

Danish Folktales, Legends, & Other Stories

Edited and translated by

Timothy R. Tangherlini



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DVD © 2013 by Timothy R. Tangherlini
The DVD, located at the back of the book, was created by Timothy R. Tangherlini; it
incorporates mapping, sophisticated user-driven navigation, and visualization tools that
offer readers a rich, immersive experience in the world of Nordic folk narrative.

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For Isabella and Magnus

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Preface

 HIS BOOK AND ACCOMPANYING DIGITAL CONTENT ARE the end result of a rethinking of standard, published folklore collections. Early in my studies of folklore, I found myself wondering about the people behind the stories I had read. A growing drumbeat in folklore circles seemed to be suggesting that earlier collections were based on suspect premises, in part because of the collecting that lay behind them and in part because of the overt editorial intrusion that intervened between the voice of the teller and the printed page. The implication was clear that early folklore archives were of little use for the study of folk expressive culture. Because I was predominantly interested in the role folklore played in people's understandings of economic, social, and political changes in late nineteenth-century Denmark—and therefore could not undertake my own fieldwork—I began hoping that I could somehow recover the connection between storytellers and stories and get back to the important connections that exist in storytelling as a teller moves from one story or song to the next.

While I wrestled with doubts about the legitimacy of existing folklore collections, I struggled with several other frustrations related to the collections. The first frustration was based on the way stories in the early collections were classified. Because most classificatory schemes were more or less idiosyncratic and developed for particular collections or publications, it was difficult to find comparative material either from the same tradition or from other traditions. At the same time, I often found myself wondering why a story appeared in one part of a collection when it could easily have appeared in a different part. The second frustration

was closely related to the first: because most collections were arranged topically, one had little choice but to base one's study of stories on the existing topic maps and story classifications.

Bengt Holbek's seminal work, *Interpretation of Fairy Tales* (1987), was an inspiration to me, not so much because of his groundbreaking work on analytical methodologies for the study of fairy tales but because of his thorough work on the archive of Danish folktales compiled by the nineteenth-century collector Evald Tang Kristensen. I based my dissertation and subsequent book, *Interpreting Legend* (1994), on the archival methods Holbek proposed. My goal was to explore the connections between storytellers and their stories, recognizing that a holistic view of a storyteller's repertoire could lead to a deeper understanding of how individuals use tradition—particularly storytelling tradition—as a deep cultural resource as they navigate the challenges of daily life. Unlike my Nordic colleagues, who, starting in the 1960s, had already begun to emphasize the study of individual repertoires as a key to understanding an individual's worldview, I wanted to focus on more than a single individual and a single community. I believe tradition is based on the interactions of many people in large, overlapping groups that span large social and geographical distances, so I needed to focus on the repertoires of many individuals from diverse backgrounds and different parts of the tradition area—in this case, Denmark. Ultimately, I decided that the best approach to interpreting folklore was to focus on a large group of individuals and the even larger number of stories that made up their repertoires.

As I began teaching folklore at UCLA, it became apparent to me that along with my students, I was missing a key piece for solving the Nordic folklore puzzle. What we needed was a Nordic folklore collection that included good English translations and thorough archival materials and was predicated on the idea of individuals and their repertoires. Until 1999, when Reimund Kvideland and Henning Sehmsdorf's collection of fairy tales from Nordic storytellers' repertoires, *All the World's Reward*, appeared, all the available collections of Nordic folklore in English were based on a topic model of folk narrative tradition—and even their collection was limited to a single genre, a form of topic modeling in itself. John Lindow's excellent collection of Swedish legends and folktales (1978) is

broken into sections on “This World,” “The Other World,” and “The World of Religion,” and Reidar Christiansen’s collection of Norwegian folktales (1964) includes the categories “Historical Legends,” “Legends about Magic and Witchcraft,” “Legends about Ghosts, the Human Soul and Shapeshifting,” and so on. Kvideland and Sehmsdorf’s earlier compendium of Scandinavian folk beliefs and legends (1988) is arranged according to a similar topic model. It is difficult to discern in these collections the connections between individual storytellers and their stories. Another glaring problem for a course in Nordic folklore was that not a single substantive collection of Danish folklore existed in English translation.

In this work I attempt to address all these issues. The publication consists of two main components—a printed book and digital content stored on the accompanying DVD. The print version is a bit of a teaser, even as it offers an easy point of entry into the world of Danish folk narrative tradition. Unlike the more comprehensive digital content, the print version is intended to offer a good basis for understanding the Danish stories as the tellers themselves would have understood them and to present a series of the most compelling stories from the repertoires of five Danish storytellers. After an introductory chapter that provides some of the context for this collection, I provide excerpts from the five main storytellers’ repertoires, in English translation. The only commentary accompanying these stories is a brief biographical essay on each of the storytellers.

Each story is presented in the order in which it appeared during performance, although in the print version I have skipped over many stories; these are accessible in the digital content. Instead of including titles for the stories or developing an elaborate frame narrative, as Peter Asbjørnsen did for his early collection of Norwegian legends (1845–1848), I have simply included a reference number for each story. A story with the number 1.04, for instance, is the fourth story told during the first meeting between Tang Kristensen and the storyteller. After the reference number, in square brackets, appears the field diary pages on which Tang Kristensen recorded the story, followed by an abbreviated standard reference to the collection in which the story was published or indexed, if any. A list of abbreviations used in both the book and the digital con-

tent identifies the published or indexed collections to which the abbreviations refer.

The five storytellers whose stories form the heart of this collection were all interesting people. “Bitte Jens” Kristensen was a clog maker who had served in the Danish army during the conflicts with Bismarck in southern Denmark in 1864. He owned a smallholding and was a remarkably versatile storyteller, his repertoire spanning ballads, proverbs, legends, jocular tales, and fairy tales. Kirsten Marie Pedersdatter was a relatively well-off farm wife whose stories explore, among other things, witchcraft, folk healing, and haunting. Jens Peter Pedersen lived in the northern reaches of Jutland and made his living as a lathe turner. In his stories, he largely comments on aspects of local history. He used his meetings with Tang Kristensen as a means to bolster what little social status he enjoyed in the surrounding area. Margrete Jensdatter was one of the many extremely poor rural women whom Tang Kristensen met on his travels. She had a remarkable fairy tale repertoire. Finally, Peder Johansen was a young journeyman miller and fiddler when Tang Kristensen first contacted him. In his stories, he often explores the boundaries of acceptable behavior.

The digital content included on the accompanying DVD is more comprehensive than that in the print book. The book’s introductory chapter is replaced by a series of wide-ranging essays on the changing political, social, and economic landscapes of nineteenth-century Denmark, the history of folklore scholarship in Denmark, Evald Tang Kristensen’s life and works, folklore genre theory and analysis, theoretical approaches to the individual and folklore repertoire, and a critical overview of the use of mapping in the study of folk tradition. Each of the print version’s brief descriptions of the five main informants is similarly expanded into a comprehensive essay exploring the storyteller’s life in the context of late nineteenth-century rural Danish society. A sophisticated mapping interface allows one to explore Danish geography in the context of the storytellers’ lives and stories. Each story is presented in multiple versions and is accompanied by a thorough, scholarly annotation as well as links to other, related stories. In all, the digital content includes 568 storytellers and 907 stories. Among those, the repertoires of the five main story-

tellers, which are presented in full, comprise 434 stories.¹ A description of how to use and install the digital content appears in the back matter of the book and on the accompanying DVD.

All the stories in the repertoires of the five main storytellers exist in two versions—the original manuscript version and a published version.² Most of them also exist in an intermediate “fair copy” version. For the digital content, I transcribed the stories from the original manuscript versions, retaining the original line breaks and abbreviations. In cases where the original manuscript version was missing, I transcribed from the fair copy. All the published versions of the stories were scanned and subjected to optical character recognition (OCR) and subsequent proofreading. The English translations of the manuscript versions are as close to literal as possible, although I have expanded and translated abbreviations. The English translations of the published stories are less literal and attempt to capture the style of the original. I relied heavily on Feilberg’s *Bidrag til en ordbog over jyske almuesmål (Contribution to a Dictionary of Jutlandic Peasant Dialect)* for transcribing unclear passages and translating unusual words. Although I have tried to present as clear and accurate translations as possible, I have undoubtedly introduced errors in both transcription and translation, and I will be the first to claim these as mine.

I began sketching out this book during my first year of teaching at UCLA, frustrated that there was no collection of Danish folktales equivalent to John Lindow’s *Swedish Legends and Folktales* (1978), Reidar Christiansen’s *Folktales of Norway* (1964), or Jaqueline Simpson’s *Icelandic Folktales and Legends* (1972). I was particularly impressed by Lindow’s annotations in his volume, which presented sophisticated critical commentary to Swedish stories in a remarkably brief yet informative manner. I decided I would like to do the same for Danish folktales. Since I began

1 I use the word *story* throughout this work to refer broadly to any of the folk expressions collected by Tang Kristensen.

2 Although the stories of the ancillary storytellers also exist in these forms, for these tellers only the published version and the English translation of that version are included on the DVD.

working on this volume, I have been in close contact with John Lindow, and he has provided a great deal of patient advice, intellectual guidance, and support. In addition, my students' comments on translations and their insightful questions about vague, unclear, or difficult aspects of Danish folk belief helped shape many of the story annotations. Students and colleagues at Harvard, where I spent a semester as a visiting professor of folklore at the invitation of Stephen Mitchell, also offered useful critiques.

A burgeoning interest in "visualizing" the landscape of folk belief led me to revisit the cartographic methods that many folklorists had abandoned. I had the good fortune of having received excellent cartographic training during summer work in the early 1980s at Clark University's cartography laboratory under the expert tutelage of Herb Heidt and a crew of generous graduate students and postdocs who showed me what one should and shouldn't try to do with maps.

During my time as the leader of the Center for Folkloristics at the University of Copenhagen, I began exploring what a digital representation of a folklore collection might look like. I would like to thank Helle Preuss Justesen, Marianne Tyllesen, and Hanne Pico Larsen for working with me as these initial ideas developed into more formal structures. Kirsten Brøste, the administrative assistant at the Center, cataloged the various digital materials and corrected the very first scan of Tang Kristensen's memoirs, *Minder og Oplevelser* (1923–1928). Michael Chesnutt acted as an intellectual sparring partner as I developed ideas for the navigation of the digital materials and outlined the history of Danish folklore study. Torkil Damsgaard Olsen deserves thanks for providing funds to start the digitizing efforts.

Assembling the archival material was a fascinating journey, taking me to national and local historical archives throughout Denmark. I would particularly like to thank Maja Andersen at the Todbjerg-Mejlby Egnsarkiv, Aksel Hjort at the Rosenholm Egnsarkiv, Poul Jørgen Christensen at Støvring Kommunes Lokalhistoriske Arkiv, Enrico Tychsen at Sindalegnens Lokalhistoriske Forening, and Leif Juul Pedersen at the Skanderborg Egnsarkiv for their help in discovering details about the lives of the five main storytellers. Their local knowledge and their archi-

val prowess were instrumental in developing the nuanced pictures of the storytellers that appear in the digital materials.

Nearly all of Tang Kristensen's materials are housed at the Dansk folkemindesamling, and I owe a great debt of gratitude to the archivists and librarians working there. They were always helpful in allowing me access to the manuscript, loose-leaf, and photographic collections. Palle Christiansen, Henrik Stevnsborg, and Else Marie Kofod deserve special mention in this regard. I am particularly grateful to Anders Christensen, whose expertise in Danish folk belief is unparalleled and whose knowledge of Jutlandic dialect is truly impressive. He responded quickly, thoroughly, and with good humor to my frequent queries. I also had productive discussions with Lene Andersen about mapping the collecting routes of storytellers and about the importance of presenting repertoires as they were told. I am grateful to the archive for granting me permission to reproduce the field diary manuscript pages pertinent to the five storytellers' repertoires, as well as the photographs taken of these storytellers by Peter Olsen. Peter Korsgaard, an exceptionally gifted historical cartographic archivist at the Kort og Matrikelstyrelsen with a passion for bringing historical materials into the digital age, has my deep gratitude for providing the historical maps and permissions for the mapping portion of this project.

At UCLA, I have been fortunate to work with a group of truly supportive colleagues. In particular, I would like to thank James Massengale, Mary Kay Norseng, Ross Shideler, Kendra Willson, and Arne Lunde for their engaging conversations about Nordic folklore and Joseph Nagy, who helped me with the chapter on the history of folklore studies. Thanks go to graduate students Chip Robinson, for his close and attentive reading of various chapters, and Anna Blomster and Kimberly LaPalm, for their comments on earlier versions of chapters on the history of folklore scholarship and repertoire studies. While I was working on this project, I spent a semester as a visiting professor of folklore at UC Berkeley at the invitation of Alan Dundes, who has been an inspiration for this work.

The majority of the work for this project was funded by generous grants from the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation and the

American Council for Learned Societies. This funding, along with funding from the Nordic Council of Ministers, UCLA's Council on Research, and UCLA's Instructional Development Program, was instrumental in accomplishing the project's goals.

Developing a navigational interface to a complex digital folklore collection has been a great learning process. I was helped in this task by the talented staff at UCLA's Center for Digital Humanities, including Vergil Castello, who developed the early design concepts for the interface. I explored aspects of the digitization, storage, and retrieval of materials during a semester at the National Science Foundation's Institute for Pure and Applied Mathematics, where colleagues including Fernando Diaz, Yannet Interian, Kendall Giles, Tina Eliassi-Rad, Peter Jones, Mark Green, and Russ Caflisch all provided helpful comments and expert guidance. Colleagues at two UCLA summer institutes on "Network Analysis for the Humanities," funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities—particularly James Abello, Katy Börner, Peter Leonard, and Nischal Devanur—helped me develop methods for search and retrieval that have been used in the organization of the digital materials. My initial, amateurish database design for the project was completely overhauled and brought up to a professional standard by Barbara Hui. The field trip routes were corrected to the most likely routes on the historical maps by Andrew Miller.

The lion's share of the thanks for the presentation of the digital materials is reserved for Peter Broadwell, whose patience, perseverance, dedication, and intelligence are matched only by his friendliness. Without his efforts, this project, which at its outset appeared more like an impossible task set by an ill-tempered fairy tale villain, would have failed. Working with Peter has been like having the magical genie from one of Kirsten Marie Pedersdatter's fairy tales at hand: seemingly impossible suggestions would magically be realized the next day. Peter steered the project away from bad ideas and gently proposed changes that always improved the project considerably. I cannot imagine a better collaborator.

Convincing a press to take on a complex, hybrid publication was no small undertaking. Fortunately, I found the right press with the right vision. At the University of Washington Press, Beth Fuget, Jacqueline

Ettinger, Tim Zimmerman, Marilyn Tueblood, and Pat Soden were instrumental in steering this project through to completion. At Museum Tusculanum in Copenhagen, Marianne Alenius has been a stalwart supporter since I first presented the project to her. I would like to thank Jane Kepp for her attentive and sensitive copyediting—my prose is much better for her interventions. Finally, I thank Terje Leiren and Christine Ingebritsen, the co-editors of the *New Directions in Scandinavian Studies* series, who eagerly followed the project from its earliest beginnings and, at the right moment, brought it into their series. Despite all the editorial and archival help I have received, I know that I have made errors—these are mine alone and in no way reflect on the excellent team of people who helped me with this project.

Finally, I would like to thank my friends and family for their patience and generosity as I wrote this book. In Denmark, Michael Iversen, Hanne Dates Olsen, Frederik Andreasen, Mogens Pedersen, Mary-Ann Sørensen, Morten Hvidberg-Knudsen, Dorthe Boelskifte, Søren Boelskifte, Karin Boldt, Thomas Bredsdorff, Karin Sanders, and Henrik Madsen were always generous with meals, a place to stay, and their own insights into Danish folk belief. Bodil and Poul Sylvest awakened me to the very real relationship that a farmer has with his farm's *nisse* (I would also like to thank the *nisse* for helping me with my farm chores). Other friends and colleagues, including Terry and Tobba Gunnell, Ulf Palmenfelt, Ülo Valk, Tom Dubois, Merrill Kaplan, and the members of the Wildcat Canyon Advanced Seminars, particularly Mark Sandberg, were equally generous with their help. Stephen Epstein, Richard Hurdack, James Fearon, Miles Coolidge, Eric Weaver, Frank Harmon, Jack and Joanna Judy, Jonathan Knight, and Marcia Belvin have all good-naturedly listened to me drone on about this project over the years. My parents and my brothers have been wonderful sources of inspiration and support as well. My niece Nastasia was kind enough to throw a critical college student's eye on the digital interface. Finally, my thanks and love go to my wife and my children, who have had to put up with a husband and father who spent an inordinate amount of time in his office working on what became known simply as "the book."

Key to Story References, Abbreviations, and Measurements

BELOW ARE TWO LISTS: THE FIRST IS A LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS used throughout the book and accompanying digital content, and the second is an explanation of certain units of measurement and currency. Where possible, these units have also been converted to the equivalent measurements in the metric system. The abbreviations refer to archival resources at the Danish Folklore Archive (Dansk folkemindesamling), Evald Tang Kristensen's published collections, and standard folklore indices.

Abbreviations

In the following list, works by Evald Tang Kristensen are identified as by “ETK.” Only short book titles are given; for full titles and publication information, please refer to the bibliographies. Citations using these abbreviations include the appropriate volume number in roman numerals immediately after the abbreviation (if necessary and if not already included), an alphabetical section reference (if present), and the story or record number of the item. For example, a story numbered 217 in the second section of the second volume of *Danske sagn* is referred to as **DS II B, 217**.

ATU. Hans-Jörg Uther. 2004. *The Types of International Folktales*.

Dfs. Dansk folkemindesamling (Danish Folklore Archive)

1906/23. Special collection, *Sagn og tro*.

1906/60. Special collection.

1906/135. Special collection, *Biographical sketches of folklorists and collectors*.

- 1929/1. Original copies of materials sent to Kristensen.
- 1929/94. Copies of proverbs from L. N. Bertelsen's collection.
- 1929/102. Unpublished third series of *Jyske almueliv* I-VI.
- 1929/129. Alphabetical index to all of Kristensen's informants.
- 1929/137. Newspaper articles and unpublished notes about Kristensen.
- DgF. Svend Grundtvig et al. 1966-1976 [1853-1976]. *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*.
- DS. ETK. 1980 [1892-1901]. *Danske sagn*. 8 volumes.
- DSk I. ETK. 1900. *Danske Skjæmtesagn*. I. *samling*.
- DSkv. ETK. 1901. *Et hundrede gamle danske Skjæmteviser efter Nutidssang*.
- DSnr. ETK. 1928-1939. *Danske sagn*. *Ny Række*. 7 volumes.
- Fab. ETK. 1896. *Danske Dyrefabler og Kjæderemser*.
- FBK I. ETK. 1896. *Fra Bindestue og Kølle*, volume 1.
- FBK II. ETK. 1897. *Fra Bindestue og Kølle*, volume 2.
- GKV. ETK. 1927. *Gamle Kildevæld*.
- GKV2. ETK, Peter Olsen, and Johannes E. Tang Kristensen. 1981. *Gamle kildevæld*.
- JAH. ETK. 1891-1894. *Gamle folks fortællinger om det jyske almueliv*. 6 volumes.
- JAT. ETK. 1900-1902. *Gamle folks fortællinger om det jyske almueliv*. Supplement. 6 volumes.
- JFm. ETK. 1871-1897. *Jydske Folkeminder*. 13 volumes.
- JFm I. ETK. 1871. *Jydske Folkeminder*, volume 1, *Jydske Folkeviser og Toner*.
- JFm II. ETK. 1876. *Jydske Folkeminder*, volume 2, *Gamle jydske Folkeviser*.
- JFm III. ETK. 1876. *Jydske Folkeminder*, volume 3, *Jydske Folkesagn*.
- JFm IV. ETK. 1880. *Jydske Folkeminder*, volume 4, *Sagn fra Jylland*.
- JFm V. ETK. 1881. *Jydske Folkeminder*, volume 5, *Æventyr fra Jylland*.
- JFm VI. ETK. 1883. *Jydske Folkeminder*, volume 6, *Sagn og Overtro fra Jylland*.
- JFm VII. ETK. 1884. *Jydske Folkeminder*, volume 7, *Æventyr fra Jylland*.
- JFm VIII. ETK. 1886. *Jydske Folkeminder*, volume 8, *Sagn og overtro fra Jylland*.
- JFm IX. ETK. 1888. *Jydske Folkeminder*, volume 9, *Sagn og overtro fra Jylland*.

JFm X. ETK. 1889. *Jydske Folkeminder*, volume 10, *100 gamle jyske folkeviser*.

JFm XI. ETK. 1891. *Jydske Folkeminder*, volume 11, *Gamle Viser i Folkemunde*.

JFm XII. ETK. 1895. *Jydske Folkeminder*, volume 12, *Æventyr fra Jylland*.

JFm XIII. ETK. 1897. *Jydske Folkeminder*, volume 13, *Æventyr fra Jylland*.

KØ I. ETK. 1892. *Kuriøse Overhøringer i Skole og Kirke*. Volume 1.

KØ II. ETK. 1899. *Kuriøse Overhøringer i Skole og Kirke*. Volume 2.

Lege. ETK. 1896. *Danske Børnerim, Remser og Lege udelukkende efter Folke-munde*.

MA I. ETK. 1892. *Molbo- og Aggerbob historier samt andre dermed beslægtede fortællinger*. Volume 1.

MA II. ETK. 1903. *Molbo- og Aggerbob historier samt andre dermed beslægtede fortællinger*. Volume 2.

ML. Reidar Thoralf Christiansen. 1992 [1958]. *The Migratory Legends*.

MO. ETK. 1923–1928. *Minder og Oplevelser*. 4 volumes.

Ord. ETK. 1890. *Danske ordsprog og mundbeld*.

Sk. ETK. 1884–1889. *Skattegraveren*. 12 volumes.

Sk efter. ETK. 1890. *Efterslæt til "Skattegraveren"*.

VFK. ETK. 1899. *Vore Fædres Kirketjeneste belyst ved Exempler*.

Æv. Margit Brandt, ed. 1974. *Registrant over Evald Tang Kristensens Samling af Æventyr*.

Measurements

Agricultural Units

In 1907, Denmark switched entirely to the metric system. Before then, the following units applied to agricultural measurements.

hartkorn. From the term “hard grain” (rye or barley). A unit of measure used to determine the value of a piece of land on the basis of its expected productivity. The use of the hartkorn as a measure of productivity for taxation purposes was abandoned in 1903.

tønde. A unit of measure that could refer either to land (often translated as “acre” despite being somewhat larger than an acre; see below) or to volume (often translated as “barrel”).

Equivalences:

1 tønde (tdr) of land = 14,000 kvadrat alen = 5,516 square meters (approximately 1.36 acres)

1 tønde hartkorn = 139.2 liters or 100 kilograms of “hard grain.” One tønde hartkorn was the normative amount of taxation that 5 1/7 tønde of land would create. This level of taxation could rise or fall based on the valuation of the productivity of the land on a twenty-four-step scale.

1 tønde (barrel) = 8 skjæpper = 139.12 liters

1 skjæppe (sk) = 4 fjerdingkar = 17.39 liters

1 fjerdingkar (fj) = 8 album = 4.3475 liters

1 album (alb) = 0.5438 liter

Distance, Weights, and Measures

1 mil = 4 fjerdingvej = 7.53 km = 4.68 miles

1 fjerdingvej = 3,000 alen

1 alen = 2 fod = 4 kvarter = 24 tommer = 63 centimeters

1 kande = 2 potter = 8 pægle = 1.9 liters

1 potte = 4 pægle = 0.96 liter

1 pægl = 0.2 liter

1 kop = 0.25 liter

1 favn = 72 kubikfod = 2.2 cubic meters

1 fad = 4 oksehoveder = 927.5 liters

1 oksehoved = 6 ankre = 226 liters

1 tønde korn (grain) = 144 potter = 8 skjæpper = 139.2 liters

1 tønde sild (herring) = 112 potter = 108.2 liters

1 tønde flydende vare (liquid) = 136 potter = 131.4 liters

1 pund = 0.5 kilogram (established by law in 1839)

1 dusin = 12 pieces (a dozen)

1 snes = 20 pieces

1 halvsnes = 10 pieces

Currency

Until the currency reform of 1873, two currencies were used in Denmark. From 1713 until 1813, Danish money was based on the rigsdaler (sometimes referred to in English as the rixdollar), which was backed by

silver. The word *daler* is a shortened form of the name of a Czech silver coin, the Joachimstaler, from 1518. One type of rigsdaler, which was used largely for daily commerce, was known as the kurant. Another rigsdaler, the specie, was used for more formal transactions and contained more silver. Consequently, these two types of rigsdaler were not equivalent in value. One rigsdaler kurant contained 20.63 grams of silver, and the rigsdaler specie, 25.28 grams.

In 1813, with the Danish state bankruptcy, the complicated rigsdaler was replaced by the rigsbankdaler, the value of which was set at one-half the value of previous specie rigsdaler. Despite the new official name, the rigsbankdaler was generally referred to as a rigsdaler. These currency systems were based on divisions of twelve:

12 penning = 1 skilling

16 skilling = 1 mark

6 mark = 1 rigsdaler or daler

The most common coins were the four, eight, and twenty-four skilling coins. The krone (crown), worth eight marks, although part of the monetary system promulgated in 1625, was largely used only to keep track of debt, and few krone coins were in circulation.

After 1873, the Danish monetary system was aligned with that of Norway and Sweden, with the krone, or crown, based on the gold standard, as the main currency. The crown was set as equivalent to one-half of a rigsbankdaler. This new system, implemented in 1875 and still current in Denmark, was a decimal system (unlike the earlier systems based on divisions of twelve) and consisted of crowns and øre, with one crown equivalent to one hundred øre.

Danish Folktales, Legends,
& *Other Stories*

Introduction

DANISH FOLKTALES HAVE LONG CAPTURED THE IMAGINATION of audiences around the world. Their popularity is due in part to the erroneous yet widely held belief that the extraordinary tales of Hans Christian Andersen are part of Danish folk narrative tradition. H. C. Andersen, as he is known in Denmark, was a literary author, and his tales are the written artistic expressions of a single individual—in that sense, they can hardly be seen as part of Danish folklore tradition.¹ Despite this unusual state of affairs, in which many readers come to Danish folk tradition essentially by mistake, many of Andersen's tales were inspired by Danish folk stories, and an intriguing overlap exists between his tales and stories from Danish folktale tradition. Like Andersen's fairy tale world, the world of Danish folk narrative tradition is seductive, populated by trolls, mound folk, elves, werewolves, nightmares, mermaids and mermen, ghosts, witches, robbers, murderers, Satanic apparitions, church-wrecking serpents, corrupt government officials,

¹ The debate over what is and is not folklore has raged for years in academic journals (Oring 1986, 1–22). Without getting too caught up in this important yet maddening debate, I propose that, for the purposes of this work, folklore is taken to be the traditional, primarily oral, expressions of individuals. Consequently, a literary author's production is not folklore, because it is neither oral nor traditional. "Traditions" are those cultural expressions that individuals (the "folk") hoped would persist. By remembering and performing such expressions, they gave voice to this "will to persistence." The "folk," for the purposes of this work, are taken to be Danes living in the last decades of the nineteenth century in Jutland. Of course, a lively tension exists between individuals and the groups to which any individual belongs, and this dialectic tension between individual goals and desires and the expressive culture of the group as a whole gives rise to the dynamic processes that animate folklore.

violent manor lords, pestilence, princes, and princesses. Yet a simple encounter with this narrative world raises more questions than it answers. To understand Danish folk tradition, one must get closer to the culture in which the stories and songs circulated and to the lives of the people who created, told, and listened to the stories.

What lies behind this imaginary world? Who told these stories, and for what reasons? Were the stories told only by poor people, a major premise of early folklore scholarship? Were they told only by people living in rural areas, another artifact of that scholarly orientation? Were the people who told these stories literate? How did the storytellers make their livings? How did they get around? When did people tell these stories and sing these songs? Are the stories and songs really old, or are they fairly recent inventions? What was going on, politically and culturally, at the time when storytellers told these stories? Does that context matter, or are these stories politically irrelevant and culturally nostalgic? Who collected the stories and songs? Why would anyone spend so much time collecting them? Did the collector or someone else publish the stories and songs? Were they changed from the time they were collected to the time they were published, and if so, why? Who read the collections when they were first published? And why are almost all collections of folklore presented thematically? Does that make a difference? Do these stories say something about all Danes at all times? Or do they say more about some Danes at some specific times?

This book and the accompanying digital content are an attempt to address these questions while presenting for the first time in English a substantial, fully annotated and thickly described collection of folktale repertoires from Denmark.²

Folklore and Folk Narrative

Folklore emerges out of the dialectic tension that exists between the individual and tradition (Chesnutt 1999, 11)—a tension that animates all the processes of composition, transmission, and variation that character-

2 The concept of “thick description” is borrowed from Clifford Geertz (1973). Lauri Honko applied the concept of thick description to issues of repertoire and corpus (2000).

ize folkloric expression. Individuals grow up in cultural environments, become enculturated through their long and repeated interactions with other individuals, and learn how to behave competently within the close and often homogeneous group in which they live, work, and play. Among the many aspects of culture to which individuals necessarily develop a relationship during the simultaneous processes of enculturation and performing culture is tradition.

Some scholars have misinterpreted tradition as a static, superorganic entity that has a stable life of its own and is able to survive outside the minds of the people who create and perpetuate it.³ But tradition is not a superorganic entity. Quite to the contrary, it is bounded entirely by the people who perpetuate it. Tradition is not immutable, timeless, a product of the collective imagination, or a survival of the ancient past. Rather, tradition is a dynamic process that relies on the creativity of individuals who recognize that on some level they are part of a larger group (a family, village, guild, region, political party, nation, pan-national group, etc.) and who indicate, through their expressions, a willingness to perpetuate the traditional expressions of the groups to which they belong. As Alan Dundes (1977) suggested, a “folk” is any group of people who have at least one thing in common. Sometimes, the only thing members of a group have in common is their traditions.

Not all traditions are folklore, yet all folklore is traditional. This important distinction helps limit the scope of folkloristic enquiry. Folkloric traditions are those cultural expressions that are characterized by their transmission during informal, predominantly oral interactions between individuals within a group or across groups. A folkloric expression (song, story, joke, gesture, basket, tool, etc.) is considered traditional if at least some members of the group perceive the expression to be part of their tradition and indicate a willingness to perpetuate that expression. In this sense, tradition can be seen as a “will to persistence” rather than as any generically limited set of expressions.

3 The notion of folklore having a life of its own is known as the “superorganic” theory in folklore and can be found in the scholarship of late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century scholars such as Olrik (1908). The superorganic view holds that there is a level of culture which is not controlled by the organic level—that is, the level of human control—but which guarantees a consistency in human behavior (Dundes 1965, 129–30; Pentikäinen 1978, 17).

As part of everyday life, individuals struggle to make sense of the social, political, economic, and physical environments in which they live. One cultural resource for making sense of environmental stressors is tradition, particularly folkloric tradition. In a study of Bolivian copper miners, for example, Michael Taussig (1980) discovered that when confronted with rapid change, people often appealed to folkloric traditions as a means for understanding and adapting to that change. Through the performance, reception, and re-performance of such traditions, people can impart to others in their group a sense of history, belonging, and identity. At the same time, such traditional interaction allows individuals to debate the boundaries of the norms, beliefs, and values (taken together, cultural ideology) that their traditional expressions convey.

Because an individual is often a member of multiple groups, he or she engages the traditions of all the groups to which he or she belongs. Consequently, an individual might find himself attempting to reconcile traditional expressions from various groups that are contradictory. This constant struggle between the individual and tradition results in the ongoing, dynamic negotiation of the contours of tradition. A consequence of this process is a refiguration of the cultural ideological orientation of the group and of the individuals who make up that group. Folklore is much more about change than it is about stasis. Importantly, one of the dominant forums for the negotiation of cultural ideology is folk narrative, an observation that holds true even in contemporary society. It is a particularly apt description for the small agricultural communities of Jutland, where most of the stories in this book were collected.

The following chapters and accompanying digital content reveal how a small number of individuals appealed to and refigured folk traditions as part of their ongoing negotiation of the ideological landscape of their communities in the rapidly changing social, political, economic, and physical environments of rural Denmark during the last decades of the nineteenth century and the first decades of the twentieth. The storytellers whose repertoires are presented here were all members of various groups—families, village communities, churches, occupations, the imagined communities of smallholders and farmers, the similarly imagined communities of political parties, the larger imagined community of Jutlanders, and the imagined national community of Danes (Anderson

1983). All these groups were in flux as participatory democratic institutions replaced the absolute monarchy of previous centuries, free market economies replaced earlier controlled economies, monetized transactions replaced barter, literacy and education became the norm rather than the exception, transportation and communications infrastructure expanded rapidly, and early modes of production, land use, and class structure were fundamentally refigured.

I describe the individual lives of the storytellers in the context of local and national change, and I situate their storytelling not only in its proper performance context but also in the larger context of Danish and, in some cases, Nordic folk narrative tradition. None of the five narrators considered in this work knew any of the others, even though some of them lived close to each other. Their circles of acquaintances at times overlapped, and each of them told stories with themes echoed in the others' storytelling.⁴ That is unsurprising, for each of them relied on the deep cultural resource of rural Danish folklore tradition for his or her storytelling. Intriguingly, none of the repertoires is alike. The storytellers told even similar stories with widely divergent features—an excellent illustration of the dialectical relationship between individuals and tradition. All the storytellers appropriated, adapted, and performed the stories in their repertoires in ways that allowed them to negotiate an individual stance on a host of issues that were of paramount concern to each of them as they went about their daily lives (Tangherlini 2008a).

Rural Life in Nineteenth-Century Denmark

The nineteenth century was a time of complex change in Danish society. The change actually started in the waning decades of the eighteenth century and continued at surprising speed through the beginning of the twentieth century. At the start of this period, Denmark was an absolute monarchy, and its primarily agricultural economy was organized as a ma-

4 In the digital materials, all the stories are cross-referenced across the five repertoires, to allow for easy comparisons between variants. In addition, a large group of variants referenced in the annotations by collection, volume, and number from other storytellers' repertoires are included in the accompanying digital materials. Navigation through the digital materials allows for multiple avenues of inquiry.

norial system. The crown, the church, and the aristocracy controlled the vast majority of the land and, by extension, production. Market towns and cities held privileged economic positions and controlled the flow of most commerce. Similarly, the residents of market towns and cities had legal status that separated them from the peasantry (*bondestanden*), on whose sole shoulders rested the obligation to serve in the military. Peasants were often born poor, lived their lives poor, and died poor. There were few avenues for upward mobility. Travel was hampered by bad roads, farming was inefficient because of antiquated technology and the constraints of the outmoded manorial system, and communication was difficult because of widespread illiteracy and an obsolete postal system.

Yet by the end of a period of little more than 125 years (1780–1905), Denmark had become a constitutional democracy, private landownership was widespread, the manorial system was a thing of the past, the privileged status of the market towns and cities had evaporated, literacy was widespread, a well-functioning railway connected virtually all parts of the country, high-speed communication via telegraph was commonplace, and the popular press had become an accessible and important factor in people's understanding of community, region, and nation. The legal divide between peasants and town dwellers had disappeared, and the centralized Lutheran folk church had lost its stranglehold on religious expression. Political parties were emerging that challenged the conservative interests of the wealthy urban elites, the beginnings of a social welfare system had been established, and significant reforms to health care, along with scientific advances in medicine, had changed the way people perceived health and welfare.

Perhaps one of the most striking changes during the nineteenth century was the reorganization of Danish agriculture. Danish farms large and small alike switched from grain-based production to animal-based production. This shift arose partly from necessity, for the average size of the Danish farm was becoming less than optimal for grain production in a global market flooded by cheap American grain, and partly from advances in the understanding of animal husbandry that enabled farmers to greatly increase the sizes of their dairy herds. The cultivation of fodder beets, a cattle feed that was high in carbohydrates, had diuretic properties, and could be easily stored during the winter, was an impor-

tant advance in Danish dairy farming (Bjørn et al. 1988, vol. 3, 380). By shifting some of his land to beets, a farmer could diversify away from grain and simultaneously both increase and stabilize his dairy output throughout the year. Prior to this advance, Danish dairy cows, particularly on the smaller farms, had been fed mostly hay, which, as the winter wore on and the hay deteriorated, led to rapid decreases in milk output and quality. Other advances in the science of animal feed, in drainage, and in field fertilization, propagated by the Danish agricultural university and by the folk high schools, greatly increased the productivity of Danish milk cows.

By aligning themselves in cooperatives—first dairy cooperatives and later slaughterhouse cooperatives, primarily for swine—Danish farmers and smallholders were able to compete effectively with the larger landholders, who previously had an insurmountable advantage in the consistent quality of their pork and dairy products. With the explosive growth of urban centers in England and their almost bottomless demand for Danish butter and bacon, Danish farmers were able to increase their agricultural output even on the smallest plots of land. Consequently, while Norway and Sweden experienced massive emigration (primarily to the United States) during this period of collapsing grain prices, emigration from Denmark was not nearly as dramatic. Although Danish cities continued to grow, the large number of smallholders who were able to make a living off their farms, coupled with government incentives for people to continue farming, slowed what could have been unsustainable growth in Danish cities.

Along with changes in agricultural practices and organization, social organization changed during this 125-year period as well. The parish (*sogn*), as opposed to the village (*landsby*), became the main organizational unit for local government and social engagement. The town guild (*bylav*), which had regulated agricultural activity, ceased functioning as smallholders and farmers alike became individual market players. The festival guild (*gildelav*), which had organized local social activities, was largely replaced by associations (*foreninger*). These associations were no longer constrained by local demands but rather represented interest groups that were more regional or even national in scope. Economic associations, educational associations, political associations, and so on all

developed at this time, and people soon found opportunities to explore interests that were not constrained by the local (Bjørn et al. 1988, vol. 3, 383). In short, decision making was opened to more people while demands on individuals to secure their own financial well-being increased dramatically. Social life expanded beyond the local village to include people from neighboring parishes organized in groups that focused on common interests and issues.

Changes in transportation and communication also contributed to fundamental changes in social organization and daily life in rural Denmark during the latter half of the nineteenth century. At the beginning of that century, roads in Denmark were predominantly dirt, and in the vast expanses of Jutland they were often little more than rutted wagon-wheel tracks. Although a systematic improvement of roads had begun in 1763, progress on these projects largely halted with the Napoleonic wars and their aftermath. The work was restarted in earnest in the 1820s, and by the mid-1800s, work on completing the eleven-hundred-kilometer-long highway system was in full swing in Jutland, helped considerably by a shift away from communal villeinage and toward bid contracts (Olsen et al. 1988–1991, vol. 10, 20–22).

The most dramatic change in Danish transportation and communication came with the advent of the railway in the 1860s. The debates concerning possible railway lines through Jutland were complicated, with competing interests advocating different routes. Some advocates thought east-west routes would serve the expansion of trade with England, whereas others were more interested in moving livestock to Germany along a north-south axis. The intervention of the British entrepreneur Samuel Morton Peto (1809–1889), who proposed a zigzag route up through Jutland, along with the masterful political maneuvering of D. G. Monrad, minister of the interior at the time, resulted in a solution that appeased many of the competing interests. As a result, the railways on Jutland that were begun in 1861 were essentially complete by 1869, offering people access to nearly five hundred kilometers of railway (Olsen et al. 1988–1991, vol. 11, 51–52).

By the time the schoolteacher Evald Tang Kristensen (1843–1929) began his folklore collecting, Denmark was no longer the manorial world that inspired nostalgia in the Romantic nationalists. Rather, it was a

rapidly modernizing country that had emerged from several crushing military defeats and economic setbacks as a dynamic young democracy. The division of society into citizens and peasants had evaporated, people now played a significant role in determining their own economic success, education was widespread, health care was rapidly improving, and the beginnings of a progressive social welfare net were being developed. The class of smallholders was slowly but surely becoming a political force to be reckoned with. Indeed, its movement, the *Husmandsbevægelsen* (Smallholders' Movement), with literary political figures such as Tang Kristensen's one-time protégé, Jeppe Aakjær, in the lead, became a major political force in Denmark at the start of the twentieth century (Tangherlini 1999). Danish agriculture had shifted away from inefficient and outdated modes of production and toward nimble, distributed models of organization best exemplified by the cooperative movement. Parts of the country that had been disconnected and distant from each other at the start of the 1800s were now connected physically through greatly improved transportation networks and virtually through greatly improved communication networks. Widespread literacy, a result of a massive reform of the educational system making education not only free but also compulsory, made it possible for Tang Kristensen to realize his folklore collecting project. As a schoolteacher himself, he could rely on a newly developed network of teachers to supply him with local knowledge. At the same time, people in rural areas were now aware of Denmark as a unified conceptual cultural category and could act not only as folk narrative performers but also as audiences for printed folklore collections.

These changes in macro-organization had noticeable effects on micro-organization, influencing everything from the rhythms of everyday life to the distribution of household work. One of the most marked changes in the rural household was the differences that emerged in daily life among the three main classes that made up the majority of the rural population: farmers, at the top of the socioeconomic ladder; smallholders (or cotters) and successful craftsmen, on the middle rung; and the rural poor, consisting mostly of day laborers, young journeymen, and less successful craftsmen, on the lower rungs. On the very bottom rungs of

the economic ladder were people who were unemployed, sick, or elderly.⁵

As farmers became more self-sufficient and production emphasis shifted from grain to animals, women's roles in household work shifted markedly. Whereas at the start of the nineteenth century, women and men played equally important roles in running farms (*gårde*), by the end of the century, women's roles on farms had generally moved toward food preparation and care of children (Bjørn et al. 1988, vol. 3, 391). One important exception was in the dairies. Although dairy production was becoming increasingly industrialized, female dairy workers still constituted the majority of this workforce. Unfortunately, despite increasingly rigorous and systematized training of these dairy workers, management positions were still reserved largely for men (Bjørn et al. 1988, vol. 3, 387–91). In smallholders' households, things remained relatively static, with the division of labor much as it had been before. Men worked in the fields and with the large animals while women worked in the houses and with the small animals. At planting and harvest times, everyone, including children, pitched in. Among day laborers, the situation became increasingly worse as mechanization displaced many of their jobs.

As dairies and slaughterhouses became centralized, increased mechanization of farm labor also took hold. Automatic harvesters and threshers, as well as the first examples of tractors, began appearing on Danish farms toward the end of the nineteenth century. Milling equipment that did not rely on water or wind and that could be installed easily on a farm began to make broad inroads in Jutland. Consequently, seasonal work related to harvesting and threshing—the latter a source of income for many smallholders and day laborers during the relatively quiet winter months—disappeared, and the role of the miller became less important. Finally, the railroad greatly increased access to industrially produced, lower-cost goods, including shoes, clothing, furniture, and equipment. Ultimately, daily life on the farm and on smallholdings became transformed as the economy shifted toward greater specialization and as people began to purchase rather than produce or obtain through barter the staples of daily life.

5 These categories were by no means fixed, and people often moved up and down the socioeconomic ladder over the course of their lives.

A Brief History of Folklore Studies in Denmark

The study of folklore is based largely on folklore collections. Yet for many years, the number of extant folklore collections worldwide was quite small. In the eighteenth century, the few studies of folklore that existed were based largely on a combination of existing written records, literary accounts, and reworkings of oral traditions, with actual field collections playing but a small role. It was not until the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries that European scholars turned their attention to producing collections of oral traditions. These collection efforts were motivated largely by a shift among the literary elites toward local and national culture and away from classical literature.

In Denmark, folklore collection started in earnest in the early nineteenth century. The efforts increased in scope through the mid-nineteenth century and continued well into the first decades of the twentieth century. By the turn of the twentieth century, significant folklore collections, including those of Svend Grundtvig (1824–1883), were housed at the newly established Dansk folkemindesamling (Danish Folklore Archive, founded in 1904), and folkloristics had emerged as a field of scholarly study in its own right. In the waning decades of the nineteenth century, Tang Kristensen was in the midst of what could best be described as a publishing frenzy, producing dozens of printed volumes based on his folklore collections, and was still actively collecting folklore. Axel Olrik (1864–1917), who was a key player in founding the folklore archives and served as its director until 1915, was named the first instructor of folklore at the University of Copenhagen, first as a docent in 1897 and later, in 1913, as a professor.⁶ In this manner, a strong intellectual infrastructure had been assembled for the discipline of folkloristics in Denmark, mir-

6 The rank of docent is roughly equivalent to that of associate professor in the American system. It has largely been replaced by the rank of *lektor* in Danish universities. The rank of professor, then as now, is reserved for the most accomplished academics in the Danish university system. Unfortunately, I was the last *lektor* of folklore at the University of Copenhagen, serving as a *lektorvikar* from 1999 until the close of the program in 2001.

roring similar developments across Scandinavia and northern Europe.

Unfortunately, by the 1920s the field was in retreat in Denmark, reeling from the effects of Olrik's early death (Holbek 1990, 7). The field never quite regained its momentum, but the remarkable collections produced in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries remain, providing a unique window into the daily lives of the largely rural Danish population during a period of enormous social, political, and economic change.

Very early figures such as Saxo Grammaticus (1150–1220) could arguably be labeled the first of the great Danish folklore collectors. Saxo wrote the first history of the Danish kingdom, *Gesta Danorum* (*Chronicle of the Danes*, ca. 1208), based in large part on heroic and mythological accounts dating back to prehistory and fitted loosely into a historical narrative (Zeeberg and Friis-Jensen 2005). Clearly, Saxo made great use of both oral and written sources in creating his sixteen-volume work, and in this way his chronicle prefigures the great historical work on the earliest Norwegian kings, *Heimskringla* (*Orb of the World*, ca. 1230), written in Old Icelandic by Snorri Sturluson (1178–1241) (Bjarni 1941). *Gesta Danorum*, written in Latin, was produced essentially under contract to Archbishop Absalon (1121–1201) to bolster the political prestige of both the bishop and the ruling monarchs, Valdemar I (1131–1182, called Valdemar the Great), Knud VI (1163–1202), and Valdemar II (1170–1241, called Valdemar the Victorious).

Positing Saxo as the first great Danish folklorist, however, would probably fall under the rubric of nationalistic indulgence and tug at the boundaries of the modern field of folklore. Saxo was neither aware of nor particularly interested in the dynamic and productive tension between individuals and tradition. Rather, he was engaged in creating a written history of the Danish kingdom. Saxo's project is much more in line with those of other late medieval historical writers, including Snorri. Mikhail Steblin-Kamenskij (1973) reminds us that the conception of history in these works differs radically from modern conceptions of history. Whereas the modern historian shies away from using oral narratives as primary source material, in preliterate society such sources often outnumbered the few written sources that existed. Nevertheless, Saxo undoubtedly saw himself as engaged in writing history, in stark contrast

to the folklore collectors of the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, who perceived themselves as engaged in preserving the expressive culture of the rural population and, by extension, the nation.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, humanism began to make inroads in intellectual circles in Denmark. Christiern Pedersen (1480–1554), who, like Saxo, harbored strong nationalistic sentiments, was the first to publish *Gesta Danorum*, in 1514. Because the earlier manuscript record of Saxo's work has been lost, it is Pedersen's edition that now forms the basis for all subsequent editions and translations of *Gesta Danorum*. Unfortunately, Pedersen's later translation of Saxo into Danish has also been lost, going up in flames in the Copenhagen fire of 1728. Apart from his work on Saxo, Pedersen is known for translating Æsop's fables into Danish (1556) and for a published edition of proverbs (Låle and Pedersen 1515). The proverb collection was based on a handwritten, bilingual (Danish and Latin) edition of proverbs attributed to Peder Låle, a schoolmaster who apparently lived at the end of the fourteenth century. Because Pedersen decried Låle's Latin as "absolute crap" (*det bare skarn*), and because the majority of the proverbs were originally Danish, it seems likely that Pedersen was engaged in a form of early folkloric publication rather than in promulgating a particularly good Latin exercise book, as has been proposed (Boberg 1953, 141).

Most overviews of Danish folklore point to Anders Sørensen Vedel (1542–1616) as the first true folklore collector in Denmark. Although this reputation is probably deserved, Vedel was not interested in folklore in the modern sense of the term. Rather, much like Saxo, he was interested primarily in the early history of Denmark, a history that many of his contemporaries saw reflected in the heroic ballads that were in wide circulation at the time. Not surprisingly, Vedel was fascinated by *Gesta Danorum* and its description of the earliest Danish kingdom. His translation of Saxo's work (1575) is the earliest extant translation into Danish.⁷ Instead of translating the text verbatim, Vedel allowed himself a great deal of latitude, his intention being similar to that of N. F. S. Grundt-

7 Two earlier translations, one by Christiern Pedersen (1540), who published the first complete version of *Gesta Danorum* in Paris in 1514, and one by Jon Tursons (ca. 1555), were both lost.

vig several hundred years later in his work to popularize early Nordic mythology. The translation was intended to garner a large audience by presenting a more fluid and aesthetically pleasing (to a sixteenth-century reader) version than would otherwise be the case, given Saxo's crenellated medieval Latin.

Vedel had received his early classical training at the University of Copenhagen after a remarkable childhood in Jutland during which he distinguished himself by learning to read and write Latin by the age of eleven. When his schoolmaster in Ribe was made the minister at the Copenhagen cathedral, Vedel, who was the son of a well-respected merchant, accompanied him. He soon became one of the most promising young students at the university. Not long after his arrival, he was chosen to accompany another young man, Tyge Brahe (Tycho Brahe), five years his junior, on a study trip to Leipzig and Wittenberg. The two became lifelong friends, and this early exposure to the German universities motivated Vedel to return to Wittenberg to complete an advanced degree in 1566. He returned to Copenhagen as the castle minister in 1568 and began his translation of Saxo. He completed the project in no small part because of the help of Tyge Brahe: A paper shortage in Denmark threatened the production of the book, and Brahe made a public appeal to Denmark's women to sacrifice their linen so that the very large work could be printed.

The translation brought Vedel a great deal of attention, and several of Denmark's leading aristocrats, including Peder Oxe and Jørgen Rosenkrantz, encouraged him to continue Saxo's abbreviated history by writing a history of Denmark up to their current period. With the backing of these powerful men, Vedel was soon excused from his duties as castle minister and moved to Ribe, where he began preparations for writing this comprehensive history. During a study trip around the country to get a better understanding of its geography, he visited his good friend Brahe at Uranieborg, the extraordinary castle that Brahe had built on the island of Hven. While Vedel was there, Queen Sophie of Mecklenburg (r. 1572–1588) stopped by, and Brahe mentioned to her that Vedel had collected a large number of ballads as part of his historical work. Queen Sophie was already deeply interested in folk ballads because of

the considerable popularity of small, handwritten collections of such songs at court. The best-known—and earliest—example of such a collection is *Hjertebogen* (*Heart Book*), a handwritten collection of eighty-three love ballads in a small book shaped like a heart.⁸ Vedel promised Sophie that he would send her a copy of his collections when he returned home, but rather than simply copying the ballads for her, he decided to edit and comment on them. The resulting book, printed on his own press in Ribe, was titled *It hundrede udvalgte Danske Viser* (*One Hundred Selected Danish Ballads*; 1591). This relatively small book stands as the first scholarly edition of Danish folklore.

Vedel had collected additional examples of folk expressive culture, but he placed less emphasis on these than on preparing for his history of Denmark. Nevertheless, a collection of love songs he made, entitled *Tragica eller gamle Danske historiske Elskoffs Viser* (*Tragica or Old Danish Historical Love Ballads*), was published in 1657, long after his death. Unfortunately, Vedel never completed his historical work. Because of his insistence on both comprehensiveness and rigor, he was ultimately forced from his beloved position of royal historiographer in 1596 and retired from scholarly pursuits.

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries did not otherwise offer an especially welcoming environment for folklore and folk belief. While Vedel was busy with his historiographic and folkloristic work, the rest of the country was in the throes of witch hunts and witchcraft trials (Tangherlini 2000). Peter Palladius's *En Visitatsbog* (*Visitation Book*; 1541), for example, includes a great deal of information about Danes' beliefs in witchcraft at the time. Bishops and theologians circulated warnings about witchcraft and witches, among them a warning from Denmark's best-known figure of the Reformation, Hans Tausen, to the ministers and deans in Ribe (Bricka, Laursen, and Steenstrup 1887–1905, vol. 17, 112). His warnings and those of Niels Hemmingsen included significant details about these belief traditions. The writings of Jørgen Pedersen Friis (1684–1740) about superstitious peasants from the beginning of the eighteenth century similarly provide significant details about folk

8 Of the eighty-three ballads in *Hjertebogen*, about one-quarter are folk ballads, and the remainder are contemporary lyrical pieces.

beliefs and practices. Perhaps the most complete of these accidental descriptions of folk beliefs and customs is Erik Pontoppidan's *Everriculum fermenti veteris* (*Sweeping Out the Old Sourdough*; 1736), a work Pontoppidan (1698–1764) wrote explicitly to help sweep away the vestiges of both paganism and heathendom in Denmark.

Despite the religious tides and the explicit goal of church reformers to eradicate the last vestiges of earlier folk beliefs and practices, Vedel, with his collection of ballads, had laid the groundwork for subsequent significant studies of traditional expressive culture. Peder Pedersen Syv (1631–1702) is often credited with picking up where Vedel left off and furthering the development of folklore as an important scholarly pursuit. Vedel himself, after a brief stint as a schoolteacher in Copenhagen, returned to a more rural part of Sjælland, working as a schoolmaster at the Latin school in Næstved. At the time, he was deeply engaged in the study of language, and his first book, *Nogle Betænkninger om det cimbriske Sprog* (*Some Thoughts on the Cymbrian Language*; 1663), not only paved the way for his *Den danske Sprog-kunst eller Grammatica* (*Danish Language Art or Grammar*; 1685), the first grammar of the Danish language, but also reflected his developing interest in both the earliest Nordic literature, including the heroic ballads, and folklore in general. These studies were aligned with significant political developments of the time. In 1660, Frederik III, after a bloody war with Sweden (1657–1660), was able to institute an absolute monarchy in Denmark, considerably weakening the previously unchecked power of the aristocracy while laying the foundation for what might best be called a proto-nationalism among the Danes. This change in political organization led to a greater focus on Danish history and language, thereby echoing the intense regional and national focus that was becoming more common throughout Europe.

In 1683, through the influence of the chancellor assessor, Matthias Moth, Peder Pedersen Syv was named “royal philologist of the Danish language” (*Philologus regius lingvæ Danicæ*), a post that carried with it the relatively high ecclesiastical rank of dean and an annual stipend of one hundred daler (Bricka, Laursen, and Steenstrup 1887–1905, vol. 17, 30). Moth’s goal was to produce a comprehensive dictionary of the Danish language, and recruiting talent such as Syv to the project was instrumen-

tal to its success. Apart from his work on language, Syv's first folkloric work—*Almindelige Danske Ordsprog og korte Lærdomme* (*Common Danish Proverbs and Short Teachings*)—appeared as two volumes in 1682 and 1688, respectively. Several years later, in 1695, Syv expanded on Vedel's collection of folk ballads, adding an additional one hundred folk songs and ballads to the original collection and publishing this expanded collection under both scholars' names (Vedel and Syv 1695).

Ole Worm (1588–1654), whose work overlapped with that of Vedel and Syv, is the third of the noteworthy contributors to the description of Danish oral traditions during the seventeenth century (Hafstein 2003). Worm spent much of his youth abroad, with stints at universities in Germany, Austria, Holland, Italy (Padua), and England. When he finally returned to Denmark in 1613, he quickly rose to prominence as a professor of medicine (with detours as a professor of Greek and physics) at the University of Copenhagen, where he was credited with bringing the study of medical science, including surgery and anatomy, up to the emerging standards of the rest of Europe. Plague epidemics were fairly frequent in all European cities at the time, and Worm's dedication to clinical practice set him apart from many other medical practitioners of the time, who generally fled to safety, leaving victims of the plague to poorly trained barber-surgeons (Bricka, Laursen, and Steenstrup 1887–1905, vol. 19, 189). A true polymath, Worm was also deeply interested in the early history of Denmark and in natural history. One of his most important legacies was his collection of artifacts related to both subjects, a collection that formed the basis for the National Museum of Denmark (Hafstein 2003).

Worm was interested in collecting not only historical artifacts but also less tangible aspects of traditional culture. In 1639, a young peasant girl, Kirsten Svendsdatter, discovered a gold horn at Gallehus, near Møgeltønder in southern Jutland.⁹ The find provided a significant impetus in Danish scholarly circles for the study of early Danish history and, by extension, folk traditions (which were seen as analogous to the horns as survivals of a lost golden age) and the Danish language. Worm's interest in early Danish history, like that of so many of his contemporaries, had been piqued both by the find of the gold horn and by an increasing

9 Nearly a century later, in 1734, a second gold horn was discovered nearby.

awareness of the interconnections between language, archaeology, environment, and cultural history. His 1641 work on the gold horn, for example, interpreted the figures on it as allegorical representations of the ups and downs of human life (Bricka, Laursen, and Steenstrup 1887–1905, vol. 19, 192).

In a collecting effort in 1622 that prefigured the much later questionnaire method—a standard method of folkloric collection in all the Nordic countries—Worm, through the intervention of the chancellor, Christian Friis, was able to arrange for a royal letter to be sent to all bishops in the Danish kingdom, which at the time encompassed Norway. The letter asked all parish ministers to send him descriptions of all ancient artifacts in their parishes. Letters began arriving in significant numbers during the following years. Although Worm’s goal was to develop a comprehensive catalog of Danish and Norwegian rune stones and their inscriptions, the ministers’ accounts included a great deal of folkloric material as well, some of which found its way into Tang Kristensen’s much later collections of Danish folklore. Worm became widely known as an expert on rune stones, on the basis of his six-volume work *Danicorum monumentorum* (1643), generally referred to as “*Monumenta Danica*,” although his interpretations of some of the inscriptions now seem fanciful at best (Bricka, Laursen, and Steenstrup 1887–1905, vol. 19, 192–93). Fortunately, his plan to move most of Denmark’s rune stones to Copenhagen was never realized, for of the eleven rune stones that were relocated there, eight disappeared during the great Copenhagen fire of 1728 (Bricka, Laursen, and Steenstrup 1887–1905, vol. 19, 194).

Nearly a century separated Vedel’s and Worm’s folkloristic achievements from the next major development in the study and collection of Danish folklore—namely, the work of Rasmus Nyerup (1759–1829) in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. In the intervening years, Peder Hansen Resen (1625–1688) continued Worm’s work on the rune stones, and Erik Pontoppidan continued Worm’s “topographic” (chorographic) work, describing in great detail not only the geography and topography of Denmark but also local customs and beliefs.¹⁰ Pontop-

10 The Danish word is *topografi*, but a more accurate English translation is chorography. Given the relative unimportance of graphic representations in Pontoppidan’s works, it might be more accurate to describe them as chorologic works.

pidan's seven-volume *Danske Atlas* (1763–1781) was finally replaced in the mid-1800s by J. P. Trap's five-volume *Statistisk-topographisk Beskrivelse af Kongeriget Danmark* (1858–1860; see also Boberg 1953, 147, 167).

Another major figure whose work had a significant effect on the development of folklore in early nineteenth-century Denmark was Nikolaj Frederik Severin Grundtvig (1783–1872), one of Denmark's leading progressive Lutheran theologians and father to Svend Grundtvig. N. F. S. Grundtvig was largely a popularist, and he worked diligently to translate both Saxo's *Gesta Danorum* and Snorri's mythological *Snorra Edda* into a language that most Danes could understand. Similarly, he laid the foundation for the folk high-school movement (*folkehøjskole bevægelse*), one of the main goals of which was to bring access to higher education to the rural areas of Denmark. The folk high schools were intended in part to make recent advances in agricultural methods accessible to a broader rural audience and in part to inculcate in students an understanding of the importance of early Nordic literature and traditional expression. The schools were an enormous success, and Tang Kristensen, on many of his collecting trips, later took advantage of the eagerness with which their students and teachers studied and embraced folk traditions.

The elder Grundtvig's interest in the Nordic past was largely influenced by the state bankruptcy of 1813, following on the heels of Denmark's unfortunate alliance with Napoleon. The resulting economic crisis, coupled with the loss of Norway as part of the kingdom, forced many Danish intellectuals to turn toward an examination of the Danish past to rediscover some of the nation's lost glory. Neither Resen's, Pontoppidan's, nor N. F. S. Grundtvig's studies, however, can be considered folklore research. Inger M. Boberg (1953, 150) observed that "long before one can talk about actual folklore research, a long line of historians, chorographers, archaeologists and literary scholars have occupied themselves with what we call folklore." Rasmus Nyerup, on the other hand, stood on the cusp of the development of modern folklore collection and study.

By 1800, the study of ballads had become reinvigorated. Heinrich Wilhelm von Gerstenberg (1737–1823) published *Briefe über Merkwürdigkeiten der Literatur* (*Letters concerning Literary Curiosities*; 1766), often re-

ferred to as “Schleswigsche Literaturbriefe” (Schleswigian Literary Letters), which mentioned both Danish and English ballads and provided additional motivation to Johann Gottfried Herder, a leading eighteenth-century German intellectual whose work on the ballad and the nation gave impetus to the development of the field of folklore (Boberg 1953, 155). Similarly, Johannes Ewald’s plays, *Rolf Krage* (1770) and *Balders Død* (1775), brought increased attention to Nordic mythology as a substitute for classical mythology. As Boberg (1953, 156) wrote about the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries in Denmark, “the English work with folk ballads and the German enthusiasm for the ancient North flowed together with a domestic interest in both the local past and earlier poetic composition, and thus secured for it a greater distribution than it had had earlier.” Bertel Chr. Sandvig (1752–1786) was one of the first to revisit the early folk ballads. He published a small volume, *Levninger af Middel-Alderens Digtekunst* (*Remains of the Middle Ages’ Poetic Art*), an edition of a late medieval manuscript he had received through his teacher, the Romantic historian Peder Suhm (1728–1798) (Sandvig and Nyerup 1780; see Boberg 1953, 156). Although Sandvig began work with Danish ballads in the context of the German work on folk ballads, it was Nyerup who carried the torch into the early nineteenth century (Boberg 1953, 156).

Nyerup, like Sandvig, was trained by Suhm. He spent the majority of his career as a librarian at the Royal Library and the University of Copenhagen library. In the late eighteenth century Nyerup revisited Sandvig’s ballads and published a supplemental volume (Boberg 1953, 157). Along with Werner H. F. Abrahamson and Knud Lyne Rahbeck, he produced the first multivolume Scandinavian ballad collection, *Udvalgte danske Viser fra Middelalderen* (*Selected Danish Ballads from the Middle Ages*) (Abrahamson, Nyerup, and Lyne Rahbeck 1812–1814). Nyerup was also instrumental in the developing network of international folklorists, acting as a contact to both the Swede Artur Afzelius and the Grimm brothers in Germany (Boberg 1953, 157). In 1821 Nyerup revisited Vedel’s and Syv’s collections, producing, with P. E. Rasmussen, *Udvalg af danske Viser fra Midten af det 16de Aarhundrede til benimod Midten af det 18de, med Melo-*

dier (*Selection of Danish Ballads from the Middle of the Sixteenth Century to the Middle of the Eighteenth Century with Melodies*). This work included not only Syv's and Vedel's main collections but also the ballads from *Tragica* and *Hjertebog*. Unlike the later editions produced by Svend Grundtvig that had little editorial intrusion into the language of the ballads, Nyerup took a page from the Germans Ludwig Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano, co-editors of a collection of German ballads entitled *Des Knaben Wunderhorn: Alte Deutsche Lieder* (*The Boy's Magical Horn: Old German Songs*; 1806–1808), and edited the ballads according to his own poetic aesthetic (Boberg 1953, 158).

If Nyerup was the leading figure in ballad study at the turn of the nineteenth century, then Just Mathias Thiele (1795–1874) was the leading figure in collecting other forms of folklore. Unlike Nyerup, who focused primarily on publishing editions of earlier manuscripts, and N. F. S. Grundtvig, who was largely engaged in developing a coherent theological project, Thiele put his efforts into collecting. In contrast to the general emphasis on folk ballads and fairy tales across Europe at the start of the nineteenth century, Thiele decided to emphasize prose narrative, particularly legends. He had experienced a difficult childhood and by 1816 had left school. He was able to secure a small position at the Royal Library, where he began copying legends from old manuscripts and supplementing these written records with his own collections from Sjælland (Bricka, Laursen, and Steenstrup 1887–1905, vol. 17, 185). In 1817 he published *Prøver af danske Folkesagn* (*Samples of Danish Folk Legends*), with a foreword written by Nyerup. That same year, N. F. S. Grundtvig published a call for all Danes to collect legends and proverbs from their local regions and send them to the library at the University of Copenhagen (Skar 1968, 6).

In 1818, Thiele, along with his friend Christian Molbech (1783–1857), made a series of trips around Denmark, collecting primarily legends from peasants throughout the country. These narratives formed the basis for his four-volume collection, *Danske Folkesagn* (1818–1823), which served as the model for Tang Kristensen's later work. In 1843 Thiele supplemented this collection with an additional three hundred legends organized systematically in a new two-volume edition entitled *Danmarks*

Folkesagn (1843; see also Skar 1968). Unlike Tang Kristensen, Thiele often concatenated legend variants in his editions to create complete versions. Similarly, his collecting methodology was at times less than thorough. In his foreword to the third volume of *Danske Folkesagn*, he wrote, “When an honest peasant begins to tell, I can more often than not, as soon as I have heard him start, say to him, “Be quiet now father! I’ll tell the rest!” And he’d be puzzled that I knew it just as well as he did” (quoted in Boberg 1953, 162).

Thiele’s role in Danish literary life should not be underestimated (Mortensen 2005). Critics observe that, along with N. F. S. Grundtvig’s editions of Saxo and Snorri, Thiele’s collection was one of the driving forces behind the *nationale gennembrud* (national breakthrough), a Danish literary movement that shifted the focus away from German romanticism and toward a romanticism focused more on Denmark (Skar 1968, 7). One of the main authors of this movement was Steen Steensen Blicher, the literary author who most inspired Tang Kristensen. Despite his initial interest in folklore, in later years Thiele became increasingly interested in art. With appointments at both the Royal Academy of Art and the Royal Library, he focused increasingly on collecting copper engravings. He had become a close friend of the Danish sculptor Bertel Thorvaldsen during his travels in Italy and the Netherlands, and when he returned to Denmark in the mid-1820s he continued working with Thorvaldsen, eventually executing his estate. He also continued his work as a dramatist, writing numerous plays that were performed at the Royal Theater. Besides his biography of Thorvaldsen, however, Thiele’s best-known and clearly most important contribution to Danish culture is his collection of legends.

One of Thiele’s foremost collectors from the island of Fyn was Mathias Winther (1795–1834), who was otherwise known as a scandalmonger in the popular press with his magazine *Raketten*. Trained as a surgeon, Winther focused his attention on Danish fairy tales, publishing a small collection entitled *Danske Folkeeventyr* in 1823. Despite his claim that all the fairy tales in the collection were of Danish origin, several of them also appear in the collections of the Grimms and W. A. Hoffmann (Boberg 1953, 166). Several of Winther’s fairy tales in turn inspired Hans

Christian Andersen (1805–1875), who had begun his reworkings of fairy tales that would soon prove to be literary masterpieces. Winther, perhaps a bit ahead of the curve, did not receive the same market interest that Andersen later did, and he abandoned his attempt to produce a second volume of fairy tales.

Thiele's friend Christian Molbech, who was otherwise interested mainly in early Nordic literature, decided to continue Winther's work with fairy tale editions. In 1843 he produced a well-received edition of international fairy tales, *Udvalgte Eventyr (Selected Folktales)*, which was followed by a second edition just over a decade later, in 1854. Molbech also set the stage for later work on Danish dialects with his *Dansk dialect-lexikon (Danish Dialect Lexicon; 1833–1841)*, a forerunner to Henning Feilberg's *Bidrag til en ordbog over jyske almuesmål (Contribution to a Dictionary of Jutlandic Peasant Dialect; 1977 [1886–1914])*. Molbech also founded the Danish Historical Association, the association that led Jens Peter Trap (1810–1885) to produce his important chorographic encyclopedia of Denmark. Near the end of his life, Molbech published an important collection of Danish proverbs and rhymes, *Danske Ordsprog, Tankesprog og Riimsprog (Danish Proverbs, Apophthegms and Rhymes; 1850)* (Boberg 1953, 167). But despite Thiele's and Molbech's work on more narrative genres, Danish folklorists' attention soon returned to ballads.

Among the folklorists most interested in ballads were the lyric Romantic poets Christian Winther (1796–1876), who would later develop a significant following with his epic poem *Hjortens flugt (The Stag's Flight)*, and Adam Oehlenschläger (1779–1850), whom most critics regarded as Denmark's foremost Romantic poet. Interestingly, Winther's 1840 edition of heroic ballads, *Kjæmpeviser (Heroic Ballads)*, and Oehlenschläger's edition of Danish ballads, *Gamle danske Folkeviser (Old Danish Folk Ballads)*, appeared at the same time. The editions were not based on original fieldwork but rather were compendiums of otherwise well-known ballads. Not surprisingly, the texts were heavily edited to meet their compilers' poetic aesthetic demands. Both Oehlenschläger's poetry, inspired directly by Goethe, and Winther's relied heavily on Nordic mythology and folklore for motifs.

These two ballad editions sparked a renewed interest in ballads and

led to a great deal of discussion about the desirability of a comprehensive edition of Danish ballads. Discussions focused primarily on the editorial principles that should inform such an edition. The Society for the Advancement of Danish Literature, founded in 1827 by Rasmus Nyerup, became the center for these discussions (Boberg 1953, 167). Although Thiele and Molbech both began considering how they would proceed with such an edition, and the literary historian N. M. Petersen published some thoughts on possible editorial principles, their work was soon eclipsed by the ideas of Svend Grundtvig (Boberg 1953, 167–68).

Svend Hersleb Grundtvig (1824–1883), the second oldest of N. F. S. Grundtvig's sons, quickly became the most important folklorist in the Nordic region.¹¹ As a fifteen-year-old, Svend had already begun comparing published versions of ballads with the versions contained in an old handwritten manuscript that his father had acquired in 1839 (Boberg 1953, 168). He quickly recognized that significant differences could exist between published versions and their underlying manuscript versions and that many of the ballads in the original manuscript had never been published. Soon he decided to “produce both a critical and a popular edition of all the Danish ballads, and to publish the English, Scottish, Faeroese and Icelandic ballads . . . both in their original language and in Danish translation, along with a critical dissertation about the Nordic ballads” (Boberg, 1953, 169). He began with a translation of the English and Scottish ballads (1842–1846), work that was greatly helped by a fortuitous trip he made to England in 1842 with his father.

In 1843, together with Christian Siegfried Ley, Grundtvig published a critique of the current status of Danish ballad scholarship entitled “Om Kæmpeviserne til danske Mænd og Qvinder” (Concerning the Heroic Ballads to Danish Men and Women). The essay, which was published in the periodical *Dansk folkeblad*, included a proclamation calling on all Danes to collect ballads as part of an important national endeavor to preserve the vestiges of the earliest Nordic poesy.¹² Grundtvig's conception of the project was at once deeply nationalistic and pan-Nordic:

¹¹ An excellent biography of Svend Grundtvig can be found in Strömbäck et al. 1971, 189–224.

¹² *Dansk folkeblad* was a well-known national, liberal weekly in the mid-nineteenth

“As it turns out, the Nordic region has a song treasure from the middle ages to which no other folk can compare their own, and our southern neighbors must confess in defeat that this is something they understand perfectly well, although they can console themselves with the fact that altogether our ancient mythology and our medieval song cycles belong to ‘the greater Germania’” (quoted by Ellekilde in Grundtvig and Ellekilde 1944–1948, vol. 1, 7–8). He continued with his call for people to begin collecting ballads and asked them to send these collections to him, justifying the request with strong nationalistic rhetoric: “There still lives within the folk, and most noticeably in the older people among them, a great deal of this national treasure mentioned here, and therefore it is of the utmost importance for us and the cause . . . [to understand] where and how it has been preserved in living form on the folk’s tongue until this day. It is therefore our entreaty to all who feel warmly toward the fatherland and its spiritual possessions that they will send us all things related to this that they either know or could come to know about. Just a single verse as it is sung among the folk, regardless of whether it belongs to a previously printed or previously known ballad—if at all possible with the melody, since the melody is so thoroughly and importantly connected to the folk poesy—would be an important contribution to the history of the ballad” (quoted by Ellekilde in Grundtvig and Ellekilde 1944–1948, vol. 1, 8). Grundtvig’s accompanying critique of the state of Danish ballad editions and research resulted in 1846 in an invitation from the Society for the Advancement of Danish Literature to submit a proposal for a new Danish ballad edition (Boberg 1953, 170).

Grundtvig’s proposal for the ballad edition was predicated on his developing ideas of the need to publish all variants in their entirety, with no editorial intervention. This approach marked a sharp departure from that of the more literary-minded scholars who came before him. As

century, produced by the Society for the Freedom of the Press (Selskabet for Trykkefrihedens rette Brug). The periodical had, as one of its main goals, public education. At the time, it was edited by Ditlev Gothard Monrad (1811–1887). Monrad was later charged with drafting the democratic Constitution of 1849 and is often referred to as the father of the Danish Constitution. In 1999 the extreme right-wing party Dansk folkeparti appropriated the name of the periodical, *Dansk folkeblad*, for its bi-monthly journal.

Boberg noted, however, this approach was consonant with Grundtvig's developing theory of folklore composition, namely, that "the folk is actually the author; all of it has come to us from the folk's mouth, this testimony that, from generation to generation, developed and propagated it" (Grundtvig, quoted in Boberg 1953, 170). Grundtvig clearly subscribed to a superorganic view of folklore, attributing little import to the individuals who composed or performed ballads. Rather, he saw in each recording of a ballad the possibility for cumulatively developing a clearer picture of the ultimately anonymous and essentially collective composition behind these songs. Many years later, this reluctance to recognize the role of the individual in tradition led to a great deal of tension between him and his most prolific collector, Tang Kristensen.

Grundtvig's proposal for a thorough ballad edition was not without its critics. Foremost among them was Molbech, who believed the edition should include only a single variant of each ballad, chosen and refined by the editor into the best example of any given ballad type. Although Molbech had many important literary figures on his side in this dispute, Grundtvig, too, had several formidable allies. These included the novelist and poet Bernhard Severin Ingemann, several leading folklorists, including George Stephens and Gunnar Hyltén-Cavallius, and his father. The dispute of Grundtvig and his supporters versus Molbech and his supporters was eventually dubbed the "battle of the ballad" (Petersen 1905). Fortunately for modern folkloristics, Grundtvig prevailed, and his proposal was accepted. When word came down of the acceptance, Grundtvig was serving as a front-line lieutenant in the Danish army; along with being an excellent folklore scholar, he apparently was a gifted officer, being knighted for meritorious service in one of the most notorious battles of the Three Years' War (1848–1850), the Battle of Isted (Grundtvig and Ellekilde 1944–1948, vol. 1, 10).

As soon as the war was over, Grundtvig set to work, making use of the many ballads that had begun to stream into his offices in the aftermath of his folkloric call to arms six years earlier. The first volume of *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser* (*Denmark's Old Folk Ballads*; hereafter abbreviated DgF), as the multivolume edition was soon to be called, appeared in 1853 (Grundtvig et al. 1966–1976 [1853–1976]). Not surprisingly, this first vol-

ume focused on the *kæmpeviser*, or heroic ballads; Grundtvig considered these to be the oldest and therefore the most important ballads in the context of national poetic treasure. In keeping with his proposal, the volume included thirty-two ballad types, with numerous variant attestations and with thorough historical and source critical essays for each type. The next full volume appeared in 1856 and followed a publication model that soon became the norm for DgF, in which portions of full volumes were released in installments over a number of years. In this case, thirty-nine ballads of the second volume came out in 1854, and an additional forty-three were published two years later. The ballads in this volume were largely about supernatural beings.

As work on DgF progressed, the number of variants Grundtvig considered increased dramatically, as did the thoroughness of his academic apparatus. Grundtvig did not complete the third volume for another six years. That volume, which focused on historical ballads, appeared in installments between 1858 and 1863 and contained sixty-eight ballad types discussed in 933 pages. The last volume that Grundtvig was able to finish before his untimely death in 1883 focused on courtly ballads. By then, he had developed an elaborate network of collectors, foremost among them Tang Kristensen, as well as a cadre of competent young scholars, foremost among them Axel Olrik.

Grundtvig did not focus solely on folk ballads, even though they took up an increasingly large amount of his time. Already in 1844 he recognized that his work would be far too one-dimensional if he concentrated solely on ballads (Grundtvig and Ellekilde 1944–1948, vol. 1, 9). Consequently, he decided that an equally aggressive collecting effort should be launched, focusing on other folkloric genres: legends, folktales, and rhymes (Grundtvig and Ellekilde 1944–1948, vol. 1, 9–10). In 1854 he published the first volume of a three-volume work, *Gamle danske Minder i Folkemunde* (*Old Danish Memories in the Mouths of the Folk*; 1854–1861). In the foreword to this small collection of fairy tales, legends, and ballads, he wrote, “There isn’t a parish, not a town, not even a house in all of the Danish kingdom where some memory of the old days doesn’t live: an old fairy tale, one legend or another, or, as our forefathers called it, old chit-chat; yes, in many places there might even be an old ballad which hasn’t

been learned from books but has been heard sung by an old aunt or grandmother. . . . there is still a lot of the old that hasn't been completely forgotten, even though it is only the old people who know anything about it; the elderly know the most and the youngest know the least about these things. . . . it seems that it won't be long now before there won't be half as many of the old memories in the mouths of the folk as there are now; and they are getting less and less clear, more confused. Each and every old woman who is buried in the ground, she takes some of it with her to the grave" (Grundtvig 1854–1861, vol. 1, 1–2).

In this passage, Grundtvig clearly emphasized two of the most common ideas that informed Danish folkloristics at the time: that older informants were better informants, and that folklore was disappearing. Because of this threat of disappearance, Grundtvig also included an appeal to readers to contribute to his collections: "So now it is high time to think about what can be done to save [folklore] from the looming threat of being forgotten. And it is clear enough what should be done, namely, to immediately start in and get all the old memories written down as accurately and completely as they can currently be found. . . . The main thing is that people get to work and write these things down; but I want to add one more suggestion, that these recordings be entrusted to me, and I will make sure that they are eventually printed and that these come into the hands of those who send their recordings to me" (Grundtvig 1854–1861, vol. 1, 2–4). Although this call to action was not nearly as emotional as the first, it had a similar effect, and many people throughout the country began collecting folklore in earnest and sending their collections to Grundtvig.¹³

Grundtvig's work with *Gamle danske Minder i Folkemunde* gathered steam over the next seven years, with the second volume appearing in

13 In *Danske Folkesagn 1839–1883* (Grundtvig and Ellekilde 1944–1948, 47–48, 57–61), Ellekilde provided a thorough accounting of all the collectors who sent material to Grundtvig. He also broke the collecting that supplied Grundtvig's legend and folktale collections, particularly *Gamle danske Minder i Folkemunde*, into three periods: a golden age (1854–1857), a silver age (1857–1864) and an iron age (1865–1883). The last period included Tang Kristensen, and the designation "iron age" reflected Ellekilde's critical stance toward him.

1857 and the third and final volume in 1861. The foreword to the 1861 volume is significant, for in it Grundtvig used for the first time the term *folkeminder* (folklore) as an umbrella term for all the traditional expressions with which he had been working: "The editor would here like to mention the various floors in this barn, the rooms in that museum, he hopes he has established for all of Denmark's folklore [*folkeminder*]" (Grundtvig 1854–1861, vol. 3, iv). His representation of the collection as both a barn and a museum is an intriguing concatenation of the emerging idea of the museum and the rural notion of the barn. This museum was to house "Denmark's ballads, from old and new sources . . . Denmark's fairy tales in a complete edition . . . Denmark's legends, in both old and new recordings, organized according to content, as well as to location . . . Denmark's folklife, comprising all the information from the past and the present that can be collected concerning the folk's customs and habits . . . Denmark's folk beliefs . . . [and] Denmark's proverbs and sayings" (Grundtvig 1854–1861, vol. 3, iv). It is hard to miss the heavy emphasis on the national in this catalog of genres.

Because of the increasing demands of *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, as well as his military duties during the Schleswig wars and his professorial duties at the University of Copenhagen, where he had received an appointment in 1862, Grundtvig was unable to continue his work on other folkloric genres (Boberg 1953, 173; Grundtvig and Ellekilde 1944–1948, vol. 1, 10). He did, however, manage to complete an index of the Danish fairy tales (Lunding 1910), an important precursor to Antti Aarne's (1910) classic *Verzeichnis des Märchentypen* (Boberg 1953, 173). This index was also a precursor to three small volumes of fairy tales that Grundtvig published in 1876, 1878, and 1884 under the title *Danske Folkeeventyr* (*Danish Folktales*). Unlike the ballads in *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, which were accompanied by an extremely detailed scholarly apparatus, the fairy tales in these collections completely lack commentary and apparatus, revealing Grundtvig's desire to reach nonscholars as well. The same popularizing ethos motivated his publication of *Danske Kæmpeviser* (*Danish Heroic Ballads*; 1867) and *Danmarks Folkeviser i Udvalg* (*Selected Danish Folk Ballads*; 1882).

Although much of Grundtvig's rhetoric was clearly marked by nationalism, he was in some regards more a pan-Scandinavianist than a

pure Danish nationalist. The pan-Scandinavian movement, which was supported by the periodical *Fædrelandet*, was liberal in its outlook and received a significant boost during the Three Years' War when Sweden and Norway pledged assistance to the Danish war effort.¹⁴ Grundtvig's Scandinavian interests are most apparent in his collaboration with the Icelander Jón Sigurðsson, with whom he published a scholarly edition of Icelandic ballads, *Íslenszk fornkvæði* (*Medieval Icelandic Ballads*) (Grundtvig, Sigurðsson, and Pálsson 1854–1859). Grundtvig, like his father before him, was also interested in the Edda and had a close collaboration with Sophus Bugge, whose 1867 critical edition was an important scholarly resource for the study of Nordic mythology. Grundtvig's other clearly pan-Nordic work was with his brother-in-law Jørgen Bloch, focusing on Faeroese ballads.

At the time of his death from an acute case of dysentery, Grundtvig was deeply involved in DgF and still intended to return to the publication of other genres (Tang Kristensen 1923–1928, vol. 2, 354). Although Grundtvig's scholarly endeavors, particularly DgF, passed quickly into the competent hands of Axel Olrik, his other collections were left to gather dust. Many of the other legend and fairy tale recordings he had received from collectors throughout Denmark—and continued to receive even after the publication of the third volume of *Gamle danske Minder i Folkemunde*—remained unpublished during his lifetime. In the 1940s, Hans Ellekilde, at the Danish Folklore Archives, produced a two-volume edition of Grundtvig's legends, *Danske Folkesagn, 1839–1883* (Grundtvig and Ellekilde 1944–1948). Otherwise, many of the collections sent to Grundtvig were incorporated by Tang Kristensen in his published editions (Grundtvig and Ellekilde 1944–1948, vol. 1, 57–60).

Although there can be no question that Svend Grundtvig was the leading figure in Danish folklore for a large part of the nineteenth century, he was not the only one working on the scholarly side of the equation. Apart from Tang Kristensen, both Henning Feilberg (1831–1921) and Axel Olrik (1864–1917) deserve particular attention.¹⁵ Feilberg is

14 The movement suffered a fatal blow during the Schleswig war of 1864 when Sweden refused to come to Denmark's assistance and Norway voiced similar reluctance.

15 Excellent biographies of Feilberg and Olrik, detailing their contributions to Nordic folklore studies, can be found in Strömbäck et al. 1971, 225–38 and 259–96.

perhaps best known for his remarkable dictionary of Jutlandic dialect, *Ordbog over det jyske almuesmål* (1886–1914). Although his work originally focused on Sønder Jylland, it gradually expanded to include all of Jutland; his ultimate goal was a global dialect dictionary (Boberg 1953, 175). Although folklore collecting was an important part of his enterprise, his collecting emphasized folklife rather than narrative genres. In 1889 he published one of the first ethnographic descriptions of Danish agricultural life, *Dansk Bondeliv, saaledes som det i Mands Minde førtes navnlig i Vestjylland* (*Danish Farmer's Life as It Was Remembered to Have Been Particularly in West Jutland*); he expanded it in 1899 with additional details about family celebrations, and this was later published in a multivolume edition (1910–1913). His descriptions of rural life in nineteenth-century Denmark, along with his work on dialects, stand as Feilberg's enduring legacy. In 1892, because of liver disease, he was forced to abandon his position as minister in Darum, and he moved to Askov *højskole*, one of the more important folk high schools that had been established on the basis of N. F. S. Grundtvig's ideas about education for young men and women in rural Denmark.

At Askov, Feilberg was able not only to focus intensely on his dialect dictionary but also, because of the constant influx of students from the countryside, to collect a great deal of information about local customs and folk beliefs. In 1904 he published a comprehensive work on Danish Christmas traditions, *Jul* (Feilberg 1962 [1904]). Feilberg was deeply influenced by both E. B. Tylor's and Andrew Lang's ideas, as well as more broad-ranging ideas about the connection between early cultures and nature. In his book on yule customs, Feilberg proposed that these celebrations were originally held to drive off evil spirits, in contrast to other theories that considered the festivals in the context of sun worship (Boberg 1953, 178). He followed this book with two equally thorough works on Danish legends and folk beliefs. *Bjærgtagen* (1910) situated Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian legends about and beliefs in "Alffolk" (mound folk, hidden folk, elves) in the broader context of Celtic and Icelandic folk belief and provided an interpretation of these supernatural beings in the context of humans' relationship to nature. The second book, *Sjæleetro* (1914), was a much wider-ranging comparative study of belief in spirits.

At the very end of his life, he produced a thorough examination of the Danish house spirit, the *nisse*. This work, *Nissens historie* (1918), is useful more for Feilberg's thorough description of folk beliefs surrounding this figure than for his attempts to locate the origins of the beliefs. Alongside this theoretically speculative work, Feilberg continued collecting for his dialect dictionary. His additional note cards, recording entries that were not included in *Jyske almuesmål*, form the basis of more recent dialect dictionaries.

While Feilberg is remembered for the remarkable thoroughness of his work—particularly in his dialect dictionary—Axel Olrik (1864–1917) is well known for his scholarly approach to the interpretation of folk narrative. Olrik managed to study at the University of Copenhagen with Grundtvig before Grundtvig's death, learning about the Edda as well as the folk ballads. Once Olrik received his *Magister konferens* degree, a degree akin to the PhD, in 1887, he was officially placed in charge of DgF, a position he had already assumed de facto after Grundtvig died. By 1890 Olrik had completed the fifth volume of DgF, and before his own untimely death in 1917 he completed three additional volumes (vols. 5–8; Boberg 1953, 187). In the first decades of the twentieth century Olrik refined a motif-historical method for the historical interpretation of ballads; as Boberg (1953, 188) described it, “Olrik's method is based on the idea of including only the motifs that the different recordings share, as well as the necessary connections between them.” This method of concatenation on the basis of similar strophes diverged from Grundtvig's method of concatenating all attested strophes and from the method of the Danish philologist Ernst von der Recke, in which identical strophes from multiple variants were rejected (Boberg 1953, 188).

Olrik did not limit his work to folk ballads but also worked on early Nordic mythological poetry, including Saxo's *Chronicle*. His first significant academic work was an attempt to trace the sources for Saxo: in 1892 and 1894, respectively, he published the two volumes of his dissertation, *Kilderne til Sakses Oldhistorie. En Literaturhistorisk Undersøgelse* (*The Sources of Saxo's Ancient History: A Literary Historical Study*). Echoing the earlier work of P. E. Müller, Olrik concluded that Saxo had a great deal of Icelandic material at hand and intertwined that material with both

Danish and Norwegian folk belief and legend. Olrik's engagement with Old Icelandic literature was intensive and intersected with his studies of Danish ballads; one of his goals was to trace the intersections between Danish tradition and other Nordic literary and oral traditions, in order to "represent the Danish kings' legends across their entire development, to distinguish between new and old, between Danish poesy and Nordic addenda, between historic basis and the shifting layers of poetic revision, and to show the reasons for all these reshapings—in short, to write the history of Danish heroic poetry" (Olrik, quoted in Boberg 1953, 190). The result of this engagement was his unfinished work, *Danmarks Heltedigtning* (*Denmark's Heroic Poetry*; 1903).

Olrik's interest in Saxo and early Nordic literature, along with his deep involvement with DgF, fueled his interest in prose folk traditions. Perhaps his best-known examination of a fairy tale is his 1904 article "Kong Lindorm" (King Wivern), in the journal *Danske Studier*, an article that resonates with more modern Danish fairy tale scholarship (Holbek 1987). Olrik's classic work, "Episke love i folkedigtningen" (Epic Laws in Folk Poesy) was presented in Berlin in 1908 and published the same year in *Danske Studier*. The title echoes that of an earlier series of lectures given by Moltke Moe in 1897, "Episke Grundlove" (Epic Fundamental Laws).¹⁶ Although Olrik agreed with Moe's concept of "laws" (*love*) governing folk poetic composition, his 1908 article focused more on formal rules: the "law of contrasts" (good vs. bad, big vs. small, etc.); the "law of repetition"; the "law of three"; the "law of back weighting." Olrik continued working on these principles, refining them over several years of lecturing at the University of Copenhagen, where he had been appointed docent in 1897.¹⁷ His notes on the subject were organized and published after his death as *Nogle grundsætninger for sagnforskning* (*Some Principles for Legend Research*; 1921).

Even though Olrik was largely occupied with Old Icelandic literature, with a particular emphasis on the mythological, he was actively involved

¹⁶ These lectures were not published until 1914–1917, in the journal *Edda*, giving the illusion that Olrik was the first to present the notion of foundational "laws" in epic or folk composition (Chesnutt 1999).

¹⁷ Olrik was appointed professor in 1913.

in creating the infrastructure for modern folkloristics in Denmark and the Nordic region. In 1904 he had helped found *Danske Studier*, which became a leading journal for theoretical and philological studies related to Nordic folklore and mythology. Soon thereafter, along with Feilberg and H. O. Lange, he founded the Dansk folkemindesamling, the archive that soon housed all of Svend Grundtvig's collections and later Tang Kristensen's. While directing the archive, Olrik continued as professor of folklore (*folkeminder*) at the university, thereby wedding the theoretical study of folkloristics to the practical side of collecting and archiving. To support collecting, Olrik established the Foreningen Danmarks Folkeminder in 1908, and the following year he co-founded the international folklore society Folklore Fellows with his colleagues Kaarle Krohn (1863–1933, Finland), Carl Wilhelm von Sydow (1878–1952, Sweden), and Johannes Bolte (1858–1937, Germany).

Although Olrik was an exceptional theoretician, a thorough philologist, and an expert administrator, he was demonstrably weak at folklore collecting. In May 1888, when he was just getting his feet wet as main editor of DgF, he contacted Tang Kristensen and asked if he could accompany him on a field trip. Tang Kristensen agreed but turned out to be a hard taskmaster. Tang Kristensen described their trip extensively in *Minder og Oplevelser* (1923–1928, vol. 2, 365–66; vol. 3, 180–83), criticizing Olrik for his lack of endurance and slowness in recording. Later examinations of Olrik's field notes from this trip reveal, however, that his slowness was attributable to the extraordinary attention he paid to detail during the storytelling sessions. Ultimately, Olrik abandoned both the field trip and any aspirations he held to being a fieldworker and returned to the more comfortable realm of archival work.

Olrik, like his mentor Grundtvig, died young and suddenly. His wife had died in 1911, and in 1913 his longtime friend and colleague Moltke Moe died. Olrik retreated from Copenhagen and bought a small farm in Øverød (Boberg 1953, 193). After a trip to Oslo in 1916, he fell ill. A subsequent ear operation led to an infection, which in turn led to his death in February 1917. There were few scholars of Olrik's caliber who could take up where he left off, and although DgF continued under the editorial auspices of Hakon Grüner-Nielsen, Olrik's death, along with those of

Feilberg in 1921 and Tang Kristensen in 1929, marked the end of an era of extraordinary development in folklore collection, archiving, and study in Denmark (Holbek 1990, 7).

Evald Tang Kristensen

By the time of his death in 1929, Tang Kristensen had become the single most prolific collector of folklore in Europe, if not in the world. Over the course of a collecting career that spanned nearly five decades, he recorded ballads, folktales, legends, rhymes, proverbs, games, cures, prayers, jocular tales (*schwank*), descriptions of daily life, and every other possible type of folklore on tens of thousands of pages in his field diaries and on loose pieces of paper. He collected from more than three and a half thousand people, and hundreds more sent him their smaller collections of local folklore. In most surveys of Tang Kristensen's work, his collection is summarized as comprising "three thousand ballads with one thousand melodies, two thousand seven hundred folktales, two thousand five hundred jocular tales, twenty-five thousand legends, countless proverbs, rhymes, and riddles, along with tens of thousands of recordings of customs and daily life; in addition, he collected people's own handwritten manuscripts, small publications, and musical notes and also was sent a great deal of material" (Bricka, Engelstoft, and Dahl 1933–1944, vol. 9, 501; Rockwell 1982, xii).¹⁸

This accounting of the collection leaves out an important aspect of Tang Kristensen's work—namely, that as part of the enterprise, he wrote short biographical notes about nearly all the people to whom he talked, obsessively kept track of his travels, and tried to write down everything

18 Counting these records is a fuzzy endeavor, because classifying various expressions into genre categories, as well as deciding when a story starts and ends, is not straightforward. These metrics, accordingly, are only a loose gauge of the comprehensiveness of Tang Kristensen's collection. Tang Kristensen himself broke many of his field recordings into small story snippets, and subsequent publications have taken his lead. In this work I try to address this problem by presenting the stories in the order in which they were told and allowing readers an opportunity to study the original manuscript recordings. One can then decide whether to break stories out or leave them in the flow of performance.

people told him. In later years he indexed large parts of his collection and wrote a four-volume memoir, *Minder og Oplevelser* (1923–1928; hereafter abbreviated MO), which acts almost as a Rosetta stone for navigating his vast material.¹⁹ The real value of his collection lies in the possibility it offers for reconstructing his collecting trips, putting the stories he collected back into their original performance contexts, and linking them to people and places. By these means it opens an unparalleled window into the day-to-day lives of late nineteenth-century rural Danes and illuminates their appeal to folklore as a deep cultural resource for commenting on and understanding changes in the social and physical environments that shaped their everyday experiences.

Tang Kristensen's collecting efforts spanned all of Denmark, reaching south into the contested provinces of Schleswig-Holstein and north into the farthest reaches of Skagen, traversing the heaths of central Jutland, hopping across the islands of south-central Denmark, and reaching east to Sjælland and even Copenhagen. Despite the geographical range of his work, the great majority of his collecting was focused on the central and northerly provinces of Jutland. Indeed, it would not be inaccurate to characterize his collection as primarily one of Jutlandic folklore. During the course of his collecting career, he made nearly two hundred multiday field trips to different parts of the country—the first in 1871 and the last in 1916. Although he had collected riddles from schoolmates when he was a youngster in 1854 or 1855 (MO, vol. 1, 162), his first real field experience collecting folklore came in 1867 when, at the urging of his mother, he collected ballads from “Gamle [Old] Maren” Jonster Pedersdatter, his mother's elderly neighbor in the central Jutland village of Søgaard, just south of Viborg (MO, vol. 2, 41–42). By his own admission, this first foray into the field set him on the path to his lifelong engagement with folklore: “That visit in Brandstrup turned out to have great meaning for me, as it ultimately gave me the push to take hold of that endeavor that I can with good reason call my life's work” (MO, vol. 2, 41).

Tang Kristensen was not only a prolific collector but also a prodigious

19 I say “almost” because *Minder og Oplevelser* is anything but short and is written in a remarkably affectless manner. It has no organization other than straightforward chronology, so one easily gets lost in the minutia of Tang Kristensen's daily life.

editor and publisher of his collections. Indeed, one of the hallmarks of his work is his involvement with the material from collection through archiving, organizing, editing, and publishing. His intense engagement with the materials not only allows one to trace his shifting attitudes toward folklore and the scholarly establishment in Copenhagen; it also limits the number of hands (and variables) with which one must contend in examining the chain from telling to collecting to publishing. Fortunately for later scholarship, Tang Kristensen was obsessive about accuracy and kept surprisingly detailed notes about his travels and the people he met, even though the prevailing ideas about folklore at the time did little to encourage this type of attention to individuals. He was greatly influenced by Svend Grundtvig's ideas about recording all the variants of a given expression and took this approach to its logical conclusion: every folkloric utterance was of significant value, and every individual could make a contribution to tradition. This comprehensive approach, so evident in his field diaries, is also evident in his published collections.

Tang Kristensen's first publication was a forty-page pamphlet of folk ballads entitled *Jydske Folkeviser, Toner, Sagn og Æventyr* (*Jutlandic Folk Ballads, Melodies, Legends, and Folktales*), which he published in 1868 using his own funds. This book was followed in the same year by an equally slim volume entitled simply *Jydske Folkeviser og Toner* (*Jutlandic Folk Ballads and Melodies*).²⁰ Although Tang Kristensen continued to finance many of his publications himself throughout his life, he fairly quickly began receiving subventions from societies, foundations, and the Danish parliament. Although he never made much money from his publications, he was able to publish seventy-nine volumes of folklore (E. Tang Kristensen and J. Tang Kristensen 1943, 100–103). The most important and substantial of these collections are *Jydske Folkeminder* (*Jutlandic Folklore*; 13 volumes, 1871–1897), *Skattegraveren* (*The Treasure Hunter*; 12 volumes, 1884–1889, and supplement, 1890), *Danske ordsprog og mundbeld* (*Dan-*

20 The second title was more accurate than the first, because the first volume included only ballads and melodies. These two volumes, which sold poorly, were bound together and added to the front of *Jydske Folkeviser og Toner* (1871), the first volume of his thirteen-volume *Jydske Folkeminder*. Fortunately, the ballads in the first two pamphlets were numbered consecutively.

ish Proverbs and Sayings; 1890), *Danske sagn* (*Danish Legends*; 7 volumes, 1892–1901, with an expanded index added as an eighth volume to an edition published in 1980), *Gamle folks fortællinger om det jyske almueliv* (*Old People's Stories about Jutlandic Peasant Life*; 6 volumes, 1891–1894, and 6 supplementary volumes, 1900–1902), *Kuriøse Overhøringer i Skole og Kirke* (*Curious Examinations in School and Church*; 2 volumes, 1892, 1899), *Molbo- og Aggerbob historier* (*Molbo and Aggerbo Stories*; 2 volumes, 1892, 1903), *Fra Bindestue og Kølle* (*From the Knitting Room and Malt House*; 2 volumes, 1896, 1897), *Gamle Raad for Sygdomme hos Mennesket* (*Old Advice for Human Illness*; 1922), *Gamle Kildevæld* (*Old Wellsprings*; 1927), and *Danske sagn. Ny Række* (*Danish Legends. New Series*; 7 volumes, 1928–1939). The last five volumes of this last work were edited and published posthumously by his son Johannes. Not included in these collections are the substantial numbers of ballad variants that Grundtvig included in *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*. Collectively, these volumes constitute the most comprehensive overview of late nineteenth-century Danish folklore.

Folklore Genres

Genre was among the main concerns of the earliest Danish folklorists, starting with Anders Sørensen Vedel and his 1591 collection of Danish ballads. The term *genre* was not in use at the time, but Vedel had at least a general idea of the types of songs that interested him. The classificatory zeal that has marked a great deal of folkloric work up through the twentieth century received its initial impetus from the natural sciences and the taxonomic work of the Swede Carl Linnæus (Carl von Linné, 1707–1778). Linnæus's work on the classification of organisms (Linné 1758) also appealed to literary scholars, including those who, during the last decades of the eighteenth century and up through the nineteenth century, became interested in the traditional expressive culture of the peasantry.

Concerning literary genre study, Robert Allen (1989, 44) points out that “for most of its 2,000 years, genre study has been primarily nominological and typological in function. That is to say, it has taken as its principal task the division of the world of literature into types and the naming of

those types—much as the botanist divides the realm of flora into varieties of plants.” The same applies to the study of folklore, in which genre classification became not only an overarching organizational principle for folklore collections but also a system for focusing collecting efforts. The earliest Danish collections were all genre based. Accordingly, from the very beginning of the folkloric enterprise in Denmark, one finds collections of ballads (Syv and Vedel), proverbs (Petersen), myths (Saxo and Grundtvig), and legends (Thiele).

Despite the early emphasis on genre-based collecting and publication, the definitions—or at least the characterizations—of recognized genres are fluid at best. In part the confusion concerning genres stems from a well-known phenomenon in folklore, namely, the distinction between etic (or scholarly) and emic (or popular) categories (Dundes 1962). In short, the terms that scholars use to classify the types of expressive culture can diverge from the terms used by nonscholars. For example, a farmer in northern Jutland might refer to all the stories he tells simply as *historier* (stories), whereas a collector or scholar might use a specific term such as legend, or *sagn*, to make the individual category more specific. Similarly, terms that scholars use might have different meanings in colloquial use. That same farmer might refer to a lullaby as a ballad, or *vise*, for example, while the collector reserves the term *ballad* for describing narrative songs. To add a final layer of confusion, the use of terms both emically and etically changes over time. What was meant by a legend (*sagn*) in scholarly or popular expression in the early nineteenth century may have been quite different from what the term means today.

Ballads and Folk Songs

In the introduction to the ninth volume of *Nordisk Kultur*, Knut Liestøl (1931, 3) provided a one-line definition of the folk ballad: “The term *folkevise* (folk ballad) here is taken to mean the epic-lyric ballad from the Middle Ages.” Liestøl had inherited his limited view of the folk ballad from Grundtvig’s *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, and it reflected the driving Romantic nationalist motivation behind the large ballad-collecting projects in Scandinavia throughout much of the nineteenth century. The definition is unnecessarily narrow and excludes a significant number

of the songs that Tang Kristensen collected and classified as ballads. It also reflects the prevailing scholarly sentiment that the older something was (or was purported to be), the more valuable it was. This approach obscures the wide range of sung expression that was common in rural nineteenth-century Denmark and ignores the important role that singing played for many people, whether they were singers themselves or just listeners. Finally, this characterization of the ballad genre as a predominantly medieval genre skewed scholarship toward the search for “original forms.”

The vast majority of scholarship on narrative songs, or ballads, in Denmark has focused on the historical dimension of the songs. Generally, ballads consist of a series of rhymed verses sung to a melody that is repeated for each verse. The verses of a ballad are often set off from one another by a chorus or refrain that is repeated at set intervals during the singing of the song, most frequently after each verse. Whereas the verse carries the main story line of the ballad’s narrative, the chorus usually makes an evaluative comment about the fate of the story’s characters or about their actions. Songs that did not tell a story and songs that related recent events in the manner of broadsides were frequently ignored or discounted by Danish ballad scholars as being “young” and of no historical value. Fortunately, Tang Kristensen did not make these types of value judgments about the songs his informants sang for him. Although Svend Grundtvig frequently rejected portions of Tang Kristensen’s collections on the grounds that they were not old enough or did not conform to his incipient view of the genre, Tang Kristensen published many of these songs in his own later collections, providing a broader view of the folk song traditions of Denmark.

The main theoretical approach taken toward Danish ballads is reflected in the twelve-volume, encyclopedic work *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser* (Grundtvig et al. 1966–1976). The majority of DgF is concerned with the collation of Danish ballad variants and the exhaustive documentation of historical attestations of particular ballads and ballad types throughout Europe. The study of particular word forms plays a small yet important role in the determination of a ballad’s “age” and reflects the largely philological basis for much of this historical scholarship.

Unlike more contemporary approaches to the study of folk song and folk music, the approach taken in DgF pays scant attention to music and is for the most part a study of ballad texts. This approach angered Tang Kristensen, who, early in his collecting, spent a great deal of time producing accurate written recordings of melodies. Grundtvig discarded these recordings after his musical consultant, A. P. Berggreen, evaluated the melodies as incorrect and of little merit. A greater appreciation of the relationship between folk song texts and the melodies to which they were sung informs more recent Danish scholarship, particularly that of Jens Henrik Koudal (1984).

Although most Danish folk ballad scholarship has focused almost exclusively on categorization and the historical dating of variants, several other productive avenues for understanding folk ballads in late nineteenth-century Denmark have been explored. An appreciation of the geographical distribution of folk ballads by DgF type is hinted at throughout DgF, and although this has not been realized in any cartographic manner, continued work on the Tang Kristensen collection should eventually allow for a fairly accurate mapping of all the ballad variants he collected from his numerous informants. Another worthwhile approach, again hinted at in DgF but not brought to fruition in any meaningful way, is to explore the relationship between ballad narrative and other genres of folk narrative. In particular, there is a strong relationship between *trylleviser* (magical ballads) and fairy tales. Similarly, motifs that occur in ballads, such as kidnapping and murder, are also fairly common in legends. Finally, the study of ballads in the context of an individual's larger folklore repertoire, an approach predicated on the study of folklore repertoire and pioneered by Nordic folklorists such as Tillhagen (1959), Pentikäinen (1971, 1978), Koudal (1984), Holbek (1987), and Kaivola-Bregenhøj (1996), is made possible by the materials presented in this publication. This type of repertoire-based study should reveal aspects of the interplay of genres in repertoire and the reasons why individuals choose one genre over another for expressing a particular idea. The latter issue is related to Linda Dégh and Andrew Vázsonyi's work on the multiconduit hypothesis of folklore transmission (1975).

Folktales and Fairy Tales

Folktale, and its subgenre the fairy tale, is perhaps the best known of all folk narrative genres. Folktale covers a wide range of expressions. Perhaps the easiest way to define the genre would be simply to point to Hans-Jörg Uther's *The Types of International Folktales. A Classification and Bibliography, Based on the System of Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson* (2004; abbreviated as "the Aarne-Thompson-Uther [ATU] index") and say that anything indexed there counts as a folktale. But such an approach would be neither helpful nor particularly informative. Folktales are fictional narratives that usually unfold in an unspecified place with unspecified characters. In many of them, magic is commonplace and not unexpected. In an overview of the study of folktales in Scandinavia, von Sydow wrote, "The fairy tale wants in the first instance to entertain its listeners with its amusing or wondrous contents without asking whether it is true or not. Therefore it usually mentions neither place nor person names. It concerns itself only with the plot. This also results in a difference in style: while the legend is short and often recounted in an utterly dry fashion, the fairy tale tries to make its representation as juicy and lively as possible" (Sydow 1931, 199). This very general characterization of the genre applies well to Tang Kristensen's collection of folktales. At the same time, it raises the issue of the gray areas that separate the boundaries between genres. Like Jacob Grimm (1816) before him, von Sydow appealed to a contrastive strategy in describing the folktale, opposing it to the legend.

In Danish, folktales are referred to as *eventyr*, a word that derives from the Latin *adventura*, also the root of the English word *adventure*. Although Grundtvig early on proposed a classification scheme for Danish folktales based in large part, unsurprisingly, on Tang Kristensen's collections, the system was incomplete (Lunding 1910). Fortunately, most scholarly interest in folktales has moved away from the early twentieth-century fascination with classification and typology, a fascination best exemplified by the ATU index and Stith Thompson's motif index (Thompson 1932; Uther 2004).

Two main structuralist approaches to the study of folk narrative developed during the middle part of the twentieth century. The first, often

referred to as syntagmatic structuralism, was developed by the Russian formalist Vladimir Propp (1895–1970). Basing his study on a collection of Siberian fairy tales made by his countryman Alexander Afanasyev (1826–1871), Propp (1928) proposed a “grammar” of the fairy tale. The general approach was to break fairy tales—those tales catalogued between numbers 300 and 749 in ATU and ending in a wedding—into their smallest constituent elements, which he labeled “functions.” He then presented four rules concerning these functions: “(1) Functions of character serve as stable, constant elements in a tale, independent of how and by whom they are fulfilled. . . . (2) The number of functions known to the fairy tale is limited. . . . (3) The sequence of functions is always identical. . . . (4) All fairy tales are of one type in regard to their structure” (Propp 1968, 21–23). As he moved through the Afanasyev corpus, Propp refined the approach and explained the thirty-one functions that described all the fairy tale characters and action. Not surprisingly, the implications of these rules are far reaching. Although Propp’s work was originally published in Russian in 1928, it did not receive much critical attention in the rest of Europe and North America until it appeared in English translation in 1958, as *The Morphology of the Folktale*. When it did appear, it inspired many scholars, including the French anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss and the American folklorist Alan Dundes.

Dundes, in his work on North American Indian folktales (1964), effectively built on the morphology proposed by Propp. By expanding on the term *motifeme*, first proposed by Kenneth Pike (1954), and recognizing its equivalence to Propp’s function, Dundes constructed an interpretive framework that allowed one to go beyond the simple mapping of functions as they appeared in a folktale. Although all folktales might be a single type in terms of their structure, significant variation still existed in the way functions (or motifemes) were filled, and by whom. Building on linguistic theory and on Pike’s precedent, Dundes labeled the observed phenomena that filled motifemic slots *allomotifs* (Dundes 1980 [1964], 59). The range of allomotifs available for any motifemic slot was conditioned by several factors, including tradition dominants (Eskeröd 1947, 81), a narrator’s tendencies as reflected in his or her repertoire, and audience expectations and responses. Studying the range of possible al-

lomotifs for any given motifemic slot within a tradition group or area could provide a deeper understanding of variation and of the psychological, social, political, and narrative forces that lead to such variation.

Claude Lévi-Strauss's structural approach to anthropology and mythology was no doubt influenced by Propp's syntagmatic structuralist approach as well. His approach to the study of myth is generally referred to as paradigmatic structuralism. In this approach, variants of myths from a target culture are coded according to binary oppositions. Such an approach led Lévi-Strauss to conclude, for example, that Zuni Indian myths focused on mediation between life and death. For him, "mythical thought always works from the awareness of oppositions towards their progressive mediation" (Lévi-Strauss 1958, 62). Yet as Dundes pointed out, Lévi-Strauss's paradigmatic structuralism is "certainly not easily intelligible and very probably not easily verified" (Dundes 1980 [1964], 47). Nevertheless, Lévi-Strauss's admonition that cultural expressions need to be studied in context is well worth heeding, and it informs a repertoire-centered approach to the study of folk narrative.

Perhaps the most important theoretical and analytical contribution yet made to the study of folktales came from the Danish scholar Bengt Holbek (1933–1992) in his book *Interpretation of Fairy Tales* (1987). His work was predicated on Tang Kristensen's collections, and his analytical model combined the best of Propp and Dundes, incorporating a strong psychoanalytical dimension along with an underlying structural analysis of the tales. Holbek's remarkably clear model was based on a graphical representation of the five "moves" that constitute the fairy tale. He proposed that four main types of fairy tales exist—active and passive masculine and feminine tales—and that all the types emphasize the mediation of three main oppositions: male and female, high status and low status, and young and adult. The manner in which these oppositions are mediated reveals a great deal about the psychosocial tensions that animated rural life at the end of the nineteenth century in Denmark.

With his graphical representation, Holbek was able to reconcile in a single model the seemingly irreconcilable theoretical positions of varying structuralist schools without falling prey to an overly reductionist methodology. His graphing of fairy tale variants—each one tied closely

to the person who told the tale—produced a consistent method for addressing the narrative choices made by the tale teller while relating those choices back to both the fairy tale tradition as a whole and the individual's repertoire and biography. Ultimately, Holbek proposed that Danish folktales, and fairy tales in particular, represented an expression of wishful thinking. He situated these stories as expressions predominantly of the lower classes, and although many of their events allude to interactions and alliances with the upper classes, the stories are more about domestic tensions and family politics than about any evaluation of interaction between the classes.

Legends

One of the earliest collections of Danish folklore that was neither ballad nor proverb was Just Matthias Thiele's collection of Danish legends, *Danske Folkesagn* (1818–1823). As Per Skar (1968, 7) noted, "Thiele's model was the Grimm brothers' groundbreaking work *Deutsche Sagen* of 1816–1818." In the introduction to that work, Jacob Grimm (1816, v) gave voice to the contrast between legend and folktale, proposing that "the fairy tale is more poetic, the legend more historical" (*Das Märchen ist poetischer, die Sage historischer*). This contrastive definition informed the understanding of legend through the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Even Tang Kristensen made little attempt to provide a definition of the genre—his definition was implicit rather than explicit and can be derived only by looking at what he included in his various collections of "*Jyske folkesagn*" (Jutlandic folk legends) and "*Danske sagn*" (Danish legends).

Like many of his contemporaries, Tang Kristensen was more concerned with subgenres or subcategories of legend than with any clear demarcation of the legend genre itself. As in his later collections, in his first volume of legends, *Jydske Folkesagn* (1876), he focused predominantly on a theme-based classificatory scheme, foreshadowing Reidar Christiansen's much later index of "migratory" legends (1992 [1958]). By the time Tang Kristensen published his major collection of Danish legends, *Danske sagn* (1892–1901), his classificatory scheme had become quite elaborate but was still based on this initial classification. In *Danske sagn*, he broke the

legends into thirty final categories, with several higher-level groupings.²¹ One of the main problems with the system is that it is idiosyncratic and does not correspond to other classification systems. To make matters worse, Tang Kristensen did not follow it in other works, such as his earlier *Gamle folks fortællinger om det jyske almueliv* (1891–1894). The other main problem with the system is that stories can have only one classifier attached to them. Accordingly, if a story includes, for example, a revenant, a named minister, and a folk healer, Tang Kristensen was confronted by a classificatory problem: Should the story appear in volume 5, with the majority of stories about revenants, in volume 4, with the majority of stories about named ministers, or in volume 6, with the stories about folk healers? He appears to have made his decisions regarding this classificatory puzzle on an ad hoc basis.²²

As folklore collections—particularly collections of legends—grew ever larger, von Sydow became deeply interested in the emerging folklore genre system. One of his major contributions to the study of legend was the distinction between *fabulate* and *memorate*, a distinction that was later refined by Juha Pentikäinen (1968) but ultimately shown to be untenable by Linda Dégh and Andrew Vázsonyi (1974; see also Tangherlini 1994, 12). In an overview of the legend genre, von Sydow (1931, 93) mentioned the difficulty both of characterizing the genre and of classifying legend texts, contrasting it with the relative ease of both tasks for folktales: “Of the two introductory overviews, ‘Concerning folk legends’ and ‘Concerning the fairy tale,’ the first has exceeded considerably the prearranged limits, largely because no satisfactory scientific description of the legend exists, including its various types, its origin, and how it develops and changes, etc.” As a main distinction between the two genres, he wrote, “one considers in the realm of the fairy tale the more consciously

21 These categories and subcategories are included in the index of stories available on the accompanying DVD.

22 Fortunately, this problem can be solved in the digital realm. Although Tang Kristensen’s classifications are available for all the stories included in this work, other classifications of the same stories are also available on the DVD. For access to these additional classification schemes, go to the “Topic and Index Navigator” tab on the home page and select from the variety of indexes to the collection. See also Abello, Broadwell, and Tangherlini (2012).

poetic, which is told first and foremost with a view toward entertaining, with little consideration of whether it is true or not. In contrast, one considers in the realm of the legend stories that are taken seriously as important or interesting knowledge" (1931, 96).

He went on to provide an ontology for stories that are told as true. First, he divided them into historical and mythological legends, even though he admitted that "in a scientifically satisfactory classification system such a division is . . . hardly appropriate, but no better division comes to light . . . and so one can use both these rubrics as part of a rough division of the material" (von Sydow 1931, 97). He explored other possible major divisions, including the well-known "place legends" and "migratory legends," but he also recognized the near impossibility of assigning legends to either one or the other category. Instead, he proposed another possible series of categories, all of which generally accrued to the main category of "historical legends": memory legends, genealogical legends, etiological legends, and witness legends. Unfortunately, as he himself concluded, these categories were inadequate for any classificatory system and only helped to highlight some of the aspects of the genre itself (1931, 111).

Ultimately, none of these classificatory systems works, falling victim as they all do to the single text–single classifier problem. What is intriguing about all the classification work on legends is that none of the scholars actually stated what it was he was trying to classify. Von Sydow came closest with his characterization of legends as stories related to local beliefs and concerned with interesting or worthwhile information.

Although the legend genre resists definition, it is possible to provide a concise characterization of stories that are considered to be legends. In an earlier work (Tangherlini 1994, 22), I proposed that a legend typically is "a traditional, (mono)episodic, highly ecotypified, localized and historicized narrative of past events, told as believable in a conversational mode. . . . legend is a symbolic representation of folk belief and reflects the collective experiences and values of the group to whose tradition it belongs." Such a characterization provides a basis both for genre distinction and for understanding the types of issues people might address through the telling of legends.

The analysis of legends can proceed from an exploration of the ne-

gotiation of cultural ideology (beliefs, norms, and values) expressed in individual legends and of the interrelated processes of ecotypification, localization (the process by which stories are attached to local places and people), and historicization (the process by which stories are embedded in time). Borrowing a term from botany, von Sydow proposed the idea of the *oikotype* (ecotype) to describe what happens to a story or a story motif when it moves from one cultural environment to another. One of the most common changes is that characters are altered to align with the tradition-dominant characters of the new cultural area. If a story about a goblin, for example, moves into a cultural area where goblins are unknown, then the goblin figure might be changed into another, locally recognized figure such as an elf. Understanding ecotypification can help one understand variation in stories across national and linguistic boundaries—helping to explain, for example, differences in the conception of hidden people in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Similarly, examining aspects of localization and historicization can help identify the degree to which a storyteller wants to keep the story at a physical or temporal distance.

One of the most powerful tools for the consideration of cultural ideology and its expression in folk legend is a structural model proposed by William Labov and Joshua Waletzky (1967; Labov 1972). Their approach was further refined by Teun van Dijk (1980) and adapted for the study of legend by William Nicolaisen (1987). In this model, the events in a story are mapped according to three main structural categories and three ancillary categories (printed in italics here): *abstract*, orientation, complicating action, *evaluation*, resolution, and *coda*. Legends frequently deal with someone's perception of outside threat and provide examples of strategies to deal with that threat. The success or failure of the strategy represents an ideological endorsement or rejection of that strategy on the part of the storyteller.

In the abstract of a legend, the storyteller provides a brief overview of the story—"Did I tell you about the time Pastor Larsen conjured a ghost?" Frequently, such abstracts are not included in written archives, and Tang Kristensen's collection is no different. Consequently, it is difficult to assess how often they were part of the performances he

recorded.²³ The orientation sets up the story, situating it historically, placing it in the local environment, and identifying the members of the community. The selection of “community” is an important element—either the community is seen as coterminous with the community of the storyteller and his or her audience or it is presented as different because of historical distance, geographical remove, or cultural difference. In most cases, legends focus on a representation of “us”—that is, the teller and the audience recognize in the legend’s actants people who are members of their community. The most extreme example of this identification of storytellers with their story actants occurs in first-person narratives.

The complicating action—“what happened,” in the words of Labov and Waletzky—is the event that makes the story worth reporting. Labov (1997) wrote of a threshold of reportability; if the “what happened” does not rise above this threshold, the chances that the story will be told, remembered, and repeated drop precipitously (see also Robinson 1981, 59; van Dijk 1975). The “what happened” in legends is most frequently presented as a form of threat by an “outsider” to the community “insiders.” Exploring the types of threats and what is threatened is one of the theoretically richest areas of legend study. In Danish legends, the threats are usually to the physical, spiritual, or economic well-being of the community. The forms that threats can assume are myriad. In Danish legend tradition, threats are either supernatural or natural and come from either outside or inside the community. In either case, there is a large gray area—what Victor Turner (1969) would label a “liminal” space, betwixt and between otherwise well-defined boundaries. In many cases, legends explore whether something belongs to one category or the other.

Turner’s concept of liminality is particularly powerful in relation to the understanding of legend. The complicating action often occurs in a liminal space, one that teeters on the boundaries of human-controlled space and uncontrolled, or wild, space. Understanding how space is coded in these stories—as inside, outside, and in-between—provides significant insight into shifting interpretations among members of the

23 They do appear occasionally in the manuscript record, particularly when the storyteller is moving from one story to another featuring the same locale or the same characters.

tradition community during a time of rapid change in Denmark in both the physical and man-made environments. Similarly, understanding each particular threat—both its form and its relationship to the environment—as well as considering the implications of that threat to the storyteller and his or her audience in the contexts of their everyday lives, allows one to integrate the analysis of legend with the analysis of social, political, economic, and cultural change. Consequently, legends provide an important window into changing conceptions of community.

Most supernatural threats (which may not turn out to be threatening after all, as in the case of legends of mound dwellers' baking, for example [Tangherlini 1998]) belong to the outside, or nonhuman, realm: they come from trolls, giants, mound dwellers, elves, merfolk, and *nisser*. Most of these creatures also belong to the "outside" environment—physical areas that exist beyond the boundaries of the village or the farm and its outbuildings, such as forests, heaths, swamps, streams, lakes, and oceans. Some of them inhabit the liminal space between the "outside" and the "inside," dwelling primarily in cultivated or fallow land, as in the case of the mound dwellers. Others, as in the case of the *nisse*, or house spirit, inhabit the same physical space as community members. Some supernatural beings, such as revenants and witches, originally belonged to the inside human realm but, because of their actions—dying and subsequently haunting, in the case of revenants, and making a pact with the devil, in the case of witches—have allied themselves with the threatening, outside realm. Witches are a particularly problematic category, because they are so hard to identify. Consequently many stories about witches explore whether or not someone is in fact a witch (Tangherlini 2000).

Most nonsupernatural threats originate in the human realm: they come from thieves, robbers, and murderers, to name but three, all of whom are humans and one-time community members. Interestingly, many of these threateners come from outside the threatened community. Thieves frequently live in underground lairs hidden in the forest, and robbers and murderers either strike while a person is away from home or appear as wanderers asking for assistance before striking their blow. Occasionally, community members are overcome by greed and,

through their actions, reveal themselves to be menaces to the economic and physical well-being of the community.

In the structural model, the complicating action also includes the response of the insiders to the event. Often, they are simply baffled. In these cases, the story emerges as an opportunity for storyteller and listeners to negotiate a suitable explanation for understanding the event. In other words, they fit the event into a conceptual category that is accepted within the tradition group. Lauri Honko (1962, 1964) proposed that this type of negotiation—and subsequent retellings of the story with the derived explanation—serves as a model for the creation and perpetuation of belief stories, a proposed subcategory of legend.

In many more cases, the insiders decide on a course of action to countermand the threat. Michel de Certeau (1984, 23) proposed that stories thus make up “repertoires of schemes of action . . . mementos [that] teach the tactics possible within a given system.” Stories allow one to pose a problem and then explore in the relative safety of narrative the possible outcomes of a proposed strategy for dealing with that problem. It is surprisingly fitting that the theme song of the movie comedy *Ghostbusters* asks, “When ghosts appear in the neighborhood, who ya gonna call?”—acknowledging that the response to a threat is a strategic one. Call the wrong person, and the strategy is likely to fail (Tangherlini 1998). The long-term outcome of the success or failure of a particular strategy is occasionally deferred to the story’s coda, a “what finally happened” ending that may or may not appear in a legend.

The exploration of strategies and their outcomes is a hallmark of legend telling; each complicating action requires the insiders to decide on some form of counteraction. The counteraction can have a series of possible outcomes—positive, negative, and ambiguous.²⁴ In the structural model of the legend, the outcome is reported in the resolution. The storyteller has a great deal of latitude in reporting the outcome of the encounter and in doing so can offer an ideological evaluation of the efficacy of a particular strategy. For instance, if a local minister fails in his effort to conjure down a particularly resilient revenant, and a folk healer

24 As part of the metadata accompanying stories included in this work, I have coded the legends as positively, negatively, or ambiguously resolved. The reader can decide on the usefulness of these evaluative metadata.

has to step in to save the farm, one can interpret the story in the context of the shifting power dynamics of late nineteenth-century Denmark, where the previously unchallenged role of the Lutheran minister as the spiritual protector of the community was in flux.

This analytical method has significant interpretive power when it is applied across a series of variants of a particular story or across the repertoire of a storyteller or group of storytellers. Although it is certainly not the only way to understand legends, the structural map allows for a consideration of several issues in a consistent manner: Who constitutes the inside community, what type of threat challenges the integrity of the community, how is that threat manifested, what strategies exist for dealing with the threat, and what are the outcomes of those strategies? The multiple forks in the decision tree governing a legend telling—many of which accrue to the storyteller as he or she moves from deciding to tell a story to telling it and concluding it—are closely related to the storyteller's current worldview. Because a storyteller's worldview often changes over time, it is not uncommon to find that a storyteller who endorsed one strategy at one time has changed that position at a later telling. Similarly, because positions are constantly being negotiated as part of the give and take of everyday storytelling, one can encounter seemingly contradictory positions within a single person's repertoire. All this simply confirms that the negotiation of cultural ideology—the norms, beliefs, and values that inform so much of day-to-day interaction in a community—is a messy business that is never complete.

Other Genres

Tang Kristensen's collections are not limited to the big three genres, ballad, folktale, and legend. Many of the stories and songs he collected straddle the conventional genre boundaries. In his collections one finds examples of "fairy-tale-like legends," jocular tales (*schwank*), jokes, riddles, proverbs, sayings, greetings and leave-takings, recipes, prayers, cures, and curses. Some of these genres, such as riddles and proverbs, have been explored in significant detail by folklorists (Mieder 2003; Taylor 1951), whereas others have received scant attention. Because these expressions make up only a small proportion of the five main repertoires considered here, I do not explore them in detail. Nevertheless, they form

an important part of the individuals' repertoires and should not be disregarded—they offer important insights into the thoughts and views of the individual.

Tang Kristensen's published collections—and the repertoires presented here—also include detailed descriptions of everyday life, farming practices, and life-cycle and calendrical festivals. Tang Kristensen had no real way to categorize these descriptions and eventually settled for publishing them under the title *Gamle folks fortællinger om det jyske almueliv* (1891–1894). He had no shortage of material and eventually published twelve large volumes in this series, with an additional third series still in manuscript form at the Dansk folkemindesamling (1929/102). These stories, some of which could easily have been published in the *Danske sagn* series, provide rich background material for understanding past agricultural practices and late nineteenth-century daily life. In this way they provide equally rich material for understanding the contexts in which the other stories were told.

One of the major faults of Tang Kristensen's desire to publish stories according to the genre classifications that held sway at the time is that the connections between stories are lost. If one reads through a storyteller's repertoire, one often finds a close relationship between the descriptions of daily life printed in *Jyske almueliv* and those in *Danske sagn*. These descriptions also intersect with those in the folktales printed in Tang Kristensen's various folktale collections, as well as with the contents of the ballads included in his and Grundtvig's ballad collections. The intersections among genres—and the close connections among all the accounts in an informant's repertoire—can best be seen when one reads a person's entire repertoire. This sort of re-contextualization is one of the main reasons I present the repertoires as I have done here.

Repertoire and the Individual

People are the most important part of any folklore study—they are the ones who create, perpetuate, learn, change, embrace, discard, invent, appropriate, memorize, forget, relearn, and perform again and again the expressive culture that makes up the traditions of the groups to which

they belong. Tradition, in this context, should be seen as anything that a member of a group decides is worth perpetuating. If a person can convince others in the group of the need to perpetuate the expression, then it becomes part of the group's active tradition; if not, then it becomes part of the individual's idiosyncratic expression. This continually negotiated process results in an ongoing tension between individuals and other people with whom they associate either directly or indirectly. This productive dialectic between individual people, on the one hand, and tradition, on the other, is what animates folk culture. Despite the key role that individuals play in the folklore process, for the first century or so of the field's existence, the people behind the ballads, proverbs, myths, folktales, legends, and other folk expressions that captured the imaginations of the earliest folklorists were at best ignored.

The earliest conceptions of folklore envisioned it as akin to a force of nature—a superorganic entity that essentially had a life of its own, entirely independent of the people who perpetuated it. Olrik's "laws" of folk poetic composition (1908) stand as one of the most recognizable expressions of the superorganic position in folklore, for Olrik implied that the laws were both universal and independent of the folk poets themselves. Because the laws were wholly internalized and not expressible by the poets themselves, tradition existed outside the minds of humans. This odd proposition led to significant contradictions in the collection of folklore. Collectors took a profound interest in finding old people who could remember the ostensibly even older folk expressions that offered a window onto the original national culture, but once they found these people, they took no interest in them as individuals. Instead, their interest was more in storytellers as representatives of a class of people who, because of their economic status and their age—older peasants were always preferable to younger peasants—were vessels of the objects of collection. The "laws" fully constrained their folk expression. They themselves were implicitly considered unworthy of being studied (and understood).

Peasants were preferable to all other classes because, although they were clearly the progenitors of the urban, elite classes with whom the scholars identified, they were unsullied by the corrupting influences of

education. Largely considered illiterate, peasants were seen as uncritical storehouses of wisdom (lore) that had been passed down in unadulterated form from the earliest times of the *ethnos*. The idea of the *ethnos* was in turn conflated with the concept of nation. Scholars could aggregate the peasants' stories and songs, pass aesthetic judgment on variants regarding which episodes or verses must be the more "original," and then reconstruct the outlines of earlier culture. Ultimately, these scholars aspired to create a picture of the original oral "treasures" of the nation.

Implicit in many of the large nineteenth-century collections and subsequent academic studies of them was an attenuation of the most extreme form of the superorganic conception of folklore. Rather than positing an external life for tradition, these studies suggested that tradition was rooted in the collective—tradition did not exist by itself but rather emerged through the collective interactions of the peasants, all of whom contributed to varying degrees to preserving their traditions. Even from this attenuated position, the emphasis on the collective processes of folklore, with no attention to the individual's role in tradition, began unraveling in the late nineteenth century. Scandinavian folklorists came down on both sides of the equation. Some emphasized the anonymous, collective nature of folklore, which essentially obviated the need for understanding the individual's role in folklore, while others became increasingly aware of the individual negotiation of the boundaries of folk expression. In some sense, this tension recapitulated the shift in the nineteenth-century agricultural economy, in which personal anonymity in the larger agricultural community (*fællesskab*), a characteristic of the late eighteenth century, was supplanted by individual agency, with the rural worker as an actor in an expanding "free" market.

Once Tang Kristensen was able to shake off the demanding collecting yoke that Grundtvig had imposed on him, he became increasingly interested in the individuals from whom he collected. He was not alone in this interest, even though the academic enterprise, spearheaded by Olrik, was still enthralled by earlier national Romantic ideas. The historical-geographic method, often mentioned as the first scientific approach to the study of folklore, was largely aligned with the uncritical superorganic view of folklore, because the main methodological innova-

tion of that approach was to map variants of songs from the Finnish epic tradition Kalevala without regard for the backgrounds of the individuals who sang the songs (Krohn 1926). Nevertheless, in the early decades of the twentieth century a theoretical complement to Tang Kristensen's growing interest in his informants developed with von Sydow's criticism of the historical-geographic method. The additional critical light that von Sydow's work and that of his students shed on the folklore process led to an increasing awareness in Nordic folklore circles of the primary role of individuals in creating and perpetuating folklore.

The debate was in no way settled by von Sydow's emphasis on "tradition bearers" (Sydow 1948). The notion that folk tradition has a life of its own, independent of the thousands of essentially anonymous people who perpetuate it, received a significant boost at the beginning of the twentieth century with Carl Jung's work on the theory of the collective unconscious (Jung 1959). Although Jung was predominantly interested in myth, his idea of a common, inherited reservoir of human experiences implied that myth, folk belief, and all folk expression, for that matter, were part of the common inheritance. The idea of a broad common inheritance conflicted, however, with the equally untenable position that folklore was a reflection of an ancient national spirit, passed on uncritically over generations by illiterate peasants. Jung's work, particularly that on archetypes, continues to inform popular theories of folklore, such as Joseph Campbell's theory of "universals" (Campbell 1949). The problem with this approach is that it posits an original or normative form for any folk expression, much in keeping with the position of the early Romantic nationalist folklorists. In short, all these approaches emphasize the "tradition" side of the folklore dialectic, offer no tenable analysis of what tradition is, and pay no attention to individuals as part of this process.

In contrast, emerging ideas in early folkloristics concerning the role of individuals as creators of tradition aligned with developments in the field of anthropology. Franz Boas, at the turn of the twentieth century, had revolutionized the study of anthropology in the United States with his book *The Mind of Primitive Man* (1911). His historico-critical school of anthropology, which emphasized the way individuals tried to make

sense of the complexity of the societies in which they lived, informed the work of his later students, such as Ruth Benedict, who was also deeply involved in the development of folklore studies in the United States (Zumwalt 1988). The functionalist anthropology of Bronislaw Malinowski and Alfred Radcliffe-Brown also helped tilt the general field of folklore toward an appreciation of the tension between individuals and communities and the function that expressive culture has for individuals in communities. As Juha Pentikäinen (1978, 14–15) noted, “The golden rule of the functionalists was: ‘Ask the natives.’ In collecting as well as studying they considered the attitudes, interpretations, and worldviews of the natives important; neither did they, in describing the culture’s totality and its functions, forget to depict individual differences.” Although Tang Kristensen did “ask the natives,” he apparently was the only one listening at the time. Fortunately, he had the good sense to write down what they told him.

Boas’s theories and fieldwork methods influenced a large number of folklorists throughout the world. His methodological emphasis on the close working relationship between a researcher and a single informant—an approach that reached its zenith with Boas’s student Alfred Kroeber, who brought the native Californian Yahi Ishi to live in the anthropology building at the University of California, Berkeley—resulted in a veritable boom in studies of individual repertoires. A precursor to these ethnographic studies was Mark Azadovskij’s (1926) study of a Siberian storyteller, Natalja Osipovna Vinokurova, the first scholarly consideration of an individual and her folklore repertoire. He situated her and her stories in her social and economic milieu as much as in her tradition milieu and explored her narrative style, noting that she was preoccupied with the historical aspects of her stories (see also Pentikäinen 1978, 15–16). The portrait he painted of her is intriguing, and he presented her as a distinct individual whose repertoire diverged dramatically from that which normative collections would suggest. In doing so, he highlighted the way collections often “level” the expression of individuals to fit editorial expectations, and he drew attention to the importance that individual predilections have in shaping tradition. Azadovskij’s study was influential in both Russia and Hungary, and one can trace his consider-

ations of individual repertoires and the role of storytelling in the work of Gyula Ortutay (Ortutay and Fedics 1940) and, later, Linda Dégh (1969).

Otto Brinkmann's study of storytelling in a small German village, *Das Erzählen in einer Dorfgemeinschaft* (*Storytelling in a Village Society*; 1933), was a precursor to Dégh's work in Hungary and ushered in an increasing focus among northern European folklorists on the role played by storytelling and storytellers in small communities. Gottfried Henssen narrowed the focus from an entire community to a single individual in his work *Überlieferung und Persönlichkeit: Die Erzählungen und Lieder des Egbert Gerrits* (*Tradition and Personality: The Stories and Songs of Egbert Gerrits*; 1951). Henssen explored the relationship between personality and repertoire, emphasizing the psychology of a gifted, creative individual. This shift away from the community and toward the study of exceptional individuals, a shift one also sees in Carl Hermann Tillhagen's studies of repertoire (1959; Tillhagen and Taikon 1948), may have let the pendulum swing too far. The approach risks misrepresenting the character of tradition in a community and descending into the study of idiosyncrasy rather than of the tension between individual and tradition. Importantly, the study of the role individual personality played in shaping culture became an increasing focus of anthropologists as well, an agenda shaped by developments in psychological testing and profiling in the 1940s and by John J. Honigmann's influential work on culture and personality (1954; see also Pentikäinen 1978, 28–30).

In northern Europe, Siegfried Neumann continued to explore the productive tension between individual and tradition with two studies of storytellers in Mecklenburg, *Ein mecklenburgischer Volkserzähler* (*A Mecklenburgian Folkteller*; 1968) and *Eine mecklenburgische Märchenfrau* (*A Mecklenburgian Fairy Tale Woman*; Neumann and Peters 1974). As in many such repertoire studies, Neumann focused primarily on tellers of fairy tales. Stefaan Top's "Repertoire und Biographie am Beispiel einer flämischen (Volks-) Liedsängerin" (Repertoire and Biography of a Flemish [Folk] Singer as Example; 1982) extended the genre range to include ballads, but it still limited study to someone with a particular genre specialization. Although an emphasis on specialized repertoire made sense in the groundbreaking work of Milman Parry and Albert Lord (Lord 1964),

whose goal was to understand compositional techniques among a highly specialized and professional group of epic singers, it makes less sense in the context of the interplay between individuals and tradition in general.

Intriguingly, Tang Kristensen intuited the need to collect entire repertoires, irrespective of genre specialization. This awareness became more important after Grundtvig's death, which took with it Grundtvig's inordinate focus on fairy tales and ballads. In short, although all the studies I have mentioned helped shift the emphasis away from texts per se and situate folklore expressions as products of complex relationships among individuals, their communities, and the traditions of the groups to which they belong, they often fell short of the holistic perspective to which they aspired, either by emphasizing the idiosyncrasies of an individual to the detriment of an understanding of community or by emphasizing one genre to the detriment of an understanding of the interplay between genres.

By sheer force of numbers, Tang Kristensen managed to capture this holistic perspective on the interplay between individuals and tradition in his collection. Although he was interested in collecting from excellent storytellers and singers, mentioning in many of the forewords and afterwords to his published works the lengths to which he went to seek out the best storytellers and singers, he did not limit himself to one genre or another and always accepted even the smallest contribution. Without saying so explicitly, he was giving voice to what most people understand intuitively—that some people are better at some things, such as storytelling, than others. If one wants to hear a song well sung, one seeks out a known singer. To hear a joke well told, one seeks out someone known to be a good joke teller. Sometimes such people are one and the same, and sometimes they are not. In light of this, I propose a modification of von Sydow's idea of "tradition bearers." Instead of speaking of "active" and "passive" bearers, it is more accurate, as Tang Kristensen's collection reveals, to speak of a sliding scale between active and passive *participants*, recognizing that an active participant in one part of a community's tradition might well be a passive participant in another part. Similarly, being active in a tradition at one point in one's life does not mean that one will be active later on in life, and just because one is active in the tradition does not necessarily mean that one is also competent (Tangher-

lini 2008b). Given this complexity, repertoires cannot and should not be studied in isolation.

The five repertoires presented in the accompanying digital content and excerpted in the following chapters allow one to engage in one's own analysis of multiple repertoires that include a wide range of folklore genres and to situate that analysis in the social, economic, political, and physical environment in which the storytellers lived. The productive tension between the individual and the broader tradition can be brought into stark relief through the study of these repertoires. Such an approach enables one to interrogate more fully the way these particular expressions helped create meaning for a number of Danes at a time of profound social, cultural, economic, and political change.

On the Selection of Storytellers and Stories

I selected the individuals represented in this work not randomly but with the goal of providing a reasonable sample of excellent storytellers from a variety of backgrounds and regions. Bengt Holbek's concept of "craftsmen in tradition" (1987, 39–44) guided my selection—in this case, the "craftsmen" in the Danish narrative tradition were those of Tang Kristensen's storytellers whose repertoires were relatively large (more than forty stories and other folk expressions) and whom Tang Kristensen considered to be excellent storytellers, as reflected in his memoirs (1923–1928). In the digital companion to the print version of this work, the stories in the selected repertoires are supplemented with similar stories from the repertoires of storytellers who generally told fewer stories. The whole work thus offers a sample of the overall storytelling landscape of late nineteenth-century Denmark, where certain individuals developed remarkable skill as narrators while others were less active participants in the tradition. To fully understand the dynamics of this "tradition ecology," it is necessary to have access to exceptional storytellers' repertoires and at the same time be able to explore the interplay between these stories and those of the broader group of people whose participation in narrative tradition ranged from the very active to the utterly passive (Tangherlini 2008b).

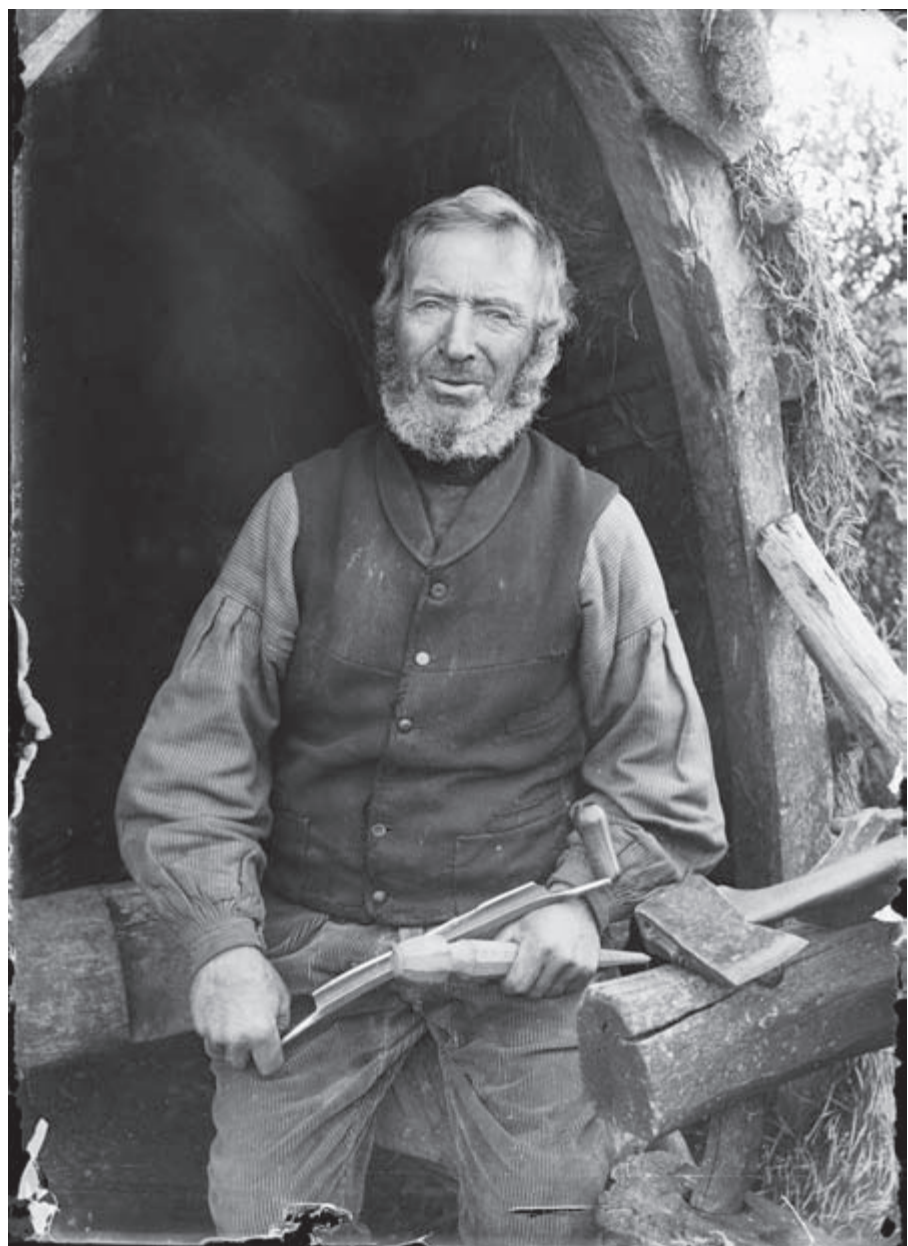
Unfortunately, it is impossible to present a “representative” sample of Tang Kristensen’s informants, for a number of reasons. Not least is that the collection itself is a reflection of Tang Kristensen’s changing criteria for informant selection. He changed the places he visited substantially over the course of his collecting career, moving from an initial fascination with west and central Jutland to a more pragmatic engagement with northern and eastern Jutland. The focus of his collecting also shifted, from an initial emphasis on ballads and fairy tales, motivated largely by the encouragement of Svend Grundtvig, to a later interest in a wide range of folk expressions, with legend and descriptions of everyday life taking prominence. Because of this shift toward a more inclusive collecting methodology in the second phase of his collecting enterprise, the informants I chose for this work all come from the later years. The five informants included in the print version were all interviewed during a total of fourteen field collecting trips Tang Kristensen made from 1887 to 1898.²⁵ As Tang Kristensen became a more experienced collector, he also abandoned some of his earlier prejudices concerning who he thought were good sources. Because of this changing philosophy, he began to collect from people who were not advanced in years or economically destitute. Because of the shifting terrain of the collection, it is impossible to find a “typical Tang Kristensen informant.” Instead, I chose the five main storytellers whose lives and repertoires are presented here according to several loosely applied criteria.

Folklore theory, and particularly repertoire-based studies, has long held that women’s and men’s storytelling is stylistically and thematically different (Kaivola-Bregenhøj 1989, 1996; Pentikäinen 1971; Siikala 1984). Genre specialization has also been considered in the context of gender differentiation (Holbek 1987). Differences in repertoire have also been considered in the context of informant age, education, and occupation (Tangherlini 1994). The goal, then, has been to find a range of informants whose lives reflect some of these potentially important differences and to present their repertoires in an exhaustive fashion. Consequently,

25 My selection process contrasts with that of Palle Ove Christiansen (2011), who presented a sampling of the material Tang Kristensen collected on a single, relatively short field collecting trip.

I include three men from varied professions: “Bitte Jens” Christensen, a smallholder who had served in the Danish army; Jens Peter Pedersen, an itinerant craftsman and day laborer; and Peder Johansen, a journeyman miller. There are two women in the group—Kirsten Marie Pedersdatter, the sister of an important local politician and farmer, and Margrete Jensdatter, a single mother barely able to make ends meet. The five storytellers’ ages span nearly five decades: Peder Johansen was only thirty-three when Tang Kristensen first met him in 1888, whereas Margrete Jensdatter was seventy-six when he began collecting her stories. Three of the informants lived on the central east coast of Jutland, and the other two in the north-central and northern parts of Jutland, respectively. The relatively close geographical proximity of three of the informants allows for a productive comparison of stories collected from people living not only in the same physical environment but also the same local cultural environment. This geographical proximity resists the tendency to present collections of folklore as “national” collections, a normative stance that erases the important aspects of local variation that animate folklore. In these repertoires, one can discover not only thematic overlap between stories and repertoires but also overlap in events, places, and people. The supplemental stories included in the digital edition provide ample opportunity to explore geographical variation while still allowing access to the local nature of most storytelling.

Finally, for the sake of space, I have not included all the stories in each storyteller’s repertoire in the print edition of this work. Instead, I tried to reduce the selections to a manageable number of stories that still capture the stylistic and thematic characteristics of the storyteller’s repertoire. As in the digital version—where the complete versions of the repertoires are presented with both manuscript transcriptions and published versions, and each with accompanying English translations—the printed stories are presented in the order in which they were told, allowing one to develop a deeper appreciation for the connections between stories that storytellers make during performance.



1

“Bitte Jens” Kristensen

COBBLED TOGETHER

 ENS KRISTENSEN WAS BORN ON JUNE 3, 1825, THE SON OF Christen Pedersen Tved and Maren Jensdatter from Ersted. He was the only boy in a family of five children. His oldest sister, Ane Margrethe, was five years older than he; Kirsten, the second daughter, was three years older; and his two younger sisters, Anne and Karen, were two and five years younger than he, respectively. Jens's father pressed his only son into service early, both helping to make clogs—an endeavor that Jens continued throughout his life—and later, when he was older, helping with the harvest. In a short biographical sketch of Jens that Tang Kristensen cobbled together from various sources and field notes, he wrote:

Jens Kristensen (in daily speech, called Bitte-Jens) was born the third of June 1825 in Ersted town. His mother was from Aarestrup but his father was from Tveden. He has always lived here in the area, and he was only eight or nine years old when he had to start helping his father drill out clogs. His father was a clog maker, and he has always supported himself doing that. When he got strong enough to handle it, he worked during harvest time with the harvest work. He took part in the war of 1848 and lived for many years in a house in Ersted, that is where I visited him, and five or six years ago he moved to the northwest of Aarestrup to Hovbakshusene (Hovbaks houses). His father owned but a small house with one cow and five or six sheep. He learned his ballads from his mother, but she sang them all to one melody. In contrast, the father was a good singer and he learned the melodies from him. He also knew some ballads. Jens

has sung many a ballad with Johan Pingel, who was first a road worker and later a railroad guard over in Ellidshøj. Jens calls everything that he tells a bunch of nonsense and not worth listening to, but no shame, he does not mean anything with it. His wife does not like all this old rubbish, and he does not like to open up in her presence. Luckily, she goes off to the neighbors with regularity. He is well attuned to the old mindset and the way the old people lived and he tells about it eagerly. (GKV, 82; JAT VI, 896)

Although Jens was not terribly wealthy, he was not terribly poor either. He lived an interesting life that spanned one of the greatest periods of change in recent Danish history. Through it all, he told stories.

Jens's repertoire is marked not only by extraordinary scope but also by considerable generic diversity. Indeed, many of his stories and ballads play with the very conventions of genre itself. Accordingly, a description by genre of the stories and songs that Bitte Jens told and sang is bound to be somewhat loose. He was a masterful storyteller and singer, and his repertoire was far ranging. Tang Kristensen's collecting biases likely influenced Bitte Jens in what he chose to perform, particularly during their first session together, but as their relationship developed, Bitte Jens seems to have taken control of the sessions, and Tang Kristensen cleverly allowed him free rein.

Bitte Jens's repertoire consists of fifty-five legends, twenty descriptions, two jokes, two sayings, seven folktales, and sixteen ballads. Perhaps the most striking single feature in his repertoire is his sense of humor. Although many of his legends detail frightening encounters with the supernatural—most often with witches, robbers, and mound dwellers—they are interspersed with humorous stories about local farmers and ministers. As is the case in many smallholders' stories, the tension between classes, particularly between peasants and the nobility but also between smallholders and farm owners, is apparent in many of Jens's stories. Much of his humor borders on the obscene, and Tang Kristensen went to extraordinary lengths in some cases to eliminate the obscenity from his stories (Tangherlini 2008c). Bitte Jens's sense of humor surfaces not only in his jocular tales but also in his folktales, legends, and, importantly, his ballads.

Stories and Songs

0.01 [No field diary recording] DS II D, 5

There was once a fisherman on the West Sea who found a glove on the beach. He brought it home to his wife and had her knit one just like it, then he went and put both gloves on the beach again and then he went out to fish. Then something shouted:

They're shouting in the north
and they're whistling and blowing
go to land, you man
who knitted the glove

Then the fisherman hurried to land. Immediately a storm blew up that was so bad that many fishermen drowned, but the man was saved because he'd given the merman the glove.

1.05 [3237b-3238a] DSkv, 19Ed

- i. Las, he whispered into his dear's ear,
—Hey hey, dawn is breaking again
shouldn't they have themselves a birth celebration
“Well, do we have meat?” said he, Las
—“Well, we'll get some,” said he, Mas
As they walked together carefree through the grove
2. Las wanted to go through the forest,
to catch an animal was his goal.
“I think I'll go with you,” said Mas
“Sure, you certainly can,” said Las
3. Las put his rifle on his back
and then they went into the forest in good spirits.
“Here I come,” said Las.
—“Me too,” said Mas.
4. Now when they got into that forest,
they saw a bear lying there asleep.

"Should I shoot him?" said Las.

—"Yes, you can," said Mas.

5. Las put his rifle on his knee,
and then he shot that bear that lay under that tree.

"There he lies," said Las.

—"Yes, I'd say so," said Mas.

6. They went over to the bear to flay,
but his whittling knife couldn't bite into it.

"Give me your whetstone," said Las.

—"Here you go," said Mas.

7. Now when they'd gotten the skin off,
there were fifteen holes in it.

"I think we should sell it," said Las.

—"That would be fine," said Mas.

8. Las threw the skin on his back,
and off they headed to the market town.

"Do you think we can sell it," said Las.

—"Yes, I'm sure we can," said Mas.

9. But as they went along the road,
they met four or five thugs.

"They probably want it," said Las,

—"Yes, I think so," said Mas.

10. Well, two in front and three behind,
then they tore the skin from Las's back.

"Now they're taking it," said Las.

—"Yes, they took it," said Mas.

11. Las wanted to climb over that fence
and his balls wound up on a post

"Oh my, there they hang," said Las.

—"Yes, I think so," said Mas.

12. Then when they got to the market town street,
they met up with a baker woman.

"Should I talk to her," said Las.

—"Yes, I think that's best," said Mas.

13. Las whispered in the old woman's ear,

“Can you fix me a pair of balls?”

“What did she say?” said Mas.

—“She said yes,” said Las.

14. And she poked out and she poked in,
and it hurt in Las’s skin

“That hurts,” said he, Las.

—“I can imagine,” said Mas.

15. For fifteen nights and fourteen days,
Las’s balls lay in a bread pan

“How are things?” said Mas

—“Oh, not too bad,” said Las.

16. Las looked in through the window,

—Hey hey, dawn is breaking again
all his women hopped in the alcoves

“I think they’re crazy,” said Las.

—“They probably are,” said Mas.

As they walked together carefree through the grove

1.11 [3240a–3241a] Unpublished

Else Hohus in Rævild had gone down to help a mound dweller man’s wife deliver her baby. The mound dweller came one evening and greeted her from his wife and asked her if she’d follow him to help out with those affairs. They used this old Else H. a lot for that, because back then there weren’t any trained midwives. Yes, it would be a shame to deny her that, but she wanted to know where the mound dweller’s wife was from. She was from Ørnbjærg, he said, but some new people had come there, and she didn’t know them, he said. Was he from Ørnbjærg? Yes, he was. But how are we going to find our way out there, it was so dark? Yes, they could certainly do that, he said. He’d told them that they could put candles in the windows, and that was good enough. They’d go toward them. Just as they were walking along, they fell down into the earth, and they came down to where the mound dweller’s wife was lying. Else helped the woman deliver and that went well, but then the man went out. Then she says to the woman: Sure, I’ve come down here, but how am I going to get back? Well, it would work out; the mound dweller’s wife was also a

changeling. Else shouldn't worry about it, she said. He'll accompany you home, but you should turn one of your mittens around, I can't remember if it was the right or the left, but either one was equally strong, and then he'll pay you, you should pick up your apron and hold what he'll give you in that, and then he'll dance with you three times around a hawthorn bush, she said, and you can grab onto it with your hand when you're done dancing; then you'll be holding onto your door knocker, she said. When he says goodbye, turn the glove around, otherwise he'll take you back down. Well, then he went off with her when they were done and then he danced with her around the hawthorn bush and gave her lots of big flint stones in her apron, and she held it up and then she took hold of the knocker of her door. When he'd said goodnight to her he couldn't take her back with him. Then she went inside and tossed the flint stones down in front of the wood stove and then she went to bed. When she woke up in the morning the flint stones had turned into the most beautiful silver coins.

1.15 [3241b–3242a] DS VI, 139

There was a man who lived in Teglgården, a little manor farm between Buderup and Skjørping, and he'd given himself over to the devil's power. But the devil had agreed to give him a sign before he came and took him, so that he could be somewhat prepared for the trip. Then one Sunday morning, his hired girl was to go and get his Sunday clothes for him, he wanted to go to church, and when she brings him a pair of white stockings first, they looked red to his eyes. He says to her that she should get him another pair, he didn't want ones like that. She got him another pair, but they were red too, and all the ones she brought were red. Then he gets quite upset and says that he doesn't want to go to church today and she should put them away. After that, he chased everyone off to church, they all had to go except for the girl who'd given him the stockings, she was to stay home. Now she was to get him a big bowl of sour milk, he said to her, and he put a bunch of silver coins in it. "Now I want you to give me a spoon," he said, and he wanted to spoon the coins into himself, but he couldn't swallow them. So he pushed them over to the girl, she could have them. Immediately, the finest carriage drove into

the courtyard and stopped in front of the main door. She thought that it was important guests, and the man who was sitting in the wagon also went in to see the lord, but she didn't see what he did to him, but she did hear that the lord complained quite a bit and he wasn't allowed to leave out through the door with the visitor, but instead had to leave through a corner window, and then off the lord went with him, and they went fast because they drove right over an oak by Hvældam.

When they got to the stream that runs between Skjørping and Teglgården, there were some scrub oak trees and other oaks down by the stream at that time, and they cleaved that oak tree so that it almost broke in two, and it hung down and grew like that for many years, and because the devil had driven over it there was no one who dared take it for firewood. Now no one saw Per Yde any more—you see that's what the manor lord at Teglgården was called—but they traveled north to hell with each other, and after that people heard that when the devil traveled over the sea with him, a ship came sailing right by at the same moment and the people called out asking who he was. Well, it was the devil. And what freight did he have? Well, he had Andreas the bishop and Andreas Fal and Peder Yde. Where were they from? ask the shipspeople. Well, one was the bishop of Bremen, and the other was a dean—I can't remember now where he was from, but it was a place way down south—and the third was the man from Teglgården. You see, that was the last people heard of Peder Yde, but when the girl came into the room where the devil had taken him, she saw his brains hanging on the walls, so he must have grabbed him pretty hard. There was a farmhand who worked here in the town who said that there was always a ruckus in the attic at Teglgården at night.

1.19 [3242b–3244a] JAH V, 505

There were two sisters who lived here in Oplev, one was rich and the other was poor. They lived in Jens Markussen's and Anders Jensen's farms, the two southern farms. The rich one was the oldest and the poor one was a such a pretty young woman. When the poor sister plowed, they had nobody to drive the plow other than a little girl, since at that time they used the old wheel plows with four in front. When they were

going to harrow, the wife had to go herself with the nags, since they didn't have a girl there except when they plowed. When they were utterly exhausted, she would have to go home and feed the cattle. This Jewish wandering merchant came one day to the poor sister when she'd come back from the fields and he showed her his wares and wanted to do business with her. She said that she wasn't going to buy anything since she didn't have any money. But he said that she should look around in the old chest with the iron bands that stood in there, she would probably find some money there. No, she knew that there wasn't any. Well, he showed her one nice piece of clothing after another, as traveling merchants are wont to do. Yes, she really wanted them, but that didn't really help matters. Then he gets her to try something on: here's a piece of clothing that he'd give to her, if he could lie with her for a little while. These Jewish wandering merchants liked to do that too. She didn't dare do that, because when her husband saw that she had the clothing, then he'd want to know where she'd gotten it from, since he knew that she didn't have any money. Then he takes his wallet up with all of these silver coins in it and tosses a shilling to her, she could have it and her husband wouldn't need to know.

When the woman saw that he had so many silver coins she looked at the sun and said, "No, it's noon now and my husband will come home. But I have another idea. Tonight he is going to the mill to get grain for the nags, then you should come and ask for shelter, and it will probably work out." He liked this suggestion. She talks to her husband about this and tells him that it would be good to get hold of the money. "Now you should stand out in the entry and greet him, and then you should get ready like you were going to the mill." Well, then the wandering merchant came and wanted shelter there. No, their apartment wasn't large enough to give people shelter there. Sure, they had enough room, he knew the place well. But they didn't have anything to put on the bed; no, he'd better go to the inn—there was an inn in Gravlev at that time. No, he couldn't do that, because he had to head west the next morning. Well, then the husband finally let the wife take care of it. She was also hard to convince, but he was finally given permission. Then the husband puts on his long jacket, puts a sack under his arm and grabs a staff and asks

his wife to feed the nags one more time, and then she was going to make some evening snacks for the wandering merchant. But it took a while and they weren't done before the husband came home. The wandering merchant still had just gotten into bed, and now the husband grabs hold of the poor merchant. The wife wailed that he shouldn't beat him like that. Well, he'd been standing outside and heard what he'd talked about to his wife and now he was going to kill them both. She runs at him to fight with him and the merchant grabs his clothes and ran out the door, which the man had opened. The husband ran after him and chases him down to the little woods in Gravlev. So he escaped with his life, but he'd lost his money and his box of wares too, and he didn't dare go back to get it.

1.23 [3246b–3247a] DS I, 553

Old Villads over here in Ersted—he lived in the westernmost and southernmost farm—he was so great a witchmaster that he could talk to these here mound dwellers and elves whenever he wanted. There was a hidden man (mound man) who lived in a hill out on his field, called Kringelbjærg, south of the road to Årestrup, there's a gravel pit there now, and they called him the Kringelbjærg man. You see, old Villads said he could talk to him whenever he wanted to. So one night, he and Kolde-Per and Søren Østergaard—it was in fact he who later wound up living in Tveden—they sat drinking in the most northwesterly farm here in the town and after they had had several drams, Villads begins boasting that he can talk to this here mound dweller, and if they'd follow him up to Kringelbjærg, then he'd call him so they could see him and get to talk to him. Sure, they'd gladly go along, they said, maybe so that he wouldn't think that this might scare them. So then they leave with each other and then Villads tells them what to do. "Now we're to walk three times around the mound, and when I bang three times down on the mound with my staff, then he'll come, goddammit." Well, they walk around the mound and then Villads bangs his staff down on the ground, and calls out to him, "Hey mound dweller, come out here, there are two who want to talk to you."—"There are three," said Kolde-Per. But he wouldn't come. He hit a second time, and no one came. "Well, when I hit this third time, he'll come, goddammit." He figured that maybe they'd get scared

and run away. Well, then he hit a third time, but no one would come out. At the same time, a dog began barking really loudly, it was Søren Bravstrup's from up here near the forest. "Goddammit, now I know what's happened," said Villads, "the mound dweller has gone up there, and so he can't come out to us tonight." So that's how Villads got out of calling the mound dweller out, because they have to fill them with lies and whatever else they can when they can't do any better.

Villads saw the mound dwellers so often, he saw that they walked from Bavnhøj and down to the parish clerk's sheep path and from there out to Kringelbjærg; and they walked with their arms around each other and were carrying wax torches or candles. Once there was a flock of sheep that got away from him down by Kringelbjærg, and if he hadn't been as cunning, he never would have got them again; but he read them up, since he had a Cyprianus [a book of spells] and his books, and he could talk to Old Jerrik [a euphemism for the devil].

1.24 [3247b] DS II A, 150

There was a similar story about a man from Rold, who was in the company of these elf hags. He was sleeping out in the forest burning charcoal, that was the practice in the olden days. When they bought timber in the forests, they always burned the top down to charcoal and had a large number of charcoal stacks to take care of. Now this man was out in the forest one night taking care of his stacks, and then this elf woman comes and pulls up her skirt and stands there warming herself by the stack. Then he thought that she should be warmed a bit better and he takes a stick out of the stack and pokes it at her. "What's your name?" she says. "Myself," he says. Well, then she yells out, "Fussibu and Trussitrold, Bukkjær hags and Aldåls boys, little pussy has been burned." Just as she said that, all those she had called stood there next to her. "Who did it?" they shouted. "Myself! Myself!" Then they thought that she'd done it herself, and it took so long to figure it out that the man had managed to get home in the meantime; he'd decided it was wisest to get out of there. Just as he'd gotten inside and closed the door, they were there and pounded on the door, but he was saved. The next morning, when he went out into the forest, all his charcoal stacks had been smashed to pieces. They'd

done that to him. Now it was in Rold forest that he burned charcoal, and Bukkjær and Aldal are a couple of places there in the forest. Aldal is just across from Stubberup and there was a road up the dale, but one year it collapsed almost completely. Trussitrold lived most likely in Try lake, which is next to the road from Tveden to Rold, and Fussibuu probably lived in Fossi swamp, which is close to Fåre lake. Elves lived in the hill they called Stubberup house. People hauled firewood there in the forest and burned charcoal stacks.

1.38 [3250a] DS VI, 1248

An old Norwegian came to Kristen Blære's in Kras, that's out on the southern side of Nørlund forest. He [Kristen Blære] was the forest ranger there, and his wife tells the Norwegian, no, she wouldn't give him lodgings, there were so many wandering about, one out and the next in. So the Norwegian had to go back out into the woods. Then the husband saw him as he was on his way home and asked him who he was. Well, he was an old beggar who wanted lodgings. When the forest ranger gets home to his wife he says that she should have one of the girls go get the Norwegian, it was a pity that he was going to wander about out there in the forest and freeze to death. So he was allowed to stay there. The forest ranger told him that they had so many mice there that he didn't really know where he could put his bag down. Well, said the Norwegian, he wasn't scared of those guys. The next morning it turned out that they'd bit a hole in his bag anyway. Then he asks the forest ranger if he wants them shown away, because he'd do him that favor in return. Sure, he'd like that a lot. Did he have any enemies he wanted them to be shown to? No, he didn't, he didn't want to visit that kind of harm on anyone, because he thought they'd had a hard enough time with them. Then all the mice came running and there were so many of them, it was horrible, and then he showed them under an osier bush and they ate that all winter. They also say that a couple [of mice] came running out across the floor and wanted to run in another hole and then the Norwegian said, "Don't bend over, don't bend over, you didn't bend over last night when you bit my bag."

1.43 [3251a] DS II E, 156

The viper king was entirely white and had a red head. It was the only female in the entire den, so it's the same as with bees. A horse dealer had gotten hold of one once and wanted to cook and eat it, because then he'd have been able to see down into the ground as deep as he was tall, and he'd be able to see calves inside cows too. Then he goes in one place and he wants this viper king prepared. They had a little girl there who stood there chewing on a piece of bread. It falls down into the pot and she picks it up and continues to chew on it. Then she could see through the walls and see that the horse dealer was sitting next to the wood-burning stove, and she could also see if there were white or dappled calves inside the cows. So now the horse dealer wanted to buy the girl from the people, but they wouldn't sell her.

2.08 [3265a–3265b] DS II C, 110

There was this little girl who had to tend the sheep on her sister's wedding day, and she was so angered by this that she threw herself into a watering hole down in Gravlev fen, they call it the Cat kettle. Finally they found her and she was fished out and then she was to be cast down in unconsecrated earth, because she couldn't be buried in the cemetery like that. The corpse was put in a wagon with a couple of oxen in front, and then they let them walk where they wanted to. But then they went and opened the churchyard gate in case the oxen decided to go in there with her. The oxen went up to the church gates, too, but they just stood there. Then the minister said, "Well, her soul was this close to heaven, but it couldn't come in." They turned the oxen around and shooed them along. Then they went and stopped up where Jens Binderup's farm now is. It was called Helledi, because there were two farms in Gravlev, called Heaven and Helledi. She was buried in a field divider, which is on their field now, and she's the one who became the night raven that people in the area heard. When it had to go across running water it cried and said, "Ba-u, ba-u, ba-u!"

2.09 [3265b–3266a] DS II C, 90

A man came walking from Ersted to Årestrup. Then two elf women came running quickly toward him, and they came in on the southside of the town while they said to each other, “He won’t catch us yet, because he isn’t clean.” Well, the man continued to go on his way along the road, but then someone came riding up to him and it was none other than Jon’s hunter. He says, “Did anyone come the other way?”—“Yes, these two little ones came by running as fast as they could.”—“What did they say to each other?” asked the one who was riding. “They said: he won’t catch us yet, because he isn’t clean.” Then Jon’s hunter pissed in his hand and wiped himself with it, and then he said to the man, “If you’ll lie down and stick your fingers in your ears, I’ll pay you well when I come back in a little bit.” Sure, he did that, too, but then he thought that it was taking a while, and so he wanted to take his fingers out of his ears a little bit. First he took one finger out, and then he heard that somebody shot; but that wasn’t too far away, he thought it might be over by Hobro. Well, he lies down again for a little while. But then he got bored again lying there like that, and he gets up and takes the other finger out. Then he hears a shot again, but that was as far away as Horsens. Well, then he quickly puts his fingers back in his ears and he lies down in his old place. Then the rider comes back with both of them, and they were tied together by their hair and they’d been hung over the horse, each on their own side. Then he says, “You’ll be paid well for this, but it could have been better; you took your fingers out of your ears, and that hindered me so much that I had to ride from Hobro to Horsens to catch the last one.” Now his horse had lost a shoe along the way, and the rider told the man that he could go and get it, then he’d have received ample payment. When the man got out there and found it, it turned out to be a gold horseshoe.

2.11 [3266b–3267a] DS VII, 447

There was one from Jens Adals family, a witch rode on him to Troms church, it was the dean’s wife from Smorup (Ravnkilde parish). Then he talked to a witch master about this thing that had come and ridden on

him one night and he thought that he was a horse. He'd gone past both Aalborg and Sundby and was so far away that he didn't know how far it was. Well, the cunning man would give him some good advice for this. "When it is Voldborg eve again—some places they ride on Saint Hans eve as well—she'll probably come like the last time and will want to ride on you, but you must not fall asleep."—"Sure, but my whole body is so sore."—"Well, that's because you're troll-ridden." And then he gave him something that was supposed to help. Well, sure enough, she came again on Voldborg eve and put a bridle on him. But he was wide awake. She rode on him then to Troms church and she tied him up there—or maybe she just let him go to take care of himself. The witch master had told him what would happen. Then he was supposed to push the bridle off of himself in the meantime and when she came out again, he was supposed to put it on her. Then she'd turn into a horse and he was to get up and ride her. Well, the witch did exactly what the witch master said she would. She went in along with the others and they were many. He stands there and pushes the bridle off and when she came out he put it on her. Then he rode home to where he came from and when it was day, he rode to Store-Arden and had her shod both front and back. When that was done, he took the bridle off of her and he saw that it was the dean's wife, she stood there and had been shod on both her hands and feet and she stood shaking them. One time when he went to Brorstrup church to see her, he thanked her for their last meeting.

2.15 [3267b–3268a] DS II F, 14

My father told a story that there were once two hags who pulled off their clothes and climbed through a horse skin they'd hung up on a pole. They were pregnant and they were naked and then their babies became werewolves. But they were people most of the time. When they were wolves, they'd tear the first thing they encountered apart, regardless of what it was. A farmhand at home here was out driving on the heath with a girl and they were boyfriend and girlfriend. When they got to a dale or a low place out there on the heath, the farmhand gets down and says to the girl: "If a wolf comes up to you, don't stick it with the pitchfork."—"Well, what should I do with it then?" Well, she could pull her apron off

and hit it with that. As soon as he'd gone, a wolf comes up to her, and it wanted to jump on her. But she grabbed her apron and hit it. It snapped at it and tore it into tiny pieces, and then it ran away. A little later, the farmhand comes back. "A wolf was just here and wanted to tear me apart, and you were gone for so long." He laughed a bit about that. Her apron was blue with some white stripes. When the farmhand began to laugh, she could see the threads between his teeth. "It was you," she says, "because I can see the threads between your teeth." Then he never became a werewolf again, because now he'd been revealed.

3.03 [4088b–4089a] DS II G, 267

Kirketorup minister had a mute coachman. They were out driving once and were supposed to go to Bislev, and the coachman couldn't say anything and hadn't learned any finger language or anything like that as they do now. They were to give the last sacrament to a woman, and she died, too, while they were there. The coachman cried for her, because it was terrible, but the minister couldn't understand that, because he thought it was a good death. Then they drove back to the parish and drove down Ejdrup hill, and this was during the winter. A man came driving toward them and one of the horses kicks out, and cleaves the man's forehead so he falls backward out of the sleigh and died immediately. The coachman laughed so hard over this, and the minister thought that it was strange that he could laugh at that. Then the minister prayed from the pulpit for seven years that his coachman would learn to talk, so he could tell him why he cried when the woman died such a good normal, peaceful death in her bed and laughed when the man died so poorly. Then the coachman got his voice back and said the raven took her soul while the dove took his soul and that's what amused him. This isn't a story, it's a true incident, but it happened a long time ago.

3.05 [4089a–4092a] Æv, 1360

A girl and a boy worked together at Sønder Tranders Hedegård (Heath farm), and it was a couple of humble people they worked for there. These people's pensioners were dead, and the pensioners' house stood vacant. Then the farmhand goes and seduces the girl. She goes to the husband

and tells him how things were and asks him if she could have permission to stay there in the pensioners' house and have the child, because her beloved wanted to drive the cattle to Holsten, and it was in the spring he was to leave, that was the custom in the old days. She gets permission to do that, but the farmhand and the girl get married before he left. But the child was born before that and it was a boy, and it was also brought to the church since they had gotten married right away. Well, he went off. When he gets to Holsten and had gotten rid of the cattle, he stayed up there and started to work for a man there. The man didn't want to pay him any wages before he saw how he was and how they hit it off with each other. Well, this cattle driver was happy with that as well. One week after another went by, and the man offered him nothing, and the farmhand didn't ask for anything either except for what he needed, he got that, and they went on like that for eighteen years and he stayed there as if he was their own child. Then he says to the man one day: "Tomorrow I want to go home and see my wife and my son."—"What, you're married?" says the man. Yes, he was, and now he'd decided that he wanted to go home, since he missed it. "Well, then we'll have us a happy day today," says the man, and they sat down to celebrate.

The man had put all the farmhand's wages together and he wanted to give them to him and it amounted to three hundred daler, that was big money in the old days. So they're sitting there and talking and drinking and then the man says: "You've got a long journey ahead of you, and if you'll give me a hundred daler, I'll give you a good piece of advice that will serve you well." Sure, he'd gladly do that, and they make the deal. The advice was that he must not take any shortcuts, but should follow the true country road. Then they had a few more drams, and then the farmer says: "If you'll give me another hundred daler, then I'll give you another piece of advice." Sure, he'd go along with that. "You must not take lodgings where the fox builds over the raven, because things will go bad for you there." The farmhand keeps drinking with the man so long that he winds up giving him all his money back, and then he was to have one final piece of advice, and that was he must not take lodgings where there was a very old husband and a young wife, because things would go bad for him there. And then he wanted to give him another piece

of good advice as a bonus, and that was that he shouldn't do any deed that he wasn't sure was a good deed before he had said the Lord's prayer three times. Then the man's wife says, "Yes, now our father has wasted your time today, but I want to waste a bit of your time tomorrow, since I'm going to bake and you are going to get a nice cake along with you on your trip." He got the nice cake and the wife told him that he must not cut into it before he got home and if his wife was dead then he was to come back and give the cake back. He promised her that and then he left. The first day he was out on his journey, he came to a peddler and followed along with him because they were going the same way. Then they come to a forest and then the peddler says: "There's a road through here, which is much shorter than the country road." He thinks a bit about this, but then he says no, he wants to follow the country road. But the peddler wants to go the other way, and so they split up there. When the peddler had gotten a little way into the forest, he begins to shout and scream because robbers had come after him. Then the farmhand thought to himself: "I didn't waste that money that I paid for the first piece of good advice."

He comes a little later to an isolated house in the forest and since it had become evening, he goes up there and asks for lodgings. He could certainly stay there. As they sit there eating dinner that night, there's an old man sitting at the table with red hair and a black beard [a reference to the fox building over the raven]. Then the farmhand thinks: "This isn't going to turn out well for me." There was a girl who was to show him up to a room upstairs, and then she says: "I feel bad for you." "Why?" he says. "Well, the robbers aren't home, this is a robbers' den you've come to, and there's no one here but the old guy you sat and ate with and talked to. When they come home, they'll kill you. But there's a piece of rope hanging here, let me tie it around you, then you can let yourself down out the window and down to the ground." He thanked her and took the rope, and then he hoisted himself down and went away from there and got away. He keeps going that night and the next day he comes to stay at another farm. There was an old man out in the courtyard and he went over to him and asked if he couldn't have lodgings. Sure, he certainly could. He could go inside to his wife and then he'd

come in himself, when he was done mucking out. He went in, too and, when he gets inside, another man comes running toward him with his pants around his heels. He saw now that there was a young wife there and then he thought: "This isn't going to turn out well for me either." Then the old man comes in. Then she says: "What kind of a person was that you sent in to me, he wanted to get up on top of me like the devil." Well, he couldn't have known that. "Well, that's true," she says, "that's how it was." Well, then he was to be arrested, says the man, and they sent for the parish bailiff, and two men came to sit and watch the farmhand. During the night, they fell asleep but the prisoner didn't sleep. Then someone comes to the window and says to the farmhand: "Well, tomorrow you are going to be driven to the district bailiff and be tried." Yes, he certainly was. "But they won't believe anything you say, they'll say the whole time it is a lie. But then you are to say: The one walking outside here shall witness to that. You can see me, but the others can't, and then I'll come and tell it as it is. The one who had been on top of the wife and came running out with his pants around his heels, that was their minister, and I doubt that he'll help out the wife by witnessing for her, it will be enough that he is there as a witness." Well then the time comes, he is to be tried, and they go in there to the courtroom. The farmhand says, as he points at the minister, that he was the one who came at him with his pants around his heels. They said that was a lie. But then the farmhand says: "He will witness to it, the one who is walking outside," couldn't he be allowed to call him? Well, yes he was allowed to. The farmhand goes over to the window and calls to him and asks, if he can witness to what he had said. He said yes to that. Then the minister and the wife swore for the devil to take them, it was a lie, but then this stranger took one under one arm and the other by the neck and then he went off with them, because it was the devil himself. Then they could see that it was true what the farmhand had said, and then he was given permission to go on his way. He went along on his way home.

The peddler whom he had accompanied the first day had been killed by the robbers and we don't hear anymore about him. Well, then he finally gets home and his wife didn't recognize him. He asks if he can't stay there. Well, he could stay, but she had no place for him to lie be-

cause she only had one bed. Well, he could sit in a chair at night, and so he stays there. When it gets to be bedtime, the wife goes to bed and he sits down in the chair. Then a young man comes in and lies down by the wife in the bed. During the night, someone comes to the window and raps on it and says to the farmhand—and he can hear that it was the same person who had spoken to him before: “That person who is lying there has lain with your wife every night since you left, and if it were me, I’d go over and knock his head off or cut his throat.” Well, he gets provoked, too, and went over there and was going to cut his throat. But then he remembers what his master had said to him, that he mustn’t do any deed that he didn’t know was good before he had said the Lord’s prayer three times, and so he did that, too. Then the person wakes up at once and says: “Oh mother, I dreamed that my father had come home and was here by the bed and wanted to cut my throat.”—“Oh, your father,” she says, “it is eighteen years since I’ve seen him, he probably died a long time ago.” He stood and listened to that, and then he could easily figure out that it was his son that he was about to kill. “No, I didn’t waste the money that I paid for that advice,” he says, “otherwise I would have cut my own son’s throat,” and then he sat down quietly in the chair again, and the one outside the window gained no power with the advice he’d given him. The next morning, when the son gets up, the father wants him to go and get a half pint for him and he did that, too, but then he wanted him to drink it with him, too. Then the mother says: “No, he may not, he has to go to his work, because he works during the day and lies here at night.” Then he told them who he was and they were very happy with each other. He took the cake out that he had been carrying the whole way and cut into it and then all the money that he was to have in wages, all three hundred daler, had been baked into the cake. So they live happily together even to this very day, and the last time I was there, I got scalded beer on a sausage and the sausage skin is still sitting on my nose.

3.13 [4095a–4096b] JAH II, 256

Speitzer was really bad about beating his tenants. Then one day he’d beaten a big boy. He was the brother of Kræn Gatten. Kræn Hornum

from Vester-Hornum said that he saw it. The next day, when Kræn Gatten was at the farm doing his villeinage, and they'd harvested and they were raking, he stayed back a little bit, so that Speitzer would come over to him. It was down in a little depression. Then Speitzer comes over and says, "Listen, Kræsten, can you give me a light?"—"The devil should take you, what did you do to my brother yesterday?" He began to lash out at him with his staff and said, "Yeah, you can get some too, good buddy." Then Kristen jumped on him but he couldn't knock him over, since he was a fat, strong beast, this here Speitzer. At that moment, Per Skytte [Rifleman Per] arrives. Then Kræn Gatten says, "If you're a brave guy, then you'll help me."—"No, help me," said Speitzer, "then I'll give you my manor farm."—"OK, I'll help you," says Per Skytte. Speitzer's hat had come off, and he was bald, and Per smashed his rake down on his head, so that blood poured out of him, and then they knocked him out cold and stood on either side of him and kicked him on both sides and broke all of his ribs. Now they thought that Speitzer was dead when he stopped moving and then they started to run off. But at the same time he lifted his head. "Haven't you had enough yet?" they said, "you'll get some more," and so they took a stone and put his right hand on it and took another stone and smashed his hand with it. After that they each took a horse and rode off.

Then scouts were sent out to find them. They also came close to them, they came to a place where one of them was. It was probably Per Skytte. Then the family where he was hiding put him into a closet. They had a little baby, who was on the floor, and when the scouts came in there to search, the little child goes and says, "Man in the cave, man in the cave," but they didn't really understand and the mother took the child and got it out of the way, so they didn't find him. The fugitives went up to Holsten and got away that way. They say that Per Skytte later wound up living on Funen.

But now it's Speitzer that we were supposed to hear about. The minister came to him, or maybe they send someone to get him, and he said, "I've told you before, Speitzer. If you've got anything on your conscience, tell me, because you'll probably not survive."—"No, I'll confess only to my God in heaven, and not to you." He got better but his right hand was

never healthy again. He'd lost his right hand, they said, but he'd deserved hell. Then he said goodbye to the farm and traveled off to someplace else. The madam, his wife, wanted so badly for him to die, but it didn't happen. When he called for her, or for the young lady at the manor, and she didn't come, then he'd finally have to call for the cleaning woman, whom he'd have sex with, and if nobody else would come, she would.

Kirsten Hornum said that blood poured out of him and covered more than half a field when he was carried home.

One time, all the servants had gone off to sleep, because they didn't think he'd come. But then he was upon them before they knew it, and he didn't say anything to them, he just began to lash them, and he continued to do so until they'd all gotten some. Then one of them said, "Usually the lightning comes before the thunder, but this time the thunder came before the lightning."

3.18 [4098b–4099b] JAH V, 535

When a beggar had gone through a town and gotten alms, then the townsfolk were supposed to drive him to the nearest town, and the one who had the *stakkelsfjal* (poor board) had to do that. It was a seat plank on which had been counted a number of loads. Each town had their own plank, and when a man had driven he'd give the plank to his neighbor. If a beggar died on his wanderings, his burial had to be paid for by the town in which he died. There was an old tailor from Rold who died at our neighbor's, he was the brother of the parish bailiff in Rold, that tailor. Hjorde-Jens, the guy whose house he'd died at, got his neighbor on the other side, Old Per, to help him carry the tailor out and they placed him up next to a stone wall, tied his bag on, and put a staff in his hand. The place was fairly high and so it was easy to see him. This happened early in the morning, before daylight, and when it became daylight, Hjorde-Jens came out and found him—at least it was supposed to appear that way—and he went to the alderman, they called him Truukræn, and told him about the Rold tailor, how it was. "Well," he says, "that's really bad." He told his farmhand that he should harness the two gray horses to the dung wagon and drive off and get him. Then they drove him over to Rold and into the parish bailiff's farm. "I've brought your brother," said

Truukræn, "he's dead." Well, the parish bailiff said, then they could take him back with them, and bury him. But then Truukræn jumped off the wagon and took hold of the one dung board and Byrri-Niels, who was with him, took hold of the other, and then they dumped the tailor out of the wagon with his bag, and his basket and his things, so that he fell down onto the ground, and then they jumped back up into the wagon and rode off. When they got to Try lake, they could hear that the drum was being beaten in Rold, so that the men could gather and talk about what they should do with the tailor.

This here tailor went around sewing for people, but in the end he went around begging. He was shy with women. One place, he was sitting on the table sewing and the children were standing on the floor rocking a baby, while their mother was just out milking, and they tipped over her cradle and it landed on top of the baby. But the tailor wasn't man enough to go over and help the little baby up, because it was a girl. When the mother came back in she said, "Couldn't you have done the baby a favor and picked the cradle up, it could have lain there and suffocated?" But he answered, "Nah, I won't mess with that shit, no sirree. If it had been a boy, then it would have been a totally different story." Kold-Jen's old mother wanted him to sew a dress for her, and then he was supposed to measure her. But he answered, "Get out of here, I can make it fit her." He didn't want to touch her. The same tailor could get all the town's dogs to follow along behind him in a line. He talked well with them and patted them while he said, "Are you coming over here, my friend, you are my only friend in the world. Do you remember the time I helped you out when you'd stolen all those wonderful herrings, I knew it, but I didn't say anything."

3.29 [4101b–4102a] JAH II, 201

The manor lord ordered every man on the manor farm to drive half a cord of wood to Hobro, and Skjel-Jens refused. He had, sure enough, two large, strong horses, but it was his old lady who probably made him do it, she was a bit crazy. Then the foreman came one day when they were baking and threw them out of their house, along with all their possessions, even the children's clothing. They had eighteen living children. The wife

wound up staying over with Skjel-Peder in Tveden, he was my grandfather, and there she sat with all the children in their hallway. They put the husband in jail; he was supposed to be there for two months, but he didn't want to go home again, since he could imagine how bad things were, and so he stayed and died half a year later there in the jail.

When they threw their possessions out, they also took a really nice grate for roasting herring, and the old lady said, "Yeah, you take that, Satan will roast your soul on it in hell." She said to the foreman that she'd go to Copenhagen and talk to the king about this. He said he could accomplish more with his writing in two hours than she could accomplish in Copenhagen in two years. She really did travel to Copenhagen and also managed to talk to the king, but didn't get anything out of it. He answered that he wasn't an absolute monarch. He in fact was, but he probably believed that he wasn't the only one who made decisions.

The same old lady said that she had eighteen children and that she could have had eighteen more, if she could have had them made. She had her children go up to the foreman's office when he was there and shout, "Jörgen Petersen, Palteren, Pommergålden!" and then in addition they swore at him. This foreman lived in Hobro and was called Jörgen Peter Rommedahl, but he had an office in Rold and went there once in a while, but I don't know for which manor farm he was the foreman. The man whom they chased away lived in Skjelhusene, the place that they call Mylenbjærg these days.

3.37 [4103b–4104b] JAH V, 364

Peder Hjort, Skjærslipper-Lassen, and Bitte-Fanden plundered a man's house over in Ersted. They came in through a window. The wife escaped out of her bed and slipped right through their legs. They got hold of her kerchief and they bound her hands with it, but didn't pay attention to whether they did so in the front or not. They grabbed her by the neck and banged her three times against the floor and then said, "Now she's had enough." The people there at the farm had baked the day before, and the loaves of bread were lying on the bench in front of the table, but they'd fallen when the robbers had climbed in through the window, and so there she lay among the loaves of bread and she got her hands free and

crept about and got out in only her nightshirt. Then she ran over the ice in her bare feet to a man who lived a bit to the south. They beat up her husband who was in bed. They'd taken a fencepost and they beat him with it so both skin and hair hung off of it. There were no fewer than thirty-six stab wounds in his thigh. They wanted to tie his hands behind his back but couldn't in part because he was too strong and in part because his arms were too stiff, they couldn't be bent. Then they discovered that the wife was gone, and so they got busy looking for money and wanted to get out of there. There were two wallets in the closet, one on each side, and they were both as thick as psalm books, and they weren't locked. The robbers shook the money out of one of the wallets and flung it away and they took the other one with them. Then they ran off. One of them got dizzy along the way and they were going to cut his throat so he wouldn't tell on them, but then another one got hold of him and slapped him to his senses.

3.46 [4106a–4107a] VFK, 586

The "Rogue from Mjels" was a farm owner who lived there in Mjels. One time he saved their minister, who'd run into really bad difficulties. In his day he'd attended the Latin school in Aalborg, and there he'd gone into a restaurant and had eaten three eggs that he hadn't paid for. This was left unresolved until he was minister in Ferslev. Then a bill came to him for three eggs, and it said that from the three eggs there could have come three chickens, and they could have laid so many eggs, and they continued like that figuring forward, until it was a bill so big that the minister couldn't pay it. Now he had no idea what he should do, and was in really bad straits since he'd been summoned for it. Then one day the rogue says to him that he'd meet up for him and he'd set things in order. The minister thought this was great. The rogue travels off to Aalborg on the appointed day. He is supposed to appear at a certain time but he waits a half hour longer. When he finally goes in, they ask if he was the one who was to meet up for the minister. Yes, he was. Why did he wait so long? Yes, please excuse him, he had a barrel of boiled peas and he absolutely had to get them planted. "What? Cooked peas can't grow," and they began reading up the case to him. "Permission to ask a question," he says

then, “weren’t the eggs boiled or fried or otherwise prepared?” Yes, they were boiled. “You said that boiled peas couldn’t grow, so how could you get chicks from boiled eggs?” Yes, they had to admit that that couldn’t happen. Well, you’re welcome to reach an agreement with the minister, said the rogue, because otherwise they’d have him to deal with. So they had to give money to the minister instead of getting money from him. Then a while passed and he and the minister were great friends. But then they had a falling out. The rogue was the rogue and he made himself so deathly ill, and the minister was sent for to give him the last rites. Then the minister asks if he has something on his conscience and it would be for the best if he relieved his mind and told him. Yes he did, he had taken life from his first wife. Lord save us, that was a terrible sin. Had he done anything else? Yes, he had p . . . [*pulet*, meaning poked, screwed] seven dogs to death. You see the minister heard him out. “Yes, you are a horrible sinner, you must see about turning your life around, it is about time, if there is to be a conversion of such a sinner.”

Then he got better, the rogue did, he hadn’t been sick at all. A little later he rides down to the minister with rye for his bread, but he got too close to a watering hole and his nag slips into it. The next year he was riding the same way on the same nag, and then he couldn’t get near that hole. Then he said that his nag was wiser than the minister. The minister heard that, and he sued him for slander over that. When they were about to start the case, the rogue says that he’s never hurt him or told any lies about him. “What did you admit to me when you were sick?” Yes, he hadn’t done anything to be ashamed over. The minister continued to prod him and then he told him how things were. It was really bad weather and his wife was going to deliver, but they couldn’t get a midwife, and so he did it himself. That was the life he’d taken. That was that, but then the minister starts talking about the other crime he had committed. His dog had had seven puppies and they lay under the bed. Then one night he’d been poking (screwing) his wife and the bottom of the bed fell out, and they had crushed all the puppies to death. That’s what had happened. Then the minister had to start in on the complaint that his old nag was wiser than the minister. Yes, the rogue begins to explain that he was a fine upstanding person, and now he had to tell it as it was. The

minister had seduced one of his hired girls and had gotten into serious difficulties to avoid being called father. But the next year he seduced the girl a second time. If the judge didn't think then that he'd been right to say that the minister wasn't as wise as the nag when he'd gotten into the . . . [presumably "hole," although this is edited from the manuscript] a second time. The judge had to agree with him. Finally he said that what the minister had brought before the court were things that he otherwise wasn't allowed to make public, and now he requested that the judge remove him from his position as minister because of that. That happened, too, so the rogue wasn't an easy one to deal with.

4.13 [4593a (3)] JAH V, 540

A vagabond came to a farm in Årestrup where Jens Smed lived and he wanted to beg. Jens Smed takes a cake and cuts a piece and gives it to him. But the vagabond threw it down onto the table and said he couldn't eat bread without anything on it. "You scoundrel, can't you eat bread by itself? I've been places where we had to eat raw horse meat and be happy that we could get that." He'd been a soldier for eleven years, you see. He gave the vagabond a few smacks with a wheel spoke, and then he could go off with that.

4.14 [4593a–4593b] JAH V, 541

At another place in Ersted a vagabond came and begged. Then the farm wife gave him a couple of eggs and he put them in his bag with these words, "Wow, my bag really got fat because of those two eggs." The husband was making clogs and when the beggar turned around and was about to go, he took the hunk of clog that he was chopping and smacked him on the back of the neck with it so that he flew flat on his face out the door.

4.20 [4594b–4595a] DS VII, 292

The witches they churned on Saint Hans eve. One night a girl went and smeared Jens Ilder's door with that butter, because she wanted to bewitch his cattle. But he scraped it off in one place and then he loaded his rifle and shot into it and then he hit the girl and shot her back full

of it. Then she had to come to him for a remedy. Well, if she promised to never do that to him or anybody else again, he'd cure her, otherwise she could just stay as she was. Then she had to promise that and then he cured her.



2

Kirsten Marie Pedersdatter

BETWEEN FARM AND SMALLHOLDING

KIRSTEN MARIE PEDERSDATTER WAS SOMETHING OF AN anomaly among Tang Kristensen's informants. She came from a relatively well-to-do family, although, like so many other daughters of farm owners, she married down into the cotter (*busmand*, or smallholder) class. Despite her economic step down, she always kept her eye—and her thoughts—on the farm owners and was keenly interested in social advancement and economic class distinctions. Tang Kristensen noted, significantly, that one of her daughters, Dorthea Kirstine, took the teacher's exam. Becoming a teacher was one of the few opportunities for a person—particularly a woman—to move out of the clearly defined bounds of the farming classes. By the end of the nineteenth century, teachers were considered more to be public servants (*embedsmænd*) than members of the local farming economy. That Kirsten Marie mentioned her daughter's achievements to Tang Kristensen can also be read as a gesture toward newly emerging gauges of individual success: Kirsten Marie's children were not only educated, something that was highly valued in the farm-owning class, but also successful in their academic pursuits. The comment also drew an implicit connection between her and the schoolteacher Tang Kristensen.

Tang Kristensen wrote a short biography of Kirsten Marie during his last visit, which he expanded on later in *Jyske almueliv*:

Kirsten Marie Pedersdatter was born the 27th of October, 1827, in Bodholm in Nielstrup, Rud parish, south of Rud church. Her father was from Nielstrup from a place called Sahule. The buildings had been moved by

her grandfather from the town and up to Sahulested. Her mother was born at the house, which is still right next to the church. Later, her father bought a farm in Villendrup, and Kirsten Marie's brother (Rasmus Kjær Pedersen) still has it, and she was married off from there. She has her stories and legends from her mother, who had learned them in turn from her father, who also was from Nielstrup. At parties, he could gather everyone around him, because he was an excellent storyteller. Kirsten Marie married Niels Møller, and they still (1895) live there on Hornslet Mark, west of the station. One of her daughters has taken the teacher's examination (JAT, vol. 6, 865).¹

This biography speaks of Kirsten Marie's close connection to the local area and of a long history for her family as part of the dynamic farm-owning class.

Her characterization of her maternal grandfather as an exceptional storyteller echoes descriptions in other informant biographies, in that it proposes a narrative genealogy. The genealogy that Tang Kristensen traced is further echoed in the narrative attributions that Kirsten Marie made during her storytelling. These narrative attributions serve multiple purposes: they anchor the stories in local geography and history; they emphasize Kirsten Marie's close connection to other farm owners, both contemporaneous and historical; and they confirm her pedigree as a performer. Although she might not rise to the apparent gold standard of her maternal grandfather (a romantic positioning of the storyteller of yore), she achieves a degree of success as a storyteller by association or perhaps by self-attribution.

Kirsten Marie sang no ballads, preferring instead to tell stories. Many of the stories she told were legends and descriptions of local beliefs and practices. Like Margrete Jensdatter (chapter 4), she was skilled at telling folktales (Holbek 1987, 128–29). The positive outlook of the fairy tale genre as a whole influenced her legend telling as well. Her legends, unlike those of other members of the farm-owning class, tend to be resolved positively (Tangherlini 1994, 252). Kirsten Marie's perception of

1 It is unclear where Tang Kristensen found this additional biographical material, although it is probable that he supplemented Kirsten Marie Pedersdatter's comments with archival research of his own.

herself as a member of the farm-owning class also influenced her storytelling. In an analysis of her legends, it is clear that land, farm buildings, and tools related to farming occur with greater frequency than would be expected. Unlike most farm owners, who narratively favored cunning folk as mediators of supernatural threats, Kirsten Marie favored, albeit only slightly, the minister (Tangherlini 1994, 252).²

Stories

1.01 [5210a–5210b] DS II A, 57

There was a forest ranger in Nielstrup, he had responsibility for Hvalløss vie. One afternoon, he was sitting out there in the forest and a beautiful girl with a pancake for him came and sat on his lap, and then he looked at the pancake, and then he looked at the girl, and he had no idea what he should do with it. Finally he takes his knife up out of his pocket and cuts a cross in the pancake and as soon as he'd done that, both the girl and the pancake disappeared. She was just as hollow in her back as a trough. That's what the man said, and he also said that he'd seen some of these elf girls dancing down there in the willows (*vierne*) many times before.

1.04 [5211b] DSnr IV, 469a

There was a minister's wife in Voldum, they called her Mr. Dorrit, she was a terrifying woman, and she hit her hired girls and starved them and was a terrible wife. She was first married to Mr. Niels, and then he died, and she married his successor, Master Laust. She had children with Niels Brun, and she and the children as well were so bad to Laust that he couldn't stand them. One day, when he stood in the pulpit in Rude church, he said goodbye to his parishioners. He said that the Lord should take him now, because he couldn't live here on earth because of his stepchildren and wife. And he died right after that and didn't get up to the pulpit again. But he lay in his casket for fifteen years with red cheeks. Then his cheeks lost their color and people believed that he was supposed to have lived for those years, if he'd been allowed to live out his years.

² A more exhaustive analysis of Kirsten Marie's repertoire can be found in my earlier study of legend tradition in Denmark (Tangherlini 1994, 247–79).

[When Dorrit was dead, she went again (haunted) and was conjured down in the cellar.³ When the hired girls went down there, they were always afraid of touching or breaking the pole that had been driven into the ground above where Dorrit had been conjured down. They believed that she was there, and they were afraid that she would come up again.]

1.05 [5211b–5212a] DS V, 687

There was a revenant one place that was to be conjured, and he was always walking again. So there were three ministers to do it, and they were gathered together and they each sat with a candle at a table. Then a curate comes in, he'd heard about this, and he sat down next to them. Then he asked if they thought that they could take care of the revenant. Then they looked at him and laughed, they thought that they were much more learned than him. Then the curate cut three pegs and he put them over the door. Then when he had sat for a little while, the first peg tumbled down. "Now he's getting up out of the grave," said the curate. A little later the second peg fell down. "Now he's on the way." Then the third peg fell down. "Now he's here." All at once the revenant came in the door and then he went about to the others and blew their candles out, but he couldn't blow the curate's candle out. Then the curate says to him: "Follow me down here to the barn to see if the cows are tied up." "No, we don't have anything to do out there. You, too, have stolen once." "Well, I didn't do that for the sake of abundance, but out of need and necessity," and then he flung a bread roll right into the revenant's mouth. "Follow me now," said the curate. "Well, let's go then, Per Fæbinder (cow binder)." Afterward, the curate had that name. Then the revenant followed him out and then he was conjured down there in the barn.

1.07 [5212a–5212b] DS V, 810

When Master Laust drove one evening from Århus, he saw that there was light in Trige church, and so he says to his farmhand who was driving that he should stop, and then he went in there. But as he left he

3 In Danish tradition, revenants are usually dealt with through conjuring (*at mane*), most often by a minister or a cunning person. A revenant that has been conjured successfully is no longer a threat to the community.

said to him, "Wait here and don't drive until someone comes and says, Drive now in the name of Jesus Christ. Many will come and order you to drive, but you must not." First one came and then another who said, "Drive now, drive now!" and sat down beside him, but he wouldn't do it. Finally Master Laust came and said, "Drive now in the name of Jesus Christ." But when he tried to drive, the wagon wouldn't budge. "Can you get down and put the right rear wheel up in the wagon behind us?" The farmhand did that. "Drive now!" said the minister, and then he could drive. When they got home, the farmhand put the wheel on again, and then Master Laust went up to the cemetery and said to someone, "Follow me." The farmhand in the meantime couldn't see anything. Then Master Laust was up there for a little while and then he came back, and then everything was in order.

1.15 [5215a] DS V, 1430

My grandmother had been over visiting a relative in Halling and she had a little boy with her, and then they walked home to Nielstrup, where she lived. When they got out onto Halling heath, then the boy says, "Look, mother, who are those two men walking there?" Then she looked and it looked to her as if there were two men walking with a chain between them. They passed right in front of them and they could both hear the chain rattle and they heard that the men were mumbling, but it wasn't real talk. She continued watching them but they disappeared all of a sudden.

1.16 [5215a (1)] DS II H, 436

While they were sitting one evening someplace in Nielstrup, they heard something clattering, and when they looked out, it looked as if a funeral procession was leaving their farm, and then within a half year, an old woman who lived there with them died, that was my grandmother's mother-in-law.

1.17 [5215a (2)] DS II H, 480

One evening a man was driving along, he'd been over at Tåbæk mill. When he passed Ødum and was headed toward Langskov, he had the impression that a large crowd was approaching. He drove a bit to the

side for them, and then a funeral procession passed him, and he could vividly hear them mumbling. Then they turned in toward the church and there they disappeared.

1.19 [5215b] DS I, 782

There was a farmhand who rode past a mound which they called Høningshøj, it lies south of Hornslet. There he saw so many little people and they were dancing and hopping outside the mound. So he stopped and wanted to watch what was going on and then one came over and offered him a gold [drinking] horn and invited him to drink it up. He took it but threw the drink behind him. Three drops landed on the back of the horse and it took both the hair and skin off the horse's back. Now the farmhand rode as fast as he could and the little people came after him with the mound hag out in front. Then he could see that he couldn't hold his own with her, so he set off across the plowed field. She couldn't run over that, she had to run around each furrow, and then she yelled out to him and said: "You should ride on the unplowed fields (*boor*) and not on the plowed fields (*joor*)" and at the same time she took a clump of dirt and threw it at him. That became a mound on the field which they call Vøndingshøj [Turning mound], because she turned around at the same time, she could see that she could neither catch him nor hit him. It's later been changed to Høningshøj. Since he'd gotten away from her so luckily, he used the drinking horn to build Horns church, and that's how it got its name.

1.20 [5215b–5216a] DS I, 400

Over in Voldum there was a farmhand who was plowing between Voldum and Hvallos and there was a small mound that lay right close by. When he was down at the other end of the field, an oven rake came up out of the mound and it was in pieces. So he fixes it. At noontime he drove home to Voldum, and in the afternoon he went back out there to the field. Then there was a cake lying there at the place where the [oven] rake had lain. He cut into it and ate it and things turned out really well for him.

1.29 [5218a–5218b] JAH V, 539

A vagabond came to my great-grandfather's mother's house in Nielstrup and he asked for something. So she wanted to give him a piece of bread. But he answered saying, "Bread! If I took all the bread that I was offered, I could build a bridge between Nielstrup and Voldum."—"Well, then you don't need to beg, my lamb," she says and then he got a taste of the mangle roller and then he went away.

1.30 [5218b] JAT II, 149

There was a little manor farm near Æbletoft, which was called Bøgensholm, and there was a man who was invited to a gathering there, he was called Count-Niels. He was from Æbletoft and he was supposed to be there at this party as a fool or as a buffoon. So they were sitting there and had some punch, and somehow or other they wound up talking, and he buys the farm for a pittance. And so he wants it written down, but they didn't have any paper close at hand. "We can write it on a piece of rolling paper," he says. The next day he went to an attorney and showed it to him. "Yes, we can certainly use this." Then he got the farm and later wound up owning a large part of Æbletoft.

1.45 [5220b (2)] DS II E, 145

One day I walked past a grass snake that had a frog in its mouth, so that its back legs were still sticking out. Then I poked at the snake and it let the frog go and slithered away, and the frog hopped away. A Swede, Jens Karlsen, said that I should have gone in between them because then I would have saved a woman who was having birthing difficulties.

1.47 [5220b–5221a] Æv, 1512

At the time when Our Lord and Saint Peter walked on Earth, they came one evening to a place and asked for lodgings. They were given permission to stay there, but a short time earlier the Ridesvends Kræmmer [Outrider's Peddler, a nickname] had also arrived there and had asked for lodgings, and they had also given him quarter. He had already gone to bed, and then Our Lord and Saint Peter also went to bed, but they

lay each in their own bed. A little later they heard that the woman of the house had gone into labor. Then Our Lord says to Saint Peter: "Go out and see which stars are in the heavens." He went out and came back in again and told him. "Well, then we can't let the child be born yet, because if it is born now, then it will be hung." So the woman lies complaining in there some more and then a little bit later Our Lord once again tells Saint Peter to go out and see which stars are in the heavens. He comes back and tells him. "No, it still isn't right, because if the child was born now, then it would be burned." A little time goes by again, and the woman is still lying in there complaining horribly. "Now you can go out and look again." He comes back and tells him what he has seen. "Yes, now it is OK," says Our Lord, "because when the child is born now, then he will inherit from the Outrider's Peddler." Then the boy could be born, and he was. Now the Outrider's Peddler lay in the other bed, and he lay there and listened to this. Then he thought to himself: "That will be one heck of a lie, I'll make sure of that." The next morning, he left again, and Our Lord and Saint Peter did too. The child grew up well and became a clever lad. Now the Outrider's Peddler had focused his attention on the boy, and so one time he comes back to that place and asks to have the boy. He told them that he was a peddler, and the parents liked his proposal and they let him have the boy.

A couple of days passed, and the boy was doing fine. But then one day the Outrider's Peddler writes a letter and the boy was to take it home to the peddler's wife and daughter, and he told him how to get there. It was written in the letter that when the bearer of the letter arrived, they were to kill him, and it should be done so quickly that he would be dead before the Outrider's Peddler came home. So he walks off with the letter, the boy does, but it was a long way, and he gets tired. So he walks past a cemetery, and he decided to go in and lie down a bit to take a rest, and he put the letter under his head. But he was so tired that when he lay down like that, he fell asleep. Now it turned out that it was a Sunday, and there were services in the church. When the people came out, there were some who saw the boy, and they go off and tell the minister that. He comes over to him, and then he also notices the letter, which is under his head. Stealthily, he gets hold of it and opens it and reads what it says. Now he feels a great deal of sympathy for the beautiful boy and

goes inside and rewrites the letter so that it says that they should give the bearer of the letter the Outrider Peddler's daughter as his bride as soon as possible, and exert themselves to have a wedding banquet so that it can all be done by the time he comes home. He now carefully put the letter back under the boy's head again, and then they all left. Well, the boy woke up after a while, and then he set off again, and finally he gets to the Outrider Peddler's house and gave the peddler's wife the letter. She read what it said, and now got busy arranging everything. They had the wedding banquet and had everything done free and clear by the time the Outrider's Peddler came home. He became so crazed with anger when he heard what had happened. But his wife showed him the letter, and he could see for himself what he had written, she had no fault in this. He became so aggravated that he went and killed himself, and then the boy inherited all of it, there were no closer relatives, and that's how what Our Lord had said was fulfilled.

1.48 [5221a–5222a] *Æv*, 1513

The sultan was very good about keeping an eye on everything and he traveled quite a bit around his kingdom. One evening he arrives at the house of a wealthy grocer and he lodges with him that night. The grocer had but one daughter and no other children. Now the sultan made himself good friends with her, and it ended up that she got pregnant. When he left, he gave her a thing that she was to bind on the child when it was born, and then he said that if the child ever found itself in danger, then he was to show that badge, and then there was no one who would dare do anything to him. The child was born, and it was a boy, and when he got a little bigger, he went to school. One day he came home and said to his mother: "Mother, they call me a whore's child."—"Well, you sort of are, my boy," she says. "Don't you know who my father is?" No, she didn't know. Well, then he wanted to go out into the world and look for his father. So he journeys off, and he started working for a pâté baker, and the baker's family came to like him so much that they took him in as their own. That baker was to make pâté for the viceroy, and this boy was always sent up there with the pâté. He grew up, and then the viceroy had a daughter, who felt kindness for the boy.

The sultan continued traveling about and was always disguised. Then

he comes to the viceroy's place and asks him if he didn't want to journey about as well and inspect the country, they could accompany each other, and then he was to be disguised too. He said he'd be happy to go along with that, and so they accompanied each other and they listened and asked about this and that. They had disguised themselves as pilgrims, and they came one evening to the pâté baker's place and asked for lodgings. Well, the baker said that he had a journeyman, and they could stay in his room if it was OK by him, but they didn't have any other room. They really wanted to stay there, and the young man was asked and he gave them permission to stay in his room with him. Then these pilgrims go to bed, and they had lain there a short while, and the young man thought they were sleeping, and so he opened up for a girl who came to him and it was no other than the viceroy's daughter. Her father could easily recognize her and he had a hard time controlling himself, but the sultan kept poking him in the side, telling him to lie still and stay quiet. After she'd been there a while, she left again and the viceroy was very angry at the young man, and he wanted to speak seriously with him about it in the morning, but the sultan asked him not to forbid the two from seeing each other. Then the sultan was to go on a longer journey abroad, and while he was gone, the viceroy was to be in charge of everything. There was a bridge that the young man had to cross each time he was to go up to the castle with pâté, and two workers were placed on it with the order that, when he came, they were to grab him and kill him, and as evidence that they had carried out the mission, they were to come and show him the blood on their sword. They grabbed him, too, but when he realized that they were going to hurt him and kill him, he took his badge up and showed it to them. They said to each other: "That's the sultan's own seal, no one can touch him." But they had a little dog along with them, so they took it and stabbed it to death. With that, the viceroy calmed down. But the young man understood that he needed to hide until the sultan came home, because otherwise things would go bad for him and the guards.

When the sultan came back, the guards went up to him with the young man's badge. Then he says, "Where did you get that?" Well, a young man who they were supposed to murder had given it to them. "So, did you murder him?" Well, the viceroy had ordered them to do it,

but they hadn't. Then he asked them to bring the young man to him immediately, so he could make sure that that was true. They did that, too, and then he could tell that it was his own son. He sent for the viceroy and asked him if he didn't think that his son was good enough for his daughter. After that, he decreed that the viceroy should be attached to six horses and then be dragged to death. After that, the sultan held a wedding for them, and then his son became the next viceroy after the other one.

1.49 [5222a–5224a] JFm XII, 3

Once there was a soldier who had served in the army for thirty years. He was soon going to be eligible to receive a pension but then he dreamed three nights in a row that he was going to become king in Paris, and so he went and asked to be discharged. They said that he was a fool, leaving his pension for the sake of a dream, because it would never come true. Then he was discharged and he traveled off.

The weather was very warm and he got thirsty, so he went into a forest where there was a stream, and he lay down to drink from it. But then there was a lioness lying there on the other side of the stream and it laughs at him when he gets up. "What are you laughing at?" he says. "I'm laughing at you because you want to be king in Paris. You'll become king, too, but it is only going to happen after a lot of crap. Now you're going to go through three forests, and someone is going to come up to you in the first forest and ask you if you don't want him to be your servant, but you are not to take him. Then you'll go into the second forest, and yet another person is going to come to you and offer to be your servant, but you're not to take him either. Finally, you'll go into the third forest and the third one that comes up to you, that's the one you should take as your servant, since he'll be true to you, and that is going to be really important for you. Here is a wallet, it can never be emptied of money, and here is a sword, everything that you show its edge to will fall. And here is a hat, it has three corners as you see, and when you spin it, then two hundred canon salvos come out of each corner. Now, when you get to the middle of this last forest you will come to a house, and you are to go in there. There is an old hag who lives there and she will ask you to

go down to get a candle that is burning down in the cellar. You're to go down and get it, but she'll ask you for it before you come up. You should make sure she doesn't get it because then she'll push you back down into the cellar and then she'll kill you. You're to take it up with you and keep it. There is a large genie down there in the cellar, you can call him to you wherever you are, and as soon as you light that candle, he'll come and ask you your command, and then you can always get from him whatever you desire. But since I've now given you all this information about this, I ask that you remember me when you reach a position of honor and respect." Yes, he promised her that and then he traveled on.

When he had gone a little way, the first person comes up to him and asks if he'd like to have him as his servant. But he says no to that offer. Then he goes into the second forest, and another one comes up to him. He won't take him as his servant either. Finally, in the third forest he meets the third guy and asks him if he'll be his servant. "Servant! You don't need a servant!" Well, he really wanted to have him and so he reaches down in his wallet and takes out a handful of money and gives it to him. Well, then he would be willing to be his servant, he saw that he had enough money and then he followed along with him. They come to this little house that the lioness had mentioned, and the soldier went in. The only person there was an old woman, and he said, "Good evening, Mutter!"—"Good evening, my little son," she answers, "are you here? I've waited so long for you. Would you go down in the cellar and get me that candle that is burning down there?" Sure, and so he went down there. That giant genie was lying down there. When he'd gotten hold of the candle and was going to come up again, she shouts, "Oh, give me the candle, son, I'm afraid you'll break it."—"No, I'll take good care of it," he says, and then he came up holding it in his hand, and he showed her the edge of his saber. She immediately fell down dead. Then he traveled on with the candle and his other things.

When they got out of the forest they were on the outskirts of Paris. Then he says to his servant, "Can you bring us to the nicest inn here in all of Paris?"—"Oh, God help us," he says, "we'd better go to one of the more simple ones, the nicest one is far too expensive." No, he wanted to go to the very best. Then the servant showed him to one that was right

across from the king's castle and they took their lodgings there.

In the evening as they were sitting there, the old soldier says, "What is that music we can hear?"—"Oh, that's the king's daughter, she's playing piano." Then he lights the candle, and the genie appears before him. "What does my master desire?"—"I want you to get me a piano twice as good as the one the princess is playing." Oh sure, the genie traveled off and soon returned with it. And so the next evening, the soldier began playing on it, and the princess hears it. Then she comes and wants to buy it from him. No, he didn't want to sell it, but she offered him a lot of money and he finally let her have it. The next evening, he lit the candle again, and the genie comes and asks, "What does my master desire?"—"I want you to get the princess over here for an hour every night." Yes, that would happen, and she came too. The genie went and got her every evening. Now over in the castle they noticed that the princess wasn't sleeping well at night and they also discovered that she was being brought somewhere else. To figure out where she was going, they tied a bag of peas around her neck, and so they were able to find out where she was going. There was a hole in the bag and the peas showed them the way. The king gets so upset when he discovers where she's been going that he had the soldier placed in the tower next to the castle and placed a round-the-clock guard on him. He sat there and then he asked the guard to call for his servant because he couldn't light his candle and his servant had his lighter. No, says the guard, he didn't dare do that. Then he reaches down into his pocket and takes up a fistful of money and throws it out the slot to him. That helped and he went and got his servant. The soldier asks him to get his flint and when he gets it he lights the candle, and then the genie is standing there in front of him again. "What does my master command?"—"I command you to build me a tower before dawn twice as big as this one and right beside it here outside the king's windows." Well, things got busy but the next morning when the king woke up and looked outside he had to rub his eyes because he saw the giant tower and couldn't for the life of him figure out where it had come from. He asks around and finally he is informed that the soldier had had it built during the night. Now the king got scared and he didn't dare deny the soldier his daughter any longer.

So the soldier marries her. Then he asks her to put his hat and his sword away for safekeeping, and he told her about their special qualities. Then she had ones made that were exact copies and had them ready, and no one could tell them apart. Then it happens that war breaks out, and this prince—since the soldier had now become a prince—he was to go out and fight. But he didn't want any warriors with him, he could do it by himself, he said. When he was going off, he asked his wife to give him his hat and his sword, and she came with the copies she'd had made. Now when he got out to the enemy, he spun his hat and said, "Fire!" But no, it wouldn't fire. Then he realized he'd been tricked. He showed them the sword, but it wouldn't do its duty either.

The end result was that he was captured, and they built a huge bonfire, he was to be burned on it. As he stood by the bonfire, he asked if he couldn't have a pipe of tobacco before he was to be burned, and they thought it a shame to deny the prince that. He then asked if he couldn't light it with his own flint, and they gave him permission to do so. Then his servant came with it, and then he lit the candle, and then the genie stood there before him again. He said, "What does my master command?"—"I command you to cut down all these warriors at the knees!" He did that and then the prince was free.

Now he traveled home to his wife and she said that she was so sorry, she had made such a big mistake and she regretted it deeply. Here were the real ones and she gave them to him. Then he showed her the edge of his saber and she fell down dead, killed because of her unfaithfulness. Now he was back to his worthy position again and he remembered the lioness that had been so good to him and was still lying by the stream waiting. So he traveled off to her, and she became very happy when she saw him and said, "Will you chop my head off now?" He didn't want to do that, but she begged and pleaded, and so he did that, and then she turned into a beautiful and much-wished-for princess. So he married her and they lived the rest of their lives as king and queen in Paris, and had a wonderful life.

1.50 [5224b–5225b] *Æv*, 1514

Once upon a time, there was a man who had so many children. When the oldest one had gotten fairly big, he decided he wanted to go out

and find a job. As he is walking along, he meets a person who is riding by. "What are you out after, little boy?" he says. "I'm going out to find a job."—"Won't you work for me?"—"Sure, I can just as well work for you as for someone else," says the boy. "Can you read?"—"Yes, I can. We have a lot of children, but my father made sure on that account, we all had to learn our learning."—"Well, then I can't use you, I need a boy who can't read," and he rode on. But the boy now wanted the job, and so he ran around and turned his clothes inside out, and he ran over so that he met up with the man again. Now the same thing happens again. The man asks if he wants to work for him, and whether he can read. "No, I certainly cannot," says the boy. "Well, then I can use you. Now you can get up here on back, and then come along with me." Then he got up to ride. When they got home, he says: "Here is a room with a lot of books, you are to keep them clean and do nothing else." The boy went there among the books every day and read them. He learned a lot from them, and there was instruction in how to do magic and turn oneself into whatever one wanted.

People called the man that he worked for the Black Magician. The magician often traveled, and then he would say to the boy: "Make sure that you take care of the books and keep them nice and clean." Now the boy knew that his father needed money, and then he heard that there was to be a market nearby. Now he thought that he'd learned quite a bit, and so he goes home to his father and says: "Now I'm going to turn myself into a horse and you're to bring that horse to market and sell it, and you can get a lot of money for it. But you have to remember, you are not to sell me with the halter on, you have to remember to take it off and keep it." The father promised that, and then he took him to the market. The Black Magician was there too, and he recognized the horse and wanted to buy it from the man. There were many others who wanted to buy that horse, since it was so beautiful, but the Black Magician bid the most. The man wouldn't sell the halter with it, and the magician absolutely wanted to have the halter. Finally, he bid so much that the man didn't feel he could let him walk away, but if he couldn't have the halter, then he didn't want it. Then the boy's father made a decision, and the Black Magician got the horse and led it home with him. Now the magician forbade his people from taking the halter off. Every day that

it was led outside to be watered, it scraped and scraped at its nose and absolutely wanted the halter off. Now the magician had lots of children, and one day one of them came out there and saw that and he said: "Oh, let's take the halter off of him, he can't really drink with the halter on." They take it off, but as soon as they've done that, the horse turned itself into a bird and flew off. Then the magician comes in the door at that moment and he sees what has happened, and he turns himself into a hawk and flies off after the bird. The bird got close to a princess's window, and when she sees the little bird and how the hawk was chasing it, she opens her window and the bird flew in, but the hawk had to stay outside. The bird changed itself into a young man and said to the princess that he was now going to turn himself into a gold ring that she could put on her finger, and a traveling salesman (horse trader) would come who wanted to buy the ring, and she could sell it to him, but she was to let it drop onto the table first. A few days later a traveling salesman came and asked the princess if she wanted to sell the gold ring that she had on her finger. Sure, that would be good, and they agreed on the price. Then she took it off her finger and let it drop down onto the plate. Then he turned himself into a barleycorn, and the magician turned himself into a rooster, because it was no other than he who had pretended to be a horse trader. The rooster wanted to take the barleycorn, but then the boy turned himself into a fox and bit the head off of the rooster. Then that was the end for the magician, and the boy stayed with the princess and when he got older, he married her, and they lived happily together the rest of their lives.

1.55 [5228a] DS II B, 90

The people in Hallendrup had a nisse [house spirit], and the people in Ginderup, they had one too. Then the Ginderup nisse decided that he wanted to go over and steal in Hallendrup and then he asked one who was called Terkild, the nisse did, if he didn't want to come along and steal oats over there. Terkild said sure, they could do that. Then they went and they took as much as they could each carry. When they got halfway home, they met the Hallendrup nisse, he'd been in Ginderup stealing oats. Now the two started fighting and in the meantime Terkild

climbed into a tree trunk that was to the side there. When they were done fighting, the Ginderup nisse had won. He then speaks up and says to Terkild, "Can you see, Terkild in the trunk, I'm still standing." They got their packs on their backs again, and then they tramped off with them. A little bit later, Terkild says, "Let's take a rest."—"What, can we rest?" says the nisse. "If I'd known, I could have taken twice as much as I've got."

1.56 [5228b] DS VI, 1079

My uncle had a pipe that had disappeared one day when they were out cutting clover. There were two farmhands doing that and when they went home at noon, he'd forgotten his pipe out in the field on a stone. When he got home he said, "Oh, now I've forgotten my pipe."—"Oh, just let it lie there until we go back out there." But when they got back out there, the pipe was gone. Then the other farmhand says, "You'd better go over to the cunning man tonight and get him to show it again." That was Klemmen in Sorte-Mose. When he got out there and told him his errand, he said, "Well, don't worry about a thing, when you get out there tomorrow afternoon, the pipe will be there." That was right, too.

1.57 [5228b–5229a] JAT VI, 205

There was a man who had some money, but it disappeared. So he went to a cunning man and wanted him to "show" the money again. He asked if he didn't suspect any of his employees. Well, yes, he wasn't without his suspicions. "Well, then I'll come tomorrow at noon, and precisely at that time, you should gather all of your employees for lunch." So just as they were sitting there the next day, the man looks out into the courtyard and says, "OK, the cunning man is here now." When he came in, he walked around and looked at them, and then he says to them that he is now going to cut a little stick of wood for each of them, and they need to take good care of them. And the stick of the one who stole the money would be an inch longer than everyone else's the next morning. Then the girl who'd taken the money thought to herself that she'd make sure that this was a lie. She took a measuring stick and measured an inch and cut that much off of her stick. The next morning, when they all brought their

sticks out, hers was an inch shorter than the others'. Then they could see who'd taken the money.

2.01 [5753a–5753b] DS VII, 177

My great-grandfather's wife was so sick in her thighs and hips and screamed so. They lived near Rude church and the minister went over there with his cattle on Sundays, he was called Buhmann by the way. Then my great-grandfather said to him, "I don't know what I should do, father, I wonder if I should go to a cunning man, since some have advised me to do that, but I don't really know."—"Well, little Rasmus," says the minister, "just you go in God's name, since there are both good and evil folk about." So then he went to the cunning man, I don't know where he lived, and my great-grandfather was so unhappy. The cunning man said: "You can take it easy because since two o'clock this afternoon she's been at peace." Then he thought that she was dead. But when he got back home and came in the door, she yelled out to him: "You don't have to walk so quietly, Rasmus, because since two o'clock this afternoon I've had peace, I've really gotten better." Then the man realized that it was right what the cunning man had said, but how it could be explained he could never figure out. The woman got better from that day on.

2.04 [5754a–5754b] DS VII, 1312

An old woman in Nielstrup, she was called Ma' Røgters, was known as a witch. Søndergård lay down below it and during the harvest the son at Søndergård drove and loaded grain up on their heath. Then he had to go past her house with a load, and every time he came past and drove down the path to the farm, he tipped over. This happened for the first five loads. Then he took his whip and headed over to her place, while he said, "She's to blame for all these problems, that Ma' Røgter, since she's the one doing this." When he got up to her, he said, "If you do this more today, then I'll beat you so that blood will flow about you."—"Oh, little Niels," she began whining, "if you'll leave me alone, then you won't tip over any more today." Then he went back and he didn't tip over any more.

2.06 [5754b–5755a] DS IV, 1092

The minister's wife in Haslum died and then she was to be placed in the church the night before she was to be buried, that was the custom at the time. But then the parish clerk sneaked in there with his lantern, because he wanted to steal a gold ring she had on her little finger; but he couldn't get it off of her and therefore he took his knife and wanted to cut her finger off with it. Then she came to life and said: "Ow, my little finger!" When the parish clerk heard that, he got scared to death and ran, and they neither heard from him nor saw him again. The minister's wife took the lantern and walked home. She saw that there was light in the kitchen, because the girls went and busied about there late that night, and so she went over to the window and asked them to let her in. They ran in to the minister and said to him: "The lady was here."—"Oh children, that's not true," he answered. "Yes, it is," they said. So the minister went out to them. "Oh dear papa let me in," she said out there. "Oh dear mama go to your grave and lie down."—"No, I'm quite alive, let me in."—"Alas no," he said again, "go to your grave and lie down."—"For Christ's sake, let me in, I'm freezing to death!" Now the minister let her in and she told him how she had come to life and what the parish clerk had been up to. She had six children after that time, but her left side was never warm again.

2.07 [5755a–5755b] JAH V, 574

Two gypsy women came to Røved and asked for shelter for the night. But one of them got sick there and had a child and the people had to fetch both women and the midwife from the town. She stayed there a month, after she'd had the baby, and then two men came with so much food and drink and other things, so they held a big feast for the townsfolk, all those that had helped them and cared for the woman in her childbed. It was supposed to be a sort of childbirth banquet and the child was brought to the church at the same time. The feast was quite lively because there was both gambling and dancing. The townsfolk thought that it was strange that these gypsies could be so well off that they could hold such a large banquet for them. Afterward the men left with their wives and children.

2.09 [5756a (1)] DS II E, 84

There was a lindorm [giant serpent] that lay around Århus cathedral, and by the end it was just about ready to encircle the church completely. They'd been after it several times but they couldn't get the upper hand. Finally they raised a bull for three years on sweet milk and nuts. It went out against the lindorm but couldn't stand up to it. Then they fed the bull for three more years, and then it got the upper hand.

2.11 [5756a–5756b] DSnr II D, 39

There were some people who came from Mols and they drove every Saturday morning to Randers with fish. They were supposed to go over Alling river. At times, the water could be well above the bridge, because it was low, and there wasn't any real runoff for the water. Every now and then people could hear a voice that said, "The time has come but not the man." One morning a couple of folk from Æbeltoft came driving with fish, and it was really dark and murky, so they couldn't see where they had to drive. Then the water took them. The man died quickly, but the woman screamed pitifully for quite a while, she continued for nearly an entire hour. Her skirts had probably kept her up. Those who lived in Fløvstrup could hear her, since she was carried by the current down there, but they couldn't find her in time. When they found her body, they said that she'd been stopped by the root of an elm. My mother's brother cried every time he told me that story.

3.18 [6422b–6423a] DSk I, 14

Two men had made a bet about the extent to which women would gossip, the one said that they wouldn't and the other one that they would. So then the first one says that he'd give it a try, but that the women weren't to know that they'd made a bet. He made himself really sick the next morning and told his wife that a crow had flown out of him when he'd been out behind the barn for nature's call a little while ago, and he had no idea what was going to happen to him, he was so sick. His wife now goes over to the other man's wife and tells her that two crows had flown out of him that morning while he was taking care of nature's call and it

was a really sorrowful thing. The neighbor wife comes back with her to see to him and then she goes back home, and she tells her husband that things were really wrong for the neighbor husband, because three crows had flown out of him that morning while he was out taking care of his needs. A little later, he goes over there himself, and the neighbor speaks up and asks him to pay the bet, because such and such had happened; he'd convinced his wife that he was sick and that a crow had flown out of him and his wife had blabbed it on. Then the neighbor shouts: "Well, then the devil should take those women, they both lie and gossip, she told me that three crows had flown out of you."



3

Jens Peter Pedersen

DAY LABORER AND TURNER

JENS PETER PEDERSEN WAS NOT SO DIFFERENT FROM MANY other poor day laborers. He made his living as a hired hand and as a craftsman. Unsurprisingly, he never amassed enough capital to break the bonds that held day laborers mired in subsistence poverty and tied to the local area, even after the elimination of the *stavnslånd*, a system of adscription that required a person to seek permission from the manor lord if he or she wished to leave the area. Rather, he developed particular skills—lathe turning and clog making—that he could use to supplement the meager income he earned by hiring himself out to local farmers. Making clogs and turning lathes, in this case to make the parts of spinning wheels, were both skilled labor. Making clogs was a common sideline (*bierhverv*) in wooded areas (see chapter 1), but lathe turning was relatively rare. The craft required knowledge, experience, a steady hand, and specialized tools. Indeed, the probate documents filed after Jens Peter's death provide a detailed inventory of the things he owned, and his woodworking tools were the only possessions the probate officers described in any detail. Although there were some forests near Ilbjærg huse, the hamlet where Jens Peter lived in Vendsyssel, so that he had access to a large supply of raw materials, the relative isolation of the area must have presented a limited market for his services. Vendsyssel was a historically poor area—its sparse population, poor soil, and harsh climate all contributed to the difficult living conditions prevalent there.

The short biography Tang Kristensen wrote about Jens Peter highlighted his poverty and the harshness of the local environment. In that biography, Jens Peter himself highlighted his close connection to his

past, particularly to his parents, and his interest in local history. It also reflects, albeit indirectly, his apparent loneliness, which might help explain his eagerness as an informant:

Jens Peter Pedersen was born May 1, 1836, in Borup Mark in Tårs. His father was born in Tranum, Han county, and he had told Jens Peter quite a bit of the things he (Jens Peter) could tell. But both his father, mother, and his mother's mother told many stories. The latter was from Tårs and was, in fact, one of bookseller Chr. Steen from Copenhagen's sisters. Chr. Steen had run away from home to get out of working at other farms, went to Copenhagen, and became an apprentice book binder. Jens Peter learned how to turn a lathe in Hjørring and he has lived in a little house in Ilbjærge for the last twenty-six years. He has always been single, and his place is quite shabby. The last time we parted he had had a very hard time saying goodbye to me. I could clearly see that he wanted me to stay longer, as he was very interested in getting these things recorded. One evening he came in the pouring rain up to see me at Lørslev school, and he sat the entire evening in wet clothes and told. He was used to harsh conditions and a little rain didn't bother him, he said. (JAT VI, 303)

Tang Kristensen's presentation of Jens Peter was self-serving, emphasizing as it did his informant's quiet longing for Tang Kristensen's attention and interest. In a similarly self-serving way, Jens Peter did not give Tang Kristensen accurate information about his background, as is described in the comprehensive biography in the accompanying digital content. This type of creative life history, seen in so many of Tang Kristensen's informants, is unsurprising. It was part and parcel of the informants' storytelling and a component of an elaborate presentation of self in which they passed themselves off to this well-known visitor as a bit more accomplished, knowledgeable, experienced, or worldly than they actually were.

Jens Peter's repertoire consisted almost exclusively of legends and descriptions of local topography, beliefs, and practices. Of particular interest is his frequent, almost insistent use of place names in these stories, linking the narratives to local geography. He attributed few of his stories

to people he knew, although at times he noted that a story was one his father could remember. Because the two lived together, it is not surprising that he cited his father as a source. In most of his stories, Jens Peter assumed a somewhat detached narrative position (Tangherlini 1994, 285). Reading through his repertoire, one gets the sense of a narrator deeply interested in local history and eager to explain the complexities of local community life during the past century.¹

Stories

1.02 [6191a–6192a] DS VII, 285

A man in Torslev, Poul Knagholt, kept himself occupied with curing things that were bewitched. He had a drag (a carcass that was dragged from one place to another) and he wanted to use it as bait to shoot foxes. As he was watching the drag, a fox came and started to gnaw on it. He shoots at the fox, but it runs away. He goes into the house to reload while the carcass lay there behind the barn. There was some brushwood (alder, oak, and all sorts of trees and bushes) close to the farm. The fox had run down into that while the man was inside. When he comes out again, the fox is gnawing again. He shoots another time, but it was the same story, it didn't get hurt. Then he's going to load a third time and he goes in to his wife and says, "Now I've shot a second time in vain, but I won't a third time." Then he took a silver button and loaded his gun with that and shot. But while he was inside loading, there was a huge ruckus in the cow barn. When he came back out of the house, the fox was gnawing again. When he shoots, it screams and it is wounded. Then he jumps out of his hiding place and he gets so close to it he can see that it has turned into a hag with a red skirt over her, and one of her thighs had been shot to pieces. The next morning her son comes and asks the man to give him a remedy for the woman, she'd broken her thigh and the cure was the marrow of the right leg of the drag. But the man answered, "If you want it, then you can take it yourself." But they couldn't take the marrow and she wound up staying in bed, and she lay there for an entire year

1 A more exhaustive analysis of Jens Peter's repertoire can be found in my earlier study of legend tradition in Denmark (Tangherlini 1994, 281–314).

before she died. I knew the son who went to get the remedy. When the man had shot the hag and gone back into the cow barn to see what had happened, he found that two of his calves lay there dead, their necks had been wrung, and she'd been in to do that after he'd shot the second time. That hag was from Skjern in Torslev parish.

1.09 [6194a] DS IV, 948

There was a minister in Torslev who was called Deichmann. He used to read for the candidates for confirmation out on the church floor. One day as he was reading along, a big black dog came in and walked out onto the church floor. He kept pushing the children so they all wound up in the choir loft and the dog followed along behind. But then the minister left the church and the dog followed, but the children stayed inside. Then he was outside for half an hour and then he came back inside again. He was so changed that the children didn't recognize him. Then the minister says to them that if when they got home they talked about what had happened in the church that day then they wouldn't be confirmed by him. Nobody saw the dog again and the children talked about it anyway. But people kept quiet about it so the minister didn't find out.

2.01 [6291a–6292a] DS IV, 1486

There was a horse dealer who came from the south over the fjord and wanted to go to market down here. He arrived at an inn, which is called Langbro (Long Bridge) Inn north of Sundby—at the time the road went over Jerslev bridge. So he sat down inside and had a bite to eat and told the innkeeper that he had four thousand rixdollars with him that he was going to use to buy horses. "It's not worth it leaving here tonight," said the innkeeper, "it's a mighty thick weather, and a guy we don't trust too well just left here." He had in fact been sitting inside there and heard the horse dealer talk about the money and then he had left. "Well," he answers, "I've got to get going. I'm pretty well armed—I've got two good pistols." Then he leaves. When he got down to the Østbjærg hills east of Tylstrup—that's where the road went through—there was a woods that he also had to go through, and in there just next to the road there was a dale, which was called Tyrens (The Bull's) dale. The robber lived there

and he had a den along with a rope across the road with a bell down in the den so he could hear when somebody traveled along the road. The robber comes at him and takes the money from him along with a big white homespun sweater like the ones they used in the olden days with big silver buttons on it. The man shot his pistols well enough, but didn't hit him. Then he fled and when he got away from the thief and arrived at Gammel-Vrå, he got the huntsman to come with him. He told him what had happened and then he armed himself. When they got down into the dale, the robber was sitting down and had spread the homespun sweater out and was counting the money. The huntsman yells to him to give himself up, otherwise he'd shoot. But the robber jumped up and threw his long knife, the blade of which was a foot long, and he wanted to hit the huntsman; but he didn't hit him but rather the saddle just in front of him and it stuck there. Then the huntsman immediately shot the robber, that's how mad he was. But he regretted it as long as he lived that he had to shoot the robber on the spot because they got no further information on him. My grandfather worked as the coachman at Gammel-Vrå and he knew the huntsman, so this really happened. So many others were robbed at that spot.

2.05 [6293a–6294a] JAT II, 56

In 1806, there was a count named Feer at Baggesvogn. He was quite hard on his peasants and he tormented and harassed them with work. One day during the harvest all the peasants were gathered for villeinage and were supposed to drive the grain. There were two peasants who accompanied each other from Sindal and now, as the countess was out walking in the woods, the one says to the other, "That's a beautiful woman."—"Yes," says the other, "that's a beautiful woman, it must be fantastic to sleep with one like that." Then the first one says that he'd gladly give his horses and wagon in exchange for the chance. The countess out in the garden hears this. As soon as they had unloaded their wagons and were going to drive off again, the man gets a message that he should go up to see her. Would he stand by what he'd said? Yes, he sure would, he says; but what was it he'd said? Yes, he'd give his horses and wagon to sleep with her. Then she tells the servant that he should unharness the man's horses and

drive the wagon down into the courtyard. Then the man went in with her a little bit, it really wasn't too long, and then he thought he was going to get his horses and wagon back, but he didn't get them. Now he has to walk home, and so he's walking along and complaining, saying: Well, the one was pretty much like the other, he didn't notice that there was any great change, it was still pretty much the same. The count was out in the field and he comes up to him as he's walking. He scolds him: Why was he walking along and why didn't he have horses or a wagon? "Well," he says, "the countess took it from me, because she said that my load was smaller than the others', but I couldn't tell that there was any difference, I thought my load was just as big as theirs." "I see," says the count, "that's no good, you can follow me home to the farm, then you'll get your horses and your wagon back." Then they accompanied each other and come in to see the countess. "Listen here, my dear wife," says the count, "is it true that you took the horses and wagon from this man?" "Yes, it is true." "He says that his load was smaller than the others." "Yes, it was, too." "Yes, but you can't be that strict," says the count. "He is to have his horses and wagon back." "OK, OK, he'll get them back." He got his things and he could start driving grain again and then that was that.

2.06 [6294a–6294b] DSnr VII, 65

They had many oxen at Baggesvogn. One winter, half of them died and then the countess thought that there was someone who had bewitched them. There was a hag on the estate they called Bragholdt's hag, she lived in Bragholdt and was a real witch and had a Cyprianus. The countess borrows these books from her. Then an ox was slaughtered and many spells were cast. The countess had two women with her that night in the room where they cast spells with the ox. They call the devil in to them, he was to tell them who had cursed the oxen. But then they don't really know how they should speak to him and so it happened that the three women were torn apart into small stumps. In the morning they lay in there, both the countess and the two women, and their blood was spattered about on the walls. That was in 1808. My father remembered it as a child. One of the women had a son who worked at the farm as an ox handler. Just as it happened, three slashes appeared in the comforter

over him, so it was just like it was going to tear it into three pieces. If the Bragholdt hag had also been there, then it would have gone well because she knew the spells really well.

2.10 [6296a (1)] DS IV, 1592

Daniel lived in a mound east of Ugilt church on the south side of the road to Linderum. He was really strong and given to killing people. He was supposed to have eaten two child hearts and would have eaten the third, he had it in his hand when he was caught. If he'd gotten that, no one would have been able to take him and he would have been able to break iron and everything in two. He had his head chopped off.

2.14 [6296b (2)] DS IV, 1408

In a cemetery here in Vendsyssel, a grave digger was digging a grave and he finds a body that was rotten but the head was intact. When he throws it up to the other bones, it rattles and there was lead in the ears. Then this gets reported to the parish bailiff and he figures out that a horse seller had come to the inn one night and had died suddenly the next morning, after which he'd been buried in the cemetery and this had to be his body. It turned out that the innkeeper, who was a widow, had killed him and gotten four hundred daler by doing so. She wasn't dead yet and had to admit her deed. She'd gotten her daughter to help her pour the lead into his ears. The old woman was executed and her daughter was put in jail for the rest of her life.

2.15 [6296b–6297a] DS IV, 687

There was a manor lord here at Boller in Tårs, he was quite a scoundrel and plagued his peasants with forced labor, taxes, and tithes, and then he chased them from their farms and abused them. He haunted so much there at the farm [as a revenant] that the new man who'd come there couldn't stay. Then the new farmer got a wise minister to come and conjure the revenant of the manor lord. The revenant came at a set time and they also wound up speaking to each other. The minister chased the revenant from the farm and past Boller water mill. He wanted to put the revenant down in the dam outside of the mill. The miller's farmhand

thought that it would be fun to watch how things went and he sticks his head out and watches. But then the revenant becomes too strong, and the minister was about to be put down in the millpond. Then the farm-hand gets scared and pulls his head back inside. The minister then gets mastery over the revenant and he's put down.

2.17 [6297b] DS V, 859

There were a lot of ghosts and hauntings in Torslev church. Then there was a cobbler, he agreed with them that he was supposed to sit there for a whole night and get a cow in exchange. The minister drew a circle around him there in the church, and he sat there with all his cobbling equipment and cobbled and sewed on a pair of shoes and of course also had a candle with him. Then the devil comes and says: "You're probably sitting here earning a cow." No, he was sewing a pair of shoes. The devil offered him money and put it down outside of the circle and put down one thing after another that could tempt him, but he still couldn't get him out of the circle. The minister had told him that if he went outside of the circle he'd be torn apart. The devil continued to tempt him for a while but didn't succeed and the cobbler earned that cow sure enough.

2.18 [6297b–6298b] DSnr II G, 138

A boy and a girl had promised each other they'd love one another in life and in death. Then the boy dies and is buried. One evening the girl is out walking and then he comes riding up on a black horse, but the saddle was very shiny. Then the boy says,

Dead man rides erect
The moon shines brightly
Do not be afraid, little Maren!

They accompany each other to the cemetery, he was riding there. Then she was to hold his horse for a little while. She felt that he was gone for quite a while and she wanted to go and look through the cemetery gate. Then she sees a huge black dog that was clawing at the ground as hard as

it could; it was the grave where the boy had been buried. The girl had her apron over the saddle because she thought it was so pretty. When she saw the dog tossing dirt into the air she gets so scared that she runs away down to the church house. There was a man who lived in that house and a corpse had just been brought there which was supposed to have been buried the day before but came too late. When the girl comes inside to this man, she tells him what has happened to her. Then the man says, "Let's turn this coffin around." They turned the coffin around that was standing there with the dead man in it, so that his head was pointing the other way. Soon thereafter, there's a knock on the door, and the name of the man who is lying in the coffin is called, he's supposed to open the door. But then the corpse answered that he was forbidden to do so, he'd been turned and so he couldn't open the door. Now the girl stayed in the church house that night, but the next morning when the man went up to the cemetery to look for her apron he found it lying there torn to pieces. She never saw the boy again. He wanted the girl along with him in the cemetery, to have her buried along with him.

4.02 [7803b] DSnr II D, 13

They couldn't get salt here in Jutland during the old war from 1801 to 1814, and so they built some salt factories in different places where they cooked salt from seaweed. There was one of these factories near Jerup in Elling. There was a farmhand who was supposed to take care of the works and then there was a mermaid who wanted to come ashore and warm herself by this kettle. She came every day for quite a while. Finally, the farmhand gets angry and takes a pitcher of this salt brine and hits her, and so she darts out into the water and screams, "Pilvakker, Pilvakker, Skriven has been scalded." Then the merman came ashore and he was so angry that the water roiled around him just as if it were a thunderstorm, and he tore the saltworks apart, so it was completely destroyed, and if the farmhand had been there he would have probably been killed too; but he'd fled. The saltworks didn't start up again because people in Jerup had become scared. My father saw those works many times, and pieces of it lay there where it had been when he went to the minister.

4.03 [7803b–7804a] DSnr I, 124

A man who lived in a place called Mikkkelsted or Mikkels farm, he wanted to drive to Dals mill one day, and so he drives through an area of sand dunes and ditches [*gravaaler*] which were just north and east of the house called Sandkilde. Then he hears smithing inside a little mound or hill, which the road went right past, it didn't go the same way then as it does now. Then he calls out, "Smith me a long iron for my plow," but keeps driving and doesn't think anything about it. When he comes back from the mill, someone comes running out with a long iron and tells him that he should wait. He got so scared that he kept driving, but the other one threw the long iron up into his wagon. He drove home with it now, and the dwarves didn't get any payment for it. That iron could never be worn out; and there were three men, one after the other, who used it, but they never wore it out. Mikkels farm, where this happened, has been torn down now, and the fields have been placed under the control of Mølle farm and two other farms, but that was over in Lørslev township.

4.04 [7804a–7804b] DSnr I, 324

There was a guy who was called Svend, and he lived at a farm in Lørslev, it's gone now. One day he was up here near Ilbjærge plowing, and he had four animals before the plow. The boy drove two of the animals and the father was plowing. When they had plowed for a while, the boy says, "Hey, father, father."—"What is it?" says the father.—"Is there fire where there's smoke?"—"Yes, there is," says the father. "Well then," boy could he ever swear, "the gray nag has caught fire." They plow another two or three times across the field again, and when they come past a little mound that was out on the field—it's called Byghøj, but it's been practically plowed under and it'll soon be gone—a hand reaches up from the mound with a broken peel board. The man had his plow ax and some nails and so he took it and repaired it. When it was done, he puts it down where he'd gotten it and it immediately disappeared. He goes home at noon and comes back in the afternoon. Immediately, a hand pops up out of the mound holding a white plate with a fresh warm piece of buttered bread, and he stopped and started eating it. But the boy wouldn't eat any.

It was good for the man, but the boy became thin and died before the autumn.

4.05 [7804b–7805a] DS VI, 429

There was a man down in Jerup, he'd been in the navy for fifteen years in the old war, and he told about a strange thing that had happened on the ship. They'd had quiet weather for four days and couldn't sail, and so the three hundred men who were on board decided that to amuse themselves and to pass the time they should try what it was like to hang themselves. They were hung up, one after the other, and then the one who was up was supposed to put his finger in the air when he didn't want to hang any longer. Then there was an old sailor, he was sixty years old, and he didn't want to try this, because he thought it was silly. They'd all tried it, but he wouldn't. Then the crew goes up on deck and they're missing the old guy. So they wanted to go back down to get him and they get down below decks but they can't get into the room where they'd tried the hanging, because the door was locked and they couldn't open it. Then the ship's captain comes along and says, "Smash open the door!" Then they smashed the door to pieces and when they get in there, the old guy is hanging up in the noose and there's a black cat sitting on his head. It got up and ran up on deck and jumped out into the sea. They didn't have any cats on board so they were totally puzzled by that sight. Then they cut the old guy down and he seemed to be dead but the doctor managed to bring him back to life. When he came to he told them that when the others had gone up, he decided to try it, but as soon as he'd gotten his chin in the noose, it was just as if a barrel of grain had been put on his head, and then he didn't remember a thing. If they hadn't come in and smashed the door down, then he'd never have survived. The man from Jerup saw the whole thing and swore that this was true. My father worked at the farm with him, and he told him about it. He could get so mad when people didn't believe his stories.

4.07 [7805b–7806a] DS VI, 1314

A midwife in Torslev was with a woman who was going to give birth. The birth pains were so bad and the woman wailed pitifully. Then her

husband says, “Yeah, that’s really something to blubber about, what a wretch,” and he tells his wife to shut up. “You shouldn’t say that,” says the midwife, “you better believe it’s a hard trip.” No, he didn’t count that as anything. “Then you’ll also get to feel it,” says the midwife. Then the man goes out, but just as soon as he gets outside, he gets so sick, so sick, and he gets the pains his wife had before. And he continued to have them until his wife gives birth, but then it was over. The midwife calls to him now and asks if he’ll stand by those words he’d said before. No, he wouldn’t, it was a really hard trip.

4.08 [7806a–7806b] DS VII, 565

A fifteen- or sixteen-year-old girl worked at Børglum monastery, and according to the other girls, she was cunning, because she could make their gloves and clogs dance, and they told the manor lord—that was Chamberlain Hillerød—that if she wasn’t gotten rid of they wouldn’t stay there. One day they were all going to leave. Then the chamberlain said to the coachman that he should harness up the wagon, they were going to go out driving, and he takes the girl along with him in the carriage. They drive now to Børglum parsonage and he gets the minister to come along too. Then they drive to the town Vittrup, which belongs to the manor. When they get there, there’s a beautiful red cotter’s cow out in the field. Then the chamberlain says that she should go out and milk the cow until it died, could she do that? Sure, she could do that easily. She jumps down and milks so long until she milks pure blood and then the cow died immediately. Then they drive to Åsenterp. There she also does small magic with cows and calves, and the dean and the chamberlain sit and watch. Finally on the way home they come to a windmill, which stood west of the farm, and now that the weather was still, they asked her if she could get the mill to turn. Then she got the mill started and then the dean says to her, “Now that’s enough!” and they drove home to the monastery. They were supposed to go into the church now and there the minister rebaptized her. After that she was like an infant, she completely lost her senses, and she couldn’t do a thing. The one who told me this had seen the girl himself many, many times. He was called Tulli-Lars. The Tulli name he’d gotten from a family that lived up in Nørre Harriidslev. The son from

there was a grocer in Løkken and was called Tulli-Andreas.

4.09 [7806b–7807a] DSnr I, 901

There's a mound east of Hjørring, just north of the eastern plantation, called Femhøj. There were mound trolls in it, and many times people saw at night that the mound stood on six or eight supports and that the trolls danced in there. Then one of these mound dwellers gets to talking with a man from Hjørring one night and says to him, "We're moving tomorrow."—"What?" says the man. "Yes, we can't stay here because of the Hjørring ding-danger [church bells]." They went to Russia and that's where all these little guys are still supposed to be. Those buggers were really bad about stealing, and then people started making the sign of the cross over everything, so they were forced to leave so they wouldn't starve to death.

4.10 [7807a–7807b] DSnr II B, 203

They had a *gaardbo* (*nisse*) at Hvedsted, my mother's grandmother remembered him. At that time they had wooden pitchforks, and when the farmhand went out and mucked the stalls in the morning, the *gaardbo* would sit up in the rafters with his feet hanging down. Then he gives the farmhand a box on the ears with one of his feet. Well, the farmhand grabs the pitchfork and smacks the *gaardbo*'s foot with it. Then the *gaardbo* says, "I only got in one [hit], but you got three."—"No," says the farmhand. "Well, there were three prongs on the pitchfork," replies the *gaardbo*. In the evening, when they came home, they left a harrow out in the courtyard, and the next morning they found the farmhand lying naked on the harrow and he was frozen half to death. The *gaardbo* had flipped the harrow over, so the teeth pointed up, and the farmhand lay there on the sharp teeth, and he got quite sick after that trip. The *gaardbo* had thrown a sleep plant on him so that he couldn't wake up until the farmer came and called him.

4.11 [7807b–7808a] DSnr II B, 212

There was a *gaardbo* in Stempegaard in Børglum parish—it was in one of the two farms that had that name, and he had a red cow he was supposed

to take care of, and he procured food for it. Now there was a condition that he was to have sweet porridge with butter in it every evening and he got this for many years. But then one evening the farm wife wanted to play a little trick on him and so she put the butter on the bottom of the bowl and the porridge on top of it. Well, the gaardbo gets so angry that there wasn't butter in the porridge and he goes out into the cow shed and kills the red cow. Then he goes back inside and is delighted with what he's done. But when he'd eaten the porridge, he finds the butter at the bottom of the bowl and he now regrets what he's done. Now he knew that over in Vollerup—that's what those places north in Em parish are called—there was a red cow there exactly like the one that he'd killed. So he puts the dead cow up on his shoulders and went over the heath that's called Skrølløs heath between Stenbæk farm and Vollerup, it was filled with stones and other junk. He pulls the live cow out and carries the dead cow in and puts it in place of the other one, and then he went back again to Stempegaard with the live cow and put it in the barn. The next day he went and talked with himself, "Oh, yeah, Skrølløs heath was long, and the red cow heavy, oh my back, I carried it." He went and complained, his back really hurt, and he went about whining.

4.12 [7808a–7808b] DSnr I, 286

A hundred years ago, a really big tomcat had come to Boller water mill and he bit all the other cats to death, and he ate everything he could get. A half year went by, and then a man came there driving mill grain from Ronnebjærg in Vrejlev and he says to the mill hand, "It was strange. Just as I came over Ronnebjærg bridge, a cat came running out of the mound there, which is right beside the road (it is just to the northern and western side) and says to me: Please say to Jafet when you get to Boller mill that Dafet is dead." Then the cat that was walking about in there says: "Then I'd better go," and then it went west from Boller out to the mound. Then they didn't see the cat any more, and people were glad about that because that cat had been really horrible about eating and stealing. But you can probably figure out that those gentlemen in the mound had been fighting and therefore one of them had left the mound as long as the other one was alive.

4.13 [7808b–7809a] DS VII, 1274

Here in a farm in the eastern most part of Jerslev parish, a strange thing happened about thirty years ago. Their sheep disappeared one night and all the people came out and were going to look for them. After a while, there's a shout: "We've found them now." That's what it sounded like to the people, and immediately after there was an answer, "Can I come too." The man shouts and says yes; but no sheep came, they didn't find them that night and they went about all night and looked for them and continued until dawn. They found them finally. There was continual haunting on the farm and in the house, so much that the people could barely stay there. Right nearby there was a big pond, and in the afternoon in broad daylight, wheels and half wagons and other things could appear in the pond, and no one could understand what was going on. There was also frequently a ruckus in the house. They sought out cunning people and even ministers—Jerslev minister was there several times—and after a while they managed to quiet it; but it was really there for many years. Sometimes fifty or so people could stand and watch as something rose up out in the pond. When it disappeared it made strange noises. None of the occupants wanted to stay at the farm and it was finally sold for next to nothing.

4.15 [7810b–7811a] DS VI, 191

Knold Kræn had a Ceperånus [Cyprianus]. He'd gotten it down in Torslev from a man who had four, but he never used it. One time, however, he'd gotten it down off the shelf and sat there reading in it. Just as he's sitting there, a sharpening stone which was sitting right next to him breaks in half and it made a really loud noise as if someone had shot a rifle right next to him. Then he got scared and put the Ceperånus back up on the shelf. I was supposed to get it from him and we'd arranged a day when he was supposed to bring it. But then my father got me to run an errand in town and he told me what it said on the title page, too. When I'd heard that I'd also had enough. Knold Kræn came too, but since I wasn't home he went on to Lørslev and I didn't get any book.

4.16 [7811a] DS VII, 698

There's a farm in Astrup called Torne. The old Kristen Torne, who was the grandfather of the current farmwife, he remembered that a woman traveled to Norway with wolves, and that witch occupied herself with freeing other witches who were to be burned. No witches have been burned here in this country since. He said to her, when they met, "Good day, mother! You've got yourself a good pack of trouble." Yes, she had, but she hadn't gotten them all, there were two left, but they were lame. Right then he sees a wolf go running up on a mound, that's been called Wolf Mound ever since, and it sat down on its ass to howl, and immediately after another one came up to him. Then both of them had to follow the others and since then there haven't been wolves here in the country, those were the last two.

4.17 [7811a–7811b] DSnr III, 1380

There was a legend going around that there was an awful lot of money buried in Stovhøj mound, that's the highest part of Ilbjærge. A group of people from Lørslev decided to go up there and dig, and they dug for several days. Finally they reach an enormous chest with a golden handle. There was an old woman along, and she yells when she sees it, "Hold on tight!" but then they didn't get anything. Then the dragon said,

Well, if she can't stay in Stovhøj mound,
then they'll never pull me out of Sørup lake either.

The golden handle was brought over to Hjørring and was kept in the church, and now it's supposed to be walled up in the tower, that's what they say. I heard that while I was in Hjørring.

4.19 [7811b–7812a] DSnr IV, 574

There was a minister in Mosbærg, every night he went for a walk in the cemetery, and his wife questioned him about this. Well, there could be a soul that he could save from damnation, he says, and get it to confess. It was every night, whether it was raining, snowing, or windy, it didn't

matter, and she was annoyed by this. Then she gets the coachman to put a white sheet over himself one night—my grandfather knew both the farmhand who worked as the coachman and the minister—and he runs ahead of the minister and goes out into the cemetery and runs in front of him from one grave to the next pretending to be a ghost. After the minister had gone and looked at this for a while, he says, “If you’re a person, then speak, but if you’re Satan, then get out of the way!” The farmhand doesn’t answer. The minister says this three times, and then he starts to read and is going to conjure him. Then the coachman shouts and says, “Father, Father, it’s me.”—“God save me,” says the minister, “even if you were my own brother, I couldn’t save you.” When the coachman had sunk into the ground up to his ankles, the minister goes over to the parish clerk and he gets the keys and they go into the church and get the wine and bread and give it to the coachman, and then he conjured him all the way down. When the minister’s wife learned of this, she lost her mind.

4.22 [7813a] DSnr II D, 63

Captain Skjærul (Schiern) at Linderum farm was also called Captain Tærløs because he had a corn on his toes. In his time there were two men from Taars who had villeinage at Linderum farm and they held the villeinage days twice a week. When they were to go home at night, they used to take a couple of the farm’s horses and ride part of the way home on them. But this night they weren’t accompanying each other, one of them wanted to walk home and the other wanted to ride. He also got hold of a horse, it was really easy to get, but the longer he rode, the higher up he sat, and finally he was way up in the sky. Finally he got wise to the fact that the horse had a pair of large horns and he got so frightened when he saw these horns that he let himself fall down and he fell in a thicket and other crap and he got knocked so hard that he was bedridden for an entire month. After that he didn’t like to ride.

4.23 [7813a–7813b] DSnr VI, 114

Minister Fisker in Volstrup had been out conjuring one down, and he came away poorly from that. He had to agree with the devil that they should race over half a mile. The minister had his coachman along and

the wagon and everything, and he jumps up in the wagon, because they were going to drive on top while the devil was supposed to go underground. They were to go through an oak thicket and it wasn't easy for the devil to tear his way through that. They could hear how the oak roots crackled in the ground, and if they'd been driving on a level field, then the minister would have lost. They drove from the cemetery to a place on the border of the parish between Volstrup and Hørby parish, that was half a mile, and when they got there, the minister was just a fathom ahead of the devil, and so he beat him. It was a matter of life and death, and the minister drove the two horses so hard that they never really were good for anything again, but if the devil had won then the minister would have belonged to him.

4.24 [7813b–7814a] DSnr VI, 191

The miller in Aastrup mill south and west of Hjørring gets sick and is lying at death's door. He had eight hundred rixdollars in pure silver and he wanted them with him in the grave, and so he requested that they should be placed in the coffin with him and this was done, too. Now the minister comes down to the burial and he found out about this with the money. But now he won't cast dirt on him unless they took the money out of the coffin. It's taken out and he's buried. But then that night, the miller had been buried during the day, a big black dog arrives down at Aastrup mill, and he made such a ruckus and tipped over the beds and threw the people out of them, and made so much noise that they couldn't stay there. He wanted the money back. He kept up like that for eight days and it got worse and worse. They go to the minister and they have the money with them and want the grave opened so they could put the money down there so they could get some peace. But the minister said no, that couldn't be done, but he said he'd come to Aastrup that evening. The revenant came at a certain stroke of the clock, and the minister came too. They talked to each other, the minister and the revenant, but they couldn't agree, and so the minister conjured him down near the embankment, and there's a big flat stone that he was put underneath. Then they got peace at the mill. The road to Hjørring goes right over that embankment, and the stone is easily recognized.

4.31 [7816a] DSnr II C, 86

There was also a legend that there was supposed to be a dragon in Kloenhøj mound, near Hjørring. They dug after a treasure and got hold of a gold ring on a chest. But when they spoke, the chest sank down into the mound again, but they kept the ring, and it was placed in St. Catherine's church in Hjørring. The town is supposed to have gotten its name from this, since it was originally Højring.

4.32 [7816a–7816b] DSnr II G, 250

A man named Klavs owned Tornby-Bjærg and he had a farmhand who was called Jens. So one morning he says to him that he should go out and break stones up on the mountain, and so he did. Now after he'd broken a number of stones he gets to a big flat stone and when he picked it up he found a burial chamber under it. Then he noticed that there was an old man sitting down there sleeping with his arms around a chest. It was Holger Danske and he wakes up and says to the farmhand, "Give me your finger, I want to feel if there's still power in the Danish blood." Then Jens reaches out a metal prybar to him and Holger Danske crushes it to pieces. "Well, it isn't too bad yet," Holger Danske says, "the Danes still have some bone," and then he said that the chest he was sitting on was filled with money and it was to be used to buy Denmark back when it fell into enemy hands.

4.33 [7816b–7817a] DSnr I, 627

There are two or three farms in Taars parish that they call Koldbroen, and a girl disappears from one of the farms. She was gone for five or six years and nobody knew what had happened to her. Now there was an old man on the farm, he was her father and also a pensioner, because the other daughter had gotten married and her husband had gotten the farm. So the old man was home alone one Confirmation Sunday because his daughter and her husband were at church. Then the girl who'd disappeared comes in to him around eleven or twelve with a platter of warm meat and says, "Here's some warm meat for you, dad."—"Where are you now, my girl?"—"I live west of here in the mound," she says.—"What

do you do there?”—“I’m married and have three children.”—“Well, stay here now,” he says, “it’s probably best that you stay here with us now that you’ve come back.” No, she wanted to go home to her children, and after that they never saw her again. The girl was called Ane and Anton Koldbroen comes from that family that lived in that farm. It was Anton’s grandmother who dug in the mound fifty years later, and the spade became completely bloody. Then she got scared and let it be. In the same mound there was a large hole in the middle and there were smaller holes around the edge, and they were big enough that you could put your fist down in them. The mound dwellers probably used the holes to go up.

4.35 [7817b–7818b] DSnr VI, 440

There was a minister who lived in Elling who was called Mr. Thomas. He was supposed to have been a remarkably capable minister, and also quite straightforward. He used to go about on the weekdays thatching with a cotter. One day they’d gone over to Raabjærg to thatch at a big farm close to Aalbæk, and then a stranger comes to the farm to visit. He knew the minister well but didn’t want people to know that right off. So he says, “Who are those two men you’ve got thatching?” “Well, one of them is called Thomas,” says the man, “but he’s given himself another name, he calls himself the Temmerbasse from Niib, and the other one is called Kræn Pedersen.”—“Hey, for Christ’s sake,” says the stranger, “you’re no poor man’s minister, when it’s the Temmerbasse from Niib.” He said that to tease the minister, but the minister answered from up there on the house, “I sure am, because I’m just as good a minister for the rich as for the poor.” Maybe he could also get them to thatch his place? Sure, that could be arranged, and he got them to do it too.

The minister had a coachman who was both wise and crazy. One day, when they were driving to Tolne church, which was at that time an annex, the coachman says to the minister, “There’s a girl going along the street, she’s my sweetheart, but I don’t really like her, because she’s both twisted and off kilter; what does father think of her?” Yes, he thought she was nice enough. But the coachman didn’t think so and it ended up that he got another. Then it came time that he was going to get married to her, and then the minister says in the marriage vows, “Here the

crow has found one like him, one that is neither twisted nor off kilter nor hooked on her ass." The coachman got what was coming to him and after that they got a real set of marriage vows.

Another time they were driving to Tolne, the minister said to the coachman, "I'd like it if you went out to the butcher who lives next to the church (he was called Daniel) and get a piece of meat for me while I say the mass." He went, too, but the butcher said that he could tell the minister that when he'd paid for the last piece of meat then he could get some more. Well, now the coachman comes into the church with this message and the minister was preaching from the book of Daniel. Right then he says, "Well, what does Daniel say?" The coachman gets up in his seat and says, "Daniel said that when the minister had paid for what he'd received then he could get some more." When they're on their way home, the minister scolded him for saying that in church and having disturbed him during his sermon. But they worked it out.

4.38 [7819b–7820a] DSnr VI, 345

Eighty years ago a man lived on Knudsholmen in Ugilt, and they called him Iver Holmen and he was both a parish bailiff and a superintendant for a military district. Then one night, one hundred and twenty feet of canvas disappeared and they looked far and wide for this canvas, but it couldn't be found. Then Iver goes to this here Bragholdt hag and wants her to show it again. He gets over there and also gets to talking to her and asks her advice. Then she says: "I'll tell you sure 'nough where your canvas is but you can come back tomorrow, it's pretty late now." The man didn't like this, it was a long way from Holmen to Bragholdt, and he had to go over Asted bridge north of the farm Egebjærg, it wasn't too nice to travel over it at night. But then he sees that the wall boards of the barn there at the farm are weak and a lot of them were down; so he decides to go into the barn and lie down. He lies down in some hay and packs himself in. Then during the night, two come into the barn, and one of them was the hag and then a little man. He can hear that she's good and drunk and she has a dishcloth in her hand which she smacks this little guy hard in the head with. He was supposed to tell her where the canvas was. But then he yells, "He hears! He hears!" She was so drunk that she

didn't hear what the little man said and she continued to beat him so he had to tell her. It lay in a sink hole in the minister's field east of Holmen. So, as soon as they'd left the barn again, Iver Holm goes back home and finds his canvas and he was happy. But the next day came the repercussions. A message comes from her that he was to come over, she wanted to talk to him. Then he had to pay what she wanted and he didn't get off easy before he was allowed to go home.

4.39 [7820a–7821a] DS VII, 611

A man lived in Ravheden, his wife was called Ane Marie. They had brought a tailor to the farm and it was old Ib the tailor, an old funny guy, he was pockmarked and we knew him. So he sat on the table and sewed and the farm wife was going to churn. So she sets the churn in beside the wood-burning stove and she was going to do it there but goes out to the kitchen for a bit, just as she was going to start, and comes back with a slip of paper, she has it in her hand, something was written on it. She puts this under the bottom of the churn and goes out into the kitchen again. Then the tailor jumps down from the table and grabs this here slip of paper. He wanted to read it but didn't have time to because the farm wife comes in at that moment. He stuffs the slip of paper down his pants and the farm wife begins to churn. After she'd churned for a quarter of an hour, the tailor yells out: "Stop, my dear woman, because now my pants are totally full of butter, they can't hold any more." Well, then she helped him off with his pants and they were totally full, it was quite a sight. "Now I'll give you five rixdollars," she says, "if you'll keep quiet about this." Yes, he promises that, and then he gets the five rixdollars. After they'd gotten the pants clean, he saw what was written on the slip of paper and it said that she wanted a spoonful of cream from each man in the parish who had cows. But the only thing he forgot was to be quiet because the first place he came to sew he told what had happened with the old woman.

4.43 [7823a–7823b] DSnr I, 404

There was a man over in Horne called Mikkell, he was used to always losing a lot of his cattle. One day he started driving peat from a mound

he had on his field back home to his dung heap. But the night after, when he'd already driven quite a few loads during the day, something comes to his window and shouts, "Miggel, Miggel." Mikkel answers, "Yes, what is it?" The voice says he needed to thatch their house again, the one he [Mikkel] had taken the roof off of during the day, because they were freezing. No, Mikkel answers, he hadn't done that, he hadn't taken the roof off of anyone's house. Yes, he'd taken peat from the hill. Well, Mikkel says, he wouldn't bring the peat back, since he paid taxes and rent for the mound just as for his other property. Well, he'd better thatch their house again, otherwise it would go bad for him. The next morning Mikkel started driving some of it back to the mound again, and he leveled it and brought it back into shape. After that, every morning when he got up, there was a little hole in the window, just big enough for a four-shilling piece to fit through, and every morning there was a four-shilling piece in the window. That was to cover his expenses with the mound. About three or four days later, he was taking his afternoon nap, and someone comes to the window and shouts, "Miggel, Miggel, your foal is standing a bit to the north here and has gotten tangled in its harness, and it is dying." He jumped up in a hurry and saved the horse, and it got better even though it was really in bad shape. A little later he had yet another foal that had run into problems, it had fallen down into a ditch and was lying on its back and was just about dead. They came and told him that too, and it went on like this, and so after that time he never lost any horses, cows, or anything, since he always was told when something was wrong.



4

(Ane) Margrete Jensdatter

OLD AGE AND RURAL POVERTY

 NE MARGRETE JENSDATTER WAS BORN POOR, GREW UP poor, and died poor.¹ Tang Kristensen provided the following short biography of her in *Jyske almueliv*:

Margrete Jensdatter was born in Skjødstrup north of Århus on September 22, 1813. Her father was named Jens Hansen and was a cobbler and a coter. Her grandfather was employed by the court, and her father was a playmate of King Frederik the Sixth. He was trained as a cobbler and traveled off to ply this trade. He wound up going abroad, and since there were a lot of wars at the time, he participated in a lot of wars. After a while he came back to Denmark, he came to Århus, and settled in Skjødstrup. The chamberlain at Vosnæsgård gave him some land to build on, and then he married the chamberlain's cook. He had good relationships with the people at the farm, and he always got work from them. He was unusual in that he had a lot of books and was very good at telling stories. He told an incredible number of stories about cursed princesses and knew a lot of old ballads. Margrete has now lived in Mejlby for sixty-four years. She got married when she was thirty years old to day laborer Kristen Jensen Ottosen, and now, in 1895, she has been a widow for twenty-six years. She had six children, four of whom are still alive. She is still so healthy that she recently walked to Randers and back in one day and was only a bit stiff in her legs the next day. Last year, she worked seven half and three whole

1 (Ane) Margrete appears to have dropped the use of the name “Ane,” and accordingly I refer to her throughout this chapter as Margrete.

days during the harvest, and this year she has been out weeding beets and pulling up clover. She has never been sick, except for once when she was racked with shivers, and then the year before last she had influenza. She worked for many years as a “wheat bread” woman, and she still goes to work when people want her. She now receives 130 crowns a year in old age assistance and she comes out of that quite well. She learned her ballads and her stories from wandering peddlers who came to the farm where she worked, and they stayed there at night because they often visited there. She was so easy to teach and she sat and listened to them tell at night, and the next morning they’d give her four shillings as well to put fat on their boots, and so she got quite a bit out of those people. Her mother, Birte Nielsdatter, died when she was four years old. Many of her fairy tales were recorded by Teacher J. Jakobsen of Mejlby and published in *Skattegraveren*. (JAT VI, 287–88)

Margrete’s grandfather and father’s nested biography, telling of their friendship with Danish royalty, sounds suspiciously like a fairy tale. It should be no surprise that Margrete, like her father, was remarkably adept at telling fairy tales. The closeness she suggests between her father and the six-years-younger King Frederik can also be seen as a symbolic expression of the warmth that many rural Danes felt for the king, for it was he who eliminated the much hated *stavnshånd*. It also makes for a good story. Beyond her father’s skill at storytelling, it is worth noting his apparently extensive (at least by rural standards) library, an indication that reading was an important part of Margrete’s early childhood.

Certain features of Margrete’s repertoire stand out. She was a prolific teller of folktales, and she is included in Holbek’s study of the fairy tale (1987, 126–27). Many of her stories cross the generic divide between folktale and legend, and it can be difficult to make clear genre distinctions between some of them. She was also a good singer, although her ballad repertoire was by no means extensive.

In her legends, mound dwellers and elves play a prominent role. She also told several stories that include the helpful guardian spirit, the *nisse*. Witches and ghosts also figure prominently in her stories, and their threat is usually counteracted by the local minister. Margrete also told

stories in which cunning folk played a major role, although her attitude toward cunning folk was ambivalent. She told several stories that included extraordinary details about folk beliefs and practices. She did not tell many humorous stories, but rather tended to tell stories that explored aspects of the harshness of life in rural areas. Her fairy tales and stories of buried treasure might have offered her a narrative respite from the conditions of her everyday life.

Stories and Songs

1.01 [4765b–4766b] JFm XI, 46

1. Rosenlille and her dear mother they played
on the good gold dice
||: Haa haa haa haa haa :||
2. and listen Rosenlille my dear daughter
your cheeks are so pale
3. Well my cheeks have reason to be pale
I have so much to cut and sew
4. If you have so much to cut and sew
there are certainly others in this town
who can both cut and sew
5. And listen Rosenlille my dear daughter
milk springs from your breasts
6. It isn't milk, it just seems like that
it is the brown mead I drank yesterday
7. Mead is brown and milk is white
these two things are unlike each other
8. Now it isn't worth it to hide it from you any longer
little Ole has seduced me
9. And if little Ole has seduced you
Then you no longer have a dear mother in me
10. And him, he'll be hung so high
and you, you'll be sent far away to foreign lands
11. Late at night when the dew fell
Rosenlille threw her blue cape on

12. She knocked on all the doors with her staff
Get up little Ole, open up for me
13. I haven't agreed to meet anyone
I don't let anyone into my room at night
14. Get up little Ole, let me in
I am Rosenlille, your beloved
15. And if you are Rosenlille my beloved
Even if I had to crawl, you would be let in
16. And when she came into the room
[she now spoke with her beloved]
17. My mother is angry at both of us
she wants neither to see nor hear us
18. She wants to hang you high,
and send me to far-off foreign lands
19. I'm not going to hang for you
and you're not going to be sent out of the country for me
20. So gather all your gold and silver in a little box
while I saddle my gray steed
21. First he saddles the yellow and then the gray
he puts Rosenlille on the best one
22. And when they had come far out into the forest
the farther they rode, the louder she cried
23. What, is your saddle too cramped
or is the road too long for you?
24. No, my saddle is not too cramped
nor is the road too long for me
25. In any case, should I get a priest for you
or would women and maids serve you better?
26. No you certainly shouldn't get a priest for me
but women and maids would serve me best.
27. Now we're so far out in Rosenvold
now I can't get women to serve you
28. But I will bind silk over my eyes
and then I will come in the place of the women
29. Before the man would learn of woman's need

no, before that she'd lie in Rosenvold dead
 30. Little Ole was good and true to her
 he got her water in her silver-buckled shoes
 31. And when he got to the stream to get water
 then he heard the nightingale sing above him
 32. "Rosenlille lies in Rosenvold dead
 with two small boys in her lap"
 33. And when he came back to Rosenvold
 then he saw it was true, what the nightingale sang
 34. Rosenlille lies in Rosenvold dead
 with two small boys in her lap
 35. Then he dug a grave so deep and so broad
 and there he lay these three dead bodies
 36. Then he drew his sword against a rock
 and it injured his heart greatly
 ||: Haa haa haa haa haa :||
 and it injured his heart greatly

1.02 [4766b–4767a] JFm XI, 22c

- i. Master Ridebold came riding into the king's courtyard
 |: Out in Løndom
 there stands proud Gulenborg and combs her hair
 |: That happened in my youth
2. And listen proud Gulenborg will you marry me
 [then you must leave the country with me]
3. Then gather your silver and gold in a chest
 while I saddle my gray steed
4. Then he saddled the gold and then the gray
 he puts proud Gulenborg on the best one
5. Then they rode so far out into Rosenvold
 until they'd ridden thirty miles in the forest
6. Master Ridebold, Master Ridebold you're sleeping too long
 Now I hear my father's bridle poles clanking
7. Now I hear my father's gilded lyre
 that hasn't been used since my grandmother was a bride

8. and listen proud Gulenborg you hold my horse
but do not name my name
9. and then he made himself so hard
and killed twelve thousand men and her father as well
10. and listen Master Ridebold control yourself
that was my dear father you killed

Then he received twelve thousand wounds, one for each he'd killed, and then they rode home in sorrow. He came here to Rosenholm and died, but proud Gulenborg was sent to Klasholm (Klavsholm) and died there.

1.03 [4767a–4767b] DS I, 685

Down by Skjødstrup, there are two places where there had been hidden people (mound dwellers). There were also some here on the commons. One night, several of us women walked from Bygballe, and it was so bright off to the left but it was so dark off to the right, because that's where Bastruphøj mound was. When we came opposite it, there was a tall woman with green sleeves and a red blouse and a white apron and a long green skirt. I got really scared by her. People other than me have seen her too. I have also seen a fire wheel by those mounds. It was Shrovetide Monday, and I was walking with the bread basket, and it came flying toward me and continued on toward Møgelhøje.

1.06 [4767b–4768b] DS IV, 988

Pastor Katstrup in Skjødstrup asked his wife if her canvas that was being bleached hadn't disappeared. She went out and asked the girls about it. They denied it the first time, because they thought that the farmhands had hidden it on them. Then they went and asked the farmhands about it, but they said no, they hadn't hidden anything. Then the girls had to admit that it had disappeared and the lady went in to Katstrup and told him. Yes, he knew that was the case, "but you could have told me the first time, then I could have gotten it back for you, but now there's a scissors at it, and they're cutting it into pieces, so I can't show it back. But this fall the thief will come and steal apples, so we'll catch him sure enough. I know that he'll come and steal from the tree right in front

of the garden room, then my son Jokum will have the gun loaded with buckshot." The thief came, too, and he sought out the tree as the minister had said. The son was up in the garden room and when the other one was a good way up and had gotten hold of some apples, Jokum shot his legs full of buckshot and his toes were blown off.

Since the minister could do so much magic, the neighborhood youngsters wanted his farmhand to scare him in the church. The minister went up to the church every night and sat in his chair, and when he was on his way back, the farmhand stood stiff in front of him. "If it's a person, then answer, if it's Satan, then say so!" But the farmhand didn't answer. Then the minister took his book, flung it open, and began to read. Now the farmhand noticed that he was sinking, and he'd sunk down above his ankles before he answered. Then the minister said, "I can't save you now, now that you've sunk in above the joint. If you'd spoken before, then I could have saved you."

One time, he told his people that Lars Nielsen, who'd hung himself, was likely in heaven. It was his wife who'd caused it, he was sure about that. Then he took two men with him and they went to the dead one, when he was lying on straw, and asked him three questions. He answered them well enough and the men were quite surprised by that. Then he went in to the wife and said, "Well, I wish you and I were as certain about heaven as he is, he's definitely going into consecrated ground." It was the custom that people who had killed themselves were put into holes or the like. "But we sure aren't going to do that to him." Then the minister wrote to Copenhagen and got permission for the body to be placed in the cemetery.

Every night, he walked up in the cemetery and into the church. His daughter Kristiane followed with him to the church, but she wouldn't go in there. He was quite helpless and therefore she always accompanied him to church every Sunday.

1.08 [4770a–4772a] *Æv*, 1462

There were two old people and they had just one son. One day he thought that he was tired of staying at home all the time and so he asked to be put into an apprenticeship. "What type of apprenticeship would

you like to be put into?" said his father. Well, he'd most like to be a cobbler, because it would be good to get some shoes. The old couple were well off, and so they drive him off to a cobbler and reach an agreement with him to take the son as an apprentice. They were to give the cobbler four hundred daler for that and then he was to be good to their son. He starts the apprenticeship, the son does, and he became a very talented cobbler. Then the cobbler says to him, "I can't teach you anything more now, and so now it is best that I write to your parents that they can come and get you." "No, you should write that I'm a fool who can't learn a thing and that I'm no longer interested either." The cobbler had to write that, too, and the parents had to come and get him. Well, they doubted that quite a bit. He hadn't been at all interested in staying at home the whole time he'd been at home. Then the son comes home again. "There's nothing wrong with the fact that you didn't become a cobbler," they said, "because you can stay here with us at home for a while, we have plenty for you to do." After he'd been at home for a little while, then he asks if he can't start another apprenticeship. "Sure, what type of apprenticeship would you like now?" "A goldsmith apprenticeship," he says, "since that's clean work and I really would like that." Sure, the parents had nothing against that either and so they take him to a goldsmith and ask him what he wants to teach their son the profession. Well, he wanted four hundred daler. "Well, then you have to teach him well, he had one apprenticeship before, but he wasn't interested in it." He promised and then they were happy to give him the money. The son comes to the goldsmith and is there for a while, and he learned so well that he had now become better than the master and was able to do things that the master couldn't. Then the goldsmith says, "Now I'd better write home to your parents that they can come and get you, because now you've been fully taught." "No, don't write that, you should write that I don't have any desire to be a goldsmith, and that I'm a fool who can't learn anything." Well, that's not what he thought, but in the end the boy got him to write that. The parents came for him and they said, "That's what we expected, and he's had an apprenticeship before, and that didn't lead to anything. But he can stay at home with us, since we have enough." He came home and stayed there a while. Then he says, "I think I want to have another apprentice-

ship, now I've decided I'd like to go and learn the speech of birds." They thought that was strange, but the son was used to getting his way, and he wanted to head off.

Then his father goes along with him to the man who knew the speech of birds, and arranges with him to teach his son, and he was to get four hundred daler for that. "But then you'd better teach him well, because now he's been an apprentice twice, and that hasn't led to anything." Yes, he'd certainly do that, and the son begins the apprenticeship and becomes so good at the language that he could understand every bird. After he'd been there a while, the master says, "Well, now I'm going to write home to your parents, since you're good enough now that they can come and get you." "Yes, you can certainly do that," says the boy, "then you'll have that pleasure." He comes home again and after he's been at home for a little while, a bird comes one day and sits and sings. "What is it singing?" says the mother. "It's singing that I am going to go out traveling soon."—"What are you going to go out traveling for?"—"I don't know, it's just singing that." Then another bird came, and it sang too, he was to go out traveling, because there was so much good waiting for him. The mother didn't like this. Then a third bird came and sang. "What is it singing?" asks the mother. "It is singing that I am going to come home so fine that you won't recognize me and that you'll take out the silver platter and let me wash myself in it."—"That will never happen, that I'll take my silver platter and let you wash yourself in it," says the mother. "OK, but now I'm going to go," says the son, "because the bird keeps singing about that," and then he set off on his journey. First he came to a cobbler who lived close to the castle and worked for the royals. Just then, a message comes from the princess, that she'd lost one of her shoes and now she wanted the cobbler to make her one just like it. But the cobbler didn't think that he could sew such a beautiful one, because he'd gone up to the castle to look at it. But then he remembered that he'd just gotten a new journeyman and it could be that he was talented enough to do it.

He goes home to the journeyman and talks with him about it. "Sure, I can sew that," he says, "I've often done such fine work." Well, it was to be done by the next day. "It certainly can be done by then," he says. He goes out to the workshop and is to sew this here shoe, and the cobbler

went and looked in on him through the door now and then, he didn't think he was doing anything. But the next morning it was done and the cobbler goes down to the castle to the princess with it. When she sees it, she asks if she can't see the journeyman. The cobbler goes home and says that the princess wants to talk with him. He goes down there and when she sees him, she wants to have him. But he wasn't interested in that yet. He wants to go to a goldsmith because he'd also learned that profession. Then another message comes to the goldsmith from the princess, asking if he'd make her a gold finger ring, and it was to be the most beautiful one that he could make. A messenger was sent for him, but the goldsmith said that he was afraid that he couldn't make one as shiny as she wished. But he'd just gotten a journeyman and he'd ask him about that, if he could make it, because he was apparently quite talented. He comes home and talks to him about it. "Sure, I can certainly make that," he says, "I can make rings and everything." It was to be done by the next day, and now he was going to start smithing it. The goldsmith goes and looks in on him through the door, but he didn't really think that he was doing anything. Then the next morning he goes in there and asks about it. "Yes, it's been done for a while," says the journeyman, and then the goldsmith goes down to the princess with it. It was the shiniest ring she'd ever had, would the journeyman come down to her, she wanted to see him. Sure, the goldsmith goes home and arranges it, and the journeyman goes down to the castle. When the princess sees him, she says: "Don't you want me?" Sure, he says, since she really wants to, he'd agree now. Then the king calls him in to him and he talks to him about it, and when he has been reassured about how things stand, then he gives his permission, and they can have each other and then he was to get the kingdom as well. They hold a wedding and that was all quite nice. After the two had been together for several years, he asks her one day if she would like to follow him home and visit his parents. Sure, she says yes. "Yes, they're fine and they have plenty to live off." The horses are hitched up and they drive off. When the wagon comes into the farmyard, the mother and father were sitting inside and they say, "Jesus Christ, what kind of fine strangers have arrived?! What are we going to do with them?" says the mother, "we don't have fine rooms to which we can show

them.”—“Oh, the rooms are good enough,” says the father, “just let them come in.” He goes out and helps them out of the wagon and gets them inside. Then he asks them if they’d like something to eat. Yes, they would; could they stay there that night? “Oh good Lord,” says the mother, “we only have one guest room,” would they be OK staying there? Sure, they’d be delighted, they’d be more than happy. The mother got up early the next morning and she went and looked to see if they were going to get up soon. Finally they get dressed and she comes with some water in her silver platter, they were to have that to wash themselves in. Then they were to come in and eat. Then the prince says, “Listen, you two old people, don’t you have any children?”—“Oh, dear God,” they say, “we had a single son, but he has journeyed off from us, we had him in many apprenticeships, and it didn’t help any.”—“Would you recognize him?” says the prince. “Yes,” says his mother, “he has a mark on his left arm, it is a red spot and when I see it, then I will recognize him.” He unbuttoned his shirt and showed her the mark. “Oh, dear God, is this my son?!”—“Can you see now,” he says again, “that you’ve taken the platter and let me wash myself in it, just as the birds sang, and you said that it would never happen. I’ve had a wonderful journey and married the princess.” Then the two talk with them, and asked if they didn’t want to come home with them. “Well, what would we do with what we have?” says the father. “You can share it amongst the poor,” says the son. “Well, then we’ll gladly go and be with our son,” says the mother, and then it was arranged like that, and they followed them to the castle and stayed there for the future. And then they discovered that he’d learned his crafts thoroughly.

2.02 [4779b–4780b] *Æv*, 1458

There was a husband and wife, they had a tiny little holding and couldn’t make ends meet. As long as the wife had some canvas to sell, she would give her husband one piece after another, so that he could get a shilling to cover their expenses, but finally it was over with that, and finally it got so bad that they didn’t have anything left that they could convert to money but their cow. Then the husband asks if he shouldn’t pull it off to market and sell it. Yes, the wife thought that he should do that; there was nothing else to do and it was best to have a roof over their heads

as long as possible. He pulls it along and on the road he meets a man who was walking there in a strange outfit. He was wearing a big long cape that reached all the way to his heels, even though it was still summer. They follow along with each other, and the man asks him if he was headed to market. Yes, he was, now things had gotten so bad that he had nothing but his cow to sell. "Will you sell it to me?" asks the stranger. "Yes, I certainly will, if you'll give me enough for it." Well, he had a bottle and he'd give him the bottle for the cow. "A bottle?" says the man. "Yes, you'll be quite pleased with this bottle when you get home. You can let your wife spread a tablecloth on the floor and then set the table on it. Then you can take the stopper from the bottle and then you can wish yourself whatever you want; even if it is dishes from the royal table, the table will be set with that." That wasn't so bad, thought the man, and so they traded, and he went home with his bottle. When he gets home, Maren asks: "Well, what did you get for the cow?"—"I got a bottle!"—"A bottle?" she says, utterly dismayed, and then he told her the whole thing about the man and how he looked. Yes, the wife knew him well, that was one of the mound dwellers. Now they were going to try the bottle, and they were going to wish. The man thought that he wanted roast goose and there it was on the table. He cut into it and the body was stuffed with coins, and they spilled out onto the floor. Now they were happy, now they'd gotten plenty for their cow, and had lots of money for their expenses. "Well, we can wish for more another time," says the husband, and they sat down to eat. When they were finished eating, it all disappeared back into the bottle and the man put the stopper back in. Now, it went well for them for many years, and the neighbors couldn't understand how they'd managed such a change. One day one of the neighbor men comes by and wants to talk to them about it, he'd become so curious. Finally, the husband has to tell him how he'd traded the cow and gotten a bottle for it. Then the neighbor asks if he didn't want to sell the bottle. No, he really didn't want to, he was going to hold onto it. Then the neighbor went off with that answer, but the next day he came again and continued to talk about the bottle, and he absolutely wanted to buy it from him. Finally he convinces him to sell it to him. But when Søren Jensen no longer had the bottle, then all his luck disappeared as well,

and finally it went so bad for him that he had to go and sell his cow again to get money for his expenses. As he is heading off to market, the same person whom he'd dealt with comes to him again and he asks if he wants to trade again and get a bottle for his cow. Yes, he certainly did, and they soon seal the deal. He comes home quite happy with the bottle, and tells his wife what kind of deal he has made again. She was also satisfied with it and they went to set the table, but when they take the stopper out of the bottle, two evil spirits come out of it and they begin to beat on Søren Jensen. It was the wrong bottle he'd gotten there, but then he comes up with the idea that he'll trade it with the neighbor, who had gotten the first bottle. He comes up to him and says, "Now I've gotten a new bottle, and it is much better. Would you like to swap with me?" Yes, he was quite eager and would gladly trade. They finished the deal and Søren Jensen goes off. But now the other one was going to try his new bottle and he gets the stopper off. Then the two devils come and beat wildly on him. Now he gets really mad at Søren Jensen, and goes over and gives him a real beating. There were others, too, that he'd gotten to help him, and now Søren Jensen wasn't doing too well. But there was nothing more to say about that other than he could have kept his bottle.

2.03 [4780b–4782a] Æv, 1460

A girl had gone out to get peat one evening and then she comes in and says that she had gotten scared. "What could you possibly have gotten scared of out in a peat-house?" says the farmhand. "Nothing ever scares me." Well, if he'd follow her out with the lantern, then they could see what it was. He lights the lantern and they go out there. It was a hedgehog, lying in the peat, and so he teased her a lot. "That was nothing to be scared of," he says; no, you'd need to find something else if he was going to get scared, and he talked big. He had heard that there was an inn where there were ghosts and now he decided that he wanted to go there and asks to stay there. "Well, it won't do any good for you to stay here tonight," say the people, "no one can stay here, we have another house to stay in at night." But he wanted to stay there and see what it was, and he was given permission to do that. There was always supposed to be a bed made up there and he was given permission to lie in it. He settles

down when everyone else has left, and when it was up toward twelve o'clock, and he had gotten nice and warm in the bed, someone comes and wants to get into bed with him. "Ooh, you're so cold," he says, "but never mind, come in to me, you can warm up." And so he did that, and now the ghost came to life and told him that he was the old innkeeper there in the inn and he'd buried a lot of money. That was what he was haunting for, since he was supposed to disclose it. The ghost asks the farmhand to follow him to the place where it was buried. It was down in a cellar in a big pot. Then the ghost tells him to take the money he wanted and the rest he was to give to those the ghost had duped, then he hoped to have peace. After that the farmhand slept peacefully until the morning. That morning, the people came back and there he lay and slept soundly. Then they called him and asked how he was. Well, he was fine. Such and such had happened. The innkeeper who'd been there before had done so much injustice and he wanted to disclose the thing with the money, that's why he haunted. Now there was the pot of money and he brought them down into the cellar and they got it up. Now they were to let everyone know who'd been duped that they could get their money back, and that happened, and since then there was never anyone who haunted in that inn again. Then the farmhand journeyed on, because he wanted to keep traveling until he got scared. He comes to a castle, and he'd heard that the people there couldn't stay there either, and now he wanted to see if he could get scared there. So he asks if he could stay there at night. "Oh, good lord no, no one can stay here at night," they say, "we have to leave every night ourselves, there's so much haunting and bad stuff here. No, we can't stay here, everyone who stays here gets killed." "Well, there's no danger of that," he says. But he does want a slave to stay with him, and then he'd try to stay there an entire night. Sure, that was fine, and so a slave was brought out who was to stay with him. When they are finally alone with each other, the farmhand started to look around. There was some ham hanging in the chimney and then they were going to boil themselves some peas, since he'd gotten hungry. So he tells this slave to go get some firewood and then some water, and then they'd start a fire. The slave left, too, but he didn't come back. The farmhand couldn't figure this out and he goes out to see what has hap-

pened to him. Then he discovers the slave lying there dead with his nose bent all the way up his ass. "What are you lying there for?" he says, but the slave didn't answer. So he goes in with the firewood and lights a fire and boils his peas, and after that he goes to bed. Then twelve men come in with a coffin and they put it in front of the bed he was lying in, and they take the cover off. The man who lay there in the coffin, he gets up and wants to get into the bed with the farmhand as well. "It's rough how cold you are," he says, "don't you want some warm peas to warm you up?" The dead man answers yes to that, and when he has eaten, then he says, "Thank God for that dinner, it's been many years since I had that much to eat. But now I can be just as good to you as you've been to me. Now follow me down to my cellar." The farmhand gets up and follows him, and then he sees three pots that have been buried there, and they were full of money, all three. The dead man had been the king of the country and he'd taken too many taxes, that's why he couldn't get any rest in his grave. Now the money should be brought out into broad daylight again. The first pot was to go to the current king in the country, the farmhand could take some money from the second pot, and the rest was to be dealt out amongst the people in the country. He promised to do that, and then the king went back into his coffin again, and the twelve men came and carried him away. The next morning, the people came back to the castle and the farmhand was sleeping so soundly, he was exhausted from the night before. They call to him and ask him now how he was. Well, he was really very well, he says. Could he tell them why there was so much unrest at night? "Yes, I certainly can, it's the old king who is haunting, and it's because of some money he was to disclose because he took too many taxes from his country." He showed them where the cellar was and told them how the money was to be given out. Now they were busy with the money in the country and got it distributed. He got some himself, the king got a third, and the rest was given out to the subjects. Now he'd gotten them quiet there and he journeyed off, but he still hadn't gotten scared. Then he comes to another castle and there was a great commotion there. He asks as usual to stay there, and the people say that no one could stay there because there was so much haunting, and such horror, since everyone had been killed who'd stayed there. "It doesn't matter if

I get killed, just let me stay.” He stayed there the night, but there was an incredible tumult there. A lot of warriors came with weapons and they fought in the room where he was staying. Then he got really scared and lay under the covers the whole time and didn’t dare let them see him. He never found out what it was, and nothing was revealed, and so he didn’t free them there at that castle. But now he’d traveled so long that he’d gotten scared.

2.07 [4783b–4784a] DS VI, 810

There was a man they called Klemmen in Sorte-Mose—that’s in Horts-høj parish—they always went to him when they wanted something shown again. Then a woman came to him and wanted him to show two feet of canvas. “Sure, you can see the woman who stole it,” he said, and then he put a tub of water in the middle of the floor and a mirror in front of her and a mirror behind her, and she was supposed to see the woman in the water there. “Because if I told you, you wouldn’t believe me, but when you see it for yourself, you’ll believe it better, because it’s one of your best friends.” When it had burned over at Jens Klemmensen’s in Hårup, Klemmen came and visited him because they were such good friends. Then he wanted him to show a small dog again that had disappeared during the fire. I worked there, that’s why I know that. “Well, if the dog’s alive, I’ll get him for you, you can meet him tomorrow morning by the door, he’ll be standing there really happy to see you.” It happened too. The next morning, the dog met him at the door. One time Klemmen was on his way to Løgten, and they decided to make fun of him. But he chased one of the men out into the swamp so he stood in mud up over his ankles until he [Klemmen] came back and so that guy at least didn’t get to Løgten. When Klemmen got back, he set him free. “Yeah, now you’ve learned what happens if you make fun of Klemmen, I don’t think you’ll do that again. Otherwise you could wind up standing like that again.” Klemmen did so much magic like that. We had some cows in Brandstrup who got sick in their knees and three died. But then we went to find Klemmen and he helped them. They were to have a pail of their own milk eight mornings in a row, and after that we didn’t have any that died. He could also cure those who were bewitched.

2.08 [4784b (1)] DS IV, 650

The old counselor from Skårupgård, he came riding with four headless horses to Todbjærg church. He always came out of the northern door, and there by the door was a stall, they could never keep that stall door closed. They had a farmhand who closed it and after that it sprang open. But one night, after he'd gone to bed, something came after him and it lifted his bed straight up to the rafters and crushed him quite hard. Then the farmhand shouted and asked them to cut out lifting him up there. "No, you've tormented us, but now you'll die before we die." Then the farmhand was crushed to death, because he wanted to close the door, and then they never tried to close it again.

2.15 [4785b–4786a] DS II A, 98

Down near Skjødstrup there was a mound, there was so much alderwood near it, and there were a lot of elves. They danced so happily up on the mound. Then there was a boy who went and took care of the cattle, he really enjoyed watching the elves. Finally they surrounded the boy and he couldn't get out anywhere. Their farmhand was plowing right nearby and then he rode into the circle and grabbed the boy and rode home with him. But the boy was so strange after that. He always used to say that he wanted to go out to the elves.

2.16 [4786a–4786b] DS II B, 147

My foster mother was from Egå and served Niels Andersen there. There was a nisse at the farm and he visited her many times. When she was frightened, he said that she shouldn't be afraid of him, he wouldn't hurt her, because he noticed that she could see him. They always milked their cows out by an ash tree because that's where he had his house and so they always got more butter and milk. The farmer's wife was supposed to cook porridge for the nisse every day, and what he didn't finish he always used to feed a horse. It was used to getting his leftovers. Then one day while they sat and milked, the nisse came and knocked the milk away from the farmer's wife. "Sure, I know there wasn't enough butter in your porridge today," she said, "but if you'll leave me alone, I'll give you more

butter tomorrow, I didn't have enough today." He always went around and fed the horses, but one time they had a farmhand who wanted to lift him out of the stall. Then the *nis* says to him: "No, wait a moment, we have to go over there and get more oats for the horses." He got him to come along too. The farmhand bound ten sheaves together, but the *nis* took a shock (sixty sheaves). When they got halfway, the farmhand wanted to rest. After they'd rested, the *nis* said, "If I'd known that rest existed, then I would have brought just as much more." When they got home, the farmhand was happy because now he'd gotten something to use for feed, and afterward the *nis* could go and feed the animals just as much as he wanted to. Then they got another farmhand, and he didn't want to let him go on like that. But he got lifted up in his bed and all the way up to the rafters, so he lay there dead when people got up the next morning.

2.19 [4787a–4787b] DS II H, 34

One time my father wanted to go to town, he ran into a really big fox that rubbed up against his legs. It wasn't a real fox, and it wanted him to follow it to Katsåendet [Katsandet], there was a pond in the town called that. Then the fox wanted to push him down there, but he asked to be allowed to go free. When he went home, a big sow came up to him; it was the size of a horse. He got so frightened because it was so frightening, then it became so little that it wasn't bigger than a corpse lamb [a three-legged ghost lamb, a portent of death]. It wanted to follow him up to the church gate, he lived right across from the cemetery, and then it disappeared there.

3.02 [6717b] DS V, 1232

All the way out on the parsonage's field in Skjødstrup there's Galgeknolden (Gallows knoll). A little girl was executed there in my day, she'd killed a baby. My father wanted me to go down and see it, but I cried so terribly and I didn't want to. Afterward, they saw the girl sitting with her baby on top of the ground right on the knoll itself. Then Pastor Katrup had to go down there and conjure her.

3.04 [6718a–6718b] DSnr II B, 130

My stepmother served at Anders Væver's farm in Egaa for fourteen years. There was a nisse who lived in a hollow ash in the commons, and he went and fed both the horses and the cows. My stepmother was born herself Christmas morning, and so she could see him. She often saw him in the alley when he had to go get water, and he said to her that she shouldn't be afraid of him, because he wouldn't hurt her. Anders Væver said to some other men that he'd make a large bet with them, that they couldn't steal any apples from his garden. So they tried it. Some were supposed to go up into the apple tree and shake it, and the others would pick them up. But then a big animal came, which looked like a fox, and pushed them all to the side and all these roosters appeared and fluttered about the people who were up in the tree, so they didn't get any apples, and that was because of the nisse. This Anders Væver sat at the head of the table after he'd died and counted his money, and it sounded like sacks were being dragged about in the attic, since he'd probably committed a crime by not measuring properly. Most of the animals died, and if the son hadn't dragged the rest to Løgten and sold them there, then they all would have died. He had three children and one son, but they ended up so bad off, all of them. The son was miserable with cancer that ate right through his entire throat. The children were quite rich at the start, and had enough money.

3.05 [6718b (1)] DSnr III, 478

Todbjærg church was supposed to have stood on Krajbjærg field; but they couldn't get anything to stay up, because it was torn down at night. Then they hitched two steers together and drove them off. They went to Todbjærg and lay down.

3.08 [6719a (1)] DS VII, 505

If one went to an intersection at twelve o'clock three Thursday nights in a row and dug a peat stack there, one was supposed to find a toad and one was supposed to take it and keep it until the meat fell off of it. If one then took its bones and blew through them in through the church door

keyhole at midnight, then someone would come and say, “What does my master command?” Then one was supposed to say what you thought you wanted and then you’d get it.

3.13 [6719b–6722b] *Æv*, 1667

When I was out doing my last inspection, Michael Fox came up to me and asked me if I couldn’t carry him a bit in my shoulder bag, because the hunters wanted to shoot him, and he’d give me three promises, and they were that I could turn myself into an ant, into a lion, and into a duck. After we’d gone a little bit, the dogs came running after me, and behind them the hunters came too. They said that I must have some freshly slaughtered meat in my bag, but I said that I didn’t have anything other than the rags that I couldn’t sell or get anything for, and I certainly was allowed to have whatever I wanted to in my bag, and would they please call their dogs off. See, then they called their dogs off and then when I’d gone a little farther, Michael said to me that I could let him go now because there wasn’t any danger anymore. When he’d gotten out of my bag and run off, I wanted to test if there was anything to these promises he’d given me. I turned myself into an ant first and that went well enough. But I didn’t get far down the road running there like an ant, so I turned myself into a duck and flew so far, so far away until I came to another kingdom. I fell down right in front of the princess’s windows and she saw me and had never before seen such a beautiful bird. She opened the window and put some rusks in the windowsill, and I was so hungry that I started to eat them. She placed the rusks on the table and I flew in. Then she slammed the window shut, and now I was inside with her. The first day I stayed a bird, but then the next night I wanted to try to lie with her and so I turned myself into a man again. She shouted: “Father, father, there is a man here in my room!” and he came running in there, but I immediately turned myself into an ant and went under the bed. Now they couldn’t find me, and then the king said that she’d dreamed it. I did the same thing the third night. She called for her father and he came, but I was an ant and sat under the bed. Then the king said that if she tricked him again, she’d be punished because he didn’t want to be called like that anymore. Then after I’d turned myself

into a man again and she noticed that I was there, she talked to me and we got to know each other well. It continued like this for a while. One day when the king had come in there, she said to him, "I want to have that bird."—"You already have it," he says. "Yes, but I want to have it as my husband." "That's a strange husband," says the king. "Yes, well he can also turn himself into a man." "That's something," says the king, and at that moment, I turn myself into a man, and stood there and talked with them. "Well, since you can do so much," he says, "then you can bring home the princess that the mound dweller took several years ago, and when you come with her, you'll get my daughter." Well, I didn't know if I dared take on that task. Yes, I had to, now the king had gotten set on that, and so I had to go out and wander again with my shoulder bag on my back. Finally I came to an inn where they were sitting, talking about this mound dweller, and I learned where the mountain was. I got out there, turned myself into an ant, and crawled down there. Right at that time, the princess was home alone, the mound man was somewhere else, wherever it was. "Jesus Christ, how did you get in here?" she says. Yes, I'd come here. "Oh, you're unlucky," she says, "you'll never get out of here alive," and then she showed me into the first room, there was a closet there with lots and lots of human skulls in it.

Next I came into the second room, there was a closet with lots and lots of clothes, and finally I came into the third room, where there were lots and lots of dead bodies lying about. Then I say to her, "Now when he comes home, and you go to bed tonight, you are to ask him where his heart is, because he can't have it with him, since he can kill so many people." Yes, she'd certainly do that. Then he'll probably say, "There is Christian blood in here, but you should answer him that he knows darn well that you are Christian." "Yes, you have to leave now," says the princess to me and is so worried. "No, I'll put myself under the bed in the shape of an ant, because I want to hear how he answers you." Well, then the mound man came and they had their dinner and went to bed. Then she asks him where his heart was. "You can't have it with you, since you can kill so many people." "Ugh, there is Christian blood in here," he says. "Oh, you know darn well that I'm Christian," she says. But he wasn't satisfied with that, and he gets up, and they looked in all the rooms. But

they didn't find anything, and he had to go back to bed. She asks him again where his heart was. "My heart, no one can get that, it is inside an egg, and the egg is inside a duck, and that duck is inside a fox, and that is inside a dragon, and that dragon is at a manor farm. If they don't give it seven fat swine each weekday, it will destroy the land and kingdom." When I'd heard that, I climbed up out of the mountain again, and I went off to the manor farm. I go up to the manor lord and ask him if he didn't need a farmhand. Yes, he certainly needed a farmhand since there was a dragon that laid waste to so many of his herdsmen. He did that whenever the swine he was to have weren't fat enough. "But you probably don't want to have that job."—"Sure, it's all the same to me," I say, "I can probably lay waste to him." OK, so I got the job. The first day I was to go out with the swine, and I was given seven fat swine to drive. Then I get to the dragon, "Good day, Dragon," I say. "Thank you," he says. "Are you to have these fat swine?"—"Yes, that's what I've gotten each weekday." "Let's fight for them," I say, and then I turn myself into a lion and then I fight him. Finally he says, "If only I'd had one of those swine, then I would have torn you into such small pieces that they wouldn't have been able to pick all of you up even in eight days." And I said that if I'd had a bite of bread and a dram, then I would have torn him into pieces so small it would be as if he'd been crushed in a mill. Then he gave in, and I won the swine and came home to the manor lord with them. He was afraid of the dragon and was worried that he'd destroy his land and kingdoms like he'd threatened, but I was a fit young man and showed him the swine. It's good for him to go hungry a bit, I say. The next Monday, the manager was to come along to see how things went. I had fourteen fat swine with me, because the manor lord was afraid of keeping them. "Good day, Dragon," I say. "Thank you," it says. "Do you want these fat swine?"—"Yes, I could certainly use them."—"Sure, let's fight for them," and I turn myself into a lion and we fight for life and death over them. We have the same conversation and the manager stood there and listened to that. Finally, the dragon got tired of fighting with me, and then I went home with my swine. But the manor lord still couldn't settle down, and he wanted me to go off with twenty-one swine the next Monday. The manager was to come with me, and he was to bring a bite of bread and

a dram to give me when I asked for it. We started fighting for the third time, and after we'd fought for life and death for a while, the dragon says, "If only I'd had one of those swine, then I would have torn you into such small pieces that they wouldn't have been able to pick all of you up even in eight days." But I said: "If I had a bite of bread and a dram, then I'd tear you into pieces so small it would be as if you'd been crushed in a mill." The manager immediately jumps in and stuffs it in me, and then I went to it again and got power over the dragon, so now I'd won the twenty-one fat swine. I tore the dragon to pieces and killed him, and then a fox came out. I tore that one apart and killed it too, and then a duck flew out and sat down on a stone in the sea. I turn myself into a duck and flew out after it. I tear it to pieces and kill it, and then an egg falls out, and it sinks to the bottom of the ocean. I go down after it, and then I got the egg in my shoulder sack and go back to the manor lord. He wanted to give me so much, since I'd saved him from the dragon, but I wasn't too interested, and I set off to get back to the mountain. When I got there, he [the mound dweller] was lying on top of it and was so sick. "Oh dear God," he says, "is it you that has my heart?"—"Yes, it is."—"Oh, can't I have it back?"—"Yes, if you'll send the princess you have down there with you back to land, and just as nice and healthy as when you took her." Yes, he'd certainly do that. Then he went down and got her and she came to land. Then she followed me home to her father's land, and they were all so happy when I came with her, that it was almost dangerous. I was now to have the princess and half the kingdom immediately, and the other half when the king died. But God have mercy, those who have a lot want even more. The eighth day after the wedding, I stood looking out over the castle, and I saw a flock of wild geese. I turned myself into a duck and flew up and wanted to have them, but then they grabbed onto me, and they flew with me to the third Bærmose (Bær swamp) and then I fell down. That's how I came here and could tell you this lie.



5

Peder Johansen

MILLER, FIDDLER, BACHELOR STORYTELLER

T AGE THIRTY-TWO, PEDER JOHANSEN WAS MUCH YOUNGER than most of Tang Kristensen's informants, who tended to be at least in their late forties.¹ This skewing toward older informants was a well-known bias of Tang Kristensen's and of many other nineteenth-century folklorists. Much of Tang Kristensen's collecting was informed by the ideas, prevalent among folklorists of the time, that their most important task was to preserve the vestiges of a quickly disappearing folk culture and that older people, by virtue of their age alone, were closer to this vanishing culture. People such as Peder Johansen prove the absurdity of the latter belief.

In one of the supplementary volumes of *Gamle folks fortællinger om det jyske almueliv* (1900–1902), Tang Kristensen provided the following short synopsis of Peder's life, a portrait patched together from the scraps of biographical information he was able to get from Peder:

Peder Johansen was born April fifteenth, 1855, in Svejstrup. His father was the miller at Svejstrup Mill, and that's why he became a journeyman miller himself. His father's foster father was a very well known folk healer who died at the age of eighty, when Peder was confirmed; he was already quite weak by then. That same folk healer was a very good storyteller and it is downright impossible for Peder to remember everything he heard from him. Now [Peder] is the journeyman miller at Fuldbro Mill, just

1 If his best legend informants are any gauge, the median age of his informants was sixty-three (Tangherlini 1994).

as he was the first time I sought him out and he wound up telling stories to me. He has been there for six years in all. I recorded a number of his stories in the mill room, where the mill guests were served a dram and a beer. He is also a local musician and once when he was supposed to play for a *fastelavn* [Shrovetide] party, I got hold of him for a few hours before he started. (JAT, vol. 6, 310)

Although Peder lived a seemingly simple life as a bachelor, eventually sharing a house with his unmarried sister, his back-story, detailed in his biography in the digital edition, is more complicated. Furthermore, his role in the mill was not simply that of a hired hand. He was an important figure in the economic and social life of the mill, interacting with mill guests, caring for the mill's fishery, and keenly aware of which farms were doing well and which were not. Because he was a musician, he was a well-known figure in the local community and, along with his boss, the miller, imparted a certain personality to the mill. Like Kirsten Marie Pedersdatter (chapter 2), he hardly fit the image of rural poverty that was implicit in much of Tang Kristensen's descriptions of his informants. When Peder died in 1928, he left ten thousand crowns to Skanderup church, more than enough to buy the church a new bell. Just as telling stories to Tang Kristensen guaranteed that his voice would live on in the archive, the money he gave to the church guaranteed that his memory—or at least his headstone—would live on in the local environment.²

It is difficult to compare Peder's repertoire with that of his peers, because so few of his age cohort were informants in the large folklore collections of the late nineteenth century. Similarly, it is difficult to make any definitive statement about his musical repertoire, because no one collected it. Nevertheless, certain features of his legend repertoire—in comparison with that of other legend informants—can be teased out. Peder's repertoire is skewed toward believable stories, both legends and descriptions of the local environment and folk beliefs and practices (Tangherlini 1994, 210).

2 It is standard practice in Danish cemeteries to remove the headstones of people whose closest relatives have stopped paying rent on the burial plot. This lapse in payment usually occurs within one or two generations. Peder's headstone is still in the cemetery in Skanderborg, and the plot is still well cared for by the church.

Stories

1.01 [3752b–3754b] DS IV, 1517

There was a manor lord who lived in Illerup who was called Hjelslev, and he was a man who was renowned for being immensely strong. If he sat in a chair and seven farmhands bound a rope around him, they couldn't pull him from the chair. He had a sword which had a name I can't remember, nor its length. This manor lord ruled the peasant farms in that area. Halfway between Dover church and Illerup there were two single farms [*enstedgårde*], and in one of them there was a man who had six sons, but they wouldn't do a thing and then they couldn't pay their debt and the manor lord forced them out of the house, and nobody came to live there afterward since it had been so damaged that nobody could live there, and so he put the land under another farmstead. The man who got the land was named Poul, and the one who got chased away was named Klaus. Now these seven vagabonds had nothing to eat, and since the manor lord was the reason they didn't have any bread, they swore that he'd experience misfortune, but first Poul would get what he had coming to him since it was he who'd gotten their property. They disappeared completely from the area, and people neither heard from them nor asked about them for quite a while. So then people thought they were dead and gone. Poul had been afraid for a while, but now he felt safe again. Then late one winter evening, a potter came and wanted to stay at Poul's place and since he was a kind person, he said yes as usual. The man wanted to get his wagon under cover, but it wasn't possible because back then people didn't have as large houses as they do now. The wagon wound up being parked just outside next to a pond. Just about bedtime, the hired girl went out to get a bucket of water and then she hears some people speaking inside the wagon. So she goes over and listens and it turns out to be one of Klaus's sons and Klaus himself who are lying there talking, wondering if the people weren't going to go to bed soon, it was ridiculous how long it was taking. While she'd been out, they'd set up a bed for the other one [the potter], and he had already gone to bed. Then she tells Poul what she'd heard, and they go quietly outside together and tip the wagon with all the pots and everything else down into that water

hole. Then they go and wait behind the end of the house and stand there listening, because the water hole was close by. Then they see the other one come jumping out of the window, but there wasn't anything for him to do, since the other two had drowned and when he realizes that, he runs away and leaves the horses and the wagon there.

Then a little while passed, but in the quiet week just before Maundy Thursday, a poor person came running as fast as he could to Poul and told him that he'd been sleeping in a barn out on Sjelle heath the previous night and he'd lain there and listened to how five people had discussed visiting him [Poul] Maundy Thursday morning, and then they'd kill him. But because Poul had been nice to him, he'd do him the favor of coming over and telling him about it. Poul didn't know what to do. He couldn't run away from it all and desert his house and cattle, because then they'd just destroy everything. By the same token he could be destroyed himself if he just ate up the day. When it started to get really light, he started to get uneasy. Then the manor lord, Hjelmslev, came riding by on his way to church. Poul went out to him and told him how things stood concerning these five guys. "Well, it's possible that it's nothing other than a way to trick us, but it might also be true. So if you'll treat me to a good meal, then I'll watch out for them, and if they come, I'll make up for it." You see, now they had to serve up a meal for the manor lord who was a really big eater, and they got busy with all the preparations. The only pork they had was a shoulder of pork, and he got eggs as well and he ate it all. Just as they were sitting there, right in the middle of the meal, the Dover church bell rang the last time, and as soon as it was done, the robbers began pounding on the door. Then the manor lord says, "It's annoying how eager they are, can't you tell them I'm not done yet?" Poul also talked to them but they didn't pay too much attention to him. "Well, sit down for a little while by the door, for God's sake, I want to finish." Now they pounded again, but it was a little door and they couldn't really get at it, and he said that if they'd wait just a second, he'd open the door voluntarily. So, satisfied, they gave them a moment. Hjelmslev finished soon and then he got up from the table and took his saber and then said to Poul that he could open the door now, but they'd better not come more than one at a time. Poul did just so, so that they

only came through one at a time, and then the manor lord stood inside and chopped their heads off as they came in and kicked their bodies aside. They didn't suspect a thing, even though they thought that it took a while, but they didn't manage to warn each other when they first had gotten inside, because then it was immediately kaput. When the last one had been killed, the manor lord said, "Now I've made up for the meal." From that time on, the church has been called Dover church, and the place where the robbers were killed has been called the Hjelmslev ground. It was a smallholding and now it's a house which is called the Hjelmslev house.

1.02 [3754b–3762b] JFm XII, 64

West of Svejstrup is Siem Town, and on the eastern edge of Siem there's a farm that's called Brandstrup farm. As long as people can remember it's been an outlying farm and built up. About halfway between Brandstrup and Hvidsminde there was another farm, and the farm was well off since the earth there was so much better, but at Brandstrup farm there was poverty and nothing else. Because of that, the places were called Hell and Heaven.

One evening, around November, the farmer in Hell sat and talked to his wife and said they couldn't pay what they owed and they'd be forced to give up, unless they figured something out. She told him that he should find a good strong farmhand and work hard on the land, then they should be able to get food from a field such as theirs. He thought the advice was sound and he went to Ry market, where in those days there was a general market. When he gets down here to Glentholm, they called it Ry Mill in those days, he catches up with a big farmhand, and they went along and talked together. It turned out that they were headed to find the same thing and they reach an agreement about halfway there. They went back home and the pay was going to be that the farmhand was to get what the farmer could afford, and when the farmer later gave up farming, he was to get the property (the house and everything). They come home to the wife and the farmer says to her: "Here's the farmhand. He's a little bit big, but we'll probably get the food."

"Things look pretty meager here," says the farmhand, "but it can

probably be made better. Do you have anything to drive with?"—"Yes, we do," says the farmer, "we have a pair of oxen and a wagon."—"Do you have any empty sacks?"—"Yes, we have so many that we can easily drive to the mill for the sacks' sake. But we have to stay away, since we don't have any grain."—"Well, just give me the sacks," says the farmhand, and he got all that they had. Then he drove out into a pit and filled them with sand, two measures in some and four in others, depending on whether they were to be for flour or meal or bread, and then he drives off to the mill.

Back then it wasn't like it is now; back then one unhitched the horses and each man carried his own sacks in. When he came in with them, he had to pay attention, and then when the one right in front of him had finished milling, he had to throw his grain into the hopper, otherwise he wouldn't get his grain milled that day. That's how it went back then. The farmhand goes and blabbers for so long that the next one comes in, and the newcomer winds up milling on top of the one who was right in front of the farmhand. Then he goes over to the master journeyman and complains to him, such and such had happened, couldn't he give him some advice about how to handle the situation. "Well," says the master journeyman, "I don't have any advice for that, you'll have to wait until tomorrow or until we're finished late tonight."—"But I absolutely have to get back home," and he slips the journeyman a mark. "Sure, well now, I'll tell you something. Keep an eye out, when someone comes and is going to have a sack taken away, you can come up first, take it away and put your own sack in its place."

He was so good at doing that that he got the one sack after another, all of it good grain, and then he drives home with the whole load.

Then they baked bread, and because they had borrowed so many loaves of bread from Heaven in the past, they sent a new loaf up to them as a start. There was an old woman up there in that farm and she was so incredibly curious about the new farmhand they'd gotten. The wife from Hell went up with the bread herself, and she was getting quite tired of the old woman's chatting and complained about it when she got home. Then the farmhand says, "Well, wait just a little while, then she'll have more to think about. Now, you can go up and borrow their measure." So

she did that and then she brought it back the next day. The old woman wanted to get hold of the measure immediately to inspect it, and there was a Lübeck coin stuck in between the tines down in the bottom. "No, lookie here," says the old woman, "now I sure as heck can say what they've used this measure for, they've been measuring money with it." But the farmhand had put it there on purpose. The old woman gets so curious about this money that she eventually gets the husband to go down there and get permission to store a chest in the house down there and she wants to be in it herself.

He goes down there and greets them, wishing them a good evening. The farmhand wasn't home at the moment. "Listen," says the farmer, "I have a storage chest I want to keep down here, it's full of linen. We're going to have guests and I don't want to put it out in the barn, because the bugs could get in there and spoil the linen; and it wouldn't be so good to have it out in the moist air." Sure, says the poor man, he could do that, both he and his house were at his service. The next morning the chest is driven down there, unloaded, and placed next to the wood-burning stove.

Around noon the farmhand comes back from the woods and sees the chest. He hadn't heard about this arrangement. "Hunh, how did this get here?" he says. They tell him. "Well, there's something else behind this."—"You aren't going to break the chest open."—"It won't matter," he says, "we can always close it up again." He opens it up and the old witch is sitting there and she throws a couple of really big wooden plates at them. "That's quite a rough game, now I'll see if I can't satisfy her curiosity." He takes his hatchet and hits her in the forehead with it. She couldn't quite handle that and she immediately dies. "Well, well," says the wife, "you're quite a young man, killing off an old person. What are we going to do now, when it gets discovered?"—"Well, it will never be discovered," he says, "now you'll see." Then he takes one of the biggest sausages and shoves it into her mouth, so that it can't budge either forward or backward. Then he carefully closes the chest again and lets her be.

The man from Heaven drove down and picked her up at the end of the day, and he hadn't gotten too far from the place when he began to talk to her, but she didn't answer. Then he thought, "Well, I'll see if I can't liven her up a bit," and he drove down one rock pile and over another. But it

didn't help, she didn't say as much as a peep. "Well, how is my mother?" said his wife when he came back up to the farm. "Well, you can ask her yourself, since I sure as heck am pretty darn sick of it." "Oh, you are, are you? Well let's get her down off the wagon, because she might be sick of lying in that chest herself." They unloaded her and brought her in and opened it up. "Well there you have it," says the wife. "I often warned her, that poor old thing, that she should eat in moderation, and now it's gone and done her in." They took her and lay her on straw and began thinking about her funeral, there was nothing else they could do. They hitched up the horses and drove to the mill and as soon as they got home, they began to brew so they could have some yeast for the bread.

At night they sit down there in Hell making spoons, since they had to make use of all their time. Then all of a sudden, the farmhand says: "They've made some good beer up in Heaven today."—"Yes, they have," says the husband, "everyone who has had a taste of it says that."—"Well, we can certainly get a taste," says the farmhand, and those two guys talk about it for a while and they decide to go get the beer. The farmhand hitches up the oxen and they put an empty barrel in the wagon and rumble up nearby. While the husband holds the oxen, the farmhand carries out the beer in the barrel, until there was only a little puddle left in the bottom of the brewing tub, he left that there, and then he put the tub up on its side. While the man drives home, the farmhand goes in and takes the old woman who is lying on straw and puts her headfirst into the little bit that was left. The next morning, the first thing the husband [from Heaven] does when he wakes up is to call to his wife and say, "Hey, listen, could you go out and get me a taste of the new beer, I'm so incredibly thirsty." You see he had a real soft spot for treats. She goes out there, too, and she finds the tub, and there was something cold lying in there, but she didn't know what it was and she ran in and told her husband. They both went out there with a candle and they could see what it was. "Well, well, you've drunk well, she's drunk all the beer. But we better make sure we bake, since we've gotten everything ready for that."—"Yes, we'd better," and then they bake that day and get the bread out of the oven and they put the loaves on their ends in the baking trough as is the custom.

Then they went to bed up there, they were a bit tired from the busy

day, but the ones down in Hell didn't. They [the man and the farmhand from Hell] went up to Heaven and got the loaves of bread and took them home and they laid the old one out along the baking trough. But first they took a crust of bread and chewed it a bit so it'd be more likely that the ones from Heaven would think that it was she who'd eaten the bread and she lay there with that crust in her hands. The next morning, when they saw how things stood, the husband [from Heaven] says, "We aren't going to brew today because on top of a meal like that, she'll probably need something to drink, and then we won't be able to keep any of it. But tomorrow, we can slaughter the ox, since we can see if she can go out tonight and eat a living ox. If she can do that, then we'll have to do something else."

Around evening time, the husband there goes down to Hell and gets permission to have the farmhand come and hold the ox the following morning so that they can slaughter it, and they agree that he is to come up there at six in the morning. It was right about Christmastime, and so that was early, and it was completely dark; but it still wasn't too early to start slaughtering.

Late that evening, the farmhand says, "It almost sounded like they were afraid of losing their ox. We could easily spare them the trouble they think they're going to have with him." "Oh no," said the husband, "it will never work, remember that this is the third time." He said that because he was a little superstitious. "Yes, we all probably know," says the farmhand, "that all good things happen in threes," and then there was nothing else to say. They went up together to get the ox, got it safely out of the barn, and got it home and slaughtered it immediately. Then that was out of the way. Afterward, the farmhand took the tail, cut it off, and went up to Heaven with it. Then he went in and got the [dead] woman and put her in the ox's stall. But he put her legs in the ties and he put her head out toward the gutter. Then he stuffed the tail into her mouth and then he went home.

The next morning at six o'clock, as was agreed, he was up at the farm again. They hadn't gotten up yet, so he calls to the husband. "OK, OK," he says from bed, "come inside, we can have us a bite of bread first." He goes in too. "Don't be shy," says the husband, "take as much as you like

since you're going to need all your strength." The farmhand didn't need to be told twice, and he took a lot of food. When they were done, they went out into the barn and had the lamp with them. "Yes, it's standing alone in its stall," says the man as they are crossing the farmyard, "it's easy to find, it's right here by the door." Then they open the door. "Well, I can't see any ox," says the farmhand, "and if it's an ox, then it's certainly one of the small ones."—"Watch out," says the husband, "let me come with the lamp. You can't see anything." When he comes and gets a good look, he almost dropped the lamp out of fear, because there lay the old woman and she'd done away with the entire ox, except for a little piece of tail, she couldn't finish that. "Well," says the man, "since you've seen this much, I might as well tell you the whole story," and then he told him how things had gone from the beginning to the end.

"Can you give me some advice," he says to the farmhand, "how can we get rid of her?"—"Well, I know one thing," says the farmhand, "but it is a little expensive."—"And that is?"—"Well, uh, she needs to be conjured, there's nothing else to do with her."—"Well, who can do that?"—"Well, I can tell you about someone who can, and it's no other than myself, I can do it, and I will gladly do it too, but I need to be paid well for it, because if it goes bad, it will be me who suffers."—"Well, how much do you think you want?"—"Well, if you give me twenty-five specier, then I'll do it."—"Well, that's a lot of money," says the husband, "but if I can be sure that she won't come again, I'll agree to that."—"OK," says the farmhand, "I'll make no other conditions than you let me go home and get our wagon, since you probably don't want to lend me your wagon. We don't have anything other than oxen, and it really should be horses."—"Sure, I'll gladly lend you mine," says the husband. "Ok, well then she needs to be washed clean over her whole body, and she is to be put in a clean shift, she should be dressed in her church clothes, she is to be dressed in regular clothing with a cape, just like she'd be dressed when she was alive when it was cold outside. Then all that's left to do is this: for the first three months, you can't mention her here at the farm, because then I can't say what the consequences might be. It might happen that you'd wish her back, and that would be the worst outcome for me."—"Well, as long as there's nothing other than that," says the man, "we can certainly observe those rules and go along with all of that."

Then the farmhand got her in all her finery and then he drove off with her. Now, frost had set in and the farmhand thought she'd probably keep for a little while and he drives to Århus with her. As soon as he gets there, he drives up to a cobbler's door and he stops there. Then he goes in and says, "Listen here, cobbler, I have an old woman sitting out here in the wagon, do you think you might have a pair of boots for her, she can't continue with the ones she has."—"I probably do," says the cobbler, "but I probably better know how big her feet are."—"Well, you can go out and talk to her about that, but you'll have to speak loudly, because she's a little hard of hearing." The cobbler goes out and asks if she couldn't give him her foot, so he can see how big it is. But she didn't answer. Then he gets angry, he's stood there so long, preaching to her and finally he grabs her foot. But she was a little stiff, he knocks her over into some junk the farmhand had there in the back of the wagon. "Hey, stop," he says, the farmhand does, "sure I want boots for her, but to have her head smashed in, I'm not really interested in that."—"Oh, that damn hag," says the cobbler, "she can probably take a little push"—he was a bit on the German side, but then it turned out that she couldn't, because she'd been knocked stone dead. "Wait a second, my good man, you're going to court." Then the cobbler began to moan, "Oh, no, please don't do that, I have a wife and children, can't we come to an agreement?" Then they talked to each other and they agreed that the cobbler would give him twenty-five specier and then the farmhand would drop the case.

Then he drove out of town. "Now I'd better see about coming home, since who knows if someone might figure this out." Then he took the road past Høve and past Vissing, and in those days there was an inn there as there is now, and so he drove to the inn.

Now the innkeeper there was known for being a really short-tempered guy and then the farmhand goes in and says, "Listen, can't I get you to go out and give my mother a good glass of something to drink, she probably needs it, it's really freezing cold today."—"Sure, do you have anything to pay with?" says the innkeeper, "then I certainly can do it." When the innkeeper had gotten the money, he hurried out with the drink. "She's a little hard of hearing," says the farmhand, "so you're going to have to shake her a bit, otherwise she won't understand what's going on." He goes out to the wagon and speaks to her, but it didn't matter how

much he shouted and since he wasn't used to dealing with the infirm, without further ado, he throws the mug and its contents at her head. The blow knocked her over. "Oh," he says, the farmhand does, as he shows up at that moment, "so that's how guests are treated here?"—"Yes," says the innkeeper, "that kind of leather, that kind of grease."—"Neither she nor I is well served by that," says the farmhand again, "now she's lying here." He begins to brush at the side of her face, and it turned out that the mug had hit her right in the middle of the forehead; there was a big black and blue mark there. When the innkeeper saw that, he dropped his voice and then he says, "I didn't think I'd hit her that hard because it looks like she is dead."—"Yes, she is, and so you'll be good enough to tell me where the closest court is."—"Oh come on, you needn't take it so hard, we should better see if we can't figure something out."—"Well, I can't really do that," says the farmhand, "because they'll want to know what I've done with my mother. But if it's so that you can do something, then I'll take a fine for her, and then I'll get out of it as best I can." No one found out how big that fine was, because the innkeeper was a wealthy man, but it was certainly pretty big.

Then he drove off from the inn. He drove up along Jævnngyde and over by the town's mill and up to Nygaard Woods and up through Høve Hollow. See, when he gets to the mouth of Høve Hollow, it was night and the moon was shining so beautifully. Then he saw a peddler lying there sleeping, and his bag lay beside him. When the farmhand sees this here peddler, he thinks to himself: "Maybe I can do some business here," and he takes the peddler's bag and pours all the wares into the wagon, but the old woman he takes and stuffs down into the bag instead, with her head pointing up. Then he drives carefully away, until he gets out of the woods and then he drove home going as fast as he could until the reins sang. Then he drove up to Heaven and delivered the horses and thanked them for loaning them to him and asked them to remember what he'd asked them in regard to the woman.

Around seven thirty, he wakes up, the peddler does, and he says to himself: "You've certainly slept late, Kræsten, but you can probably still make it. You can get there by nightfall, if you hurry." He would always sleep at Heaven at night and that's where he was headed. Then he started

to put his bag on. "It seems like this bag has gotten so heavy," he stands there and says to himself, "but I can certainly drag it up there. When I get up there, I'll get a rest and then I can start selling things right away and then the bag will get lighter." Then he wandered off lugging the bag, and it was so heavy that he wound up sweating; but finally he gets there and comes in just as they're sitting there eating dinner. "Good evening and God bless!" he says. "Thank you," he says, the husband does, "It's Kræsten."—"Yes, it certainly is me and no one else."—"It's been a while since you've been here, Kræsten."—"Yes, I'm coming straight from Hamburg, you don't walk that road in two days."—"Well, sit down here at the table and have a little dinner."—"Why thank you," he says and they ate. When they were more or less done, he says, "I seem to be missing a person."—"Oh, you are, are you?" says the husband, and it was quiet for a little bit. "Yes, our old mother, where is she?" says the peddler. "She's dead," he says, the husband does.

Then they were done with dinner and the peddler had put his bag up on the table. "Oh dear God, that soul," he says, "I'd love to see her one more time, she was a wonderful woman to talk to." As he says that, he's untied his bag and the old woman sticks her head out. "What's this?" says the peddler, "God help me that's the old woman," and the whole group was shocked. "We've been forbidden," says the man, "to wish her here and then a hobo like this comes and brings us into this trouble." They start arguing, him and the peddler, and after a while the peddler learns most of the story, how things had happened. Then he got out of there as fast as he could, he didn't want to have anything to do with their problems.

The next morning, the husband from Heaven went down to the farmhand at Hell and told him what had happened and asked nicely if he wouldn't please conjure her again, he didn't know what else to do. "OK," says the farmhand, "I'll do it one more time, and she'll certainly stay away, but this time I want twelve specier to do it, and I want you to wrap her in a burial cloth, she's not to be in anything else." The farmhand then got a wheelbarrow and drove up there and put her on it and then he drove her down to Siem Døjer [the Siem mudholes] and conjured her there. But since then, there's been haunting down there.

2.02 [3771b–3772b] DS V, 607

There is a manor farm here to the east a bit, they call it Stadsgård, and ghosts haunted there in the old days. It was the earlier owner who haunted, because he had been so barbaric toward his peasants. He went about in the shape of a monster with horns and bustled about a lot in the main room. Nobody dared to be at the farm at night because of him. So they gathered the ministers together—there were twelve altogether—one night at midnight. They came in the evening and they were also waited on before they were to go to it. Then at twilight, a beggar came, he was otherwise known as Klemmen Unborn because he had been cut out of his mother's side, and he asked for lodgings for the night. But they said no. First of all, they didn't have a reasonable room to give him, and second of all, he couldn't very well be there when everyone else was going to flee from there, and nobody other than these twelve chaps were going to be there, how was he going to handle himself? "Yes," he says to them, "just let me stay, who knows, you might find my help useful in a bit."—"Sure," says one of the people, "if you aren't any more afraid that you offer to help them, well then there's a bed here in the hall next to the main room, why don't you go and lie down there?" So he went in there. Up toward midnight, these twelve ministers arrange themselves in a circle in the main room, each one with a psalm book or whatever in their hands, and they open them up and begin to make quite a ruckus with songs and prayers and what have you. Then when the clock struck, the door burst open and in comes this monster and for every nod it made toward a minister with its horns, that minister's psalm book flew out of his hands. Then he says, Klemmen, he did: "Now it's my turn, I guess." So he went in there and there was nobody who could understand what he said, but the animal stood still and so he went over and bound a red thread around its horns. Then he pulled it out to the south-east corner of the farm where there was a large linden tree in those days, and he tied the monster to the tree until the next day, when he conjured it down. After that, he didn't have to ask to get lodgings at that farm.

2.03 [3772b–3773a] DS I, 959

Svend Felding was born at Åkjær and continued to live there as an adult, and he was so good at building that the elves wanted him. Late one evening, when he was riding home, two elf girls came to him and one of them sang for him and the other one asked him to drink from a chalice. Then she says to him that he could have a wish and as soon as he'd emptied the chalice it would be granted. So he wished that he could have the strength of twelve farmhands and then he took the chalice and threw the drink over his back, and where it landed on the horse, it lost all of its hair and everything. Then he rode directly across a newly plowed field, and the elves couldn't follow him there. He got away that way. But the elves tricked him anyway, because there was the problem that he'd forgotten to mention—eating. Now that he had the strength of twelve farmhands, he also needed to eat for twelve farmhands. The breakfast bowl that he used to get his food in used to be kept at Åkjær and it was called Svend Felding's breakfast bowl.

2.08 [3774a–3775a] DS V, 1370

A young man, about seventeen or eighteen years old, who was quite brave, went along a road one moonlit night about midnight. As he's walking along, he meets a woman who is standing digging furiously in the side of a hill. Then he says, "God help you!" It didn't answer. He said it again. It still didn't answer. Then he says it a third time. Then it puts the shovel down and comes over to him. Now he got scared and started to walk. It followed him, and no matter how fast he went, it would go just as fast, but he couldn't see that it moved its legs. Finally he comes to an intersection and now either she couldn't cross it, or however it was, it's enough to know that she walks over to him and puts one hand on his chest and the other on his back, and then she laughed right in his face, and she opened her mouth incredibly wide, and looking into her eyes was like looking into two holes. Then she let go of him and disappeared. He got home but he was sick and he had to stay in bed for quite a while after that walk. When he told others about it, he said, "You better believe

that I let people who I meet do their work, since I've never in all my days forgotten that." It was out past Flensted heath this happened.

2.09 [3775a] DS III, 744

There's a church at the bottom of Stilling lake. In still weather, you can see the walls, and there's a large treasure down there in an ironclad chest. These people from Svolbjærg had sailed out there in two boats, and they wanted to get hold of it, and they'd had some hooks made at the smithy which they could hook onto it with, and they also managed to get the chest right up to the gunwales of both boats and they were about to sail to shore with it. But before they get there, it looks to them like their town was on fire, and so they let the chest go and it went back down to the bottom. The church had sunk on account of a minister who was so ungodly that during a mass the church went down with him.

2.11 [3776a] DS I, 767

They came down through Månnes hollow and saw that Dakbjærg was raised up on four glowing poles, and the mound folk were swinging about in there to music played all-out, and a little man wearing a big red cap sat and looked on from the top of the mound. There's no doubt that there was something out there because once they were out haying in Alken at around lunchtime, and that was nearby the mound. They were going to go home and eat their lunch but one of the girls didn't want to go along, she said that she felt really heavy, and so the others went and let her be. When they came back, she was frothing at the mouth and those devils had danced her to death. She was dead and stayed dead.

2.15 [3777a] DS II E, 20

There was a place where there was a lindorm buried under a stone wall, and just as long as that stone wall was, that's how long the lindorm was. It had eaten a man, and a horse in its harness, and a plow, and then it had slowed down because of that, and then someone had come over and stoned it to death with the stones from the stone wall. Then they built the wall over it there where it lay and that's how that came to be. Sure, it

sounds strange, but you've got to understand that the horses were smaller back then and they used wooden plows. My great-grandfather told me where it was, but I can't remember.

2.22 [3778b–3779a] DS I, 1140

At Svejstrup-Østergaard, the nisse had built his house under their barn and they lost a head of cattle in a certain stall. One day during the harvest, while the farm wife was walking home alone, the nisse comes up to her and asks her quite politely to come and help his wife give birth; she was having a difficult birth. He showed her a little hole that he slipped down and she was able to crawl through it and then she saw that their bed was right under this stall. She helps his wife give birth, and it was successful. Then the nisse husband comes and says, "Well, you should have a little something for the inconvenience." Then he swept the dirt off the floor and put it in her apron, and when she gets up again on land, she threw these sweepings away. As soon as they fell, she could see that they glittered like gold, but they disappeared immediately. Then that night as she lay in her bed, she thought that the nisse came and said, "Well, you refused my gifts yesterday, even though they were better than they looked, but as soon as you get up you should go and look by the mouth of the spotted ox, and you'll find something there that won't disappear as easily. I want you to have one part of it and the other part I'd like you to give to the church for my child." When she goes out there in the morning, there were two silver pots by the spotted ox's mouth, and they got one and the church in Dover got an altar pitcher. It's true. He also told her about the damage the animal was doing. He showed her a damp spot on the ceiling of his room and how it dripped down right into their bed. After that, they never put any animals in that stall.

2.23 [3779a–3780a] JAH V, 357

Once there were a couple of wanderers who lived up in Ry forest. They had their hangout in the sawpits [*savkule*]. It was Kyvling-Søren and one they called Jens Knop. They were in the habit of stealing from the rich and giving to the poor. But they were hard. They chopped the breasts off of women and stabbed children to death with their knives. But then it

got to be a bit too much, and the peasants got together and hunted them down at their own risk and cost. They shot Jens Knop, but they couldn't find Kyvling-Søren. They had chased him over Ry Bridge, but then he jumped into the river and they hadn't seen him since. They didn't believe he'd drowned, because he was a good swimmer, and so now they'd simply lost his track. So now they went along the riverside to make sure that he didn't slip up into the woods again. As they lay there along the edge of the lake and talked about him, one of the millers comes over to them. Now as they're lying there looking out over the lake, he says, "That tuft of grass wasn't there last night." So one of the men grabs his rifle and shoots at the tuft of grass. And he hits him in the thick part of the arm, because he had his hand up and was holding this tuft of grass up over his head. They got hold of him and he was sent to the stockade over in Copenhagen. He was supposed to start off by getting twenty-seven lashes, him and one other guy. The other one was first, but he didn't handle it well at all. Then Søren says, "If you give in after so little, then you've got to be kind of soft." It was Søren's turn next. His knees were bound to the stocks first and then his hands were bound to them. Now his back was stretched and he got whipped with nine separate whips that had been soaked in brine, and he got three lashes with each one. The last three whips the master could run his fingers down and the blood came pissing out of them. But they didn't hear a word from him. Then he was in the stocks house [jail] for twenty-seven years, and he got out when he was an old man. He couldn't do anything at that point, and he earned his keep by going around and singing and playing music for people. Among other things, he played a piece he called Kyvling-Søren's piece, which is still played today occasionally.

The last time that they caught him, they held him. But he'd been arrested a lot before and sat in jail. But they never could keep him an entire night and that was because he had a contraption, shaped like a dagger, and it could be used as a saw on its one side, and a file on the other. He had it in a holster and he hid it in his anus. With it he could saw the thickest iron bars, as when we cut wood. But the last time they took it from him.

2.24 [3780a–3780b] DS III, 870

There's a corpse lamb over at Dover church, it goes about on three legs. When the church was built, they were supposed to bury a living creature under the foundation. They were so poor that they couldn't get hold of anything other than a lamb; at other places there was usually a sow, a horse, or a cow. The old church was actually in Illerup, but it had become so dilapidated that it couldn't stay up and then they were going to build a new one. The people wanted it built in Svejstrup, it wasn't in one end of the parish, and the parsonage and school were there too. But everything they built wouldn't stay together and they couldn't get a church to stand there. So they didn't know what to do. Then one day a traveler came by and while they stood there hammering on the walls, he said, "What have you got here, little people, this looks like it's falling apart to me."—"Well, we want to build a church here, but we can't get it to stand; it keeps on falling down."—"Well," he says, "you shouldn't do it like this, you should get two oxen, which have never been in a harness before, and put a pulling harness on them, and then harness them to a pair of wheels, and let them go after sunset." Then the oxen wandered so far during the night that they came over to where Dover church now stands; there was a big swamp, and the oxen went out into that and they couldn't get out. And so that's where the church was built. The corpse lamb has been seen by a few, and Smede-Rask has seen it, and also my great-grandfather; he believed that that is what it was.

2.27 [3781b–3786b] JFm XIII, 36

Out there on Dover heath lay a tiny little house, and no one lived there but an old woman and her son. One day as the woman was weaving, she finished up a very nice piece of homespun and so she says to the boy: "Listen, Jens, now you can take this piece of homespun and go to Århus with it and sell it for me. It won't help going to Skanderborg, because you won't be able to get rid of it there, and you're to get one mark for each two-foot length. But please show me that you can do this properly."—"I certainly will," he says, and he takes the cloth and goes off. Now he goes past Hemstok. The Hemstok men are standing outside there talking.

"Where are you going with that cloth?" they say, "you're going so fast."—"Yes, I'm bringing it to Århus for my mother."—"Oh, are you now? How much does it cost?"—"It costs one mark."—"Well, then it's not worth your trouble going any further for that, we'll take it." The boy was quite happy about that and he gets his mark and they get the homespun. Then he went home to his mother with the money. When she heard how he'd handled himself, she said, "Well, I certainly had my doubts that things would go well for you, little Jens. There's nothing else to do, since if I know those Hemstok men, they'll hold on to what they've got." Jens didn't say anything in reply.

One day later, she was out churning and when she had gotten butter, she says to the boy: "Listen, here you've got this butter and this buttermilk, it's best if they are in the churn together; put it on your back and go over to the Poles with it." It was in the days when the Poles were quartered here in Jutland and they had their stalls [*båse*] in a town named Boes, and that's how it got its name. They could watch over the entire area from there, because it sits fairly high, and by the same token nobody could come at them from one side, and all the other sides were flooded with water. Now the woman counted on being able to sell them some foodstuffs, because they would always need something to live off. "Let me see that they don't trick you, little Jens."—"No," he says, "this time they sure as heck won't trick me any more than this here piece of straw," says the boy, and then he bends over to pick up the piece of straw, but he isn't careful and the butter and milk spill over his head. "Oh, it's a real shame with such a churl," says the mother. "Yeah, yeah, you're also so hot-headed," says the boy, "but give me a moment to think, I'll certainly trick those guys up there in Hemstok."

Then Jens went and thought about it for several days. He made sure to get a piece of canvas from his mother, because there was going to be a market in Skanderborg, and he told her that he wanted to go down there and sell it. He goes off and sells his canvas and gets a few coins in his pocket. At that moment, he sees that the Hemstock men are down there too. So he goes to three innkeepers and tells them a bit about how things stand, and how he wants to pay the two men back for their trickery and then he gives each of them enough shillings to pay for a round of drinks. Well, then he goes out again and finds these two men. He invites them

in for a drink. "Well," they say, "we don't think it's worth it spending your money on us, Jens." "Well—" Jens puffed himself up a bit, "I could certainly wind up making a deal with you another time."—"Sure, sure," says one of the men, "let's go in with you."—"Hey, innkeeper, give us a pitcher of Polak!"—that was a common drink in those days, it was half beer and half mead. The innkeeper brings it over immediately and when they were done, Jens took off his hat, it was an old lumpy one, and he puts it on his staff and gives it a whirl and says, "Hat, it's paid."—"I thank you," says the innkeeper, "that's quite right."—"That's quite a hat," the Hemstok men say, "can you do it again?"—"Sure, we can try." So they went to another place. "Now I sure as heck want to try," says one of the men, and Jens orders, and the man spun it. Sure enough, it was right. The hat paid. "Well," says the other man, "now that you've tried it, I want to try it too." To make a long story short, it went the same way at the third place. Jens said, "Hat, you've paid," and the innkeeper came running and said, "I thank you, that's right." When they came out, the men said, "Listen, Jens, you can give us that hat, you don't really need it, you don't get out like us and make as many deals." But Jens wouldn't hear talk of that. Finally, they convince him to sell them the hat for fifty rixdollars, and even then Jens felt he'd given it to them. They thought so too, actually. When Jens got the money, he headed quickly for home.

Then the men said, "Let's have a little more fun with this hat comedy." They go off and get another man to come with them and go to an inn and order a huge amount. When they're done, the first man takes the hat, gives it a good spin, so that it almost fell off the staff. "Hat, it is paid for," he says, but the innkeeper said something else. "Wait a second, my good man, we don't accept monkey tricks here."—"What, isn't it paid for?" they say. "No, you better come with your money, who was supposed to have paid for you?" and they had to pay. Then the other man says, when they'd gotten outside, "It was the wrong side you spun it on, let me try." They go in to another inn and they eat and drink, and they got themselves a good beating there and then they could go home. They were quite disappointed.

"We can take the money back from him," says the first man, "because he has tricked us quite badly, and the two of us can take him." About evening time the next day they cross over the heath to him. Jens looks

out the window and says, "Now the Hemstok men are coming and they don't have good thoughts, but I'll try to see if I can't trick them again." Then he told his mother a little bit about how she should act when they arrived. The men come in and wish them a good evening. They invited them in and asked them to sit down and they had come to talk with him about the deal. They didn't think it had been as honest as it could have been. But Jens claimed that they had seen the goods, and he couldn't help it if they didn't have the right touch. As they're sitting there talking back and forth, his mother is sitting there spinning at the spinning wheel, and she's nodding off and finally she falls asleep. "Oh, you're like that," says Jens, "let me see if I can't put a little zeal back into you," and with that he grabs a big staff that was right near him and smacks her really hard on the back of her head, the poor old thing, and she falls off the chair and remains lying there. "Wow, you're a dangerous guy," says the man, "you just killed your own mother."—"Oh, there's no danger of that," says Jens, and he shakes her a bit. "Yes, she's probably beyond that," they say. "No, there's no danger of that," and he reaches up to a shelf and takes a whistle that's lying there and bends down to the back of her head and begins blowing. And the old woman jumps right up, "Oh, I was having such a nice dream." She sits down to spin as if nothing had happened and spins so that the spinning wheel crackles. Well, the men look a little at this. "You know what, Jens," they say, "if you'll give us that whistle, then we'll forget the whole hat comedy thing," because they could use that whistle, their women were so tired of them. Well, they got the whistle and they went home quite happy. Then the man in the western farm says, "I sure as heck want to try the whistle first, you tried the hat first. This time there's no cheating because we saw that the old woman was dead and came back to life."

The next evening he's sitting inside in the living room with his women and is eagerly waiting for one of them to fall asleep so that he could try this thing. Well, it was now this and now that, because these were some darn strong women, so if they didn't hit them pretty hard, he risked getting it right back. He sat there and thought about that. "If you're going to hit, then you really need to hit hard, otherwise it won't work," he thought to himself. Then after a while, the wife fell asleep and she slept

soundly. Now he'd put a really thick cudgel in a corner to use for that purpose, he pulls it out and he smacks her one right in the face and she falls over as dead as a herring. "What are you doing?" the others say, and they jump up shouting and yelling, "Did you kill your own wife? You're quite a daring person!"—"Oh, there's no danger," he says, "I'll wake her up again, don't complain." He takes the whistle and blows it in the back of her head, so water came out of both his eyes, but it didn't help. Then he says to the others: "Now you'd better keep quiet about this, because my neighbor sure as heck has to try this, I don't want to be the only one to be hurt like this." To make a long story short, exactly the same thing happened to the other one.

Now they were busy for several days getting their wives buried and so Jens had peace for a while. In the meantime, some gypsies had wandered by and had gotten lodgings at Jens's and they had a foreign animal with them they called a wolf. They had left it with him and he had no idea what he should do with that animal. Then a little later the men come down to him one day and begin to blame him, saying he had killed their wives and all that. To that he answers, "Well, I'm not at fault there, because you saw what I did, and you must have hit wrong. But I've gotten a ram here and I'll give it to you so we can stay friends."—"He looks like he's pulling a bit at the ropes," says the other man. "Yes, he is," said Jens, "but it's a foreign race and he is healthy and energetic, and the real advantage with him is that when he is put out in a flock of sheep, there'll be no illness among them." In those days, they had a really hard time keeping their sheep alive, because they always got sick. "And there's one more thing—he's really good at taking care of the lambs, and when you have him, the foxes won't get a single lamb." They finally thought that it was worth having. "Let's have him, something is better than nothing," they said, and they got this ram and led him home.

They had their sheepfold down below the farms and just at that time the fields were covered with snow, so they had driven all their sheep into a single fold, because the two men always drove their sheep together. When they released the wolf into the sheep, they said to their people: "Now you're not to check on them for a few days, he needs time to get to know them, otherwise he'll run away when the sheep are let out

again." Well, the end of the ballad was that the wolf bit a bunch of sheep to death and broke a hole in the roof and ran away and they didn't see the ram again. When the people came to see to their sheep, they lay there in terrible shape.

Now a little time passed and the men went about wondering what kind of animal it was that had eaten their sheep. Finally it occurred to them that Jens had played a trick on them. But now the winter had gotten so harsh, there was nothing they could do to him.

But Jens hadn't gotten lazy during that time. He had gone down and bought himself an old nag, and he'd housed it there in his house. Then toward springtime, the men came down to him one day and they immediately see this nag. "What kind of a beast is that you've gotten yourself Jens?"—"There's a lot to earn with that beast," he says, "it doesn't look like much, but it's good anyway." Now he had seen the men coming, and he'd tied a basket onto its ass. "What's that supposed to mean, that basket hanging there like that?" they say. "Oh," he says, "that way I don't have to bother picking the money out of the shit." Well, then they wanted to go have a look in the basket, and there was a bunch of dung but also some copper coins. "What, can that animal give money?" they say. "Sure, you can see that yourself," and at the same time he smacks the animal's ass. Then some shillings trickle out from its tail. "Well, it sure looks that way," they say, "it would certainly be worth it, having an animal like that." "Yes," says Jens, "it's a good investment this animal, but not for me since I can't afford to give it as good food as it needs. The better the food it gets, the more money it gives." Well, the end of the ballad was that they got Jens to give them the animal and then they led it home. The man in the west farm got it first and he let it go about in one of his best rooms and he carried a bunch of oats in to it, and a bunch of bed clothes so that it would be comfortable, since he figured the better it lay the more money he'd get. But it soon turned out that the nag ruined everything and still did not make any money. The other man got to try it too and it went the same way for him.

Now it could well be that they had gotten mad at Jens and they agree with each other: "Now we're going to destroy him, otherwise he'll destroy us." So they went down there again and they catch him and put him

in a sack they'd brought with them. They now set off with him in the sack and since their path went right past the church, they decided they would go in and listen to the minister. They could leave him lying quietly outside the church wall, and so they toss the sack down and go in. As he's lying there, he says quite loudly, "No, I don't ever want to go to heaven." An old man is walking by at that moment and he hears that. "I certainly want to go to heaven if I can."—"Yes, you can get there easily," says Jens in the sack, "if you'll climb into this sack, we'd better switch places, because I'm going to heaven right now." The old man opened up the sack for Jens and he climbs out, and the old man climbed into the bag and Jens ties it up good and tight for him.

When the Hemstok men had listened to the end of the sermon, they go out and pick up the bag again and then they head off with it. This old guy asked them, "Will we get there soon?"—"Yes, it won't be long now, before you get there," they say and he was happy with that. When they got down to Ravn lake, they threw him out there and then they went home. But along the way between the lake and Boes, they pass Jens, he was driving a big herd of cows, they were some of the men's own cows that wandered about loose in the forest and he had gone there and now was driving a herd of them. "What, are you here? Where did you find those cows?"—"Well, I found them at the bottom of the lake. There's a wonderful pasture, and there were so many cows grazing there."—"Oh really," they said, "we'd better go down and get us a herd as well, when it's like that. But now we'll be careful and only one of us will go at a time, and when he gets down there and it turns out to be true, what the boy has told us, then he'll call up." That's what happened. When the first one jumped out, it said "Plom!" and the other one thought he said, "Come!" and so he jumped in after him. Then they both drowned because of their greed. Since then, Jens and his mother lived peacefully and they acted like people did back then.

3.03 [3797b–3798a] DS I, 1036

In Vissing woods there was a place where the child had been switched, and they got a changeling instead that had an unusual way of holding its eyes; it kept its eyes fixed all the time. It also had an unusually large

head, but otherwise it looked like a baby. They didn't know what to do. Then someone came along and taught them that they should make some nice pancakes and use eggs to make them, but every time they broke an egg, they should throw the shell at the baby's head, because the trolls were invisibly present and when they saw that, they'd think that the baby didn't get anything else to eat. A little time passed and then the trolls came with their child and threw it in the crib and took the changeling with these words, "I never would have thought that eggshells were good to eat." Then it left. Just to make sure that it wouldn't happen again, they sewed a cross on all the clothing the baby wore and then the baby was baptized.

3.08 [3798b–3799a] DS VI, 98

There was a man in Skanderborg who was called Lavst Thomsen, he was a skilled merchant and was quite well off; but he'd bought all his riches from the devil, with whom he had made a contract. Then a little while passed and he became a bit of a drunk, and things started to backslide. People believed that it was because he was worried that every day he was one day closer to the devil. One day a man comes driving, he was called Frederik and came from Flensted, and he passed a wagon that had glowing red wheels below and two coal-black horses in front. Even though it was a summer day, steam came out of the noses of the horses as if it was a hard frost. There was only one man on the wagon, and he had a cape thrown over his shoulders, he had a pointy beard and a whiplash moustache, his face was thin and he looked quite sinister. Frederik met him near Hårby and when he got to Forlev, the other one was already on his way back, but he didn't think anything about that and continued to Skanderborg. Then he went in to Lavst Thomsen, because his nephew was an apprentice shopkeeper there. Then his nephew told him that the devil had been there, and he'd stood and listened by the keyhole and heard what had been said. "Well," says the devil when he came in, "now your time is up."—"Yes, it is," answered the merchant, "if you let me be while I tie up my one stocking, then I'll come along."—"I'll allow that," and then Lavst let it hang and never again tied up his stocking. Then the Evil One had lost his power. People believed that the devil had gotten control over Lavst anyway one time and had cast some spells so

that Lavst wound up in a peat ditch a few years later and there he'd sat and frozen to death. When the man from Flensted heard the apprentice shopkeeper's account he knew that the wagon had been the devil's. Frederik sat here with us and told us that; his widow is still alive.

3.19 [3802a–3802b] DS II E, 120

A man had someone to plow for him. They were digging peat in Gjern heath, and there were a huge number of snakes. Then there comes a really big one. The one who was driving, he says to the other one: "Watch this!" and then he drew a line shaped like a pretzel around the snake with his staff. He might have said something too, but it's enough to know that the snake began to slither as fast as it could around on this pretzel line. Then the man went home for lunch and says to the other one: "Now don't kill it, because it's supposed to keep running until it runs itself to death." Now this man went and plowed and he looked over to the snake because it was in his thoughts. He thought that it was a shame that it should have to run like that and so he decided to go over and take his whip and kill the snake. As soon as he'd done that, the other man is standing there and says: "You killed it, even though I asked you not to. See, if you knew what you were doing there, then you wouldn't have done it." It was Anton's own father who was plowing and he assured me that it was true, but he didn't know what the snake was to be used for.

3.24 [3803a (2)] DS VII, 1487

There was a man who was born in the same town as me, his mother had been seduced, he was born in a victory shirt. It was made like a soldier's jacket but where the buttons were supposed to be there were some knots. People believed that he was going to be a real army leader, but it turned out differently, because he was a real klutz. His shirt was burned because the people that he was living with wanted to get rid of all superstition.

The person who has a piece of a victory shirt on him, no bullets can hit him during a battle.

4.04 [7132a–7142b] JFm XIII, 38

There was an old man, he went about begging as was the custom in the old days. So he goes in to one place and they didn't have anything for him

except for a very large goose egg. So he takes it and goes his way. Now he thought that it would be nice to get that egg hatched, and he figured he could probably do it himself. "Now I've begged for a long time, so I can certainly handle lying and resting while I take care of this." Well, then he lay for a while, and something came of it, and it turned out to be a boy. The man wasn't terribly proud of this, but there was nothing else to do but to make sure that the boy stayed alive. The boy was someone who really wanted to thrive, and he ate quite a bit, and so it wasn't long before he could carry both everything that he could beg and everything that the old man could beg as well.

Well, at some point this here old man made sure that the boy was baptized and had him named Hans, because that's what he was called himself, and so he thought he wanted to have someone named after him, otherwise it would never happen. Finally, when the boy had grown up some, he got him work with a farmer, and he was to take care of the geese. But that didn't work out because he didn't treat them gently and he killed most of them. Then he lost his job, and so the old man had him once again.

He says to him, "You're to go up and work for the manor lord, he is quite brusque, and he might go as far as to thrash you." He goes up to the manor lord with the lad and says such and such, he couldn't get him work anywhere, "and would you please take him." Yes, the manor lord was quite happy to take him, because nobody else would stay there, he chased them away as soon as they came; but he could do as he pleased with this lad.

The boy starts work one holiday in the afternoon, and so there wasn't anything to do then. So he was shown his lodgings, a bed out by the other farmhands, and the next morning when they've come in for breakfast, the manor lord comes in to show him his work: he is to go and thresh, because it was at the end of the harvest.

He goes out to the barn too, but he couldn't do anything with his flail, since it was far too small, and he goes in and complains about this. "OK, you can go ahead and make one for yourself," says the manor lord. Hans stood threshing there in the barn where it was quite high to the roof peak, and so there was lots of space, and so then he goes over to a little house they had and tears a bunch of roof beams off and begins to thresh

the grain with that. After he has threshed for three days, the manor lord felt that the pile was big enough, and then he says: "But how are we going to clean that pile of grain, little Hans?"—"That'll be my business," he answered quite arrogantly, "I'll take care of it." Then he knocks out all the walls in the barn and shovels the whole pile up to a point, and he climbs up on top and he blows with his behind down into the pile so that the chaff is blown to all the world's corners. After that he goes in and says that the grain is done. The manor lord then asks him to carry it up into the attic of the main house. "Sure, but I'll need some sacks to carry it up in." Sure, here were some sacks. "Is it little scraps like this that I'm to carry the grain in?" Hans says, and then he goes out and gets hold of a couple of horse blankets or three and he sews them together, so it becomes a big roomy bag. He fills it with grain and then he puts it on his shoulders and goes off with it. But the door was too narrow, and he rips it out and makes such an opening that he could go in. Then he throws the sack up in the attic and over their nicest rooms, and then it fell through and fell down and ruined all their furnishings.

Now the manor lord got scared of him. "There's no need to do any more today," he says, "you can rest until tomorrow. The other farmhands are going to go out to the forest then and cut and drive the winter firewood home, and you can go along with them," because he thought that that was more about cleverness than strength, and then he'd have other things to think about. The next morning the other farmhands got up in good time, because it was rough roads we had back then, and it was hard to get a load of firewood loaded and driven home by nightfall. Then they say, "We're not going to call for Hans!" because he always finished his work early, and now they'd decided that he'd be the last one today. So they drove out to the forest, and when it was later in the day, Hans gets up and has his breakfast. He then hitches up the horses and sets off after the others. When he gets to the forest, he says, "Yes, you little guys, you think you're going to fool me, but it isn't going to go the way you think," and then he goes over and pulls up a whole bunch of trees and lays them across the road behind himself. Then he drives quickly, and when he gets a little further in, he meets up with the other farmhands, they had already loaded up and were ready to head home. Then they said to him, "Well, you'll have to comfort yourself with the fact that the moon is

shining, you can certainly find your way home tonight.” But Hans let them mock him, and then he drove off. He got loaded up in a jiffy and headed back. They were still standing there and were toiling away to get these trees off the road, and they couldn’t get around them with their horses. Hans unhitches his horses from the wagon, leads them around, and lets them stand in front of the trees, goes back around for the wagon and its load, and carries them around to the horses, hitches up again and drives home. Now, he’d overloaded his wagon, and when he drives in the farm gates, the load gets stuck there. But then he thinks, “Now you’ve got it under roof, let it stand there,” so he unhitches his horses and goes in and has his dinner. “Oh, are the others coming soon?” says the manor lord. “Yes, it won’t be long,” says Hans. The others had to let their loads and their horses stay outside that night, because there was no other entrance to the farm than through the gate, and it was blocked.

Hans wanted to stay in bed a little bit longer in the morning, and the next day the people were on their feet early as usual, even though they hadn’t gotten any sleep that night. Then the manor lord says to them, “We need to kill that guy, or he’ll wind up killing us.” They were all in agreement, but now the question was how they were going to get rid of him. “We’ll get rid of him easily,” says the manor lord, “because as soon as he gets up, we’ll have him go down and clean the well, and we have an old millstone lying out there, we’ll tumble it down on top of him, you know, by accident, and then he’ll be allowed to stay down there.” Well, Hans gets up, and the manor lord says to him, “Listen, Hans, the water has gone wrong in the well, could you go down and clean it out. The other farmhands can help you and pull the mud up.” Sure, there was nothing in the way of doing that. He goes down and begins to dig, and the others haul it up in the bucket. When they’ve just about cleared out the well, they’d gotten the millstone positioned so that they could easily tickle it down on top of him, but they had the misfortune that the stone landed next to him without hitting him. Then Hans realized that things were wrong and so he grabbed hold of the eye of the stone and put it under his arm and climbed up with it. Then he says to them when he comes up: “The next time you want to hit people in the head, you should take better aim than you did this time.” If they weren’t scared before, they were now.

"OK," says the manor lord, "don't be so annoyed, it happened by accident, someone stepped on it. Could you do me a favor and go to hell and get me a daler? I've heard said that the money that comes from there is supposed to go a long way."—"Sure, I can do that, but how am I supposed to go about asking directions."—"You can do that, because all you need to do is ask people you meet where Old Erik lives, they'll know, because the one who rules hell is called Old Erik."

Well, then Hans gets a knapsack and he sets off on his journey. After he has gone a while and asked many people the way—but of course there was no one who could show him the way—he comes to a really big forest, and he comes to a hermit or one like that, and he asks him as well, if he could tell him where Old Erik lived. "Yes," he says, "I certainly can, because I've shown many people there, but not a one has ever come back. But what do you want there?" Well, then he told him his errand, and he wanted to go there as quickly as possible. "Yes, there's nothing in the way of that, and I'm going to set a ball rolling, and it will keep going until it gets to the gate, and then it will stop. You're to follow it, but there are three things that you should watch out for. They'll ask you to sit down when you get in there, but you mustn't do that. Then he'll give you the daler in your hand, but you mustn't let him do that, you can simply say: Oh, please put it on the floor, it needs to cool down a bit. When it has lain for a bit, then you can take it. And finally, you need to watch out when you leave hell, that you don't step on the threshold, you need to do it in one jump, otherwise your feet will be broken. If you can watch out for those three things and get past them well, then I'll be released from a curse, and you'll be saved this time. Go now in the name of God," says the old man, and then he set the ball rolling, and it started rolling, but it didn't roll any faster than Hans could follow along walking. It was a very even road he was to walk, and there was nothing to hinder him.

After a while, the ball stops in front of a large gate. There was a real slope leading up to it, and it was a big iron gate. Hans started to pound on it, and then someone came and opened it and asked him what he wanted. Yes, he needed to talk to Old Erik. Oh, OK, and then the gate was opened just enough for him to go through and that's how he got in. "Please come in," someone says to him. As he goes further along,

someone comes up to him, he figured that it was Old Erik. "Good day," he says, "it is me that they call Old Erik, what is your errand?"—"I am to greet you from the manor lord and ask for a daler."—"You can have that," says Old Erik, "but it costs two souls."—"I don't care what it costs, because it isn't me who is going to pay."—"OK, you can sit down, it will be done soon." But Hans remembered what he'd been told, and he wouldn't sit. So he stood and looked around, and as far as he could see, the room was so long, there were these devils standing there smithing, he couldn't figure anything else out. A little while later Old Erik comes and hands him a daler and says, "Here you are,"—"Yes, put it down on the floor a bit, it needs to cool off," says Hans, "it's too hot to hold." After he thought it had lain a while, he took it and put it in his pocket. "Yes, now I'd like the door opened," he says, "because now I need to go back to someone." Sure, that was possible, and the gate was opened. Hans took a huge jump out, and the gate was slammed shut behind him so hard that it echoed. Then he heard someone shout after him: "You don't have your wisdom from yourself, otherwise we'd have gotten you." But Hans didn't worry about that, he kept walking.

After he's gone a little bit, he notices that the ball has started rolling ahead of him again, and it kept going until it came to the hermit's house. "I should go in there," says Hans to himself, "and thank him for the good information." But then the hermit lay there dead. So for his help Hans took him and buried him, since he thought he'd earned it, and after that he went home to the manor farm. When he gets closer to it, the bailiff comes out and sees him and he goes back as fast as he knows how. "Well, now we have Hans again," he shouts. "What do we have?" says the manor lord, and out of sheer nervousness and fright for Hans he jumps down into the well and dies there. When his wife hears that, she gets hold of a rope and hangs herself. When Hans comes in through the gate, he meets Old Erik, who says: "Yes, now I'm taking what is mine; now you, Hans, can take what's left." Hans did that too, and in that way he became a manor lord.

HOW TO USE THE DIGITAL CONTENT

Installation

THE DANISH FOLKLORE NEXUS IS DESIGNED TO BE ACCESSIBLE on any computer, whether or not it is connected to the Internet. The main user interface launches in a Web browser and requires Adobe's Flash software. One can access all the digital content irrespective of whether one is connected to the Internet or not. Once connected to the Internet, one can click the "Go online" button to access better base maps (street) and aerial maps.

The installer allows you to choose three installation options: (1) run the digital materials entirely from the DVD; (2) install all the materials except the maps on your hard disk (unfortunately, this option requires that you have an Internet connection for the maps to appear); or (3) install all the materials including the maps on your hard disk. This last option offers the best performance but also requires 1.75 gigabytes of free space.

To run the install program, simply double click the installer that corresponds to your computer's operating system. The installers can be found in the "Install" folder on the disc. For Mac OS X, double click the "DFLMacInstaller," and for Windows, double click the "DFL Windows Installer."

After running the install program, you should relaunch your Web browser before attempting to access the Danish Folklore Nexus. Once you have done so, simply double click on the file labeled "Launch Danishfolklore.html" on the disc or on your hard disk, depending on the installation option you have chosen. You may also choose to open this

file manually with your favorite Web browser. If you chose to install the Danish Folklore Nexus on your hard disk and have a recent version of Mac OS X or Windows, you also may find a “Danish Folklore” application in your “Applications” or “All Programs” menu, which will launch the Danish Folklore Nexus in a Web browser when run.

The “README.txt” file on the DVD provides additional information to help troubleshoot installation problems, as well as instructions on how to install and access the Danish Folklore Nexus on Linux and other operating systems.

When away from the computer on which the digital materials are installed, a reduced content version of the Danish Folklore Nexus can be accessed at <http://www.purl.org/danishfolktales/>. Updates and bug fixes can be downloaded from <http://www.purl.org/danishfolktales/updates>.

An Overview of the Danish Folklore Nexus

The digital content that accompanies this book is designed to offer a “thick,” immersive experience in the Evald Tang Kristensen collection. It is focused on the repertoires of five main storytellers—“Bitte Jens” Kristensen, Kirsten Marie Pedersdatter, Jens Peter Pedersen, (Ane) Margrete Jensdatter, and Peder Johansen—and is accessed by a browser-based user interface known as the Danish Folklore Nexus. From the Danish Folklore Nexus, six main “views” offer windows onto the collection, the storytellers, and their stories. Each view highlights one approach to the collection and is described in greater detail in the following sections.

The “home” view is the default view and opens when the system is accessed. It is the best starting place for using the collection. The home view uses two navigators, each with its own organizational principles. The “data navigator” includes the “people,” “place,” and “story” views. The “topic and index navigator” offers four indices: a keywords index, Tang Kristensen’s indices, a shallow ontological index, and a genre index.

In the data navigator, the “people” view focuses on the storytellers and allows one to navigate the collection by individual. The “place” view emphasizes geography and enables one to navigate by places mentioned

in the stories or from which stories were collected. The “story” view emphasizes the stories and songs themselves. In an additional view, “fieldtrip” view, one can navigate the collection on the basis of Tang Kristensen’s movement through the Danish countryside. Timeline and map-driven navigation allow one to further refine each of the views according to geo-temporal criteria.

Navigating the digital content through the Danish Folklore Nexus is intended to be straightforward and requires nothing more than a Web browser and a common Flash plug-in for viewing video content. The main page of the Danish Folklore Nexus is the home view. Tabbed browsing means that home view is always accessible; it appears as the leftmost tab when additional tabs are opened. Tabs can always be closed by clicking on the “close tab” button in the upper right-hand corner of the interface or on the small “x” appearing on each tab.

Home View

The home view is divided into five main areas: the top bar; the map window on the left; the tabbed “data navigator” and “topic and index navigator” on the right, each with its own accordion menus; the fieldtrip bar along the bottom; and the timeline bar along the right.

Home View, Top Bar

The top bar is always accessible, irrespective of which view is active. Beginning at the left of the top bar are three rubrics—“Folklore and 19th Century Denmark,” “Evald Tang Kristensen,” and “Folktales, Legends, and Ballads”—which lead to a series of explanatory essays that contextualize the collection. The essays are intended to provide a thorough grounding in the social, economic, and intellectual backgrounds of the collection and are greatly expanded versions of the introductory material in the printed volume.

The first rubric encompasses two essays. The first, “Introduction,” presents the general field of folklore and describes political, economic, and social changes in Denmark during the nineteenth century. The second, “The Rise of Folklore Scholarship,” describes the history of folklore and folklore collecting in Scandinavia, with an emphasis on

Denmark. Under the second rubric is a comprehensive essay on Tang Kristensen's life and his collecting efforts, "Life and Works." The third rubric comprises three essays. The first, "Folklore Genres," provides an overview of the genre debates in the study of folklore and the history of classification schemes in folklore. The second essay, "Mapping Folklore," explains the underlying theory behind the role maps can play in interpreting folk expressive culture. The third essay, "Repertoire and the Individual," provides an overview of folklore theories concerning the role of the individual in creating and perpetuating traditional culture. This essay also covers the theoretical basis for the strong emphasis on individual repertoire that is the hallmark of this project.

Next, three more rubrics appear on the top bar. The fourth one, "Search," provides search functionality across the different types of data that make up this work. The first function allows one to search for English-language terms in all the translated versions of the stories. The second search has the same function as the first one but uses the stories in Danish, in both manuscript and published forms, as the target set. The third search allows one to search for terms in story annotations. The results screen for each of these types of searches returns a list of story identifiers in the standard format: storyteller identifier, story identifier (session and order told, if told by one of the main storytellers, and 0.00 if not), and story reference (collection abbreviation, volume, section, and story or ballad number; unpublished stories are designated with the abbreviation "Unpub," the storyteller's initials, and a number corresponding to the order in which the story was told). The line in the story in which the search term appears follows each story identifier. In the map window, places mentioned in the discovered stories appear as blue dots, and places where the stories were collected appear as red dots. Single clicking on a story in the results list centers the map window on the story's place of collection, and double clicking on the story opens that story's story view. The final type of search opens all the top matter and the substantive biographies of the five main storytellers in a single pdf file; this allows one to use Adobe Reader search functions to search for terms (Adobe Reader can be downloaded for free from www.adobe.com/downloads).

The fifth rubric in the top bar is "Bibliographies." It comprises two

bibliographies and a list of abbreviations. The first is a bibliography of the works cited in the contextual essays along with other scholarly works on folklore. The second is a comprehensive bibliography of Evald Tang Kristensen's published works. If there is a standard abbreviation for the work, it is printed in boldface immediately after the entry. The list of abbreviations identifies all the abbreviations for sources used in this publication.

The final rubric in the top bar is "About." The "About" files include this "how-to" chapter, detailed instructions for installing and troubleshooting the system ("Installation"), end user license agreements ("Copyright and Licenses"), and acknowledgments.

Home View, Map Window

The map window appears on the left-hand side of the home view and in most of the other views as well; in the story view, the map window is a bit smaller, and it does not appear at all in the detailed story view. The features of the map window are consistent across all views. In the top right-hand corner, one can select the base map layer: there is a modern street map, a modern aerial map (when online), and a slider that allows one to increase or decrease the transparency of the historical maps. If you are offline, a "Go online" button appears below these selection buttons; once you are online, the option to select aerial maps appears. In the upper left-hand side of the map window, there is a zoom slider. The map can be repositioned by left clicking anywhere in the map window and dragging the map. By holding down the shift key and left clicking, one can draw a zoom area on the map.

Information appears in the map window as either colored dots or colored lines, depending on the data selection. In the default home view, the people accordion is selected in the data navigator. In the map window, all the storytellers appear as gray dots situated on their places of residence. For the five main storytellers, identifying flags appear. Clicking on the flag opens a photograph of the storyteller. Rolling over a gray dot opens a pop-up with the name of the storyteller. Double clicking on a storyteller dot opens the person's "people view" in a new tab.

Selecting the places accordion in the data navigator changes the data

displayed on the map. Now, all the places related to the collection appear as blue dots; rolling over a dot identifies the place, and double clicking on the dot opens the place's place view in a new tab. In place view, the "stories that mention" accordion is selected by default.

Selecting the story accordion in the data navigator similarly changes the data displayed on the map. Now, all the places mentioned in stories (blue dots) or where stories were collected (red dots) appear on the map. Rolling over a place identifies that place, and double clicking on the dot opens the place's place view in a new tab. Indeed, double clicking on a dot in the map window always opens a place view for that place in a new tab.

Home View, Data Navigator

To the right of the map window is a tabbed series of accordions. The first accordion tab, labeled "data navigator," includes the people, place, and story accordions. Each of these tabs offers access to the collection on the basis of different "top level" criteria.

Selecting the people accordion (default) produces a list of all the storytellers included in the collection. The first five, "Bitte Jens" Kristensen, Jens Peter Pedersen, Kirsten Marie Pedersdatter, (Ane) Margrete Jensdatter, and Peder Johansen, are the five core storytellers, and their names appear in boldface. This collection includes each of the five's entire repertoire as collected by Tang Kristensen, and from their people view pages, one can access exhaustive biographies of them by clicking on the "full bio" button immediately to the right of their photograph. Clicking on any of the names in the people accordion centers the map window on that person's dot and shows a pop-up identifying him or her. Clicking a second time turns off the identifying pop-up. Double clicking on a name opens that person's people view in a new tab.

Selecting the places accordion brings up a list of all the places where stories were collected or that are mentioned in stories. Clicking on a place name in the list centers the map window on the location and shows a pop-up identifying the place. Clicking a second time turns off the identifying pop-up. Double clicking on a place name opens the place view in a new tab.

Selecting the stories accordion produces a list of all the stories in the collection. The stories are listed by their standard identifiers. The map window shows all the places where stories were collected (red dots) or that are mentioned in stories (blue dots). Clicking on a story identifier in the list centers the map window on the place where the story was collected and shows a pop-up identifying the place. Clicking a second time turns off the identifying pop-up. Double clicking on a story in the accordion opens the story view for that story in a new tab.

Home View, Topic and Index Navigator

The topic and index navigator allows one to access the stories on the basis of several indexing models. Choosing the keywords accordion (default) opens a list of keywords derived from a modeling of the corpus using keyword discovery software. Highlighting a keyword in the list populates the “associated stories” screen to the right of the keyword list with story identifiers associated with that keyword. The places mentioned and the places of collection for those stories are displayed in the map window as blue and red dots, respectively. Clicking on a story identifier in the associated stories screen centers the map window on the place of collection and turns on the identifying pop-up. Double clicking on a story identifier opens the story view for that story.

The functioning of the remaining index and topic navigator accordions is similar. The “ETK Indices” accordion is a concatenation of all the topic indices that Tang Kristensen used in his published collections. The “Tangherlini Indices” accordion provides a shallow ontology of topics in the collection. Finally, the “Genre” accordion presents the collection on the basis of a very basic genre classification.

Home View, Fieldtrip Bar, and Timeline Bar

Fieldtrips are accessible via the bottom bar. Selecting a fieldtrip date displays the approximate route that Tang Kristensen traveled on that particular fieldtrip. Stops along the way are shown as dots, and the route is shown as a continuous line. Clicking on a fieldtrip stop opens the place identifier pop-up. Double clicking on a stop opens the place view for that stop in a separate tab.

The fieldtrip route display in the map window can be turned on by clicking once on the fieldtrip date in the bottom bar; clicking a second time turns the fieldtrip route display off. Multiple fieldtrips can be selected at once by holding down the control (or command) key while clicking; clicking “All” displays all the fieldtrip routes. Double clicking on a fieldtrip name opens a separate tab with the fieldtrip view for that fieldtrip. The fieldtrip bar is also accessible in people view; there, the fieldtrips listed are only those during which Tang Kristensen visited with the particular individual.

Clicking the “Enable timeline” check box in the upper right hand of the home view limits the data that are displayed on the map and shown in the data navigator and topic and index navigator tabs to material collected within the range of dates chosen on the timeline bar. The timeline range can be set by moving two sliders—the top slider limits the end date, and the bottom slider limits the start date.

People View

The people view is accessed by double clicking on a name in the people accordion on the home view data navigator or by double clicking on a gray dot in the map window when the people accordion is selected in home view data navigator.

The people view screen consists of the standard map window on the left-hand side, three accordions on the right-hand side, and the fieldtrip bar along the bottom. The fieldtrips listed in the fieldtrip bar are limited to those fieldtrips on which Tang Kristensen visited with the storyteller.

The first of the three accordions in people view is the storyteller biography accordion (default). It has an upper part, in blue, and a lower part. The upper part displays a photograph of the storyteller where available (the five main storytellers), the name of the storyteller, the date and place of birth, the date and place of death, and the known occupations the storyteller had during his or her life. Clicking on a place name (in red) in this biographical section opens the place view for that place in a separate tab. In the map window, the places where stories were collected appear as red dots, and other biographical places appear as green dots. Rolling over or clicking on these dots brings up an informational pop-up

with the place name and a brief description of the place as it relates to the storyteller.

The second section of the storyteller biography presents a short biographical account of the storyteller, usually gleaned from Tang Kristensen's memoirs. For the five main storytellers, there is also a button labeled "Full Bio" immediately to the right of the photograph; clicking on it opens an extensive biography of the individual.

The place accordion lists all the places either of biographical significance or related in some way to the storyteller's story repertoire. Immediately after the place name, a short descriptor explains the significance of the place. In the map window, biographically important places appear as green dots, collection places appear as red dots, and places mentioned in stories appear as blue dots. Clicking on a place name in the accordion highlights it in the map window. Double clicking on a place name opens the place view in a separate tab.

The story accordion lists all the stories told by the storyteller in the order in which they were told. This ordering is particularly significant for the five main storytellers, because it allows one to read through an entire repertoire in the order in which it was performed. Clicking on a story identifier in the story accordion places a red dot on the map for the place where the story was collected and blue dots for places mentioned in the story. Double clicking on a story identifier opens the story view for that story in a new tab.

Place View

Place view includes the standard map window on the left-hand side of the interface and three accordions on the right-hand side. It also includes the fieldtrip bar along the bottom; only fieldtrips that included stops in the place in question are listed in the bar.

The "People Associated" accordion lists all the storytellers who were associated with that place. Functionality for clicking in the accordions and the map window is similar to that for other views—that is, a single click highlights, and a double click opens the appropriate view in a new tab. The associations between people and places are either biographical (birth, death) or related to story collection. The "Stories That Mention"

accordion lists all the stories that mention the particular place. The “Stories Collected In” accordion lists, by their standard identifiers, all the stories collected in that place.

Fieldtrip View

Fieldtrip view is accessed by double clicking the name of a fieldtrip in the fieldtrip bar or a fieldtrip route line in the map window. This view consists of the standard map window on the left-hand side of the screen and three accordions on the right-hand side. The “Places Visited” accordion, the default, lists all the places Tang Kristensen visited on a particular fieldtrip in the order in which he visited them. Where available, the date on which he visited a place appears immediately after the place name in the format yyyy-mm-dd.

The “People Visited” accordion lists all the people he visited on the fieldtrip, and the “Stories Collected” accordion lists all the stories he collected on the fieldtrip. The functionality related to clicking (single click to display, double click to jump to the appropriate new tab) is the same as in other views.

Story View, Main Level

The story view is the most complicated of the views in the user interface and consists of two levels—the main level and the detail level. The main story view consists of five screens—three across the top and two across the bottom. At the very bottom of the main story view is a bar labeled “Manuscript Version/Published Version/Scholarly Annotation,” which switches the view to the detailed story view.

The upper left window is a small map window with the same functionality as the standard map window. Making selections in other windows changes the display in this window. The upper middle window is the main meta-data window for the story. It includes information on the order in which the story appeared in a collection session (for example, 2.15 means that the story was the fifteenth story told during the second collection session), the fieldtrip on which the story was collected (clicking on the fieldtrip name in red opens the fieldtrip view in a new tab), the dates of the fieldtrip, the place where the story was collected (clicking

on the place name in red opens a place view in a new tab), the field diary pages on which the story appears, a list of associated keywords, and places mentioned in the story.

The upper right window includes three accordions. Above the accordions is the publication information for the story, consisting of the story's standard identifier. The "Storyteller Biography" accordion gives access to the biographical information from the storyteller's people view, and the "Places" accordion lists all the places associated with the story (place recorded and places mentioned). The "Stories Told" accordion gives access to all the stories told by the storyteller; this allows one to quickly access stories immediately before or after the current story, making it easy to read through a repertoire in the order told.

The lower left window presents the story in English translation based on the published version of the story. The lower right window lists all the related information from the topic and index navigator from the home view.

Story View, Detail Level

Clicking on the bar at the bottom of the main story view opens the detailed story view. This view consists of a series of tabbed windows. The top tab, labeled "Texts and Annotations," consists of an additional series of tabbed windows—two on top and one on bottom. Next to the bottom window is a list of variant stories that are related to the selected story. Double clicking on a story in this list takes one to its story view.

The two top tabbed windows in the "Texts and Annotations" window contain transcripts and translations of the story. The left window shows the manuscript version of the story transcribed in Danish and translated into English. The right window shows the story as published in Danish and translated into English. By highlighting the tabs at the tops of these windows, one can switch between the Danish and English versions of the story. Only the stories of the five main storytellers have been transcribed and translated from the field manuscripts. All the other stories are available as they appear in the published collections and in English translation.

Below the tabbed story windows and to the left is a third tabbed win-

dow with two tabs: “Annotations” and “Bibliographic Information.” The annotations window (default) contains a scholarly annotation for the story, highlighting features of the story, making connections to other stories in the collection and to Danish tradition, situating the story in the storyteller’s repertoire, and commenting on the story in the context of the political, social, economic, and religious themes considered in the story. The bibliographic information window contains references to works for further study of the story or issues raised in the scholarly annotation. Only the stories of the five main storytellers have scholarly annotations.

Clicking on the “Manuscript Images” tab at the top of the page brings one to the manuscript image viewer. In this window, one can see the pages from Tang Kristensen’s field diary on which the story appears. The listing of the field diary pages on which the story appears is given above the thumbnail browser at the bottom of the window. The pages are given as “a” and “b” pages, where “a” is recto and “b” is verso. In some cases, there are no manuscript pages for a given recording, either because the original recording was lost or because it was not included in the field diaries.

A manuscript page image is loaded into the viewer by clicking on its thumbnail. If there are multiple pages, all the pages appear as thumbnails across the bottom of the window. One can use the zoom slider on the left-hand side of the image viewer to zoom in and out on the manuscript image. Clicking in the image viewer allows one to pan. These images are medium resolution digital scans of a microfilm made from the original field diaries.

Troubleshooting

If the install program fails for some reason, you will notice that the map fails to appear when viewing “Launch Danishfolklore.html.” First, try shutting down your Web browser and running the install program again.

If the install program has failed, your browser should warn you via a pop-up message about potential unauthorized network access when you first try to view “Launch Danishfolklore.html” and give you the option of changing the network access settings for the Danish Folklore Nexus.

Sometimes, however, the browser's pop-up blocker intercepts this message. In that case, you can access the settings panel directly by pointing your browser to the following address: <http://www.purl.org/danishfolktales/flash>. You must be online to access this address.

Under the "Global Security Settings" tab in the Settings Manager window (the tab looks like a globe with a padlock in front of it), it is best to have the "Always ask" button selected. Then add the location of the Danish Folklore Nexus files on the disc to the "Always trust files in these locations" box. To do this, click the "Edit locations . . ." pull-down menu and select "Add location. . . ."

For systems running Mac OS X, the best value to enter into the "Trust this location:" input field is `/Volumes/DFL/Danish Folklore/`.

For Windows-based systems, the location of the folklore files will be the letter of the drive containing the Danish Folklore Nexus disc, followed by the "Danish Folklore" directory. For many Windows-based systems, this value will be

`D:\Danish Folklore\`.

Once you have entered the trusted location in the input field, click "Confirm." You have now instructed Flash Player to allow the Danish Folklore Nexus viewer access to the map files. For these new settings to take effect, you must quit your Web browser and then reopen the "Launch Danishfolklore.html" file on the disc. You can now access the digital content in offline mode as well.

Installing a Web Browser and Adobe Flash Software

If your browser is unable to display the accompanying digital data, you may need to install an appropriate Web browser and Adobe Flash software. The Mozilla Firefox browser and Adobe Flash software can be downloaded for free from www.firefox.org and www.adobe.com respectively.

End User License Agreements

End user license agreements (EULA) for each of the installed components are included in the respective download packages.

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EVALD TANG KRISTENSEN'S PUBLISHED WORKS

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TOPIC INDEX

The following topic categories are based on the indices in Tang Kristensen's main collections (**DS**, **DSnr**, **JAH**, **JAT**). The index is arranged by each storyteller's initials, followed by the identifier for that story (session and order told). An ATU index appears at the end of this section for the folk tales.

Tang Kristensen Topic Index

Mound dwellers (Hidden folk)

PJ 2.03, 2.11, 2.22, 3.03; JPP 4.03, 4.04, 4.09, 4.12, 4.33, 4.43; KMP 1.19, 1.20; AMJ 1.03; BJK 1.11, 1.23

Elves

KMP 1.01; AMJ 2.15; BJK 1.24

Household spirits

JPP 4.10, 4.11; KMP 1.55; AMJ 2.16, 3.04

Traveling monsters

JPP 4.31; BJK 2.08, 2.09

Water spirits

JPP 4.22; KMP 2.11; BJK 0.01

Wiverns and small creepy-crawlies

PJ 2.15, 3.19; KMP 1.45, 2.09; BJK 1.43

Werewolves and nightmares

BJK 2.15

Religious legends

JPP 2.18, 4.32; BJK 3.03

Death portents

KMP 1.16, 1.17; AMJ 2.19

Churches and their construction

PJ 2.09, 2.24; KMP 1.18; AMJ 3.05

Legends about treasure

JPP 4.17; PJ 2.10

Manor Lords, Ladies and Mistresses

JPP 2.15; AMJ 2.08

Ministers

JPP 1.09, 4.19, 4.35; KMP 1.04, 2.06; AMJ 1.06

Robbers, murderers and thieves

PJ 1.01; JPP 2.01, 2.10, 2.14

Diverse hauntings and conjuring of revenants

PJ 2.02; JPP 1.08, 2.17; KMP 1.05, 1.07

Female revenants

PJ 2.08; AMJ 3.02

Revenants on ill-gotten land

KMP 1.15

In league with the Devil

PJ 3.08; JPP 2.06, 4.05, 4.15, 4.23, 4.24; BJK 1.15

Cunning men and women and their activities

JPP 2.07, 4.07, 4.38; KMP 1.56, 1.57; AMJ 2.07; BJK 1.38

Witches and their sport

JPP 4.08, 4.13, 4.16, 4.39; KMP 2.04; AMJ 3.08; BJK 2.11, 4.20

Human and cattle illnesses

PJ 3.24

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Index of Evald Tang Kristensen's collected

Fairy Tales

KMP 1.47, 1.48, 1.50; AMJ 1.08, 2.02,
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ATU Index

302 The Ogre's Heart in the Egg

AMJ 3.13

325 The Magician and his Pupil

KMP 1.50

326a Soul Released from Torment

AMJ 2.03

461 Three Hairs from the Devil's Beard

KMP 1.47

564 The Magic Providing Purse

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779a Miscellaneous Divine Rewards and
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873 The King Discovers his Unknown Son

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