

''...far back in time, where the outlines of
history dissolve, lies the world of myths, it
looses itself farther back into the mist of light
where pictures appear and then vanish in an
eternal stream. Through the cloudscapes of
the past the sunlight is falling in across ida
vollen, where the gods throw their golden
dice in the grass in fearless game, while
udarbrunnen trickles in the silence...''