997 - 5.30 for 6pm

TICKET APPLICATION FORM

I / We would like to reserve tickets for the Constance Storrs' Memorial Lecture, as set out below:

* ticket/s at £4 (member/s); ticket/s at £5 (non-members)

Enclosed is a cheque for £ payable to the **Confraternity of St James**.

* I enclose s.a.e for the dispatch by post of the ticket/s or:

* I will collect the ticket/s at the door by 5.45 pm

(Please tick one of the two alternatives above)

Name:

Address:

This form should be returned, with your cheque, to:
Confraternity of St James (Storrs' Lecture),
1 Talbot Yard, Borough High Street,
London SE1 1YP

(Form for Lincoln weekend on the next page. If attending both the lecture and the weekend please send completed forms to the CSJ office.)

LINCOLN WEEKEND 24 TO 26 OCTOBER 1997

Name(s):

Address:

..... Telephone.:

- I / We would like to take part in all the Lincoln weekend activities as set out on p. 3 of the Bulletin, including the Saturday evening meal (£8) and enclose a cheque for £ (£19 per person, or £15 (concessions, ie 60+).

- I / We would like to take part in the following activities only

.....
and enclose a cheque for £

Cheques should be made payable to the **Confraternity of St James**.

Would you like to be sent information on accommodation?

(Please tick)

Would you be interested in hiring a bike for the Sunday bike ride?

(Please tick)

Would you be interested in dinner with others on Friday evening?

(Please tick but send no money)

Would you prefer a vegetarian meal on the Saturday evening?

(Please tick)

How are you travelling to Lincoln?

TRAIN / CAR / BIKE

(Please ring)

Could you offer a lift to people on Sunday if the weather is bad?

If yes: how many?

Please return this form, with your cheque, to:
Rosie Slough, Flat 3 Normanscourt, Downsway
Shoreham-by-Sea, W. Sussex BN43 FT

Note: If attending both lecture and weekend send the completed sheet to the office.

Confraternity Office Holders

Membership Secretary: Doreen Hansen,
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Coordinator: Walter Ivens, 1 Airlie Gardens,
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Confraternity of Saint James

Registered Charity No: 294461

IMPORTANT NOTICE

please save your Bulletin address label for reference

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL FOR 1998

This leaflet is to help explain our Membership system. It is early notice and we hope to clarify the action required for renewal for 1998.

NOTES

1. Membership of the Confraternity of Saint James runs for the calendar year January to December. Technically, all subscriptions fall due on the day after the AGM (17 January 1998) and must be renewed by 28 February 1998 at the latest. The Committee has decided to be more strict about this cut off date and members who fail to renew by this date and wish to continue their membership will be charged a new Joining Fee. (In any case of genuine hardship or delay, please contact the Hon Secretary).
2. The Confraternity has been run for fourteen years solely through the voluntary efforts of many people. In order to maintain the levels of professionalism and service the Committee is proposing to amend the Constitution at the AGM to allow for the remuneration of the Secretary. To fund this they will propose a £5 increase in all annual subscription rates and the joining fee. If all current members renew at the new rates the increase should allow this remuneration to be paid without dipping unduly into our reserves.
3. As there has been no increase in subscriptions for five years we hope that members will renew at the proposed new rates. We are asking you to do this in advance of the renewal date to spread the workload for Doreen Hansen, the Membership Secretary. Also, she will be standing down at the AGM and it will help her successors if she has processed the bulk of renewals by then.

Please read carefully!

Your Bulletin label has a code denoting your membership status and your membership number on the first line. If there is no code printed before your membership number you have paid until Dec 97 and you need to renew your subscription for 1998.

If you need to renew your subscription please consider paying at the proposed new rates-see form opposite

If you wish to pay in advance for 2, 3 or 4 years you should pay at the proposed new rate. If you are able to covenant your subscription please inform Doreen Hansen who will make the necessary arrangements.

Other Membership categories

Bankers' Order (envelope code B)

You will receive advice with the AGM Papers about amending your Bankers' Order. However you may give new instructions to your Bank regarding next year's payment. Please tell us if you do.

Payment in advance (envelope codes A98, A99, A00)

No action required

Honorary/Honoured Members (H, HD, HX)

No action required.

Members joining during September 97

You are coded as P98 and your membership is paid until 31 December 1998

NB all members

If you are over 70 and have been a member for 10 years or more, please inform the Membership Secretary so that you can become an 'Honoured Member'

Membership Renewal Form - October 1997

Please complete in BLOCK CAPITALS

Membership Number: _____

Title Initials First Name SURNAME(S)

Address: _____

Postcode _____

Telephone No (with code) _____

UK and Europe

Category	Current rate	tick here	Proposed new rate	tick here
Individual	£10		£15	
Joint	£15		£20	
Institution	£15		£20	

Overseas (now Airmail only)

Category	Current rate	tick here	Proposed new rate	tick here
Individual	£15		£20	
Joint	£20		£25	

European and Overseas members ONLY may pay by VISA/MASTERCARD please see overleaf.

I enclose a £ sterling cheque payable to the Confraternity of Saint James for
£ _____

please complete and send to Doreen Hansen, Membership Secretary,
96 Queenswood Gardens, London E11 3SF by 1 January 1998
at the latest to allow for processing

Thank You.

VISA/MASTERCARD accepted for European & overseas renewals ONLY

card no _____ exp date _____

Card holder's name and address (if different from above)