

SIGURÐAR SAGA FÓTS



Telkning:
Friðrika Geirsdóttir.

BJARNI HARÐARSON



Sigurðar saga fóts

– Íslensk riddarasaga –



***Sigurðar saga fóts*: fourteenth-century saga to
financial crisis satire**

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<http://www.alarichall.org.uk/imc2011>

Sarah Prebble, *Enron* (2009), trans. by
Eiríkur Örn Norðdahl, at the
Borgarleikhúsið, 2010



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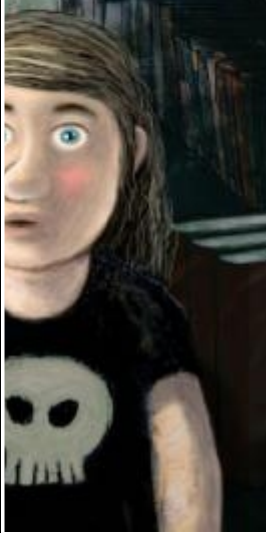
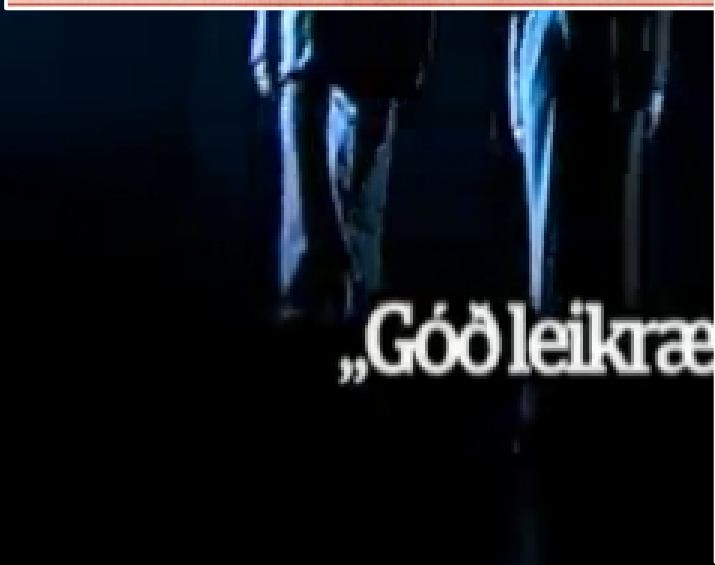
HELVÍTIS
FÖKKING FUNK



Samúel Jón Samúelsson
Big Band



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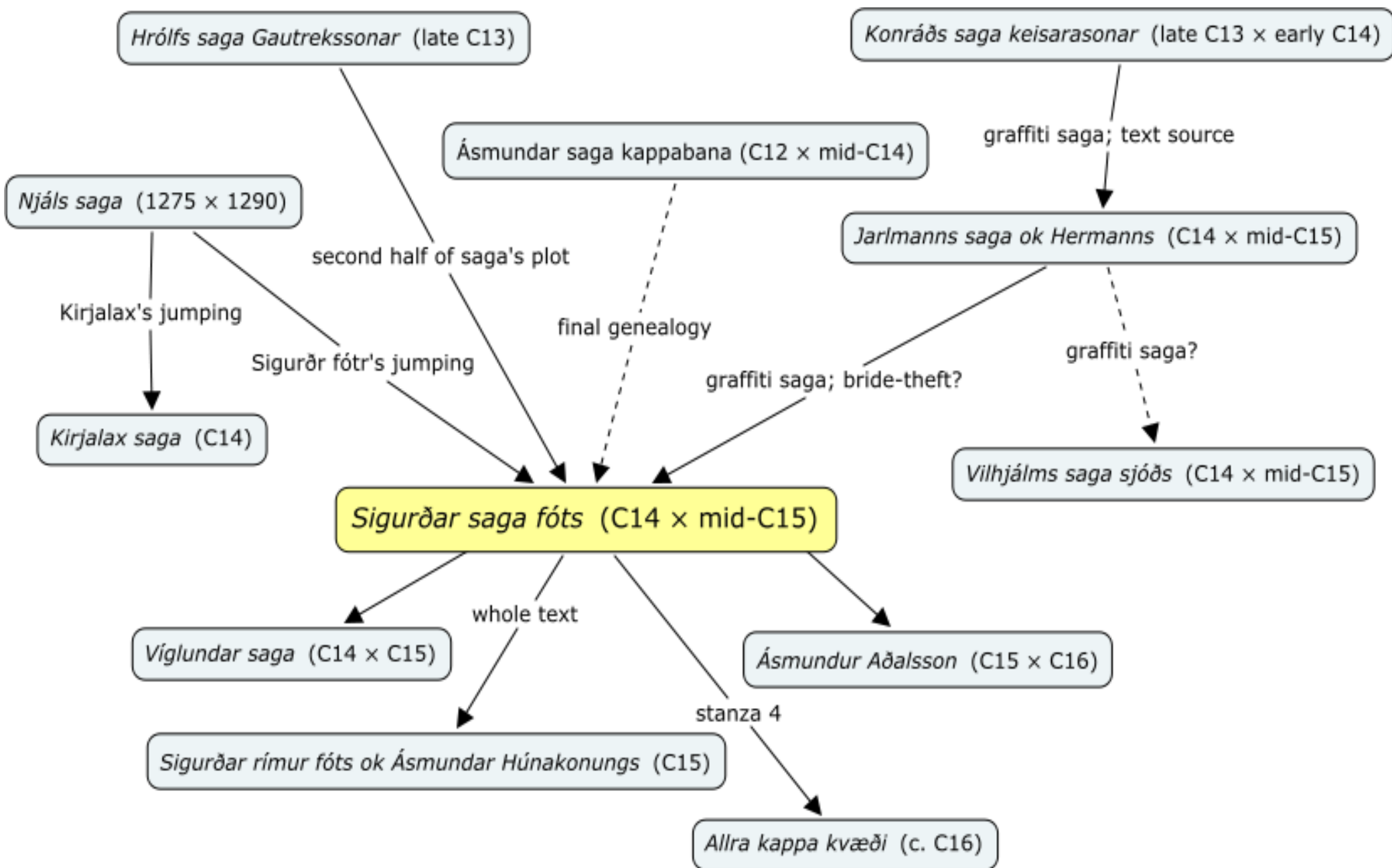
Alaric Hall, Haukur Þorgeirsson, Patrick Beverley, Kirsty Brooks, Ffion Twomlow, David Bishop, Lauren Brogden, Oliver Clarkson, Anna Denholm, Kathryn Denvir, Benjamin Fearn, Laura Friis, Victoria Granata Thorne, Amaris Gutierrez-Ray, Laura Holdsworth, Simon Johnson, Anouska Luboff, Elizabeth Matter, Brianna Metcalf, Louise O'Mahony, David Varley, Harriet Veale, '*Sigurðar saga fóts* (The Saga of Sigurðr Foot): A Translation', *Mirator*, 11 (2010), 56–91

'Sigurðar saga fóts', *Tíminn*, *Sunnudagsblað* (26 May 1968), 390–393, 406

SIGURÐAR SAGA FÓTS



Telkning:
Friðrika Geirsdóttir.



Introducing Sigurðr fótr

There was a king called Sigurðr, who ruled France. He was a young and unmarried man and he had newly taken up his patrimony after his father King Hringr. Sigurðr was a generous and noble king, stern and a great warrior, and a man so valiant with arms that few, or none, could stand against him either in battle or in single combat.

That same summer which was just mentioned, King Sigurðr went out raiding. Any pirates who heard about him fled before him, because he was extremely famous for his raiding and his chivalry—for it was said truly of Sigurðr that he was a man of greater skill than any other at that time. He was so quick and nimble-footed that he neither leapt up more slowly nor lower into the air, landing backwards on only one foot, than the most valiant people on both feet forwards. Because of this he was called Sigurðr Foot.

Signý's dream: crap saga or clever satire?

But one night, the queen was very restless in her sleep, so that she was writhing almost from head to toe. So the king thought about waking her, but nothing came of it; but afterwards she woke of her own accord. She was then sweating and worn out and very red in the face. The king asked what she had dreamt. And she replied: 'I thought I saw King Ásmundr of Húnaland, sailing to Ireland. But when he arrived, I thought I saw a terrible bull charge against him and his men, with such a huge pack of wolves that I couldn't see beyond them, and they all attacked Ásmundr and his men. And it seemed to me that the fight ended with the wolves tearing all Ásmundr's men to death, except for him and Óláfr alone. And the last I saw of them, they were in the power of that huge bull, and then I woke up.'

'What do you suppose,' said King Sigurðr, 'that this dream would mean?'

Battles

Ásmundr attacked very well: he went right through the army of the Irish king eight times and cleared a path as broad as his sword-point reached, and he killed so many people that it would be a long job to list their names. Óláfr also attacked very well and harmed many a man: he went through the Irish army four times. But although many men of Hrólfr's army fell, whenever one was killed, three of his countrymen came in his place, and because of these superior numbers and overwhelming force, all of King Ásmundr's force was utterly destroyed, until only he and Óláfr were still standing. Then shields were borne against them and they were captured, but not before Ásmundr became, alone, the slayer of ten men, and Óláfr five. Afterwards they were thrown into a deep and horrible dungeon.

Bjarni Harðarson's *Sigurðar saga fóts*



Björgólfur Guðmundsson
(1941–)

~Bjarnhéðinn 'kaupahéðinn'
Jónsson

Björgólfur Þór Björgölfsson (1967–)

~Sigurður frits Bjarnhéðinsson



Flowers in Afghanistan

— Ekki orð, svaraði Kex á sinni hörðu norðurlýsku. Þið haldið að við eigum ekki neitt, séum ekki neitt og getum ekki neitt. En ég skal segja þér hvað við höfum, vinur. Við höfum blómin í Afganistan og ekki orð, ekki orð.

‘Not a word’, replied Kex in his hard north-German. ‘You people think that we own nothing, are nothing and can be nothing. But I will tell you what we have, my friend. We have flowers in Afghanistan, but not a word, not a word.’

Flowers in Afghanistan

After that, Ásmundr asked how Sigurðr intended to deal with King Hrólfr, and King Sigurðr replied: 'The life of King Hrólfr and Elína his daughter, all Ireland, and France, are now in your power and at your disposal ...'

Ásmundr thanked him for all his words, as did everyone else; 'and I want to ask King Hrólfr this', said Ásmundr, 'whether he wishes to marry his daughter Elína to me now.'

Then King Hrólfr replied, 'I most certainly want that and will do so in order to win my life.'

It's not necessary to make a long tale of this: it was decided that Ásmundr would marry Elína, and the wedding was immediately prepared ... King Hrólfr paid his own daughter's bride-price in a noble fashion, with gold and precious things. They parted now with friendship.

Útrásarvíkingar: Ólafur Ragnar Grímsson, 'How to Succeed in Modern Business: Lessons from the Icelandic Voyage'

Eighth on my list is the heritage of discovery and exploration, fostered by the medieval Viking sagas that have been told and retold to every Icelandic child. This is a tradition that gives honour to those who venture into unknown lands, who dare to journey to foreign fields, interpreting modern business ventures as an extension of the Viking spirit, applauding the successful entrepreneurs as heirs of this proud tradition.

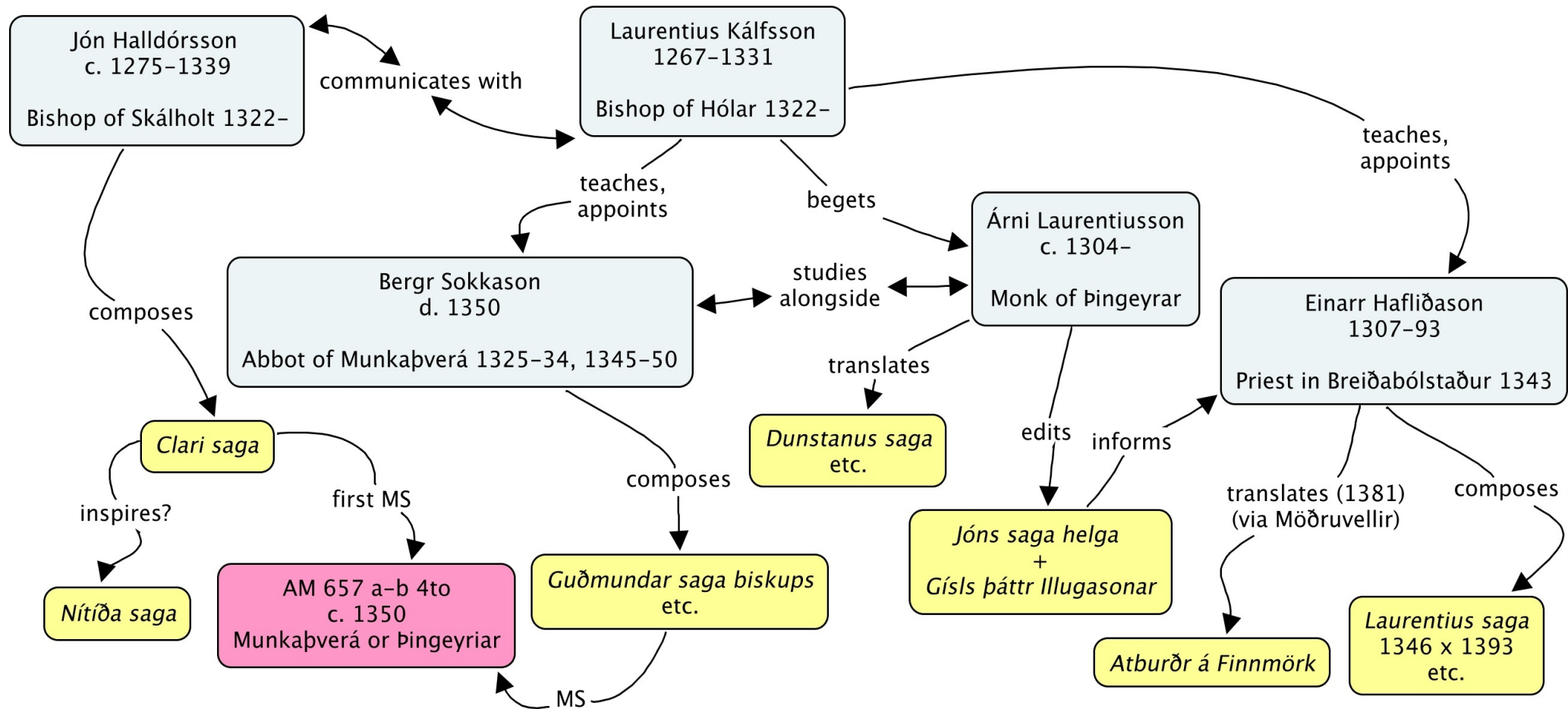
(speech given at the Walbrook Club, London, May 3rd 2005; repr. in *The Reykjavík Grapevine*, October 10th 2008)

Útrásarvíkingar: Vala Maríudóttir at Sigurður's wedding

The foreign minister had given a moving speech in which he likened Sigurður fótur to the ancient Vikings, calling him a modern-day Viking raider. Next, the master of ceremonies had planned to give the word to the CEO of one of the oil companies but then an impertinent tapping on a glass was heard, and at the end of the bridal couple's table stood Vala Maríudóttir in her black apron.

‘Ladies and gentlemen—Sigurður, and everyone. *Fyrir hönd*, – *segir maður ekki þannig?* – *jú, fyrir hönd eða önd* of us employees, us other, simple folk on the floor by our men, Sigurður fótur and Bjarnhéðinn kaupahéðinn ... Sigurður seems to us girls much greater than a Viking: for us he is a knight, he is well and truly our knight on a white horse, and now, when he is getting married, it feels for us like we are all marrying him, and actually maybe we are—so you should watch out, Ella dear, because we've all fallen for him and he knows it, my Sigurður.’

That fourteenth-century network of clerical literati again



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