

enjoyable with Ann Charlotte giving a delightful performance. The trip to Sweden exceeded all expectations and was indeed a dream come true and to have met Ann Charlotte as well as Anna-Lisa again during the last few days made a perfect ending to an unforgettable time in Sweden.

Tak så mycket!

En Minnesbok Part 5 Translated by Gail Campain

It Became Cold... by Kerstin Meyer

It became cold in the room the morning I received the message that Jussi had left us - cold and empty. He was, in his discreet way, so tremendously alive. It was not only his voice which enchanted opera-goers and his colleagues on the stage, even if it is, first of all, the silenced voice which the whole world is mourning. No, it was also that there emanated such *security* from him - security and power and strength. It was infectious when one had the good fortune of being able to sing with him. The majority of us at the Royal Opera extended ourselves when Jussi stood on the stage, so that, as singers at least, we rose that step above our usual level of achievement. To hear that stream of glorious sound so near you - well, you would surely have had to possess a completely unmusical soul if you did not try to excel yourself through the sheer joy of being able to blend your voice with his.

Jussi was the great idol throughout my years as a student. Then came the frightening day when he was a colleague, when I stood on the stage with him. He must have noticed my terror prior to the performance because he enquired kindly how I was feeling. I stammered something about an indisposition and high notes. When we got on stage though, all my fear disappeared as I heard the ease and beauty of Jussi's singing, and all that remained was a great exhilaration and joy of singing. Contrary to all the omens, I completely forgot to worry about the high or the low notes. After one of my big moments - the opera was *Il Trovatore* - Jussi whispered carefully, with his back turned to the audience: "Well now, what was so wrong with that high note then?"

How thoughtful, how good to a young inexperienced colleague he was - this great, worshipped idol.

The King in the Realm of Song By Birgit Nilsson

Unfortunately I can't number myself among the lucky ones who got to sing often with him. We had, for the most part, such different repertoires, and more often than not we were singing in different parts of the world. On a few occasions, however, I was his Floria Tosca and his Aida, and I can assure you that these were significant moments in my life.