Whatever Happened to Úlfs saga Uggasonar?

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This paper takes the opportunity afforded by a conference devoted to fornaldarsögur to draw attention to one such work that has long been forgotten. Though its title, Úlfs saga Uggasonar, suggests links with skaldic verse, or pagan mythology, or the poet of Húsdrápó, or the wedding feast at Hjarðarrótt, this proves not to be the case. Like David Frost, the eponymous hero rose without trace, and the saga that tells his story has never been edited, and exists only in post-medieval Icelandic manuscripts. Reviewing the critical literature associated with the saga does not take long. Before it briefly caught the respective eagle eyes of first Margaret Schlauch and then Inger Boberg, I know of only one response to the saga. The writer is the seventeenth-century Danish antiquarian Thomas Bartholin, and the judgement is harsh:

Inprimis sedulō cavendum, ne dum antiqua septentriónis nostri scripta protractēre allaboramus, pro veris historiis, qvarum adhuc ineditarum immensa copia, insulas prōtrudamur fabulas; [...] & ejusdem furfuris censora Úlfs Uggasonis saga, non minora de Bialfo consignans. (Bartholin 1689, p. 226).

'We must in particular take care lest, while we strive to recover the ancient writings of our North, we don’t offer stupid fables, of which a great number remain unedited, as true histories [Dorsteins saga Vikingssonar is mentioned disapprovingly] and the saga of Úlfr Uggason is to be regarded as garbage of the same kind, dealing with no less matters about Bialofus.'

More of ‘Bialofus’ presently, but for now we may note simply that of the many ‘stupid’ and ‘unedited’ tales said to be available, Úlfs saga Uggason is singled out for special obloquy. It is deemed to be not just a poor saga, but a potentially dangerous one—a work that could seriously compromise Scandinavian humanists’ attempts to recover the primary texts of the old north, and to celebrate the civilised values to which they give expression. Úlfs saga Uggason is dismissed as ‘garbage’, no doubt because its narrative of mystery, magic, and monsters offended prevailing notions of neo-classical literary decorum, as did its lack of concern for historical truth. That Úlfs saga Uggason and Dorsteins saga Vikingssonar attracted the disapproving attention of Bartholin (and Árni Magnússon, his assistant) was doubtless because in Jacob Reenhielm’s pioneering edition of Dorsteins saga Vikingssonar (Uppsala, 1680), Úlfs saga is cited frequently in the notes, as the editor traces the provenance of his text’s supernatural elements.

For Thomas Bartholin, moreover, the problem with such sagas was as much political as aesthetic. At a time when new editions of old northern texts often included elaborate dedications to the power and influence of the relevant Scandinavian royal house, breaches of literary decorum could reflect unfavourably not just on an individual editor but on his nation. Reenhielm’s efforts to assert the historicity of Dorsteins saga Vikingssonar (he argues that apparently improbable deeds are explicable in terms of better diet and more robust training regimes in the good old days!) provoked further ridicule from Bartholin and his Danish colleagues. But even
Reenhielm treads carefully in respect of the historicity of Úlf fi saga Uggasonar: it represented a bridge (and several trolle) too far. In short, like Lord Byron, Úlf fi saga Uggasonar was mad, bad and dangerous to know.

And yet, as so often, the evidence of Icelandic post-medieval paper manuscripts tells a different story. It is clear that Úlf fi saga Uggasonar found plenty of readers who were too busy enjoying its tales of derring-do to worry about any damage that the work could do to ‘our [i.e. Bartholin’s] north’. Away from the fixities of print and the anxieties of the humanist chattering classes in Copenhagen, the diverse tastes of rural Iceland could be catered for via bespoke manuscripts. I have examined a dozen of the twenty or so paper manuscripts of the saga itself, and also three of the dozen manuscripts of rínur based on the saga, along with one manuscript text of the saga (Lbs. 1767 4to, 1857-63) that was ‘skrifhú eptir gömlum Rimna’, and the fragments that survive in Lbs. 4099, 8vo. All these manuscripts, dating from the late seventeenth century to the early twentieth, confirm the existence of a significant and regionally diverse Icelandic readership. Some manuscripts served the same household over several generations (as with Lbs. 1629, 4to, owned by the family of Magnús Einarsson of Tjörn). In one instance (Lbs. 1767 4to) the act of copying was undertaken over the Christmas week, as if to confirm that Úlf fi saga Uggasonar was a work whose optimistic exoticism could contribute to the seasonal merriment. The saga finds itself alongside a variety of other narratives in composite manuscripts: though frequently in the company of Ambáles saga (ÍBR 38; Lbs. 1767 4to; Lbs. 1943 4to), Nikulás saga leikara and Egils saga einhenda (both in Lbs. 2405, 8vo, 1790; IB 228 4to, 1750), it also rubs shoulders with less frivolous works—Fóstbrædra saga, Bjarnar saga Hiðdælakappa, Harðar saga and Hás dorn saga (all in Lbs. 840 4to, c. 1727); Ljósveitinga saga and Eiriks saga rauða (in Lbs. 1629 4to), and Ynglinga saga (ÍBR 38 4to, 1829). The saga’s date of composition is unknown. Though its earliest extant paper manuscripts (AM 576a 4to, 588r 4to) date from the second half of the seventeenth century, the narrative draws on fornaldrasögur and riddarasögur motifs of demonstrable medieval provenance, and it is easy to imagine a writer in the late fourteenth or early fifteenth century dipping a hand into the bran-tub of familiar romance narrative templates, motifs, and motifemes, and then making a coherent order and sense out of the random handful. Jacob Reenhielm’s annotation to his Borsteins saga Vikingssonar edition talks of parallels rather than specific borrowings, and we might do well to follow his cautious example.

Title-pages of post-medieval fornaldrasögur manuscripts often refer to the skemmtun and the fróðleikur to be found in their narratives. In order to scrutinise Úlf fi saga Uggasonar under these headings, and to understand why the story attracted the disdain of late-seventeenth-century Copenhagen scholars, a brief plot summary is required. Marianne Kalinke has warned us against identifying a work such as Borsteins saga Vikingssonar as a ‘bridal quest romance’, merely because it has brides and quests. Suffice it to say, therefore, that by the end of Úlf fi saga Uggasonar, though the two royal princes, Úlfur of Normandia, and Arfus of Persia, have each found a bride, the narrative is primarily shaped and energised by the protagonists’ turbulent rite of passage adventures, first as individuals and later as sworn-brothers. Úlfur, granted his inheritance, sets off in search of adventure, while his sister, Menfrá, sits shrewishly at home, shunning a succession of suitors, somewhat to the disapproval of
the *vox populi*. A challenge to the court by Skjálgur, a berserker suitor, is neutralised by the arrival and resolve of Arius, in the absence of Úlfur, whose own pursuit of *aventure* has by this time led him to a chance confrontation with Skráma, a loathly giant-woman, and her daughter Emma. His wrestling skills win Skráma’s approval and his sexual prowess impresses Emma. After encountering, refusing to fight, and eventually entering into *fóstbræðralag* with Arius, Úlfur learns from the all-seeing Skráma about Skjálgur’s gruesome family—that the father is Jötnn, the unimaginatively named giant king of Serkland; that there are six sons and ten daughters; that the daughters are skilled in magic; and that the sons can match Skjálgur in ferocity—Haraldr Iron-Mouth, Hundur (eighteen ells tall), Sóti (black all over, with the power to render impervious to sword blows anyone whom he names), Skröggur (with dragon’s features, who must be defeated before Skjálgur’s dying curse on Menirá can be lifted), and (ultimately the most challenging of all) Gormur.

The remainder of the saga involves the sworn-brothers seeking out and destroying this monstrous regiment in a sequence of three fights: the first against the brothers; the second against the sisters and parents; and, finally, the most extended battle against Gormur. The bravado of the companions is supplemented by the supernatural help that Skráma and her brother make available. It is she who helps them locate Skröggur, and who then intervenes in the subsequent battle by appearing on a headland, destroying the giants’ ships, and killing two of the brothers. This battle lasts into a fifth day, before the wounded Skröggur dives overboard with Úlfur in pursuit; after a further struggle back on land, Arius clubs Skröggur to death. The winged corpse is burnt on a pyre, and the two heroes seize the giants’ wondrous dragon ship, treasure, and the precious hallberd Sótanaut.

Skráma, duly rewarded for her assistance, offers further help as the foster-brothers plan their confrontation with Jötnn and his remaining family. She provides devices to render the heroes invisible—a magic stone for Arius and a magic helmet for Úlfur. She then enlists the help of her brother Bjalfi in Serkland (the same Biaolfus who so irritated Thomas Bartholin). Bjalfi informs the sworn-companions that the giant-daughters are invulnerable unless their names are known to their attackers. He duly passes on this vital information, and also presents Úlfur with a special sword (Bjalfanaut). Most importantly, he assures them that in times of distress, they need only call out his name for him to make his presence felt at once. Thus fortified, Úlfur and Arius approach the mountain hide-out of Jötnn’s family, and launch an attack. Úlfur is soon in trouble, however, and with the ghoulish father about to bite through his throat, Bjalfi is duly summoned, defeats the giant, and defends the sworn-brothers’ ships and men.

The troubles of Úlfur and Arius are not yet at an end, however, for Gormur, the last surviving and most formidable of the giant brothers, is still at large. Indeed, by this time he has attacked Normandia, killed Úlfur’s father, and seized Menirá. Gormur’s subsequent island hideaway is identified by an (unnamed) benevolent stranger whom the heroes encounter. In the final and most testing battle in the sequence, Gormur, attacked at night with weapons and stones, taunts and howls at his foes, driven on by his determination to avenge his (by now) dead parents. The stranger, like Skráma and Bjalfi before him, appears on a nearby headland and lends sorely-needed help in the conflict. Gormur is seized, while Princess Menirá is
rescued from his ship. In the morning, however, the villain is found to have escaped. He is followed and confronted, and the second and decisive stage in the final battle commences. This lasts for three days, with the companions often in dire straits, and forced to make use of magic helmet, sword and stone. Severely wounded by Bjalfanaut, Gormur escapes under his ship's keel, with Úlfur in pursuit. The hero is dragged to the bottom, where, in distress, he calls for the last time on Bjálfi, who again comes to his aid. Úlfur surfaces, tired but triumphant, to be greeted by his anxious companion. Skráma, having also played her part in the final fight, is reunited with her brother. It remains only for the sworn-companions to return to Arius's homeland, Persia, where Úlfur is betrothed to Arius's sister, and with this wedding, together with that between Arius and Menírá, the saga comes to an end. The two heroes inherit their parental estates and remain friends until they die.

Such is the allegedly 'stupid' substance of Úlfis saga Uggasonar. Its author is completely at home within the generically porous worlds of fornaldarsögur and riddarasögur. Incremental repetition governs the sequence of quests, adventures and fights; the companions' exploits become more daunting, their opponents more demanding, and the need for supernatural assistance more desperate. Battles take longer to resolve, with their progress sustained by stage properties drawn from the deep vats of wonder-tale—wondrous dragon ships, rings as recognition tokens, named swords, magic helmets, captured treasure; and by familiar narrative motifs—sexual encounters with supernatural figures, ship-board and underwater fights, sudden powerlessness in battle, throat biting, stone throwing, and flying exchanges.

Enough narrative substance, therefore, to shorten the days for members of Icelandic households with access to a manuscript copy of the saga. And there will have been shrewd souls aplenty within those communities well able to unpack the narrative grammar of the story, and to recognise elements of fröðleikur in its particular configuration of moves and motifs. Bruno Bettelheim was assuredly not the first narratologist to recognise the uses of enchantment—that romances, ballads, fairy tales and fornaldarsögur can be unreal and yet true, offering not so much an escape from reality but an alternative means of approaching it. Experienced saga readers and listeners in Iceland will have recognised the thematic boxes being ticked in Úlfis saga Uggasonar, such as sveðis- and land-hreinsun, sworn-brotherhood, and a vengeance culture involving both human and supernatural protagonists. The saga invites its readers to register the contrast between the civilised but vulnerable court of Normandia and the barbarous exoticism and alterity of Serkland, whose inhabitants can traverse earth, sea, and sky, and where malignity represents some elemental force of untamed nature—Caliban confronting Prospero. Within Serkland, the encounters take place in the uncharted space of inaccessible islands—remote locations within remote locations—hearts of darkness. Úlfur may win his early fame against vikings on the familiar paths of the Austurvégur, but the real challenge lies in the surreal wilderness of Serkland, as much a conceptual as a geographical space. While recognising an element of self-conscious carnivalesque 'game' in the saga, it may not be too 'earnest' to suggest that the tale valorises homosocial bonding, the nuclear family, exposure to aventure and jeopardy, vengeance as part of conflict resolution, courtliness and decorum, a just system of gifts and reward, loyalty—and royalty. Its world view defines the sources of dislocation not in terms of territorial acquisition by neighbouring groups or of
internecine strife, but as assaults on courtly values by creatures from the Óbyggð. The alterities explored by Úlfs saga Uggason are very ‘other’ indeed.

The young representatives of the court are sternly tested and their communities are ultimately renewed by their success. As in romance and fairy tale, good luck tends to attach itself to those who lie along the grain of nature, with steadfastness of spirit sufficient to trigger supernatural assistance. Indeed, those with a taste for the ‘family drama’ that Bettelheimian and (better still) Brewerian interpretations have helped to highlight might identify the heroes’ successful rite of passage as the principal use to which this saga’s enchantments are put. Thus, two young men leave home (Úlfur eagerly, Aðilur reluctantly); their parents are killed; the young protagonists confront and win the favour of potentially hostile ‘split’ parent figures; they resist the temptation to abandon their maturation quest in favour of hedonistic sexuality; the proper balance between independence and dependence, justice and mercy, and instinct and will, is explored and established; and the pursuit of long-term goals is rewarded both emotionally, materially, and dynastically.

And yet readers familiar with the sagas to which Úlfs saga Uggason is brought closest by Jacob Reenhielm’s annotation—Porsteins saga Vikingssonar and (hence) Fríðjófs saga—are conscious of the narrative dogs that fail to bark in the adventures of Úlfur and Aðilur. We find no exploration of tensions between a royal bride-to-be and her lower-born suitor, as there is in Fríðjófs saga; no diversity of view or temperament between siblings as there is in Porsteins saga Vikingssonar—family loyalty, whether among trolls or humans, is unquestioning and unquestioned; no exploration of alternative models of authority within a community—merely the contrast between the structured values of the byggð and the grotesqueries of the Óbyggð; no interest in tensions between paganism and Christianity, or between fathers and sons; no ironic scrutiny of the assumption that youth must triumph over old age; and no exploration of the language of moral evaluation to be found so strikingly in Porsteins saga Vikingssonar. Moreover, there are none of the familiar medieval romance complexities generated by lost identical twins, disguise scenes, or hostile mothers-in-law or nurses or predatory counsellors.

Thus, though Úlfs saga Uggason feeds off the spirit and substance of its indistinct generic ancestry (part fornaldarsaga, part riddarasaga), it does not offer the additional filigree which, as Jacob Reenhielm’s 1680 commentary confirms, characterises the much lengthier Porsteins saga Vikingssonar. We may compare the relative density of the two narratives initially by considering the presentation of the twin supernatural helpers, the dwarf Sindri and the giant Bjálfr. As we recall Bartholin’s irritation with Bjálfr, we should note that Sindri fared no better:

qvae inter palmarium locum meretur putrida Thorstens Vikingssonar saga,
Sindrum Thorstano, ad nominis invocationem, opulitanem commemorans
‘The putrid saga of Porstein Vikingsson easily deserves the palm here,
commemorating Sindri helping Porstein at the invocation of his name.’

Here is the same humanist disdain so often visited on Shakespeare’s cheerful breaches of neo-classical unities by Ben Jonson and his university friends. In the Porsteins saga Vikingssonar scene, Sindri, the island-dwelling dwarf-in-the-stone, aids the hero in his hour of need against the loathsome amphibian Faxi who, like Skröggur, seeks vengeance
for the death of his brother. The respective ‘tradition’ and ‘individual talent’ elements in the following scene are easily identifiable:

Lagðist hann [Faxí] þá á haf ok þórrstein neftur, ok er Faxi så þat, sneri hann í móti þórrstein, ok takast þeir til á sundinu. Háðsþ þeir þá sveiptingar miklar ok stórar. Færðu hvárir aðra í kaf. Þó kenndi þórrstein afismunur. Þar kom, at Faxi færöi þórrstein til grunna. Tök þá at honum sundleitin. Þórrstein þottist þá vita, at Faxi ætlar at bita sundr barkann í honum. Þórrstein meðlit: ‘Hvat mun mér annan tíma meiri þórf á þér, Sindri dvergr, en nú?” Þórrstein varð við þat varr, at gripit var á herbar Faxa svá harti, at því næst var hann við grunni niðri ok þórrstein ofan á honum. Hann var þá mjók módr ok þjakaðr af umfangi þeira. Þórrstein tekur þá tygilkvinnum, sem Sindri gaf honum. Hann stígir honum fyrir bringpalir Faxa, svá at sökk allt upp at skafti. Reist hann þá niður allan kvíðinn at smáþórmum. Þó fann hann, at Faxi var eigi dauðr, því at hann meðlit þá: ‘Mikil þrekvirkri hefri þú ummit, þórrstein, er þú hefri mér fyrir komit, því at ek hefi átt nútigi orrostur ok haft í öllum sigri mera í þessi. Ek hefi sigrazt átta tigi sinna í einvígum, svá at ek hefi á hölm gengit, en ek er nú niðri tiga ára gamali.’ Ekki þótt Faxi gagn, at hann fleipraði fleira, ef hann mátte at gera. Rak hann þá á honum innan þat laust var. nú er at segja af þeim Angantýr ok Bela, at þeir þóku sér skip ok eru fram á sjóinn ok leita at þeim Faxa ok þórrstein ok finna þá hvergri langan tíma. Pá kómu þeir þar at, sem sjóinn var blændinn ok rauðr af blodzi. Þóttust þeir þá vita, at þar mundi Faxi á grunni niðri ok þórrstein dreipit hafa. Ok er stund leiði, sáu þeir, at flaut á sjónum nokkur ópokkalit. Þeir fóru þangat ok sáu þar innýfla mikil ok ósélig. Litlu síðar kom þórrstein upp ok var þá svá lúinn ok yfirkominn, at eigi gat hann flotit á sjónum. Reur þeir þá at honum ok drógu hann upp í skipit. (Guðni Jónsson, 1950, III 65-7, ch. 23)

In the equivalent scene at the end of Úlfs saga Uggason, Bjalfi confronts the no less formidable Gormur:

The same narrative template underpins both scenes, as several motifs and elements are common to both—the use of a weapon gifted by the supernatural helper; the underwater disempowerment of the hero; the summons for help; the sudden disabling pressure on the villain; his eventual dismemberment and death; and the exhausted hero’s triumphant return. Even the presence of Skrâma may remind us of the role of the initially loathly but ultimately beautiful—and benevolent—Skollinesfja in Þorsteins saga Vikingssonar. Yet the reader is struck as much by the differences as the similarities. Unlike Þorstein’s knife, gifted to him by Sindri’s children, the sword Bjalfanaut is too unwieldy for effective use in the underwater endgame; unlike the disembowelling of Faxi, the dismemberment of Gormur no longer recalls Beowulf’s defeat of Grendel’s mother, with the hero’s companions gazing anxiously on the gory surface of the water; and there is no dying speech of the villain, recalling previous triumphs, and confronting his own mortality, though there are perhaps faint echoes of this motif in Skjalður’s death speech earlier in the saga.

The contrasting treatments of this scene reflect broader differences in the sagas’ narrative structure. We might say that Úlf’s saga Uggasonar represents an alternative model to the single-stranded coherence of Fróðhjöfs saga, with its deft blend of realism and fantasy, and the multi-stranded extravaganza of the Fróðhjöfr-prequel Þorsteins saga Vikingssonar, whose narrative process is characterised by what ballad scholars call ‘leaping and lingering’. In Úlf’s saga Uggasonar, more a satellite text than a sequel, the building blocks recall the bold minimalism of a cartoon. In terms of setting, Sognefjord has, as it were, become Illyria. And yet, by accident or design, the story is not without its moments of complexity. Three scenes catch the eye in this respect: the response of Æris to King Úgg’s einvigi summons; the taut exchange between Skrâma and her daughter Emmi; and the equally laconic dialogue between Menirá and King Úgg regarding the threat posed by Skjalður the berserk. Each is worth a brief look.

In the first scene King Úgg sends a messenger to Æris offering marriage to Menirá in return for securing the young prince’s help against Skjalður:

honum hann ógurlegur. Risinn spytr hvar sá maður sé sem ríða vildi út við sig. ‘Àrús,’ mælti hann, ‘er nú eða langt frá þér og ætta eða nú að reina við þig ef þú þorir við mig.’ Bá hló risinn og mælti: ‘Eigi munu það vera, því ég vil eða spilla þér. Gjörst þú heldur minn maður.’ Àrús mælti: ‘Ôðinn veri þinn maður.’ Skjálgrur reiddist þá [...] This is an intriguing but puzzling sequence. Àrús’s arrival at a court desperate for help is impressive. He is commanding in appearance, and decorous in word and deed. He banter dryly with the berserker, and, having won the war of words with a final ace—“Ôðinn veri þinn maður”, proceeds to win the ensuing fight in straight sets. Yet earlier in the episode Àrús seems a less secure figure. His initial response to Æsbjórn’s mission is understandably self-deprecating and fatalistic, and yet he appears to accept the challenge. That acceptance seems less clear, however, when we are told that on the messenger’s return the court is ráðalaus, and that the king ponders the possibility of himself having to confront Skjálgrur in an einvigi. How can this be if Àrús’s acceptance of the challenge has been reported and understood? Àrús’s subsequent arrival comes as rather a surprise, as does his request for Menirá’s hand in marriage should he defeat Skjálgrur, for this offer has already been made by the king’s messenger. All in all, a hero’s transition from doubt to determination in the face of a fearsome challenge could have been a fruitfully complex process in a scene designed to display Àrús’s credentials as a potential sworn-companion of Úlfur—but how well managed is it here? Was the saga-man fully in control of his materials?

No less intriguing is Menirá’s reaction to Skjálgrur’s advances. After delivering his peremptory challenge and marriage proposal the berserker leaves the court without favouring them with the courtesy of a farewell:


The reader is struck by the contrast between the frantic father and the wry self-assurance of a daughter already well versed in the arts of suitor shunning. Her whimsical responses to the grotesque physical details of her potential bridegroom take us into a discursive world in which semna meets Little Red Riding Hood. Though the saga scene’s dialogic structure is faithfully retained in the rimur versions I have examined, its anatomical detail invited creative intervention in transmission. The scribe of Lbs. 1767 4to, for example, no doubt aware of Berghór Oddsson’s more explicit late seventeenth-century rimur version of the scene (as in Lbs. 1634 4to, copied by Jón Þorsteinsson of Staðarunga in 1877, from a 1797 manuscript), could
resist everything except temptation and adds (or restores) some anatomical filigree at the end: "Bollurinn er eins og skógar eik, en eistun sem sáta." Hún brosti við. The same breezy irreverence re-emerges later when Árús beheads the berserker. After ‘Í þy hjó hann hófuði af Skjalgi’, our scribe allows himself an aside: ‘(og för hann þá til fjandans í nøðstu bigði).’

A third comment-worthy scene involves Úlfur’s first meeting with Skrám, the ghoul who becomes our hero’s fairy godmother, and with her independent-minded daughter Emma:


This seems a classic ‘family drama’ scene. The domineering parent figure is defeated in wrestling by a young man who thus earns the right to an ‘ef þu vilt’ relationship with her; in expressing her wish to sleep with Úlfur, Emma asserts her own sense of destiny, and is rewarded by Skráma’s wry recognition of the force of female as well as male sexual desire. Unlike many fairy-tale parents, Skráma is able to stay close to her grown-up daughter by acknowledging her independence. And yet the scene is puzzling in one respect. Emma, in her quiet way as verbally assured as Princess Menfrá, claims to be a figure of destiny, only to disappear completely from the saga after this scene. Wherein lies that destiny, then? Sexual liaison between human and supernatural figures is a familiar fornaldarsögur motif. But what is the latent logic behind the superficial strangeness of this particular scene? Does Úlfur’s maturation require him to confront as an adult a variety of parent figure ‘splits’ (Skráma, Jóturn), and does sexual liaison with Skráma’s daughter signal a further (passing) stage in that maturation process, with Emma thereafter jettisoned like the fuel tank of a space rocket? Or, once again, did the saga-man need to revisit this scene and tighten the narrative screws?

On this occasion the salacious scribe of Lbs. 2082 4to offers us no help, yet when he and his colleagues made texts of Úlfs saga Uggasonar available to their respective households they confirmed the unregulated cultural independence conferred by the longevity of Iceland’s manuscript culture. In their own way the post-medieval insular scribes had the last laugh over the scowling metropolitan spirit of Thomas Bartholin. In the reception history of Úlfs saga Uggason we are reminded, as with Geoffrey Chaucer’s Canterbury pilgrims, that ‘diverse folk, diversely they spake’.

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1 Jón consigns this to a footnote, p. 82: “Rassim eins og rótakilfa á sandi / en boran eins og botnlaus loft / barmafull með gula sótt. || Bollurinn eins og bjálska tré í skógi / en eistun eins og sóta að sjá.” Seymaskorðið brosti þá.” Lbs. 1417 4to (1813), p. 85, includes the second verse as a footnote in a smaller and different hand from that of the main scribe.

2 I am grateful to Árniheiður Guðmundsdóttir for helpful discussion of textual and interpretative matters, and to Jim Binns for guidance with Thomas Bartholin’s Latin.
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