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HUGIN MUNIN




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FROM THE EDITOR



Hi, my name is Ben Baillie and I am the Editor of Hugin & Munin, a new look magazine about Viking culture and heritage brought to you by the Destination Viking Association's EU Creative Europe Culture sub-programme Follow the Vikings project. We will bring to you exclusive stories and articles from around the Viking world, from new discoveries in archaeology to the events of hit TV shows like Vikings and The Last Kingdom.

It is perhaps befitting that I am writing this Editorial sitting on the banks of the River Seine in Normandy 'Land of the Northmen'. A river used by the Vikings as a super highway first to raid Paris and Northern Frankia and then to trade merchandise such as soapstone artefacts made in Shetland, amber from the Baltic to walrus ivory from the far Article north in the great market of Rouen. We have chosen the name of the magazine as a reflection of the two ravens from Viking mythology (Hugin & Munin) who told Odin everything they saw and heard, thereby keeping Odin informed of many events. We hope that this magazine will provide the same information on stories and heritage about what's going in the Viking World today. Gather around a warm glowing fireplace and brighten up the short cold days with the first issue of the Hugin and Munin. Odin's feathery friends have been searching from as far afield as the "New World" following the epic voyage of the Draken Harald Hårfagre to the Wicklow Mountains in Celtic Ireland on set with the TV show 'Vikings'. This issue of the magazine will also focus on the Viking heritage of Shetland to coincide with the next "Follow the Vikings" project seminar to be held there later this month. Every January up in the most northerly part of the British Isles (Shetland) light and flames from the world famous 'Up Helly Aa' Viking fire festival electrify the atmosphere in a celebration of the islands rich Norse cultural heritage.

With that in mind I will leave you with some words from the Norse poem the Hávamál "The Words of Odin, the High One":

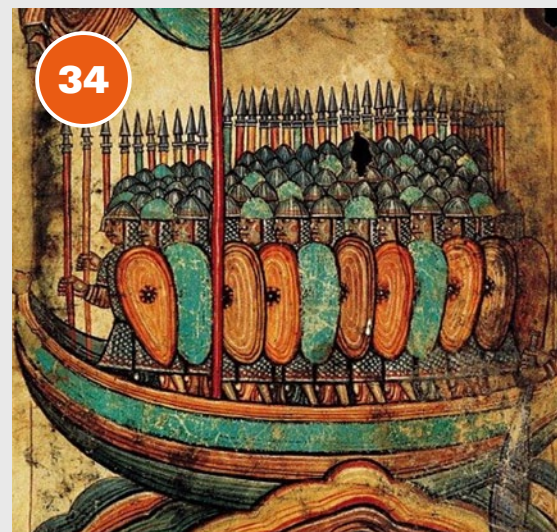
**Cherish those near you;
never be the first to break with a friend:
Care eats him who can no longer
open his heart to another.**



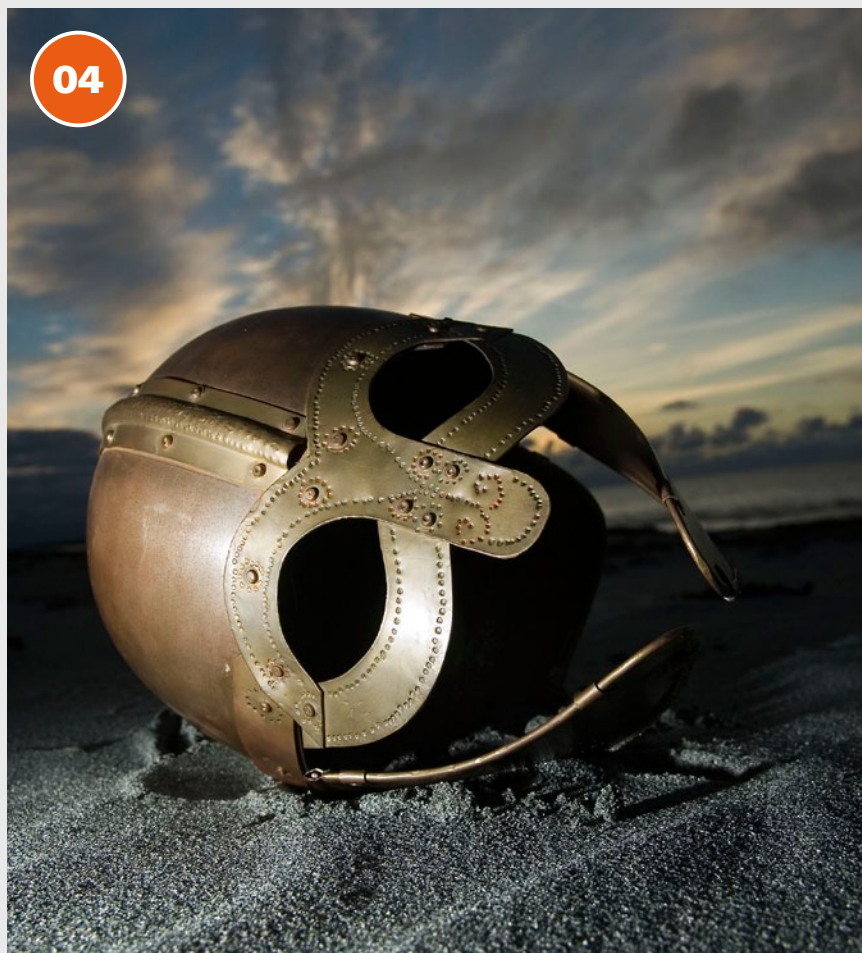
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Editor: Ben Baillie

Cover image: Alex Marurov

Contributions and suggestions are more than welcome. Submissions can be made directly to the Editor by email to Benbaillie45@hotmail.com

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The Legend of Goturm's Hole

—Steve Mathieson,
Native of Unst and Visit Scotland Islands Manager





Left: Into Goturm's Hole from the clifftop, Photograph: Yolanda Bruce

Opposite: Beached Viking helmet, Photograph: Frank Bradford



Being the first landfall for any ship venturing out from the west coast of Norway, Shetland has always played an integral part in the

Viking story. The first Norsemen arrived in the islands in the early ninth century, and local legend has always held that Unst, the most northerly island in the archipelago, was the setting for the beaching of that first longship and the first Viking steps taken on Shetland soil.

It is now known through archaeological research that Unst was quite densely populated throughout the Viking era, with one of the highest concentrations of longhouses found anywhere in the Viking world (over sixty have been discovered up to now), as well as many grave-sites. Long before the academic interest, however, the exploits of these intrepid adventurers who had taken the risk to cross the North Sea to Unst, whether in search of a new home or just to use as a convenient stopping-off point on the way to adventures elsewhere, were well known to the local population, the tales having been passed down in the form of oral history from generation to generation.

One of the best known of these legends, especially to the families who have fished and crofted for generations at the north end of the island, is that of Goturm. The tale is set in and around Burrafirth, a long, narrow bay, much like a small fjord, whose entrance is dominated by the two hills of Hermaness on the west and Saxavord on the east. Around the year 870 the Vikings were established as the rulers of Burrafirth, the current Jarl, Thorbjorn Hrollaugsson, having left his home in the Sogn district of Norway, along with thirty-six companions and their families, to sail west and found this new Norse community in Unst. He and his fellows had left due to being on the losing side in internal feuding in Norway, and they had in turn landed in Burrafirth and had by force displaced the local Pictish inhabitants. The Picts were now in thrall to their Viking masters and the main Pictish community had moved south from the fertile land around the firth to the coarser, sloping ground above the loch of Cliffe at Petester.

Thorbjorn's longhouse was at Stackahoull at the south-west corner of Burrafirth, and from here he had watched

his son Anlaf and the best of the young men of the district sail out in their longship Seasnake, heading south-east to the Norwegian coast in search of plunder. A week later the ship was seen to limp back into the bay, and when they landed it was discovered that Anlaf along with eighteen of his crew were dead, while others who had managed to reach home were mortally wounded. One of the survivors, Einar, related their tale to the grieving Thorbjorn, of their luck in early-on coming across a Frisian merchant and relieving her of her cargo, only for they in turn to become the pursued when they were returning to Unst with their plunder, hunted down by a much larger warship bearing a yellow sail emblazoned with a red serpent.

Though the smaller vessel put up a stout defence once she was overtaken and boarded, the Burrafirth crew were soon overpowered and Anlaf killed in single combat with the enemy leader. Anlaf's sword was handed to Ivar, one of the Seasnake crew, with the words "Give Anlaf's sword to Anlaf's father with Goturm's greeting!"

Coul, the local Pictish priest and healer, was sent for to attend to the wounded and Thorbjorn, in his grief, then swore to him that he would convert to Coul's Christianity if only he could get this Goturm in his power for just one day and have the chance to avenge the death of his son. Here fate intervened, as at that moment another of the Pictish thralls, Glam, appeared with the news that while he had been tending sheep out on the west coast a warship bearing a yellow sail with red serpent had struck a rock in the mist and sunk close to the high cliffs of Tonga. Glam had watched as one by one the crew of the longship, recognised by all in Stackahoull from Glam's description as that commanded by Goturm, had struggled in the water before disappearing beneath the waves.





Only one man was seen to survive the wreck; a squat, dark-haired man, powerfully built, who managed to swim to the base of the three hundred-foot high cliffs of Tonga, and proceeded to climb two-thirds of the way up before his strength gave out and he dragged himself, exhausted, into a small cave, known still and marked on official maps as "Goturm's Hole". From Glam's description both Einar and Ivar recognised the survivor as Goturm himself, now delivered, perhaps by the divine intervention of Coul's God, into the hands of Thorbjorn. With his son's slayer trapped and unable to climb any further up the cliff due to an overhang of rock above the cave, Thorbjorn would soon avenge Anlaf by carving the raider into a blood eagle.

As the men of Burrarfirth planned the details of their revenge, Auslag, Thorbjorn's daughter, was beginning to feel the need to take a very different course of action. Perhaps inspired by Coul's Christian teachings, she felt pity for the shipwrecked creature trapped in his rocky lair, and determined that she would prevent another round of bloodshed and revenge by helping him escape. Goturm, of course, had no idea of whose land he had washed up on, and puzzled as to why when he held his golden arm-ring out of the mouth of the cave, hoping to bribe the boys he could hear standing on the cliff top into aiding him, he was met only by abuse and a volley of stones. The day of his death was set for the day after Anlaf's funeral, so Auslag knew

she had to work quickly. On the second night she set off for Tonga with her faithful maid Gyda, carrying a length of rope and a bag containing food and drink.

She lowered the rope and food to the mouth of the cave, where Goturm gathered them in, ate the food to replenish his strength, and then used the rope, climbing hand over hand, to pull himself to the summit he could never have reached without the women's help. Auslag gave him more food and directions to where he could find a boat to steal at Woodwick. She informed him that she was the sister of his recent victim, a fact that amazed him since she was helping him escape her own father's revenge. He offered her the same golden arm-ring that he had tried in vain to bribe the local boys with the day before, and which he claimed to have taken from the burial mound of Hygelac the Old, a Gothic king who had died fighting the Swedes of Uppland in the sixth Century. When Auslag refused the gift, he swore an oath on his golden bracelet to one day find a way to reward her for her help. Thorbjorn and his men duly arrived the next day to capture their foe and were incredulous at finding an empty cave, Goturm having apparently vanished into thin air.

At this stage Goturm, having made good his escape, heads south with those ships who had been waiting to rendezvous with him before his shipwreck in the mists off Tonga. He sails now from legend into history, reappearing as Guthrum (as recorded by the Anglo Saxon Chronicles),



Left: Shetland's battered coastline, Eshaness cliffs, Photograph: Alex Mazurov

Far left: Illustration of Guthrum: Ben Baillie



THERE WAS A
GENERAL ALARM
AND ALL THE
MEN PRESENT
GATHERED NEAR
STACKHOULL,
READY TO FIGHT
THE INTRUDERS

at the head of the Great Summer Army who joined up with the Great Heathen Host in East Anglia in 871, the year of Alfred's accession to the throne of Wessex and known as the Year of Battles. Guthrum's army ranged over southern England between Reading and Cambridge for the next two years before heading north and spending the winter of 873 at Repton, south of Derby, where they built an extensive "D-shaped" defensive structure and dug a mass grave for over two hundred of their warriors who died there of disease.

The Mercian king Burgred was defeated in 874 and Guthrum took his army back to Cambridge. In 876 he moved on Wessex, taking up headquarters in Wareham on the Dorset coast. The fighting this year was indecisive, with Guthrum swearing an oath once more on his golden arm-ring, this time to uphold a peace with Alfred. This treaty was soon broken, with Guthrum's men marching first to Exeter and then back into Mercia, spending the winter of 877 in Gloucester. On around the fifth of January 878 Guthrum attacked King Alfred at his winter quarters at Chippenham, Wiltshire, forcing Alfred to flee for his life into the fens until late springtime, during which time he had managed to famously burn the cakes and also raise a levy of local fighting men. These men followed him back to Chippenham, where he defeated Guthrum at the Battle of Edginton, leading to another peace treaty (this one longer-lasting), Guthrum's conversion to Christianity and the formation of the

Danelaw which made the Norse presence in England permanent.

Guthrum related the tale of his Unst shipwreck and escape to Alfred as they dined together to celebrate the peace, then spent the next ten years establishing his English kingdom. He obviously never forgot his oath to Auslag, as around the year 888 his yellow sail with the red serpent was seen once more on a huge longship, heading into Burrafirth at the head of a fleet of six warships. Much had changed in Burrafirth by this time: Thorbjorn was dead and King Harald Fairhair in Norway had grown weary of the constant attacks on his coastline from raiders based in Shetland and had come to conquer the islands and install his own men in positions of power. Auslag had married Einar who was then killed in the initial resistance to Harald, after which she and her children were ousted from their home at Stackahoull by Harald's man Erik Olafsson, to live in reduced circumstances nearby.

When Guthrum's ship sailed into Burrafirth there was a general alarm and all the men present gathered near Stackahoull, ready to fight the intruders if necessary. Only Auslag had the nerve to head for the beach to confront the



Above: King Harald "Fairhair" greeting Guthrum from the 'Flateyrbok', c.1390, Royal Library, Copenhagen, Denmark / The Bridgeman Art Library

Below: Coastline scenery around Goturm's Hole, Photograph: Yolanda Bruce

strangers, where she met not an enemy but Sweyn Ormsson, the emissary of "King Goturm of Engelland", bearing a fortune in gold, silver, jewels, fine cloths and casks of wine and ale, all in payment of the debt to Thorbjorn's daughter that he had sworn to repay all those years ago. There was also another pile of treasure brought ashore that was to be divided up amongst Auslag's friends, cleverly ensuring that she would not be envied for her wealth amongst the community but feted as the person who brought riches to all her friends thereabouts. Goturm had repaid his debt.

As the son of a born and bred Burrafirth man I heard this story and others like it many times when I was growing up, and eventually read the written version in a wonderful book of Unst folk tales called Told Round the Peat Fire by Andrew T. Cluness. I have related an abridged version of the story from the book, but I would recommend reading the complete tale if you ever have the chance. The book contains many other examples of Unst folklore and is a very popular read in Shetland.

There is a further tale in Told Round the Peat Fire called Trouble with the Trolls, that continues the story of Auslag and





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Coul, the Pictish healer, and speaks of what happened way back when some of the earliest Viking ships landed on Unst, and the struggles to establish the community thereafter. It explains how and why the Picts ended up living underground and how they continued to cause trouble for their Viking conquerors at least up until the seventeenth century (even when I was a child in the 1960's I was told of local folk who had disappeared in recent years when passing the Faerie Knowe , an unusual high mound between Burrafirth and Woodwick, at night, and how fiddle music can sometimes be heard deep within). It is another fascinating read, not least because the subject matter is presented from both a Viking and a Pictish perspective.

It is an interesting project to match up local legends with historical fact, and of course some parts of the tale don't always



FIDDLE MUSIC CAN SOMETIMES BE HEARD DEEP WITHIN THE GREAT MOUND BETWEEN BURRAFIRTH AND WOODWICK

tie in with the officially chronicled history. For instance, Thorbjorn Hrollaugsson, the original Jarl of Burrafirth, was said in the story to have had to leave behind his comfortable life in the Sogn district of Norway and head for Unst after being on the losing side at the Battle of Hafrsfjord. In fact Hafrsfjord took place in 885, which would have placed the tale far too late historically for Goturm to have made his appearance in Unst before going on to carve out a kingdom for himself in England.

As I mentioned, my father was born in Burrafirth, at Buddabrake on the east shore of the bay. My cousin Minnie Sinclair at that time lived at Stackahoull, but I am fortunate that it has now come into my possession, and though it is currently a ruin it is still a link with the distant past of both the settlement and the bold adventurers we claim as our Shetland ancestors.

VIKINGS

—on set with **Alison Denvir**



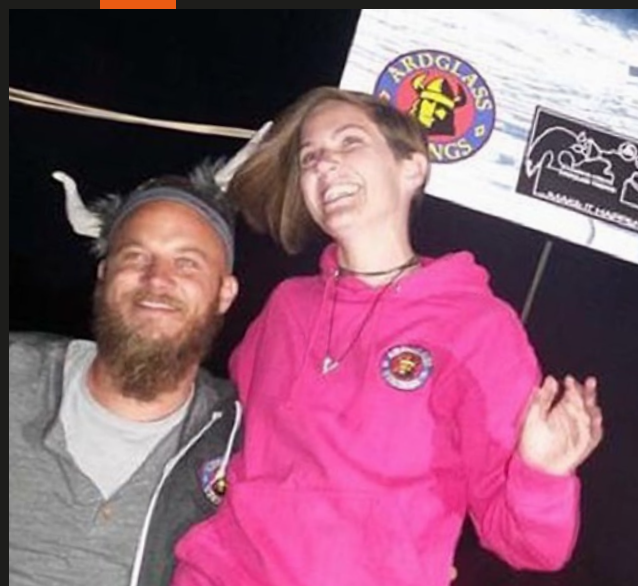
Today I woke up at 11:30am. Which is a far cry from the usual 5:30am start when I'm at work. The reason for the 5:30am start? To be dressed in costume and in the hair and makeup chairs by 6:15am of course. This is only on filming days obviously. On normal work days I'm up at 6:30am and at marine base for 8am. What do you do? I hear you ask!! In my mind, I play on boats all day long, and I absolutely love it. In reality, and on paper, I'm marine crew on History Channel's Vikings. And how did I get into that job?? I lucked out!! I'm a volunteer member of The Ardglass Vikings and we own several of the boats in the show. The production company sought us out to hire the boats and we come as a package deal.



WE GET TO BE EXTRAS TO CREW AND CAPTAIN THE BOATS

As marine crew we spend most of our days transporting boats from one set to another and craning them in and out of the water. Whether this be the pond at the studio or Blessington Lakes where even a passing wedding got in on the Vikings action getting some very unique photos for their album. The Ardglass section of the marine crew are the lucky ones! We get to be extras to crew and captain the boats. There are twelve boats in total this year for season 5. We usually only have six maximum out at any one time. Being extras of course means costumes!! And what costumes we have. The females are all shield maidens whilst the men remain your average viking warrior. That being said I can tell you I've been the only female marine crew, as yet, to play a male character. Twice. I played a young french male crew member on Rollo's ship. I stand on his left hand side as we row into battle against Ragnar on his barge. Don't worry, no spoilers here, all has been seen on screen already. I've also been the only female to be dunked into a tank of freezing cold water with an all male crew, including Ragnar himself for a soon-to-be-seen episode. Four days of having freezing cold water dumped on us from above only to be tipped into the freezing water below resulted in four days of minor hypothermia. Lucky me eh?! But we no sooner got our heads above the water again and someone scooped us out to dry off and warm up before the next take. We had a cushy set up that day. Plenty of crew on hand to dry us with nice warm towels and then sit in a heated tent drinking hot soup and any amount of tea and coffee we wanted. And of course we always find our own ways to keep warm. The easiest is to fill a normal bottle of water with hot water from the tea station, hey presto instant hot water bottle. Stick it under your costume and it'll last an hour at least.

Some filming days aren't quite as busy and active as others. There are many spent with rowers and extras sleeping for hours while out on the water. Those are the days we dread!! Lunch is shuttled out boat by boat and isn't always hot by the time it reaches you. Being crew means we don't get to sleep like the rowers. When the call comes we must get the boat into position immediately,





Above: Alison Denvir on-board during filming

Left: Travis Fimmel alias 'Ragnar Lothbrok' with Alison Denvir entertains the crowd at one of Ardglass Vikings public events.

Right: Ardglass Vikings ships, Photograph: VIKINGS, History Channel © 2016, A&E Television Networks, LLC. All Rights Reserved.





even if you've only managed one mouthful of food so far. Some days we spend ten hours on the water constantly repositioning. Even toilet breaks are a group effort. A call is sent out requesting a toilet boat to come pick up crew, if you're nearing a take then you could be waiting another hour before the toilet boat comes. But the best words to hear on those days undoubtedly are "That's a wrap". Even if you don't hear the actual words, the cheers and clapping by all the rowers and extra let you know the filming day is over. Notice I said filming day and not work day. As marine crew we are often the first on set and the last to leave on filming days.

Once wrap is called we have to take the boats back to the dock and tie them up for the night. Some locations have strong currents and waves that could cause the boats to bash into each other and the dock. We make sure the boats are securely tied up with lots of fenders to prevent damage. It's usually a five to ten minute trip back to the dock so this is spent clearing the boats of rubbish, and by rubbish I mean water bottles. They are the bane of our existence as marine crew. Who knew 20 people could drink so much water in one day?! Once all that is done its back to costume to become a normal

**THE BEST WORDS TO
HEAR ARE UNDOUBTABLY
'THAT'S A WRAP'**



Main: Travis Fimmel taking time out to meet the young Viking fans.

Below: Downtime during the filming of season four.

Bottom: Ardglass Vikings 'Shieldmaidens'.



person again, some days that signals home time, other days its back to the dock to pump water out of the boats. Mostly it's just rain water or splash from the days activities, but on occasion it can mean a leaky boat. Cue the panic! Can you see the leak? Is it bad? Can it be filled with filler? Does the boat need lifted out of the water? Will the boat be ready for the next filming day? It's not often major repair work needs done on the boats. Sure we've had bits come off in the middle of a take, for 'bits' read 'tiller bracket,' but we always get them fixed and we've not missed a filming deadline yet. It's all part of the job as marine crew and I wouldn't have it any other way. Sixteen months ago I was a retail store manager running a mini empire of discount goods and 23 staff spending 40+ hours a week indoors and unfulfilled. Now I spend my days out in Ireland's elements with a family of boat loving nutters getting paid to do something I love. I for sure never thought that would happen to me.

Right, I'm off to watch myself and my friends on tv now, if I can spot myself that is. I have what I like to call 'Clarke Kent syndrome' I look nothing like myself when my hair's pulled back from my face and i'm wearing contact lenses. It's a handy disguise to have when most of your friends are big fans of the show. Make sure you give Ardglass Vikings a follow on Facebook. We travel all over Ireland with our now famous replica Viking longships raising money for charities from Guide Dogs for the blind to Marie Curie. Ragnar himself has even shown up to an event, he even brought Bjorn with him. Where possible we allow the general public to row themselves, you may even sit in Ragnar's spot!!

Haggis or Baggi?

IN SCOTLAND AND AROUND THE WORLD THE 25TH OF JANUARY CELEBRATES THE LIFE AND POETRY OF THE FAMOUS SCOTTISH POET ROBERT BURNS. BURNS NIGHT (SCOTS: BURNS NIHT) SUPPERS ARE TRADITIONALLY ACCOMPANIED WITH SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL DISH 'HAGGIS'.

You may ask yourself what does this have to do with the Vikings? Well the word Haggis actually derives from the Norse word 'Baggi' meaning bag or parcel. The dish may have been brought over to Scotland by the Vikings who colonised Orkney, Shetland and large parts of the North and West. Indeed it is almost identical to the Scandinavian dish 'Lungmos' – except there is more barley in the haggis. With this in mind we contacted the Viking age farmstead of Gunnes gård in Sweden and asked them if they could create a 'Baggi' dish in the way our ancestors may have done over a millennium ago

Not just another day at the farm —Gun Bjurberg

Today is not just any day. Finally the late fall is here and the slaughter is all done. Fine salted hams are now hanging, drying and slowly smoked over the fire. Bowels are turned inside out and washed for sausage making. Every little piece of the sheep is taken care of. We're making flutes from the leg-bones later this winter you know. And what's more, the neighbouring farm even slaughtered a cow the other day and we traded some grain with them to get a piece of it. But all that's not for eating now. O no, we'll have to wait for Yule for that and most of it is going to be stored so we make it through the winter. But we do have the next best thing, an abundance of offal. It's the perfect time for one of our favourite dishes 'Lungmos' which literally translates into mashed lunges. You might have heard it being called Pölsa as well. This dish would certainly have been carried around by the Vikings in a sheep or deer stomach lining, much like Haggis.

Making The Lungmos 'Baggi'

Early in the morning we started a fire in the kitchen house. It's not every day that we use that house during the cold and dark winter, but for a big day like this we need the space and the utensils of the full kitchen. On the wooden worktop are the cow lungs, stomach and liver, sheep heart, pigs feett and salted leg, leftovers from a hunted rain deer, and some scrap meat from the slaughter. We also have barley, onions and parsnips. For seasoning we have some thyme from the garden and juniper berries from the forest around the farm.

Now here's a tip for all of you when you are preparing lungs. It's easier to cut the lungs if you first give them a short boil. Just make sure you keep them submerged as they tend to float when the bubbles in them expand. After the short boil, trim away the windpipe and cut it into smaller pieces.

Trim the fat and the membranes from the liver and cut it into pieces. With the rest of the meat and the cow stomach, just cut it into smaller pieces to cut down on the cooking time. I don't want to chop any more wood than necessary, do you?

It's time for the vegetables. Finely



chopped parsnips and onions give you a good broth to cook the meat in. Put the meat in and make sure to have the pot boiling. Now is the time to chop some more wood if you didn't do it this morning, because this is going to take a while (or just have a snow ball fight as we did).

When you have a nice pile of finely chopped wood, the meat should be cooked. Use the meat hook to take out all the nice pieces of meat. Scrape the last of the reindeer from the bone and cut all the rest of the meat as finely as you can.

In the mean time you can start boiling the barley. Make sure to season the broth with the Thyme and the crushed Juniper berries and then pour the barley in the big pot. If you are wealthy and did not use all the salt on preserving meats, then go ahead, use



All photographs Vikingagården
Gunnes gård farmstead,
Upplands Väsby community,
Sweden

Left: Viking food, Photograph:
E2B® and E2BN®

Below: Anna-Cari Lindh
preparing the 'Baggi'

Ingredients

1 cow's lung

1 liver from a calf

2 lamb's hearts

2 pig's feet/trotters, 1 salted pig leg

1 piece of cow stomach, as much meat you
can spare

5 onions

5 parsnips

2 bushels of barley

10 juniper berries and a bundle of thyme

1 sheep or deer's stomach lining



some now. Just don't overdo it just because
you can!

When the barley is cooked into a thick
porridge, add the finely chopped meat again
and it is done! Fill a big bowl and call in your
family and friends, it's time to eat. Did you
bring your spoon? Take the leftovers if there
are any, wait for it to cool down and then put
it in the sheep or deer stomach lining. Now
your 'Baggi' is ready to take with you on a
voyage of discovery and adventure.

A big thank you!!! To Tona, Eir and Grim
(aka Gun, Anna-Cari and Anders) from
Vikingagården Gunnes gård farmstead,
Upplands Väsby community, Sweden for
recreating this delicious Viking age recipe.



Geno



VIKING

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THE ENIGMA AND FATE OF THE PICTS IN SHETLAND DURING THE VIKING AGE

—Brian Smith



In the middle of the twelfth century a scholar sat down to write a work which has become known as *Historia Norwegie*. At one point

he recalled what had happened to the inhabitants of Orkney and Shetland when Vikings arrived in the islands, a few hundred years previously. 'Certain pirates', he said '... set out with a great fleet ... and stripped [the native] races of their ancient settlements, destroyed them wholly, and subdued the islands to themselves'.

For that writer, well-informed about northern history, there was no doubt about what had happened. By that time the islands west over sea were a colony of Norway, settled and named by descendants of the Vikings. Every trace of the Pictish inhabitants seemed to have disappeared: there were no fragments of their language, and next-to-none of their place names. Some pieces of their sculpture survived, and fragments of their implements. But there was no evidence – quite the opposite – that there had been friendly relations between the two communities when the newcomers came on the scene.

Until recently no-one doubted that there had been strife in the Northern Isles at the beginning of the Viking Age. Around 1960 the historian F.T. Wainwright, surveying the period, said bluntly that the Pictish inhabitants had been 'overwhelmed by and submerged beneath the sheer weight of the Scandinavian settlement'. But since that date a school of revisionists has tried to rewrite the history.

The first sign of revision was Peter Sawyer's famous work of 1962, *The Age of the Vikings*. (It was a time for revision: A.J.P. Taylor's *Origins of the Second World*



War, which carried out a similar task for Nazi Germany, rather less successfully, had appeared a few months earlier.) The Age is an impressive volume, long overdue: a subtle discussion of the problems surrounding the Viking irruption on the European stage. Sawyer distinguished between different outcomes of that irruption in different places.

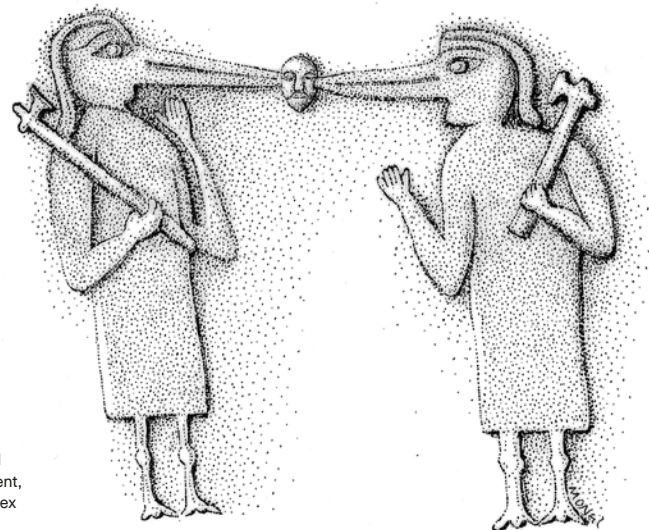
But as time passed Sawyer's followers became less subtle. We can see what happened by looking at statements by historians which have appeared in the national press from time to time.

'Did the Viking hordes come in peace?' the *Sunday Times* enquired on 8 October 1995. They turned to Janet Nelson for the answer. She attacked, as she put it, the 'fairy story' that Vikings indulged in rape and pillage. 'It's terribly difficult to find evidence of specific cases in the contemporary sources,' she said. 'In fact there isn't a single case of rape.' Professor Nelson's statement is a good example of the wishful thinking that has afflicted Viking studies in the past half-century.

Sometimes the scholars' statements



Left: Jarlshof, prehistoric and Norse settlement, Photograph: Alex Mazurov



Right: Drawing of a Pictish carving

There is no sense in speaking about the Vikings as if they were one community, acting in the same way wherever they travelled. As is well known, they headed all over the northern world. When they did so they encountered different cultures, some of them powerful and some far more feeble. Their responses were therefore different.

Our best evidence that Shetland and Orkney fared badly when Vikings arrived is the dearth of aboriginal place names. There are three island-names which may be Pictish, but virtually every other name in the islands is Scandinavian in origin, or a later Scots or English creation. The implication is that the Vikings and their descendants dispensed with the old names entirely - if they ever knew them. Generally speaking, colonisers are lazy in the matter of naming. They borrow the native names, as long as they are on relatively good terms with the native inhabitants, or even in positions of power vis-à-vis their new neighbours. In Orkney and Shetland no such fraternising or imitation happened.

Some scholars have tried to find explanations for the lack of language-contact. Michael Barnes once said that the Vikings simply had a 'low regard' for the Pictish language, for some reason. Doreen Waugh hazarded a guess that the Viking colonisers were infected by nationalism, and thus preferred their own language and names: an anachronistic explanation. And others have proposed, without a shred of evidence, that the Vikings 'respected' the culture and beliefs of their new neighbours!

A Shetlander, John Stewart, spotted the likely nature of Pictish-Viking relations in Orkney and Shetland years ago. He made a comparison with events in Tasmania in the nineteenth century. 'Only in Tasmania', he said, are aboriginal place-names absent, and it is a historical fact that the Tasmanians, by disease and deliberate slaughter, in spite of efforts to save them, were wiped out to the last man.' It is likely that something of the sort happened in the Northern Isles of Scotland: death or (as Stewart believed) expulsion.

It is of course true, and has been understood for many years, that in some places Vikings entered into diplomatic and other semi-civilised relationships with rulers and others with whom they came into contact. That is what happened in England and Francia - although there was always strife of one kind or another. But the error that historians like Janet Nelson make is to assume that Vikings always acted in that way, whatever the theatre of action, and that they were more often victims, usually of biased clerics, than they were violent aggressors. That bears no resemblance to what can have happened in the north of Scotland. The Nelson interpretation is a dead-end for Viking studies, and it is time we finally emerged from it.

about Vikings are bizarre. On 25 October 2008 the Daily Telegraph announced that they 'preferred male grooming to pillaging'. Elizabeth Rowe, a Cambridge historian, said that Viking culture 'was very artistic and they were keen to make an impression because they want to cultivate a certain look. They were very concerned about their appearance'. And Francis Pryor, a frequent performer on BBC's Time Team, said that 'they were a settled and remarkably civilised people who integrated into community life and joined the property-owning classes'.



**THERE WAS A
GENERAL ALARM
AND ALL THE MEN
PRESENT GATHERED
NEAR STACKAHOULL,
READY TO FIGHT
THE INTRUDERS**

SHETLAND-FAROE

30TH APRIL - 1ST MAY 2016

All photographs: Viking Nilsson, Peder Jacobsson, Draken Harald Hårfagre.



WE CAUGHT UP WITH VICTORIA MACKAY INGLIS, CREW MEMBER ON THE DRAKEN HARALD HÅRFAGRE AND TRAVEL ADVENTURER BLOGGER WHO GAVE US A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO FOLLOW IN THE TRACKS OF THE VIKING SEAFARERS WHO VENTURED WEST TOWARDS THE NEW WORLD AND THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.



TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

Part One



Where does the idea that a ship's log

is filled with drama and excitement come from? It must be Star Trek or something like that. My journal is a collection of dry lists of latitudes and

longitudes, wind speeds and sea states, birds I've seen and the islands passed. Trying to translate these into events and experiences of the voyage; to tie in memories and thoughts I had at the time has been really difficult. Condensing the months I spent on Draken Harald Hårfagre into short anecdotes to tell people has been even harder.

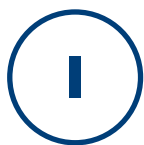
This is an account of the voyage from Shetland to the Faroes on the 30th April to the 1st May 2016; less than 48 hours of our expedition.

After a few days of hard work repairing damage to the rigging, Draken was ready to leave Lerwick. We've timed it badly; the Shetland Folk Festival was about to kick-off and start a party in town, but a few fiddlers found their way to the quayside in the morning as we ate breakfast. They sent us off with a reel from the Greenland whalers that sailed our route halfway back in time to the original Norse voyagers.

Draken motored out of the harbour into Bressay Sound, heading south, as we bent on the sail and re-lead the gordinger [buntlines] and gitau [clewlines]. The wind, although only a force three to four, was on the wrong angle for us and we needed to make a quick break for the Faroes. A series of weather fronts were forecast to sweep across the Atlantic bringing storm force winds, and more dangerous for us, heavy swells and big waves. Motoring down to Sumburgh Head we take the opportunity to rest in the sun, play music, read, and pack and repack our kit under the deck.

After rounding the headland Draken turned north and west, and we prepared to set the sail. A hard effort on the spill [windlass] is needed to hoist the rå [yard] roughly halfway up the mast, then quick redeployment to kai [tilt] the rå out from under the shrouds. We set babord halse [port tack], and finish raising the rå and sail into position. Draken turned to catch the wind and starts to fly. The work was physically hard, but the sensation of the ship under sail was a worthy reward.

I was part of port watch, on duty from 12:00 hours to 16:00 hours and again from 00:00 hours to 04:00 hours, and our midday duty started soon after the sail was raised. We took turns to helm and keep lookout, while the other watches lay in the sun, or went to the tent to catch some sleep. There were always little jobs to be done too; stitching, whipping, splicing, knotting, whittling. Not forgetting the washing up. →



I'm a poor helmsman; my attention wandered

before long and I fell out of the groove, sending shuddering vibrations through the steering rudder and up my arms again and again. I was always glad to be relieved of the responsibility after my 30 minutes.

Fair Isle is heaped-up on the horizon to our south, very different from our last encounter on Draken. In 2014 we sailed close by in thick cloud, on our way to Merseyside. We called to Tom, an old crew mate, standing on the clifftop, but we were completely unable to see the cliff.

We passed by Foula, the bird island, in the mid-afternoon, all hard angles and slanting rock in the bright sun. The second highest sea cliffs in the UK, swept with wheeling fulmars like a blizzard of snow. The dark whale-back islands of Shetland left astern.

Cirrus streaks high in the sky ahead signposted the edge of the coming weather front, and high winds sweeping over the North Atlantic towards us. At watch change we took a reef in the sail, reducing the area in anticipation of the building wind and harsher weather. When I went to the tent to sleep after our evening meal, the wind had increased to force six, with a moderate swell, and a wall of darkening cloud stretched into the evening ahead.

I was glad to lie down, as it was the only time I get relief from the feeling of seasickness I always had for the first few days of each leg of the voyage. I squeezed into the bunk between watch mates Poly and Susi, and huddled into my sleeping bag. I wrapped my scarf around my eyes and tried to sleep through the creaking and knocking of the tent's frame against the hull, and the snoring drifting up from the bunk below.

We were woken at 23:30 hours to be ready to handover the watch at midnight. I dressed in several layers of wool and waterproof, scrambling for my boots which had been moved since I went to bed. The wind had been increasing steadily through the night. There was a heavy swell from the south west, and the deck was slick with spray. Dense bands of rain and cloud reduced visibility, hiding the crescent moon behind sky the colour of oil leaked into dark water.

Night watch was one of my favourite times on board. I would raid the food box for some snacks, a few squares of chocolate and a couple of crackers with something squeezed from a tube on top, and always volunteer to take first lookout. That way I got two shifts on the rotation.

Everything that makes me terrible on the helm, makes me an excellent lookout. And I loved to just observe my surroundings. To forget about the rest of the ship as I stood in the bow, and imagined flying over the ocean with the fulmars that followed our ship. To feel the terrible and thrilling feeling of being in an open boat in the vastness of the North Atlantic.

Harsh lights appeared to our south west, stacked-up and intense. At first I took them for ships, but I realised they must come from the oilfields. Schiehallion, perhaps, or Foinaven. Technical sea monsters, beasts of valves and pipes and pumps, balancing on the edge of the continental shelf. The edge of the night. The edge of the world.

Midships watch were woken at 03:30 hours for muster. As we handed over in the grey dawn light, the wind picked up again, bellying out the red canvas of the sail. Spray and spindrift streaked the sea. Released from watch, I stripped off my lifejacket and oilskins and stuffed them into the sea chest. These had to be left outside the tent to keep our sleeping space as dry as possible. The brief moment of exposure, the vulnerability as you stood in long underwear in the storm, gave an adrenaline rush as you hoped to stay dry. The heads [ship's toilets], under the foredeck, were soaking wet inside. Water



ran down the bulkheads. It was a toss-up whether it was best to go before you took off your oilskins, and struggle in the small space, or after, where you could be quick but were likely to get wet.

The creaking of the tent had intensified with the increased movement of the hull in the heavy swell. And there were irregular crashes as large waves broke against the side of the ship. One broke over the gunwale, slamming into the side of the tent just over my head, and immediately the bilge alarm shrilled. Sleep came eventually.

We were woken by Kayan from midships watch at 06:00 hours, turning on the lights inside the tent. First starboard watch were called out on deck to dress in their immersion survival suits, then us in port watch. We mustered round Bjorn, our captain, as he told us the squally weather and heavy swell were worrying. That the wind was backing as another front approached. We needed to make the Faroes as soon as possible. When I checked the log later I saw the Mate had noted a sustained wind speed of 20m/s (force eight), gusting to 30m/s (force ten; storm force) in squalls.

Still feeling seasick, I didn't fancy waiting up for breakfast and went straight back to bed. I couldn't get into my sleeping bag, so I shared a wool blanket with Karin and shivered back to sleep for another couple of hours.

Our watch was woken at 11:15 hours to give time for us to eat lunch before taking the watch. Long swells still rolled by in the not-yet-subsided sea, but the grey morning had washed away, and the





Left: Draken Harald Hårfagre nearing the Faroese coastline.

Below: Braving the North Atlantic Ocean



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wind had dropped. Both the sea and the sky were an intense blue again in the hard light of the sun. A large, unmoving bank of white cloud had bubbled-up on the horizon ahead, indicating that we were approaching the Faroes, although we didn't see land for a couple more hours.


Shadows in the cloud resolved themselves into dark hills, covered with snow. The carved and curved peaks of Nólsoy, with the larger Stremoy behind. The sight lifted my heart. After we were released from watch in the sheltered channel of Nólsoyarfjørður, I took off my survival suit in anticipation of the physical effort to take in the sail and kai the rá back under the shrouds. Packing it away, I had the thought that this wouldn't be the only time it would be worn on the expedition.

It was a battle to take in the sail, as wind was funnelled between islands catching us at a vulnerable moment in the kai. Lines flogged, snapping back and forward with great force, and the foredeck wasn't a great place to be any more. Then suddenly, we had the rá resting back on the gallows at either end of the ship, and secured in position. The sail was stowed, and mooring lines and fenders made ready.

Then, we were alongside in Tórshavn. The town had turned out to greet us, with a hot pot of fish soup and a couple of cases of Faroese beer. We made it through the storm. It had been an adventure, but there was still more to come...



#followthevikings

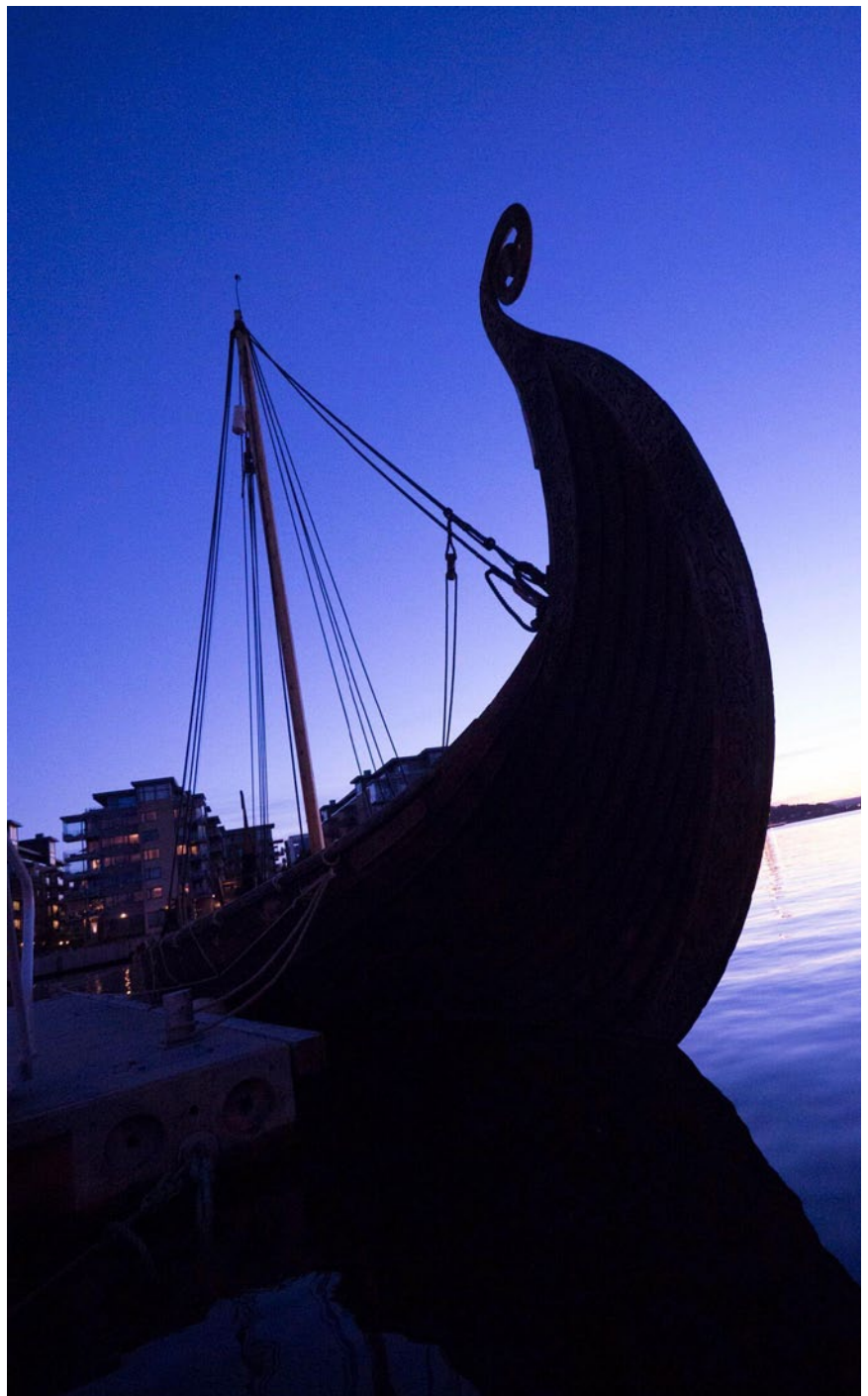
 Welcome to the Instagram feature of the Destination Viking Association's 'Follow the Vikings' project. We have selected a few photos from around the Viking world for you to enjoy. We would like you 'our readers' to add your photographs with a Viking theme to the **#followthevikings**. We will then publish the best of them in future issues of the magazine.



Above: Lofoten forge
© Kjell Ove Storvik/
Lofotr Vikingmuseum



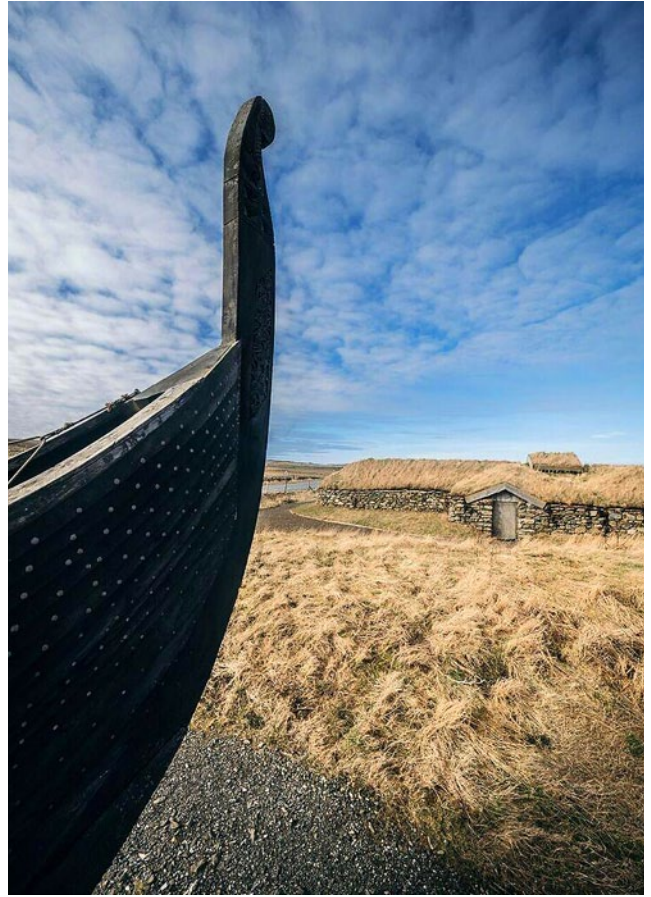
Above right: Lofoten winter
Frank Bradford



Below right: Reconstructed
Oseberg Viking ship,
Vestfold, Norway
Frank Bradford



1



2



3

#followthevikings

- 1 Rosala Viking Centre
Frank Bradford
- 2 Reconstructed Viking ship and long house, Unst, Shetland
Alex Mazurov
- 3 Catoira Viking festival, Galicia, Spain
Frank Bradford
- 4 Château Gaillard, The last great Norman castle, Les Andelys, Eure, Normandy
©Ben Ballie
- 5 Jorvik Viking festival 'March to Coppergate'
©Jorvik Viking Centre
- 6 Dragon head prow, Viking Ship Museum, Oslo, Norway
Frank Bradford
- 7 Eriksstadir Leifur Eriksson house, Iceland, Photograph
Frank Bradford



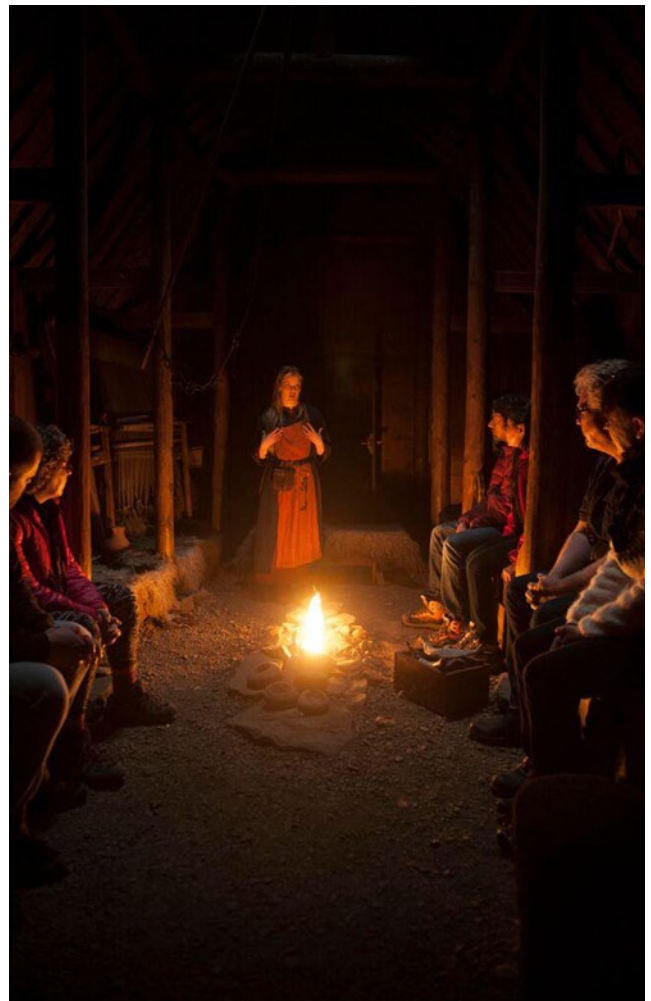
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The Darkest Hour

Wessex: The last Kingdom's fight for survival against the "Great Heathen Army"

— Ben Baillie

If 1940 was Britain's darkest hour, then the cold winter of 870 AD was Anglo-Saxon England's. In 865 AD the "Great Heathen Army" appeared out of the mists of the North Sea from Scandinavia and landed on the East Anglian coast. Their objective was nothing less than the total conquest of the entire island. In the five years since their arrival they had overrun and conquered the ancient Anglo-Saxon Kingdoms of Northumbria, East Anglia and the Briton Kingdom of Strathclyde (Scotland). The Middle Kingdom, Mercia offered the Vikings the "Danegeld" to thwart off an imminent invasion, which left only Wessex offering resistance against the invaders. On a frosty morning in late December 870 AD the dawn tranquility was abruptly scattered by the sound of horses' hooves and footsteps of the battle hardened warriors of the "Great Heathen Army" the Vikings were on the move again. Ivar "the Boneless" the army's overall commander sent his brother Halfdan Rangnarsson, (another son of the legendary Viking warlord Ragnar Lodbrok) to subdue the last remaining Kingdom of the Southern part of Britannia: Wessex. With extreme speed

and surprise, the pagans thundered over the East Anglian border into Wessex and set up a fortified camp between the rivers Thames and Kennet, near the point where their waters mingle at modern day Reading in Berkshire. This fortification was well placed to attack the heartland of Wessex and also to be re-supplied if necessary from Viking controlled East Anglia via the river Thames or overland using the old Roman road of Icknield way. Foraging parties were sent out to gather up supplies and provisions, but at Englefield some 6 miles from the main camp, a detachment under the command of two Jarls was confronted by Ealdorman Ethelwulf and the local West Saxon fyrd. In the ensuing battle one of the Danish Jarls, Sidrac was killed. With one of their leaders dead and certainly outnumbered, the rest of the foraging party broke off the bloody encounter and retreated back to Reading. Galvanised from their success at Englefield and with the arrival of the main Wessex fyrd under King Æthelred and his brother Prince Alfred, the West Saxons decided to mount an audacious attack on the fortified Viking camp at Reading. This was a dangerous strategy as the pagans had become adept at fortifying a defensive position and then

launching surprise counter-attacks. They had already used this tactic at York in November 866 AD when the Northumbrian Kings Ælla and Osberht had tried to oust them from the city. It had also been used on the continent by Ragnar Lodbrok's old comrade in arms Hastein against the Franks at Brissarthe (866 AD), but King Æthelred may have believed that Earl Ethelwulf had defeated the actual "Great Heathen Army" at Englefield and not just a part of it. The men of Wessex stormed the ramparts and slaughtered all the Vikings outside the main defences, but at this crucial moment Halfdan launched a vicious counterattack, spearheaded by bloodthirsty pagan berserkers. These fearless warriors welcomed the thought of death in battle and going to Valhalla. With great ferocity the soldiers of the "Great Heathen Army" repulsed the West Saxon attack. The fighting was brutal with sword, spear and axe being used to deadly effect. Ealdman Ethelwulf, the hero at Englefield was cut down and killed just outside the gates of the Viking fortifications. With his death, King Æthelred ordered a general retreat and abandoned all hope of taking back Reading from the invaders. →

A menacing soldier from the
Great Hearthan Army





The Battle of Ashdown 8th January 871 AD

The West Saxons withdrew to the high ground of the Ridgeway, where King Æthelred sent out summons of array for reinforcements to join him. Viking scouts returned to Reading and reported that the West Saxons were rallying near the ancient chalk stone carving of the white horse by Uffington. With momentum now with the Vikings and only needing one decisive victory to extinguish the Kingdom of Wessex once and for all, Halfdan ordered his men to march out of Reading towards the Ridgeway. Just four days after the Battle of Reading the two armies confronted each other once again at a place called "Ashdown".

As dawn broke on the morning of the 8th of January 871 AD the fog lifted to reveal a menacing sight on the ridge above the West

Saxon camp. Aligned along the crest of the hill with the guðfani raven banner fluttering in the cold wind was the "Great Heathen Army". They had used horses and ponies for speed to arrive at the higher ground and take the West Saxons by complete surprise.

The pagans were drawn up into two divisions, Kings Halfdan and Bagsecg commanding one and the other led by a collection of Viking Jarls. King Æthelred quickly reacted and mirrored the Viking formations, splitting the fryd in two. He led his contingent against Kings Halfdan and Bagsecg while Prince Alfred was tasked with confronting the Viking Jarls division.

Prince Alfred impatiently ordered his division to advance while the King was still attending mass in his royal tent. King Æthelred quickly returned to the front line encouraging his own men forward. As Alfred's men made their way up the sloop

of the hill carrying the sacred Wyern banner of Wessex, they were met with the wild battle cries and howling of the pagans. The deafening noise grew louder as the heathens banged their weapons against their shields. For the inexperienced soldiers of the fryd this must have been a stomach churning moment, but the stakes were high and defeat meant certain death and slavery for their families. As the armies neared one another, the Viking commanders ordered a general charge, hoping to use the momentum of the sloop to break through the West Saxon shield wall. The pagans smashed into Alfred's division first, causing the West Saxon shield wall to reel back from the initial charge. Prince Alfred led by example, striking back and cutting deep into the Viking ranks. His court chronicler Asser later recalled:

"Alfred finally deployed the Christian



Left: The Battle of Ashdown,
8th January 871 AD,
illustration: Ben Baillie
Below: Uffington White Horse,
Photograph: ©English Heritage



forces against the heathens, even though the King had not yet joined him. Acting like a wild boar, supported by divine help, he closed up the shield wall and moved his army against the Danes”.

Only when King Æthelred’s division joined the battle were the West Saxons able to slowly push back the pagans. The hand to hand combat was unrelenting with friend and foe butchered on the blood soaked field of Ashdown. The battle raged on around a lone thorn tree with both sides swaying back and forward during the course of the day. The deadlock was finally broken when the Viking King Bagsecg was slain. His death along with five Danish Jarls (Sidroc the older and younger, Harald, Osbern and Freana) finally ended the day in favour of King Æthelred and Prince Alfred. As nightfall fell on the bloody field, Halfdan ordered a general retreat back to the Viking

encampment at Reading. This was the first time the “Great Heathen Army” had suffered defeat since their arrival on the shores of Britannia back

in 865 AD. Although bloodied they were not by any means decisively defeated.

Believing the Viking menace had been destroyed, the men of the fyrd disbanded and returned home to their villages and farms. King Æthelred’s hope of following up his victory and advancing on Reading evaporated before his eyes. It must be remembered that the fyrd was not a professional army and could only be called up for a certain amount of time each year.

This rest bite allowed the pagans to recover, regroup and plan their next course of action. Only two weeks after the defeat at Ashdown, Halfdan felt strong enough to

lead the army out of Reading in a bold march towards the capital of Wessex, Winchester. King Æthelred and Prince Alfred caught up with the “Great Heathen Army” who had entrenched themselves near the village of Old Basing on the banks on the River Loddon, within only a day’s striking distance from Winchester.

King Æthelred took the decision to mount an assault on the fortified position, believing that the heathen’s strength had been greatly reduced after the battle of Ashdown. He was greatly mistaken; Halfdan’s men repulsed the West Saxon attack with great slaughter, forcing them to flee the field. Although the Vikings emerged victorious from the battle, they had sustained heavy casualties and were unable to continue their advance on Winchester. As both sides reorganised their resources, an uneasy lull ensued over the cold break winter landscape of Wessex.

King Æthelred and Prince Alfred were only able to mount an offensive in late March. At Meretun near Marlborough in the heart of Wessex the two armies squared up to one another once again. Just like at Ashdown the battle raged on all day with both sides attacking and then counter attacking. This time it was the West Saxons who lost men of high rank, including Bishop Heahmund of Sherbourne, who was cut down in the brutal fighting. King Æthelred had also been injured in the battle. The Vikings prevailed and Prince Alfred helped his brother off the field to safety with the remaining Wessex forces. →



**AS DAWN BROKE ON
THE MORNING OF
THE 8TH OF JANUARY
871 AD THE FOG
LIFTED TO REVEAL A
MENACING SIGHT ON
THE RIDGE ABOVE**



The arrival of the 'Great Summer Army' 871 AD

Shortly after Easter King Æthelred died from his wounds suffered at Meretun, the Witan council immediately elected Prince Alfred as his successor. Alfred's task was to fight on and defeat the Vikings at all costs, but shattering news arrived from the East in the spring of 871 AD. Viking reinforcements from Scandinavia landed in East Anglia in the shape of the "Great Summer Army". Under the command of Guthrum, Oscetel and Anwend they made their way up the Thames to Reading where they joined Halfdan.

Only a month after his succession King Alfred was forced into fighting another pitched battle with the much enlarged "Great Heathen Army". This time the encounter took place at Wilton near Salisbury, showing the extent of how far the heathens had penetrated into the heartland of Wessex. Although the West Saxons

gained the upper hand at the start of the battle, a reckless disorganised charge allowed the Vikings to recover and counter attack. This sudden reversal of fortunes forced the West Saxons into a full scale retreat, leaving Halfdan victorious and in control of "the field of carnage". Asser wrote in his chronicle that:

"The Saxons were virtually annihilated to the man in this single year"

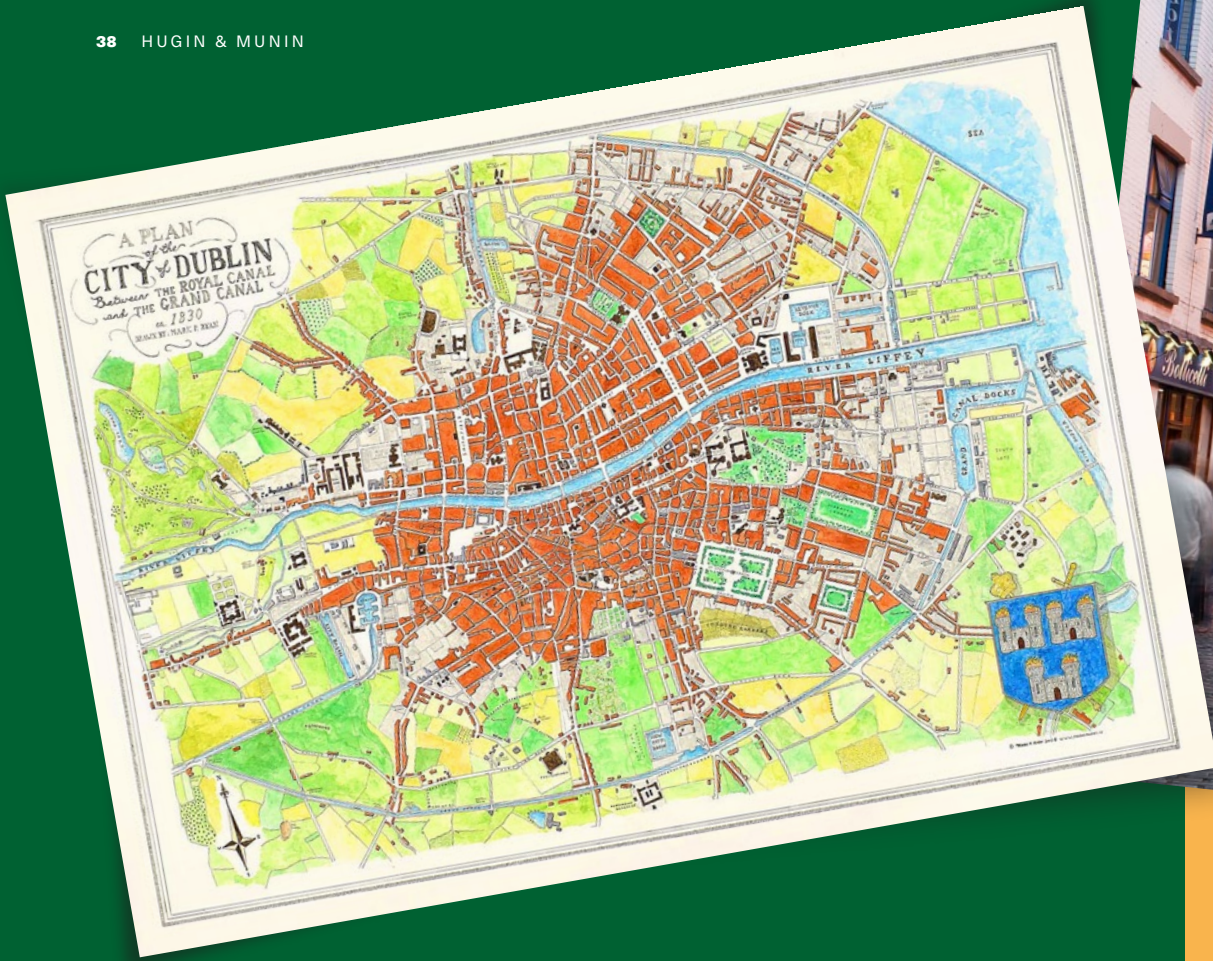
This single passage iterates how close the West Saxon Kingdom was to complete collapse. Halfdan may not have been fully aware of this situation and when King Alfred offered terms for an armistice, he agreed. The real reason may have been reports of unrest in Northumbria. The "Great Heathen Army" returned over the border and overwintered in the Mercian city of London where coins were minted bearing the name Halfdan. Any thoughts of returning to battle the West Saxons were put on hold when news reached London that the Northumbrian puppet King Egbert and the quisling Archbishop of York (Wulfhere)

had been overthrown and forced to flee Jorvik (York). Halfdan marshaled his troops and marched north to put down the revolt. Wessex had survived the darkest hour: the "Great Heathen Army" would return under the raven banner of Ubba Ragnarsson (Halfdan's brother) and Guthrum, but that is a story for another time.



**REINFORCEMENTS
 FROM SCANDINAVIA
 LANDED IN EAST
 ANGLIA IN THE
 SHAPE OF THE 'GREAT
 SUMMER ARMY'**





All photographs
Dublinia Viking Centre
unless otherwise
indicated

Above: Dublin City
streets, Photograph:
©TravelMoodz BV

A DESKTOP WALKING TOUR

VIKING AND MEDIEVAL DUBLIN

—Sheila Dooley,
Curator and Education officer, Dublinia Viking,
Medieval centre



THE BUILDINGS ARE AWARD WINNING STRUCTURES YET ALSO DESCRIBED AS BRUTALIST IN APPEARANCE, MODERN IN STRUCTURE AND WEIGHTED DOWN THEIR OWN LEGACY

a goldmine of information from our creative, resourceful and sophisticated forefathers. Wattle houses, yards, lanes, pathways and sheds were preserved along the street with preservation so good that the bedding areas retained their freshly harvested green colour. Hundreds of thousands of artefacts such as tools, silk scarves, pins, combs, gaming pieces, jugs, plates, buckets, tweezers and human graves were discovered. Evidence of peoples' lives and an everyday existence chronicling Dublin's past.

With this discovery began one of the most tragic and infamous campaigns to save this historic site. The Wood Quay Campaign, a Viking Saga in itself, lasted from 1977 to 1981. Those dedicated to preserving our heritage included a priest, a soon-to-be-president of Ireland, a bunch of passionate activists and academics spanning across Europe. The opposite side were those dedicated to another noble cause, improving and regenerating the city scape of Dublin. The area around Wood Quay was a derelict zone and with the building of City Council's offices, the area would be renewed. Those also supporting the site destruction were The Office of Public Works, the Irish Government and incredibly the National Museum of Ireland.

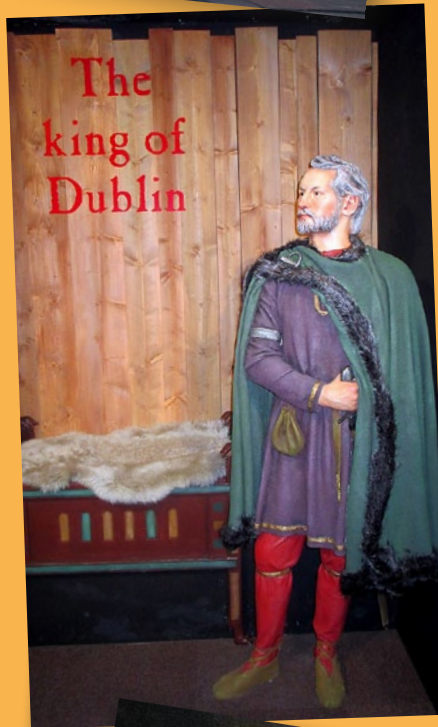
Until its conclusion the multiple delays and legal action surrounding the construction of the building gave archaeologists time to excavate large →



walking tour of any Irish city must include a number of key features; an anecdotal ghost story, a shot of Jameson (or two), a story about the boom years, a tale about the crash years then end with upward gazes at a sculpture of a sort that marks the poignant beginning/end of something important.

To Hugin & Munin readers choosing to follow me on this virtual walking tour of Viking and Medieval Dublin there are less obvious tales to be told. Secrets of one thousand years lie above and beneath our streets, many in plain view yet camouflaged into urban life. It is this path I choose to take you on but do not expect an entirely merry journey. In every history we learn from the past and as I write, the view from my office window frames one such lesson preserved in the minds of many Dubliners.

Across the road from Dublinia loom three large office blocks inhabited by Dublin City Council. They stand proudly on four and a half acres of city space. The buildings are award winning structures yet also described as brutalist in appearance, modern in structure and weighted down their own legacy. They stand on top of one of the most important Viking and medieval settlements ever found in Europe. Acres of streets, houses, crafts areas, shops, 60-meter long wooden quayside and 18 metres of medieval wall were unearthed. No other site has presented us with a surviving physical archive of 14 contiguous plots with over 13 building levels. On Fishamble Street alone, 151 houses were excavated revealing





OVERSIZED POTATO CHIPS, WRAPPED IN PAPER, SALT AND VINEGAR? IT'S SIMPLE DELICIOUS STREET FAIR THAT IS DEVOURED ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD



portions of the site. Despite being recognised as a National Monument in the High Court of Ireland and even with the leadership skills and spiritual guidance of its ring leader priest, Fr FX Martin, Dublin Corporation quite legally emerged successful due to a loophole in the law. While tragic at the time much has been learnt from the historic campaign. Dublin City Council have become valuable custodians of our heritage and their work within the city has saved and contributed to much of this city's heritage tourism. Future development is planned based on devised map showing the zone of archaeological potential in the city created by one of the chief academics involved in the campaign, Prof Howard Clarke. This, combined with the appointments of a City Archaeologists and Heritage officer, Dublin now has a protective layer surrounding its heritage.

It is from this legacy and the change in attitude as a result of the campaign that part of the medieval walls of Dublin can be viewed

on a walking tour of Dublin. The City Council also rebuilt in situ a stretch of the Hiberno-Norse walls of Dublin that can, usually, be viewed in their venue space within the basement of the building. That is not all. A walking tour can follow these northern city walls towards another, still standing, stretch of the same walls on Dublin's Cook Street.

This wall shares the same street as a church, a primary school and a crèche. Tiny toddlers and faithful parishioners rush past the largest stretch of medieval wall to survive in the city. To say it is a hidden icon of Dublin's history is an understatement. Monolithic-like in scale, running 73m in length, between 5m and 7m in height and between 1.5m and 3m wide this limestone defence is around 900 years old (with some modern structural additions). Entry to the other side of the wall is gained through the only surviving city gateway of the medieval city, St Audeon's Arch, dating to 1230.

If lucky, the medieval gateway may be open to allow tourists and citizens to climb

the steps through the arch into the grounds of the 800 year old medieval church of St Audeon. The visitor centre is open seasonally but the grounds can be enjoyed most days. If a Sunday stroll incorporates this part of the tour then your ears will be grateful. Between 11 and 12am on Sunday mornings, the sound of Medieval Dublin chimes through the area. Bell ringers pull the ropes of 15th century bells so not only can you stand outside the Hiberno-Norse walls of Dublin but you can hear the medieval sounds and for a second one might be transported to a medieval past.

Returning to today, the pilgrim will find themselves on High Street, walking east back towards Dublinia Heritage Centre guided by the tall tower of St Michael's church on the horizon. It is all that remains of the church building of St Michael's parish. As the walker passes Christ Church Cathedral they will find themselves on the original lands that were donated by Sitric Silkbeard, Hiberno-Norse king of Dublin in the 1030s. Sitric, on return from pilgrimage was happy to shed his pagan ways (most of them anyway) and determined to allow the first church to be built here. Christ Church is one of main attractions for visitors today and is filled with gothic and Romanesque style monuments. Filled with spiritual atmosphere it is, alas, without a heart. The Cathedral's famous relic, the heart of its own 12th century archbishop St Lawrence O'Toole, was stolen four years ago. The remains of burnt candles found in one of the chapels following the theft led Gardaí to consider the theft of the priceless relic had been well planned and perhaps even commissioned by a third party. It has yet to be found. Also in the Cathedral the effigy and tomb of Richard de Clare 'Strongbow' can be found. Strongbow was the Anglo-Norman →

Clockwise from Left:
Sheila Dooley; Gunnor
Dublina; Strongbow
Dublinia

1170
on the 21st
SEPTEMBER
Dublin
is captured
by Anglo-Normans
in alliance
with
King
Leif





Marcher Lord who spearheaded the Norman invasion of Ireland in the late 12th century. His stony worn away face still gives the impression of a cold and ruthless warrior who brought Ireland into the French speaking world of the Plantagenet-Angevin Empire nearly 850 years ago.

Beside Christ Church Cathedral is Fishamble Street, a textbook version of a sloping winding medieval street. The curving north-south alignment of the street is thought to be the original end of the ancient route way known in Irish, unimaginatively, as Slighe Mór (big route way). Incredibly, the street pattern revealed from the Wood Quay excavations from the tenth/eleventh centuries had Viking house plot dimensions that are still comparable to the landscape of Dublin today. A quick glance at modern houses along Dublin's quayside will find many sites divided into two or four windowed plots, a division or doubling of those plots found along the excavated sites on Fishamble Street. The street patterns reveal their ancestry. The street name here, too, features a clue to the city's past, by the thirteenth century it was known as Fishery Street and Fishmongers street. Thankfully the smell of its history has not survived however the River Liffey has known to test even the most bunged up noses on a rare sweaty summer's day.

If talk of fish and fishmongers has wetted

the now hungry walker's appetite, the inviting smells of Dublin's famous Burdock's chip shop, will topple the greatest warrior. Oversized potato chips, wrapped in paper, salt and vinegar? It's simple delicious street fair that is devoured on the side of the road there and then. Walking south, away from Christ Church one follows their nose to Werburgh Street then upon another section of the city's medieval walls on Ship Street. The clue to the city's secret past is not in the name of the street but the sound it makes when you speak it. Confused by multi-lingual tongues who populated the multi-national medieval streets of Dublin, the earliest name for the street was actually Sheep Street, not Ship Street. The sheep were no doubt a reference to the close rural grazing pastures that stood just outside the walls of the city.

Bypassing these walls is the entrance to Dublin Castle's grounds the walker is nearing the end of their short journey through some of the many spots of Viking and Medieval Dublin. Dublin Castle, in many ways a shadow of its medieval self, still retains some of the towers and features one would expect from the Anglo-Norman administrative centre of any medieval town. What visitors don't expect is the secret of the Castle's gardens, now a circular, grassy welcome mat to visitors entering the Castle's Library building.

The garden holds the key to the other earliest name attributed to Dublin for that is another unusual trait of Dublin's history. It had two names. Áth Cliath, Dublin's first name, appears on signposts as the Irish translation of Dublin appearing on some signs into the capital city. It means 'Ford of the Hurdleworks' and is reference to a wattle

bridge once linking land on either side of the Liffey. However, here at Dublin Castle we find the more familiar sounding name for Dublin, 'Dubh Linn' (pronounced 'Duv Linn') and meaning 'Black Pool'. The area is believed to have been a large longship terminus or pool for Viking ships sailing up the Liffey seeking a protective haven. Offices excavated beside the grounds in 2003 rewarded us with the discovery of four Viking warrior burials, the most complete of which is currently on display in Dublinia's History Hunters exhibition.

The group of warriors are dated to the early 9th century and were bitterly referred to as 'heathens' in the Annals of Ulster. The best preserved warrior sleeps in Dublinia. He was 1.76m in height and was extremely stocky. His lice comb and knife were buried with him and a tiny zoomorphic headed pin adorned his shoulder. Archaeologists believe the grave was disturbed and weapons looted but it was the microscopic detail that revealed most about him. He died between 17 and 25 years of age and was buried in Dublin he had not grown up here. In fact he grew up in Norway, the Northern part. He practiced smithing (tiny fragments of metal were found in the soil where his clothes were). He had a rib fracture that healed itself and a back ailment that is very obvious from his remains lower vertebrae. His back ailment would not have hindered him. It is believed that he was part of an elite warrior force that targeted Dublin as early as 805-815 AD.

With the taste of chips and a decent mile behind the walker, there is only one way to end the pilgrimage. As many an Irishman would say, 'Sure didn't the Vikings themselves drink Guinness after a tour of Dublin'?



Viking and Irish Warriors, Dublinia and Cook St Walls and Gate.



DESTINATION VIKING ASSOCIATION MEMBER AND PROJECT NEWS



Cultural route
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COUNCIL OF EUROPE
CONSEIL DE L'EUROPE



Rouen (Normandy, France) Summer 2016-2017

A spectacular light & sound show takes place on weeknights and weekends just after dusk in the summer months. (June - September). Two 15 minute shows are projected onto the front of the Rouen Cathedral. The theme of the light show is entitled 'VIKINGS' and recounts the Viking settlement and the creation of the Duchy of Normandy.
metropole-rouen-normandie.fr

Trelleborg, National museum of Denmark (Denmark)

16th -22nd October 2016

The Viking re-enactment group 'Arns Ætlinge' stayed in the Trelleborg longhouse for a whole week. Visitors and guests were welcomed inside to see what life was like in Viking times. There were also several short Viking themed lectures in the museum café.

Manx National Heritage (Isle of Man, United Kingdom)

22nd October 2016 – 21st April 2017

On Saturday 22nd of October 2016, the Vikings returned to Manx shores when a new exhibition opened at the House of Manannan in Peel. "Valhalla: Life and Death in Viking Britain" showcases everyday objects dating to over a thousand years ago that shows that the Vikings were not only invaders and warriors, but also explorers, traders, and craftsmen. This touring exhibition has been created by the world-famous Jorvik Group.

Top: Lofotr Viking Festival in Norway
Top right: Torres del Oeste, in Spain. Bottom: illustration from the story Ragnfridis Saga museum ride

Fotevikens museum, (Sweden)

31st of October 2016 'Halloween'

Halloween was celebrated at Fotevikens museum in Southern Sweden with a special ghoulish Viking Ghost walk around the medieval village. The event was fully booked weeks in advance and proved a great hit with the visitors who were entertained with ghost stories and frightening Viking costumed witches and ghosts.

fotevikensmuseum.se

House of Lords, Westminster Palace (London, United Kingdom)

2nd December 2017

DVA Chairman Jimmy Moncrieff attended a reception in the House of Lords at Westminster Palace hosted by Baroness Harris. The event was organised to help raise awareness and potential funding to assist in the "reimagining" of the Jorvik Viking Centre following the floods last year.

FUTURE EVENTS 2017

Caithness Horizons museum, Caithness, Scotland

19th January 2017

In January Caithness Horizons museum will be running its first programme of academic talks. The series will kick off with 'Woods and Berserks – Northern Barbarians on Film. Exploring Images of the Picts, Scots and Vikings' on the 19th January from 7pm. If you are unable to attend this event museum curator, Joanne Howdle and Dr Jennings will be speaking at the Richard Hall Symposium which will take place during the Jorvik Viking Festival, York in February 2017. The museum are also collaborating with the Caithness Broch Project to try and secure funding to dig a number of broch sites in Caithness in 2017 including Thing Va thought to be the site of a Norse parliament.

caithnesshorizons.co.uk

"Up Helly Aa" Viking fire festival (Shetland, United Kingdom)

31st January 2017

The largest of Shetland's 12 fire festivals takes place in Lerwick on the last Tuesday of January each year. Up Helly Aa, which celebrates the end of winter and Shetland's Viking heritage, is led by the Guizer Jarl and his 50-60 strong Viking squad. The festivities start in the morning when the Jarl Squad is granted freedom of the town for 24 hours. During the evening parade the Guizer Jarl stands aboard his replica long ship and is accompanied by





upwards of 1000 guizers (men in disguise, or fancy dress) carrying flaming torches.

The procession culminates with the burning of the long ship, while guizers sing Norseman's Home, before taking part in the all night festivities.

Jorvik Viking Festival
(York, United Kingdom)
20th–26th February 2017

For a whole week in February (20–26th) England's Northern capital "York" becomes Jorvik once again. Recognised as the largest Viking festival in Europe, the annual Jorvik Viking festival celebrates York's Viking heritage. The theme of this year's festival is 'the fall of Erik Bloodaxe, Jorvik's last King'.

jorvik-viking-festival.co.uk

Vikingalv, Stockholm, Sweden

This spring (April 29th) the new museum

'VIKINGALIV' Life of Vikings, will open in Stockholm, Sweden. Vikingaliv is an adventure and a journey through one of history's most mythical time periods. On 2,000 square meters in Wasahamnen on Djurgården, between the Vasa Museum and Gröna Lund Amusement Park, a dramatized tale of the Viking Age, anno 963, is being created. Vikings have become a hallmark of Nordic history worldwide. But although there is great interest, knowledge is often limited, both among foreign tourists as well as domestically.

vikingaliv.se

Jorvik Viking Centre
(York, United Kingdom)
8th April 2017

After the devastating floods during the winter of 2015 the World famous Jorvik Viking Centre will reopen on Saturday 8th of April 2017. The new "Jorvik" will recreate the streets of Viking age York with



Left: Viking routes.
Below: The Trelleborg special.
Bottom left: the Romeria Festival in Spain in August

the sound of crowing cocks and crying babies, smells of wood smoke and stew pots, rotting fish and dung heap with added extras of a death bed scene, a slaughter house and among the people discussing the latest goods landed on the wharf, a slave trader. For a sneak preview, see the attached promotional video link. youtu.be/kbG3S5sdoU0

Annual International Viking Festival
(Hafnarfjörður, Iceland)

14th–18th June 2017

Hafnarfjörður, is a neighbouring town close to Reykjavík which hosts the Annual International Viking Festival. It is the oldest and biggest festival of its kind in Iceland. Visiting this festival will make you feel like you have been transferred back in time a thousand years or so.

guidetoiceland.is/travel-iceland/drive/hafnarfjordur

Romeria Viking festival
(Catoira, Spain)

8th August 2017

Every year, on the first Sunday in August, the residents of Catoira stage a spectacular re-enactment of the Viking invasions that occurred a thousand years ago. Thousands of people make their way to this Galician village to witness this entertaining traditional fiesta.

Three replica Viking long ships are used in the event which culminates in a savage seaborne attack on the 'Torres de Oueste' fortress. A must see event if you are in Spain this summer.

Lofotr Viking festival
(Lofoten Islands, Norway)

9th–13th August 2017

The 13th Viking festival will be held August 9th–13th 2017. Every year north of the Arctic Circle the Lofoten festival grows bigger and bigger. Set in the grounds of the original Viking settlement, visitors can marvel at the reconstructed longhouse or join the crew of one of the museums long ships on the fjord.

lofotr.no

FOLLOW THE VIKINGS 2017
'ROADSHOW EVENTS'

17/18 August Warsaw

25/26 August Avaldsnes

8/9 September Shetland

13/14 October Copenhagen

RAVEN'S EYE

TV + FILM



FILM

Trace (2016)

Trace is a new short film set in the Viking age. It tells the story of Baldr, an explorer who has traveled far and wide. He has acquired knowledge that can help his people make a better future. Now he must escape Gorm and his vicious clan, who seek to destroy all that can challenge their view of the world. What sets this film apart is that the characters speak Old Norse (or Old Norwegian), which was the language of the Vikings.

TV

Vikings: Season Five (2016-2017)

Season five returns to our screens and promises to be even bigger and better than before. Joining the cast for the 20 episode fifth season is "The Tudors" star Jonathan Rhys Meyers. The casting marks a reunion between Michael Hirst (Creator of both the Tudors and Vikings) and Meyers who played King Henry III from 2007-2010. Season five will also see Ragnar's young sons grow into men and lead the "Great Heathen Army" on a bloody campaign to conquer Anglo-Saxon England.

**FILM****Viking** (2016)

Viking is a 2016 historical action film by director Andrei Kravchuk, based on the historical document Primary Chronicle and Icelandic Kings' sagas. The story is set in the late 10th century. After the death of his father, Svyatoslav I, ruler of Kievan Rus, the young Viking prince Vladimir (Danila Kozlovsky) is forced into exile across the frozen sea in Sweden to escape his treacherous half-brother Yaropolk (Aleksandr Ustyugov), who has murdered his other brother Oleg (Kirill Pleznyov) and conquered the Viking territory of Kievan Rus. The old warrior Sveneld (Maksim Sukhanov) convinces Vladimir to assemble a Varangian armada led by a Swedish chieftain (Joakim Nätterqvist), hoping to reconquer Kiev from Yaropolk and ultimately face the mighty Byzantine forces.

**TV****The Last Kingdom: Season 2** (2017)

Following in the footsteps of 'Vikings' BBC America has already commissioned the making of season 2 of "The Last Kingdom". Based on the best selling books of Bernard Cornwell, the last kingdom follows in the adventures of Uhtred of Bebbanburg, played by Alexander Dreymon. The second series' storyline will roughly cover the plots of the third and fourth of Cornwell's novels, The Lords of the North and Sword Song. Uhtred battles new foes in the Danelaw to find his sister and reclaim his birthright as Lord of Bebbanburg. Season 2 will be released later this year on BBC 2.

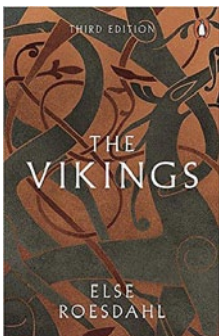




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Non-fiction

The Vikings

Paperback, September 2016

Author: Else Roesdahl

Thoroughly updated and with a new foreword 'The Viking Age is shot through with the spirit of adventure. For 300 years, from just before AD800 until well into the eleventh century, the Vikings affected almost every region accessible to their ships, and left traces that are still part of life today' Far from being just 'wild, barbaric, axe-wielding pirates', the Vikings created complex social institutions, oversaw the coming of Christianity to Scandinavia and made a major impact on European history through trade, travel and far-flung consolidation. This encyclopedic study brings together the latest research on Viking art, burial customs, class divisions, jewellery, kingship, poetry and family life. The result is a rich and compelling picture of an extraordinary civilisation.



Non-fiction

Shetland and the Viking World: papers from the Proceedings of the 17th Viking Congress

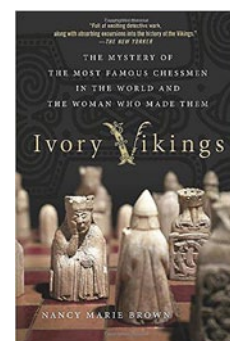
Edited by Val E. Turner, Olwyn A.

Owen and Doreen J. Waugh

Shetland Heritage Publications 2016

ISBN 978-0-9932740-3-9

The 17th Viking Congress took place in Shetland in August 2013. The week long event brought together leading scholars from all over the Viking world from a diverse number of disciplines: archaeology, place-names, history, philology, numismatics, and other disciplines. The volume contains 41 of the papers which were presented at the Congress. Lerwick was the first home to the Congress when it was founded in 1950. The 17th Congress sought to recapture that excitement and embrace a similar range of scholarship experienced at the first event. There are a number of papers relating to Shetland at the beginning of the volume, but the areas discussed in the volume range from Greenland in the north to the Baltic in the south. The well-illustrated volume includes plentiful colour pictures which illustrate the papers as well as the range of Viking sites within Shetland, from Unst to Scatness and Jarlshof. These alone would make it the perfect souvenir for a Viking visit to the islands.



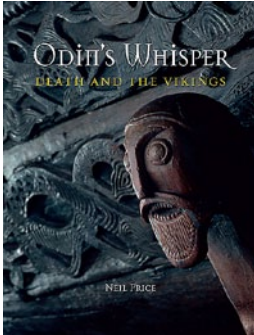
Non-fiction

Ivory Vikings: The Mystery of the Most Famous Chessmen in the World and the Woman Who Made Them

Paperback, September 6, 2016

Author: Nancy Marie Brown

In the early 1800s, on a Hebridean beach in Scotland, the sea exposed an ancient treasure cache: 93 chessmen carved from walrus ivory. Norse netsuke, each face individual, each full of quirks, the Lewis Chessmen are probably the most famous chess pieces in the world. Harry played Wizard's Chess with them in Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone. Housed at the British Museum, they are among its most visited and beloved objects. Questions abounded: Who carved them? Where? Ivory Vikings by Nancy Marie Brown explores these mysteries by connecting medieval Icelandic sagas with modern archaeology, art history, forensics, and the history of board games. In the process, Ivory Vikings presents a vivid history of the 400 years when the Vikings ruled the North Atlantic, and the sea-road connected countries and islands we think of as far apart and culturally distinct: Norway and Scotland, Ireland and Iceland, and Greenland and North America.

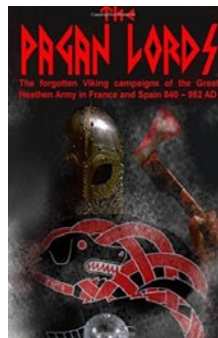


Non-fiction

Odin's Whisper: Death and the Vikings

Paperback, December 2016
Author: Neil Price

The Viking period, which stretched from the eighth to the eleventh century, left behind half a million graves, many containing whole ships, sumptuous goods, and even the bodies of slaves or loved ones sacrificed alongside those who had died. Revealing that it was in death that the Viking view of life was most clearly distilled, *Odin's Whisper* uses Norse mythology and recent archaeological evidence to draw a compelling picture of the Viking mind. In this in-depth account, Neil Price argues that it is by understanding Viking burial that we can best understand the thought and mythology of this fascinating culture. Price contextualizes how Vikings grasped death within the Ragnarök—the immense battle of the living, dead, gods, and humans that would ultimately consume the world in fire—and illustrates that their conception of the afterlife was seen only as a respite before this end. He also shows that this violent view of the afterlife informed their funeral practice, divulging blood-curdling accounts of the sacrifices and rapes that occasionally marked burials. Filled with striking illustrations and reconstructions of graves, *Odin's Whisper* casts new light on Norse beliefs about death and, in turn, what these notions tell us of their beliefs about life.



Non-fiction

The Pagan Lords: The forgotten Viking campaigns of the Great Heathen Army in France and Spain 840-982 AD

Paperback, September 2016
Author: Benjamin James Baillie

The Viking age exploded like a thunderbolt out of the blue onto the international stage during the latter part of the 8th century. By the middle of the next century, the piratical raids for booty and plunder gave way to outright conquest and colonisation. In the West, the British Isles bore the brunt of this aggression in the form of the campaigns of the "Great Heathen Army" which not only dismantled the Anglo-Saxon Kingdoms of England, but also the Pictish and Briton dominions of modern day Scotland and the Celtic Principalities of Ireland. On the continent of mainland Europe Viking armies challenged the great Empire of Charlemagne. Ragnar Lodbrok's sack of Paris in 845 AD showed that no city or Kingdom was safe from the fury of the North-men. His sons and other Viking warlords embarked on a reign of terror that would bring Western civilisation to its very knees, eventually resulting in the creation of the Duchy of Normandy at the Treaty of St Clair Sur Epte in 911 AD. However Viking campaigns to create a second Normandy in Brittany, Aquitaine and Spain have been shrouded in mystery until now.



Fiction

The Flame Bearer: The Last Kingdom Series

Paperback, November 2016
Author: Bernard Cornwell

The brand new novel in Bernard Cornwell's number one bestselling series on the making of England and the fate of his great hero, Uhtred of Bebbanburg. BBC2's major TV show *The Last Kingdom* is based on the first two books in the series. From the day it was stolen from me I had dreamed of recapturing Bebbanburg. The great fort was built on a rock that was almost an island, it was massive, it could only be approached on land by a single narrow track – and it was mine. Britain is in a state of uneasy peace. Northumbria's Viking ruler, Sigtrygg, and Mercia's Saxon Queen Aethelflaed have agreed a truce. And so England's greatest warrior, Uhtred of Bebbanburg, at last has the chance to take back the home his traitorous uncle stole from him so many years ago – and which his scheming cousin still occupies. But fate is inexorable and the enemies Uhtred has made and the oaths he has sworn combine to distract him from his dream of recapturing Bebbanburg. New enemies enter into the fight for England's kingdoms: the redoubtable Constantin of Scotland seizes an opportunity for conquest and leads his armies south. Britain's precarious peace threatens to turn into a war of annihilation. But Uhtred is determined that nothing, neither the new enemies nor the old foes who combine against him, will keep him from his birthright. He is the Lord of Bebbanburg, but he will need all the skills he has learned in a lifetime of war to make his dream come true.

Schleswig – 'the Viking City'
©Deutsche Post



VIKING STAMPS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

GEIR SØR-REIME

The recent 950th anniversary of the Battle of Hastings naturally is our focal point this time. A set of six stamps, which were also issued together in a miniature sheet, came out from Alderney, one of the smaller Channel Islands, on 14 September. The stamps feature the landing of Duke William in England, King Harold II "Godwinsson" riding south after the battle of Stamford Bridge (where he defeated King Harald III "Hardrada" of Norway), a Norman cavalry attack on the Saxon shield wall, Saxons repulsing a Norman attack, William signaling that he is still alive, and hard-pressed Saxons before the final assault by the Normans.

At the same time, the British post-office a sheet of stamps with attached labels featuring details from the Bayeux Tapestry depicting scenes from the preparations made by William's before landing in England, scenes from the battle, the death of King Edward the Confessor and the victory feast of William after the battle of Hastings. The battle scene labels are not stamps in themselves, but they are attached to 'real' stamps featuring the flag of England.

The final item this time is a pictorial postmark from Germany, used in the town of Schleswig – 'the Viking City' – 24th of September to commemorate the 60th anniversary of the young philatelists of the state of Schleswig-Holstein. It depicts a Viking ship.



950th Battle of Hastings anniversary stamps, ©Royal Mail





2017 YEAR OF THE VIKINGS

York is celebrating the return of the Vikings to the city in 2017 with the reopening of Jorvik Viking Centre on Saturday 8th April 2017. The centre, which suffered devastating flooding in December 2015, has been completely re-imagined incorporating over 30 years of research on the impact of the Vikings on York.

What's New?

Hop aboard our improved ride experience and you'll be transported back to the year AD960; Eric Bloodaxe, the last Viking King in Jorvik, has been expelled and the city is transforming itself. You will discover the impact of international trade on Viking-Age York, including the evolution of a multicultural society in the city, as it's not just trade goods that flowed into Jorvik but people from across the globe!

The gallery experiences have been completely updated, with new display cases allowing you to get up close to these precious, Viking artefacts. You will have the chance to dig deeper into the Viking story of York using the latest in cutting-edge technology located throughout the centre.

Discover more at jorvikvikingcentre.co.uk or use #ReturnoftheVikings on Social Media.

Plus: Visit in February for the 33rd Jorvik Viking Festival, a weeklong celebration of all things Norse!

Welcoming over 50,000 visitors per year, this annual event is the largest of its kind in Europe with over 100 events across the week. The full programme is now online at jorvikvikingfestival.co.uk and you can join in the conversation on Social Media using #JVF17.

**ISSUE 2
AVAILABLE
SEPTEMBER
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