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Front Cover photo: Rødryggen (Tromsø) by Will Copeland, submitted by Katie Dunning. Anglo-Norse Scholarship holder 2020-2021

Editorial

I hope this issue reaches you wherever you are enjoying the first holiday since corona virus restrictions were lifted just about everywhere.

I have for some time wanted to include an article on Nortraship, but had to find someone who could write it. At last I have, though there may be more to be said.

The new Munch Museum has caused controversy, but Sue Prideaux is full of praise for a space that finally does justice to the artist.

I think it is also worth recommending the reports of the Scholarship-holders. To a man - and woman, they are very grateful for the opportunities the scholarships have given them, and are making good use of them and all are enthusiastic about life in Norway!

This summer *Review* has a slightly different format from previous numbers in that it ends with a new section called 'News of Members' which sadly contains the obituaries of two prominent members of the Society.

The Secret and Controversial Seamen's Fund of Nortraship

By: Bjørn Tore Rosendahl,

The merchant seamen - the 'war sailors' - were responsible for Norway's most important contribution to the Allied victory in the Second World War. During this war, the Norwegian merchant fleet was organized in one state-owned shipping company - the world's largest - called Nortraship. This secured Norwegian ownership of approximately 1,000 ships outside occupied Norway and provided large revenues and political strength for the Norwegian government in exile. However, if you mention 'Nortraship' to descendants of the war sailors in Norway today, the reaction is often anger, bitterness and sometimes claims of money that was stolen. The reason behind this is the battle of the so-called 'secret fund of Nortraship'. This article explains the history of the fund and how it became a symbol of Norwegian society's lack of recognition for the war sailors.

It all started at the beginning of the Second World War. At the outbreak of the war in September 1939, Norway was a neutral nation, where both shipowners and seafarers earned good money transporting goods in high-risk waters ravaged by the war. After the German invasion in April 1940, Norway became an occupied country and closely allied to Great Britain. Being allies does not automatically imply a harmonious partnership without any friction. Throughout the war years, Norway and Great Britain had

conflicting views on many aspects concerning the war effort. Shipping and the availability of Norwegian ships for British transport was one issue that created tensions.

The level of seamen's wages was another one. To avoid wage demands from their own seafarers, the British Government insisted that the Norwegian war bonuses were reduced to the British level. A drastic reduction in the Norwegian payments was the result from July 1940. For a Norwegian seaman, the war bonus could be reduced from 700 to 100 Norwegian Kroner per month sailing in the war zone. The British were not intended to profit from this wage reduction when they paid for Norwegian ship transports. Therefore, a secret agreement was made, that they should pay a deposit into a separate account. At the end of the war, the money was supposed to be made available through a fund for the benefit of Norwegian seamen. This was what later became known as the secret fund of Nortraship.

The dramatic wage reduction from July 1940 contributed to strikes on Norwegian ships in several American ports. In September the same year, 19 Norwegian boats were stuck in New York due to crew shortages. Both carrots and sticks were used to solve the situation.



Part of a convoy during World War II. Photo credit: NTB's Krigsarkiv. Riksarkivet.

My own PhD thesis showed the deep British's involvement in questions related to Norwegian seafarers during the war - especially in connection with crew problems during the summer and autumn of 1940. Prime Minister Winston Churchill himself intervened and allowed the Norwegian authorities to increase the war bonuses again. He also ensured that Norway and other allied nations could establish seamen's courts on British soil, to force the seafarers into service. With the same motivation, the British also permitted the knowledge of the secret fund to be used as bait to persuade Norwegian seafarers to sail on Norwegian ships.

In August 1940, the director of Nortraship started distributing printed 'messages' to all Norwegian ships and seafarers. In the very first copy, he promised that significant payments from a seamen's fund would be made to seafarers and their survivors after the war. Other Norwegian authorities gave similar promises. They never said how much money it was or how it would be paid out, but it created rumours and expectations of a large amount that the seafarers would receive when they returned home after the war.

However, this turned out not to be the case. When the war ended, there were 43.7 million kroner left in the fund, after around 90 million had been used to finance war bonuses paid out to the seafarers during the war. One reason for not carrying out a direct pay-out of all the money in 1945, was the fear that many seafarers would quit their job at sea and go ashore. This would have led to a shortage of seafarers at a time when the reconstruction of Norway required great efforts from ships and crews in the merchant fleet. There were also widespread paternalistic attitudes towards the seafarers and a lack of confidence that they could handle a large one-off payment. In the early stages of the Cold War, support from the communists did not help the war sailors' cause either. On the recommendation of the seamen's organizations, the Storting thus decided in 1948 that the money should be used to establish the 'Nortraships Seamen's Fund', to provide financial support to injured seafarers, widows and descendants. This fund lived a quiet life, but was of great importance to those who received help. It was formally closed down in 1998, but the Government secured that the payments to a number of permanent recipients were continued.

No one disagreed with the need for this type of help and support. But the seafarers from the war believed that the money in Nortraship's secret fund was withheld war bonuses that should have been paid out directly to everyone who had sailed in the war zones. The war sailors organized

themselves in 1947, and after a disappointing political decision in the Storting, they went to court to claim their legal rights to the money. Eventually, the war sailors lost their case in the Supreme Court in 1954. The political and legal defeats became the very symbol of the society's lack of recognition of the war sailors' efforts during the war.

From the mid-1960s, the seafarers' experiences during the war became better known within the general public, as did their many and growing health problems. Several influential people in Norway began to fight their cause, led by a Navy Admiral. In the end, they were heard by the Norwegian government, and in 1972 the matter was raised again in the Storting. The solution was that everyone who had sailed on Nortraship-controlled ships received 180 Kroner for each month in service - money allocated from the ordinary government budget. This was a so-called *ex gratia* payment. Those who had sailed in the navy or at home in occupied Norway during the war were not covered by the scheme. Descendants of seafarers who died early in the war did not receive much either. The payment was supposed to meet the expectations that the war sailors had after the end of the war. From the Storting's rostrum, it was emphasized that the payment was intended as a thank you and to honour to the seafarers who sailed on merchant ships during the war.

One of those seafarers was Leif Vetlesen. He was possibly the man who engaged himself the longest and hardest in the battle for the secret fund of Nortraship. Vetlesen considered the *ex gratia* payments as a victory and concluded that 'the injustice had been made good again'. Nevertheless, Nortraship and its secret fund continue to be considered a sore point in parts of the Norwegian society. The political and financial restitution in 1972 came late, and for many dead war sailors much too late.

One of the many lessons from this story is what British authorities concluded as early as in August 1940: that 'it would be a sound policy not to conceal an arrangement of this sort'. The post-war history of the Norwegian seafarers, the war sailors, would probably have been happier if transparency had been chosen over secrecy in 1940, or generosity instead of paternalism in 1945.

Ed. Bjørn Tore Rosendahl is leader of the Centre for the History of Seafarers at War, ARKIVET Peace and Human Rights Centre in Kristiansand, Norway.

The Opening of the New Munch Museum

By Sue Prideaux

Oslo was looking gorgeous for the opening of the new Munch Museum on Friday October 22nd 2021. The sun was shining, the leaves on the silver birches were twinkling pure gold and the fjord was calm and quiet, unlike the crowd. Excitement was in the air as we streamed towards Bjørvika, in party mood. Some wore bunads, pretty girls wore flowers in their hair, lots of us were waving flags. Royalty was expected.

When Munch died in 1944, he left the contents of his various studios and houses to the City of Oslo, some 28,000 artworks, as it turned out. Twenty years and many disputes later, the Munch Museum opened in Tøyen, then a rather rough and edgy neighbourhood, chosen because it was Munch's family home while he was growing up. The Tøyen museum was typical 1960s, a sort of expanded Nissen Hut, hardly glamorous by today's standards and not nearly big enough to show even a fraction of the works.

As Munch's international reputation grew, so did the size of the cruise liners delivering tourists wanting to see *The Scream*. Much easier for them to flock to look at the other version of *The Scream* in *Nasjonalgalleriet* on Karl Johan, rather than take T-banen ride out all the way out to Tøyen. And once you got out there, there was nothing else to amuse you except the Botanic Garden, which was okay if it wasn't raining.

While the exhibitions at the old Munch Museum were superb and the scholarship was world class, by the new century, the building was showing its age. Galleries were closing on an ad hoc basis as devoted staff shuffled buckets around to catch drips. Security left a lot to be desired. Finally, in 2004, *Madonna* and *The Scream* were snatched in an amateurish heist, caught on CCTV. A blessing in disguise in a way, especially as they were both recovered. A clarion call. Something must be done.

But what? The debate rumbled on. There was no lack of money or will. One big question was where the new museum should be sited? The historic argument said Tøyen: now no longer seedy but becoming a hip, arty area. The argument against Tøyen was, as always, location, and size: the site was too small for the size of museum needed to do justice to the bequest. Some wanted the new museum to be sited near Karl Johan: Munch had spent a lot of time here drinking with his pals in the Grand Café. Finally, there was the argument for Bjørvika, the old container port, which many of us might

remember as a place you didn't linger after the Fred.Olsen boats had landed you there from Newcastle.

In 2008, an international architectural competition was launched. By now the regeneration of the old container port was in full swing, with Snøhetta's triumphant opera house sculpted from swoops of shiny white marble, looking like giant seagull landing on the fjord. It put Norway on the map as a world leader of modern architecture. Behind it rose the sparkling



The Munch Museum - 'A slim pile of books stacked on top of each other, about to fall over'. Photo by Sue Prideaux

new National Library, and the high-rise offices of the business district whose financial institutions generously contributed to the realisation of the dream of regeneration. Scattered in among these great set pieces were low-rise, human-scale blocks of flats, looking like little icebergs floating on the canals constructed between them. An enviable place to live, much cosier than Aker Brygge which in my eyes has always seemed too high, too red brick and too

obviously commercial.

The competition was won by the Spanish architectural practice Estudio Herreros. Grey as the fjord rocks it sits on, MUNCH looks like a 60m tall pile of slim books stacked on top of each other, about to fall over at the top.

The sky was turning pink as the Royal cars arrived silently, without fuss. Their Majesties the King, the Queen, the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess took their seats on the outdoor stage. I was pleased they had been given blankets. With dusk falling, it was getting cold. The King spoke, the Queen spoke, the Mayor of Oslo spoke and Stein Olav Henrichsen, director of the new museum spoke. MUNCH was open. A band set up on stage. People started dancing. Time to follow the Royals indoors.



The front corner of the Munch Museum. Photo by Sue Prideaux

It's a very clean clear space. Like all the best design, you don't notice it. The escalator running up one side of the building, commands magnificent

views across the harbour. You could ride up and down all day. Each floor houses one large, open gallery space. All eleven have movable partition walls, making MUNCH one of the most flexible galleries in the world, with 26,313 square metres of exhibition space. The lighting is so good as to be



The front of the museum lit by the setting sun. Photo by Sue Prideaux

unnoticeable. The floor, of beautiful wood, is completely silent.

The ground floor houses the shop, café, and an educational space. The next floor up plays host to changing exhibitions.

The famous works are on the third floor. Munch chose some 22 paintings including *The Sick Child*, *Ashes*, *Jealousy*, *Anxiety*, *The Scream* and *Madonna*, to represent the universal human story. He called it the *Frieze of Life* and it was always his wish that they should be hung together in a circular gallery, forming an endless narrative ring. Sadly, he has not got his wish. The great *Frieze* pictures are broken up into themes, 'death', 'anxiety', etc., the key pictures hung together with other pictures on the same theme. This

dilutes Munch's intended punch in the guts. MUNCH owns three *Screams*: a crayon study, a lithograph and the famous, coloured version. Vulnerable to light, they will be displayed one at a time in rotation to limit degradation. Understandable, but bad luck on one-time visitors if it isn't the turn of the famous version.

A couple of years ago, Stein Olav Henrichsen told me that what really worried him was transporting all those stealable pictures across Oslo. 'Will you do it all at once with an armed convoy, or bit by bit secretly?' I asked. He never told me how he did it. But he has talked about moving the biggest picture, *The Sun*, some 50 metres square. They had to take the roof off the old museum, get it onto special lorry across Oslo, then onto a ship across the fjord.

The new museum is a terrific showcase for the range of Munch's art and his mind. His wonderful library is far more accessible and better lit than when I had to rummage around for material to write my biography. His photographs, cine films, woodcuts, personal possessions, lithographs and engravings have abundant room for display.

MUNCH is one of the largest single-artist museums in the world. It does Munch, and Norway, proud. As I left the opening party at midnight, I noticed Artemisia growing in a flower bed: the plant from which Absinthe is distilled. Munch was no stranger to Absinthe. Skål!

Ed. Sue Prideaux's biography Edvard Munch: Behind the Scream, won the James Tate Black Prize. Her most recent book, I Am Dynamite: A Life of Friedrich Nietzsche, won the Hawthornden Prize.

Norn

By Michael P. Barnes

Da vara Iarlin d' Orkneyar	It was the Earl of the Orkneys,
For frinda sin spir de ro	asked advice of his kinsman:
Whirdè ane skildè meun	whether he should get the maid
Or vanna ro eidnar fuo.	out of her troubles.'

The language of this verse, the opening stanza of a ballad, is clearly a type of Scandinavian, but what type?

It is in fact Norn, the one-time Scandinavian idiom of Orkney and

Shetland. Scandinavian speech was introduced into the Northern Isles in the 800s. During the course of this century, Viking raiders (primarily but not exclusively Norwegians) began to settle in Orkney and Shetland, where they rapidly came to form the dominant culture. What happened to the indigenous Pictish population is a matter of dispute, but the almost complete absence of pre-Scandinavian place-names in the Northern Isles has by some been taken to signify that the native Picts were either totally subjugated or exterminated. Tasmania has been offered as a parallel.

Scandinavian speech in the islands, and indeed more widely in Scotland, became known as Norn. This is a scotticisation of Old Norse *norrænn* 'of northern origin, Norse' or *norræna* 'Northern language, Norse language'. Once established, this idiom remained the chief, if not the sole, medium of communication in Orkney and Shetland for several centuries. However, proximity to Scotland, where Scots – a northern form of English – was gaining ascendancy, led to a gradual weakening of its position. With the pledging of Orkney in 1468 and Shetland in 1469 to King James III of Scotland, not only the political but the linguistic fate of the Northern Isles was sealed: they were to become a fully integrated part of the Scottish and later the United Kingdom, and to adopt Scots and ultimately standard English (in writing at least) as their language.

Norn is thus no longer spoken in either Orkney or Shetland. About the manner and date of its demise there is considerable uncertainty. Did it remain a relatively pure form of Scandinavian to the end, or did it become progressively more scotticised? Was there a sudden shift from Norn to Scots, or did people become bilingual and remain so for many generations? Who were the last Norn speakers and where and when did they live? None of these questions can be answered with any degree of assurance, but the bulk of the evidence points to a prolonged period of bilingualism, during which the use of Norn probably became restricted to fewer and fewer domains, and the language was steadily infused with Scots grammar and vocabulary. There are reasons to believe Scots was being quite widely used in Orkney as early as the last quarter of the fourteenth century, and probably not long thereafter in Shetland. Yet from a sixteenth-century writer we learn that the Orcadians have their own language, such that when the Scots say 'Guid day, guidman', the Orcadians say "Goand da boundæ" (which is not far removed from Icelandic or Faroese 'Góðan dag, bóndi'). Some two centuries later comes the ballad of which the opening stanza was quoted at the outset. This ballad was recorded

in 1774 from the recitation of an elderly male informant on the remote Shetland island of Foula. The collector knew no Scandinavian, so he tried to write down what he heard, using the English and perhaps to some extent the French spelling habits with which he was familiar. This explains some of the oddities in the text, no doubt compounded by the fact that what we have is a fair copy, into which further misunderstandings may have been introduced. Thus 'spir de' (Norwegian *spurte/spurde*) should ideally have been written as one word; *meun* probably sounded like [møn], [ø] being rendered as in French since English has no [ø] (Norwegian *møen/møyen*); 'd' is quite possibly a copying error for 'o' (Norwegian). In other cases the text indicates that Norn has moved away from its Old Norse origins: 'vanna ro' must correspond to Old Norse *vandaráð* 'difficulties, troubles', while 'eidnar' reflects *hennar* 'her' with loss of initial [h] and a change from [nn] to [dn]. This stanza is relatively transparent; other parts of the ballad are considerably more obscure, and have been subject to differing interpretations.

Although Norn is now to all intents and purposes an extinct language, it lives on in certain contexts. Most of the place-names in the Northern Isles are of Scandinavian origin (as Kirkwall < Kirkjuvágr, Lerwick < Leirvík), and there is a substantial, though declining, Scandinavian substratum in the dialects now spoken there.

Could Norn, like Cornish, ever be revived? The answer is probably 'no'. Norn is in a much worse state of preservation than Cornish. Much of the basic vocabulary and grammar is missing, and we have very little idea of how it might have been pronounced in its final years. The language would have to be cobbled together from the disconnected relics of Norn that have been written down, heavily bolstered by material from other varieties of Scandinavian. Untroubled by such a daunting task, a few hardy people are in fact in the process of putting together a course in what they call 'Nynorn' or 'New Norn'. It appears to be based chiefly on Norwegian, with some input from Faroese, Icelandic and Old Norse – and, of course, from the fragments of actual Norn that have been left to us. Those interested can type 'New Norn' or 'Nynorn' into Google, ignore the suggestion that what they are really looking for is 'new born', and start on lesson 1. If that does not appeal, there is also a 'Nynorn' dictionary on offer.

Further reading:

Barnes, Michael, 'Orkney and Shetland Norn'. In: (P. Trudgill, ed.) *Language in*

the British Isles (Cambridge etc.: Cambridge University Press, 1984), 352–66. Barnes, Michael P., *The Norn Language of Orkney and Shetland* (Lerwick: *Shetland Times*, 1998).

Ed. Michael Barnes was Professor of Scandinavian Studies at UCL and is the leading expert on runes. His *Runes: A Handbook* was published in 2012.

Andrew Mellor

The Northern Silence: Journeys in Nordic Music & Culture

Paul Binding

Oslo Opera opened in 2008, and in its first season one fifth of Norwegians had attended a performance there, while tens of thousands visited the city specially to see the building. The next year, 2009 saw the opening of another Norwegian opera-house, in the small town of



Nordfjordeid (population 6,000) up in the municipality of Stad. 'I wanted to make an opera company here,' said the Norwegian violinist Kari Standal on returning home with her American tenor husband. She contacted the municipality, and within a week its board had approved her idea. 'From day one,' writes Andrew Mellor, 'Opera Nordfjord was about more than opera, a concept that becomes more apparent the longer you spend here.' The opera-house is indeed a reception centre for cultural activities of many kinds, a practicable symbol of their communal importance. Similarly, in south Denmark, Sønderborg, which 'lays itself elegantly over the hills that surround the Alssund,' might seem a modest enough town

but since 2007 as home to the South Jutland Symphony Orchestra, it owns, to accommodate this, a smart concert-hall, Alcion, glass foyers overlooking the Sound itself. The writer, visiting in November 2019, noted 'a relaxed energy ... incubated by the architecture but also by the fact that the concert apparently wasn't a special occasion for anyone except me. The prevailing air is one of

satisfaction, as if Sønderborgers expected nothing less of the working week than a dose of orchestral music, in an acoustically perfect modern concert-hall, at the end of it.'

The last sentence provides the key as to why, so admirably informative and full of sharp analyses, *The Northern Silence* also enthralls the reader. The writer never loses his sense of personal discovery or wanes in his wish for others to share it. Andrew Mellor has been for fifteen years a highly-regarded writer on Nordic music and culture – especially for *Gramophone* and the *Financial Times* – and for the last seven years has made his home in Copenhagen, 'equidistant from London and Helsinki'. Sympathetic curiosity motors his often exploratory interviews with composers, instrumentalists, conductors, singers, heavy metal bands, arts administrators. Consequently these come alive as individuals and as inhabitants of a culture, with humour an aid. In the Faroe Islands Mellor meets their 'most high-profile composer', Sunleif Rasmussen whose Symphony No 2, *The Earth Anew*, he much admires. Rasmussen takes him on a northbound drive through landscape of 'breath-taking severity'. 'I asked what these monumental views meant to him. His opaque response is best summarised as 'everything.' In fact the composer also has a Copenhagen apartment, near Mellor's own. Outside the local 7-Eleven, he admits to the author: 'The one common thing is the birds. I try to exclude the cars and focus on the birds.'

To come like Mellor new, comparatively, to the five countries under review in his book – Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark (with the Faroes), Finland – is far from inappropriate, since all of them – with three becoming nation-states only in the 20th century – have long thought of themselves in terms of newness, and have prized this. Remembering widespread poverty in the 19th century past, cruel sufferings in wars, like Finland's two with Russia, or through occupation, they aspire to form the socio-political vanguard for democracies everywhere. But closely allied to this belief, this self-evaluation, is their relationship to Nature.

For composers, and those who interpret them, the supreme figure here – abroad as well as in the Nordic countries – is Sibelius, and throughout his book from its Prelude to its last page Mellor makes us feel the ubiquitous shade of the Finn's unique creativity, in particular that of his last work, the tone-poem *Tapiola*, named for the god of Finland's vast forests. 'After... crepuscular chords, *Tapiola* disappears into the silence from

which it emerged.' Awed appreciation of that silence is essential for existential understanding, since only thus can we become aware how the breathing, living and dying domains of forest, lake, mountain belong inextricably to what lies *beyond* them, beyond time and space, holding Nature itself in thrall, insuperable, unknowable.

There is a fascinating paradox here, and this surely stands at the very heart of Andrew Mellor's lively and thoughtful book. Sibelius had worldly requirements – as did Nordic composers who coincided with him (like the great Carl Nielsen) or who came after him (like Danish Per Nørgård, still with us), who received from the great man a moving reply to what he, a 22-year-old, had written him: 'Only rarely have I received letters that show such an understanding'. In order to express 'innermost and quite timeless forces of existence' (the words are Nørgård's) these requirements include the symphonic form, inherited even if unconventionally handled, the accessible symphony orchestra, and its chamber and vocalist equivalents, the concert-hall, the opera-house, administration offices, a generous and wholly approved (well, mostly!) regular supply of money. Norway's enshrinement in law that government action, not least the fiscal, is a pre-requisite to keep a 'common national culture' strong, Finland's incorporation of music into its state education system, with every Finnish child able to have free lessons in instrument-playing or singing – these and their like are indispensable for ensuring that artists' awareness of nature and forces beyond is universally received.

Mellor brings to his accounts of Grieg, Nielsen and Sibelius stimulating freshness of approach. But he also writes compellingly – and with galvanising attention to detail – about those composers not as yet hallowed by time. The achievements of those two reciprocally inventive Finnish friends, Magnus Lindberg and Esa-Pekka Salonen, are given empathic descriptions; Björk receives a truly imaginative tribute, while – brought back from his not wholly creditable history – Icelander Jón Leifs' work is so persuasively presented here that I have accordingly been listening, with admiration, to recordings of his works, volcanic in inspiration and structure. And Mellor ends with Tarkiainen in Lapland, and her *Midnight Sun Variations*: 'We can't know what is ahead of us. I feel artists have been saying this for quite a few years now.'

The Northern Silence is published by Yale University Press ISBN 978-0-300-25440-2 £18.99

Guy Puzey: Academic and Translator

By Marie Wells

Guy Puzey is a Lecturer (soon to be Senior Lecturer) in Scandinavian Studies at the University of Edinburgh, where he is also currently Head of the Department of European Languages and Cultures. His path to Norwegian is slightly convoluted.

At school on the shores of Loch Ness, he was lucky enough to be able to study French, German and Italian, - the Italian being thanks to his multi-talented German teacher who was married to a Sardinian. At the same time, through a mutual interest in Norwegian music, he met a girl in Italy (to whom he is now married). It was this that led him to continue studying Italian and, as a result of the interest in Norwegian music, to combine it with Norwegian, which he could do at Edinburgh.



He continued his twin interests in his research, his MSc dissertation being a comparative survey of the use of minority languages (e.g. Sámi and Gaelic) in the road signage of Norway, Scotland and Italy, which was supported by the Anglo-Norse Society's Dame Gillian Brown Postgraduate Scholarship, while his PhD was on 'Wars of position: language policy, counter-hegemonies and cultural cleavages in Italy and Norway'.

All the time his interest in translation had been growing. In his final year as an undergraduate he had enjoyed translation classes from Danish, Swedish and Norwegian, taught by Peter Graves, a distinguished translator and specialist in Swedish. But it was Kari Dickson (*Anglo-Norse Review*, Winter 2015-16, p. 20) who got him into translating professionally, introducing him to Eirin Hagen of Hagen Agency, for whom he started doing sample translations

from Norwegian books. His first full-length translation, with Frank Stewart, was of *Øyne i Gaza (Eyes in Gaza)*, in 2010.

Despite a full academic job he has continued translating. He translates both fiction and non-fiction and particularly enjoys translating from Nynorsk. His translation of Aage Storm Borchgrevink's *En norsk tragedie: Anders Behring Breivik og veiene til Utøya (A Norwegian Tragedy: Anders Behring Breivik and the Massacre on Utøya)*, was published in 2013 by Polity Press. One of his fiction translations is Lars Petter Sveen's *Guds barn (Children of God)*, published by Greywolf Press in 2018. (There's a brief description of the novel in *Anglo-Norse Review*, Summer 2020, p. 28)

But Guy also likes translating children's books and has translated several by Maria Parr. His translation of her *Vaffelhjarte: Lena og eg i Knert- Mathilde (Waffle Hearts: Lena and Me in Mathildewick Cove)* was short-listed for the 2015 Marsh Award for Children's Literature in Translation.

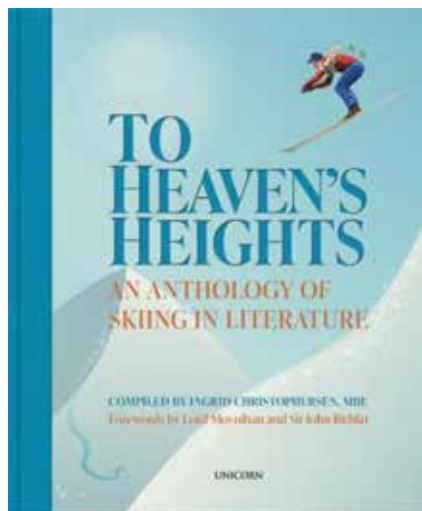
In connection with a Zoom gathering when Norla nominated him Translator of the Month, he was asked what he did about swearing in children's book, particularly those by Maria Parr. I quote his response:

'Maria generally avoids swearing in her writing, but one of the distinctive features of all three books is the use of inventive pseudo-swearing or minced oaths. These are euphemisms or humorous substitutes for swear words. Parr uses many unusual examples of these, some of which are idiosyncratic creations found only in her works, and her readers love them. So what to do with them in English?

With the first book, I felt a need to enhance the sense of place for the setting in a small coastal community in western Norway, and one way of doing this was to opt for a fish-related theme in translating the minced oaths. For example, the protagonist Lena's catchphrase 'søren ta' became 'smoking haddocks' or 'you smoked haddock', depending on context, while another character's 'honden-dondre' became 'suffering sticklebacks'. The second book featured a different setting and new characters who were more connected to the mountains and glens than to the waves, so this time I took inspiration from terrestrial flora and fauna, with new expressions such as 'blinking badgers'. In the third book, we were back to the same coastal setting as before and with more of these phrases than ever, so once again I trawled the sea (metaphorically) to find suitable terms. Some of them are quite widely used in English already, such as 'holy mackerel' or 'fishcakes', but others are a bit more unusual, such as 'Jiminy Monkfish' or 'son of a sea bass'.

Ingrid Christophersen To Heaven's Heights: An Anthology of Skiing in Literature.

By Marie Wells



It is difficult to know how to write about this book by 'our own' Anglo-Norse member, Ingrid Christophersen. It is an absolute treasure trove of texts about skiing. If you love skiing, and who with any Norwegian blood or connections does not, this book is a 'must'. There are 23 chapters, ranging from 'Stories for Children', 'Arctic and Antarctic Exploration', 'Skis in Warfare', 'Romance and Skis', 'Murder and Skulduggery', 'Three English Authors' to 'From Finland to Mongolia'. But if the range of chapters is impressive, the range of authors is even more so. How often

between the covers of one book do you find texts by Alf Prøysen, Honoré de Balzac, Sigrid Undset, Erica Jong, A.A. Milne, Italo Calvino and Ernest Hemingway, to name but a few?

Each chapter has an introduction by the compiler and she has translated the texts not in English. How she located all these texts is mystery. I think the best recommendation I can give is to say that the author lent me her copy so that I could write about it, but when I handed it back to her, I told her that I had already bought a copy of my own.

To Heaven's Heights is published by Unicorn, ISBN 978-1-913491-1-76-5

Reports from Scholarship-Holders Report from James Jackson

My time in Norway has been a fantastic experience, one that has presented me with many great opportunities that will further develop in years to come. At the Centre for Climate and Energy Transformation (CET) at the University of Bergen, I have undertaken important research on Norway's

world-leading approach to developing the electric vehicle market. During this time, I have established a firm understanding of Norway's fiscal approach to developing its own EV market. How the transition to electric vehicles is part of Norway's broader environmental objectives, such as the Paris Agreement has been a focus of my time at Bergen. I found that rather than just simply a case of driving low-carbon vehicles, Norway is attempting to capitalise on the EV transition to develop modern industry and produce new jobs. Not only has this informed my doctoral thesis in a number of ways, but given me



the chance to produce high-impact materials with colleagues at CET that will be released in due course.

Of all the places I have lived in my life, Bergen is easily the most beautiful. Surrounded by the mountains, the fjords, and only being a 10-minute walk from nature in almost any direction, the views of Bergen are like no other. I found myself always thinking how lucky I was to be greeted by the most amazing scenery whenever I travelled around the city and how it was the best start to the day. The sights are only bettered by the hikes up the seven mountains of Bergen, particularly Fløyen and Ulriken. I have also taken the opportunity to travel to Oslo, taking the famous Bergen to Oslo train, Trondheim, and Stavanger. My Norwegian has continued to improve during my time in Bergen and I intend to become

fluent in Bokmål in the future.

The importance of this exchange to Bergen on my future career cannot be overstated, as new opportunities have arisen while at the university. Undoubtedly the most important developments to have come from my exchange is a new strand of research concerning Norway's Sovereign Wealth

Fund, the largest fund of its kind in the world, and the role of Norway's central bank, the Norges Bank, in addressing climate change. Unlike many others researching the role of the central banks in climate policy, the transparency of Norwegian politics has allowed me to actively engage with the bank, leading to an invite to future events'. This fascinating, and ultimately surprising, relationship I am building with the bank will form part of my research agenda in the coming years. As a consequence, the results of this exchange will extend far beyond my time in Bergen. The exchange will almost certainly see me return to Norway again and again in the future, and even perhaps come to live here one day if all goes to plan.

Report from Esmé Andrews

'How come she grew up in an apartment in Tokyo – with a population of 9.3 million – always surrounded by people and hustle and high-rise buildings, whilst I was busy growing up on a low-lying archipelago in the North of Scotland with a population on 22,000 where we farmed and took extra long to learn how to be around traffic, yet we both feel at home here?'

In 2019 my Erasmus exchange in Tromsø came to an end and I was back in Aberdeen finishing off a four-year degree in Anthropology. Despite all that quite anthropological and very 20-somethings open-mindedness about what *new* places, people and opportunities there might be out there, I knew I'd almost definitely find myself back in Tromsø before long. Having grown up in Orkney, Scotland, maybe it was something about islands that attracted me, though the above extract from something I scribbled down that year says it was more about Tromsø and the mosaic of nationalities and perspective that its university hosts. Moreover, I'd developed an understanding of indigenous rights in the Arctic and hoped to focus my future Master's project on the issues the Sami face in North Norway.

Knowing I would pursue a career in Anthropology, and desperate to find out if I could feed my passion for film at the same time, the University of Tromsø's, Masters in Visual Anthropology was a no brainer. Had I not received a scholarship from the Anglo-Norse society for the first year of this course, I would have reconsidered accepting a place – students aren't known for having a stable income! Had I still decided to go in that hypothetical case, my year would have looked very different. I feel

lucky that on top of working every second weekend cleaning hotel rooms, the scholarship afforded me time and energy to soak up that education that is not found in the classroom. I took trips into the nature, had fascinating conversations with classmates, made close connections with people I may never have otherwise met and collected those accumulative pieces of



This photo was taken on a field trip in Tønsvikka. Esmé and her class mates spent part of the day at 'Tromsø Arctic Reindeer' learning to throw a lasso, then in the *lavvu* (tent) hearing from the family about their reindeer, business, tourism, how the various uses of the land around them impacts them.

inspiration from my surroundings that would shape my creative and professional outlook.

The past year and exposure to another country's dominant practice in anthropology has been cause for extreme self-reflection about my role in the discipline. I soaked up lectures from Matthew and Natasha Magnani on the role of material culture in Sami studies and was hugely inspired by the manifold roles of visual techniques for anthropology. I see a powerful future for film in Anthropology and now feel passionate about ensuring that power is used wisely, by those who are especially equipped with the knowledge, experience and reflexive awareness for their field of choice.

This said, and in the spirit of being led by new understandings and revelations – I decided to do fieldwork for my Masters project at home. I have always imagined these Islands as positioned (geographically and culturally) right in the middle of a Norway-UK Ven diagram, yet without a solid affiliation to either country. So, I am now sitting in a tent on the North Isle of Sanday where I'm filming for a project about care for the elderly on Scotland's remote islands. To film is an act of attentiveness which can encourage people to speak their truth.

I hear about the sense of disconnect many islanders feel from mainland Orkney and the wider UK when it comes to the provision of health care. Further, with care as the first talking point, I record visual/oral histories about the positionality of the Orkney Isles within the countries to which they've belonged: through Viking legends, dialect words rooted in old Norse and localised views of these countries at large.

My decision to start this project was not a decision against the topic of Sami studies, but a commitment to apply myself to projects for which I can offer expertise and humility. The Anglo-Norse scholarship allowed me to take the time and energy to truly come to my own understandings about my role in the discipline and to pledge to feel academically and emotionally qualified for any future Arctic studies.

Report from Toby Clifford

I am very grateful to the Anglo Norse Society for providing me with a scholarship to help fund my studies at NTNU Trondheim. Having just finished the first year of my two-year master's degree, I can safely say that I am thoroughly enjoying living and studying in Trondheim.

Before starting term in August, NTNU and my student organisation arranged a period called *fadderuke* which was a week of social activities. During this period, I got to meet other students on the same degree program as myself (Communication Technology MSc) as well as students from Computer Science whom I would be sharing some classes with.

My bachelor's degree is in computer science. After graduating, however, I realised that I preferred learning more about telecommunications which is why I chose communication technology as a master's subject. The course which I found the most interesting this year was 'Mobile Networks and Services' which taught me about the evolution of cellular networks from GSM to 5G. This course also included laboratory work where I ran simulations to discover for example, how the position of a mobile phone in a cellular network affects the received signal quality. I was also offered a summer job as



a research assistant within this course where I will be creating and improving assignments for next years' students.

Another course which introduced completely new concepts was 'Access and Transport Networks' in which we were taught about how to design and protect optical transport networks which carry internet traffic across the globe. In this course we were given sample scenarios from imaginary customers, and we had to design different optical networks to meet the differing requirements.

Both courses mentioned above have given me a basis upon which I can start applying for jobs within these fields for when I have completed my master's

degree.

I have also engaged in trying to learn the Norwegian language. In the autumn semester I completed a Norwegian language level one course at NTNU which gave me a basic introduction to the language and its grammar. This semester I took the level two course which built upon knowledge gained from level one and introduced many new words and expressions. In both courses I achieved an A which I was delighted with. It is a satisfying feeling being able to listen to my housemates speak to each other in Norwegian and understand to a basic level what they are talking about.

Outside of academia, I have learned how to stand on cross-country skis. It was quite a steep learning curve having never skied before, however I have some great Norwegian friends who taught me the basics. I also joined the university badminton team and have been travelling to many places in Trøndelag such as Grong, Rissa and Klæbu to compete in tournaments, one of which I won. During the holidays, I found time to travel to Bergen for a few days where I hiked up Mount Ulriken and Fløyen. I also visited Langesund and the mountains in Telemark for a traditional Norwegian Easter holiday consisting of a cabin trip, skiing and grilling sausages.

More recently, I participated in my first 17th May celebration which started with a breakfast with my badminton club. After breakfast, we went to watch the parade in town which was an incredible experience seeing so many people celebrating together.

I look forward to returning to Norway after the summer holidays to complete my second year at NTNU.

Membership News. Obituaries

Irene Garland

All in the Anglo-Norse were very sad to learn of Irene's death in early January. She was the very active Secretary of the Society from 2004 to 2018, and during that time she also served as Membership Secretary and Social Secretary, finding speakers, films and events for the Society and co-ordinating with the Embassy about dates when these might be held.

The tribute that follows was sent by Brit and Harald Manheim, and the original Norwegian version was forwarded to members in January.

'Vera Irene Garland born Karlsen, 30.1.1945, passed away 11.01.2022, almost 77 years old. The five girlfriends who got to know each other at secondary school in 1960 have now become four. She grew up in Oslo. Her

thirst for knowledge and desire to understand were enormous and her work in Norsk Folkeferie/NSB led her on to travels both inland and abroad

On a trip to Israel, she met her Roger, and she followed him to London where they got married. Eventually two boys arrived and they became a family of four. Today five grandchildren have added to the number. For four years she worked in the Norwegian Embassy in London. Then followed further studies and she became a social scientist and taught at the Norwegian School and Norwegian translation at the University of Surrey. After many years in London/England she felt the need to keep her Norwegian language up to scratch and she started to teach Norwegian and social studies at the Summer School in Oslo. In addition, in London she had started her own company running interpreter and translation services.



For many years she was also Secretary of the Anglo-Norse Society in London and over the years we had the pleasure of attending many events run by the Society. The last was the Society's Centenary in 2018 attended by both Queen Elizabeth and our own King Harald.

During the summers when she was in Oslo teaching at the Summer School, we five friends, Mona, Lill, Brit, Britt and Vera enjoyed our summer get-togethers. Sometimes we had our husbands with us too. Evenings and week-ends were at Brit and Harald's and we would go for hikes and enjoy cultural events together.

At the Norwegian Church in London she was a member of *kvinneforeningen* and was a volunteer at various events such as 17th May. Even if she was not religious, the Norwegian Church became her church.

We have lost a kind, active and good friend of 50 years. We had many lively discussions about politics, religion, Christianity and eternal life.

You chose not to have a grave, but where your ashes will be carried by the wind and nourish the soil flowers will grow that will come back time and time again. That will be YOUR eternal life.

With thanks that our paths met. Death cannot take away the memories. R.I.P.

Lionel Carley

By Erling Dahl Junior and Harald Herresthal

It was with great sorrow we received the sad news of Lionel Carley's passing on December 28th 2021, just before his 86th birthday.

After his retirement from the British Foreign Office he engrossed himself in his lifelong passion for music, especially the love of Frederick Delius and Edvard Grieg. Carley was a founder member of the Delius Trust and played an important role as President, archivist and advisor. In these capacities he became a central figure in promoting Delius' life and work by initiating recordings, concerts and by giving numerous lectures. His four books on Delius have become standard works for anyone who wishes to



This excellent photo originally accompanied Celia Syversen's article about Lionel in the Summer 2017 issue of the *Anglo-Norse Review*

become familiar with Delius' work and British music life. With Carley's dissemination of knowledge about Delius he also spread interest for Norwegian music. Through Delius' long-standing friendship with Grieg he was connected to Norway in more ways than one and he paid so many visits that he was nicknamed 'Hardangerviddemannen' - 'The Hardanger

Plateau Man'. Delius wrote several orchestral works that were inspired by Norwegian landscape and he also wrote a number of songs to the lyrics of Norwegian poems. All this was virtually unknown until Carley ensured that the music and recording were made for posterity.

Lionel became secretary to the Grieg Society in Great Britain in 1992 and later President. He contributed enormously in promoting interest for Grieg and Norwegian culture in Great Britain and among many other things he was the instigator in the placing of a memorial plaque on the house where Grieg lived when visiting London : 47 Cedar Road in Clapton. Carley's book *Grieg and Delius: A Chronicle of their Friendship in Letters* is an important contribution to the understanding of the two composers' musical works and their mutual inspiration.

Lionel Carley will be remembered as a gentleman and for his generosity in sharing his vast knowledge and large network. He was always a most welcome guest at the Edvard Grieg Museum in Bergen and at the many International Grieg Conferences in which he participated offering his services with great enthusiasm. We wish to honour the memory of Lionel and express our deep appreciation and thanks to him. May he rest in peace.

Harald Herresthal is Professor Emeritus at the Norwegian Academy of Music, organist, and author.

Erling Dahl junior was Director of the Grieg Museum in Bergen from 1991-2004. He is Senior Advisor the The Bergen International Music Festival

Andrew Raymond Barnes

(sent by Sybil Richardson on behalf of Anglo-Norse Oslo)

It was with great sadness that The Anglo-Norse Oslo received the news of the sudden passing of Honorary Member Andrew Raymond Barnes just prior to his 55th Birthday.

He was an active and central member of the Society for many years, especially during the period when Genevieve Jones was Chairman. He generously shared his multi talents , entertaining us with many of his cabarets and talks.

Andrew Raymond received his education at the Birmingham College of Dramatic Art and later worked in Norwegian Television, musicals and one-man shows. He was also in popular demand as a 'voice over' actor and script writer. His last performance was in December 2021 where he spellbound the

audience with his Churchill performance. He will always be remembered for his great personality, his gentlemanly manner. Andrew Raymond will be greatly missed.





View from Bállás, Kvalsund, Finnmark.

Photo taken by Ville Miettinen. [Wikimedia Commons](#)