

HAYMOON/HARVEST/SHEDDING 2257 RE (Jul/Aug/Sept 2007 CE)

GUNGNIR

VOLUME 2 ISSUE 3





“GUNGNIR”



The Official Bulletin of the HOLY NATION OF ODIN, Inc. Outreach Ministry

Haymoon / Harvest / Shedding 2257 RE

Jul / Aug / Sept 2007

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“Gungnir”

A Missive from the Director...

by Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, 1519-CCG

Haymoon, Harvest & Shedding 2257 RE

Heilsan Folk,

This issue of GUNGNIR is a bit spartan due to Linda's relocation as both she and the ministry office of the HOLY NATION of ODIN, Inc. and the SONS OF ODIN, 1519 - VINLAND, have moved from the Rocky Mountains to the West Coast. In addition, it will take her some time to set up the new office and address ministry issues received in the mail. So, please exhibit a degree of patience and rectitude as that befitting the noble folk we all claim to be.

On a further note, recently Linda has received a couple of letters from some rather impatient folk. I am compelled to remind our folk that Linda works eight to ten hour days, comes home to open the office and address all the ministry administration issues all by her self, in addition to publishing GUNGNIR. With the exception of a few donations we receive, this entire operation comes out of our personal finances. So then, if 300 issues of our last issue went out at a cost of \$4.00 to print and mail, that's \$1,200 of our own money we spent in an effort to serve your spiritual needs. I think the least we deserve, or others of our folk building network who publish, deserve, is a little patience! If you don't receive certificates, or whatnot, within a thirty day window of the day you posted your letter, application, etc., to us, DON'T panic. We'll get at you as our hectic schedule permits. Thank you for your understanding, cooperation and continued support.

Always in Frith and Fraternal solidarity with thee...

Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, 1519-CCG
Allsherjargothi, Holy Nation of Odin, Inc.

CoverArt
by Rodney Morris(pencil)

An Editorial

by Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, 1519-CCG, Allsherjargothi
Sons of Odin, 1519-Vinland Kindred and the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc.

This past Memorial Day, the Faith and Folk community suffered the loss of one of our finest; David Lane.

I did not know David well, albeit, like many others, I knew him intimately just the same via the vehicle of his compositions over the many years.

Yes, for myself, and I suspect a great many others true to our folk ways, Memorial Day will forever assume a new perspective of what it means to remember our Fallen and those who passed while paying an enormous debt of self sacrifice for the good of the Folk... Hail Tyr, and Heil David Lane!

My literal communications with Dave came via letters to my wife, Linda, in what would prove to be Dave's final year upon Midgard (earth), and though he has gone on to sup in Allfather's great hall, Valhalla; true to Allfather's very words in the Havamal, stanzas 76, and 77, Dave's memory and his deeds of self sacrifice and chivalry shall live on and survive for as long as our Folk shall live!

In a letter to my wife, from Dave dated 2/28/07 CE, Dave had written to Linda, "your husband is proving to be a valuable Folkish prophet." High Praise and recognition from a man so well respected among our Folk and a man of impeccable character and distinction whom practiced what he preached!

Albeit, Dave's words are an honor which comes with a severe price as well, upon learning of Dave's kind words, I assumed a great burden. I felt saddled with a paramount responsibility toward our Faith and Folk in a whole new way. I felt as though if I fail at the holy and sacred mission which I have accepted from Allfather, I not only have to answer to myself for such a failure, but I must answer to our collective Folk as well. I must answer to the memory of David Lane and every other Folk Patriot whom towed the line for so long!

So many desire leadership! Nietzsche wrote; "The best men always desire to lead". Well, I consider myself a good man; true, sincere and genuine to the mission I serve. But I never asked to be anyone's leader! I merely made an oath to Allfather Odin that I would serve the Gods and Folk and fourteen years later, I remain in your service. Responsibilities so great have been thrust upon me by those who never asked me if I desired them. I've simply been reminded that I swore an Oath, a sacred Oath to Odin and our Folk.

It is my contention that only a fool would seek a position of leadership, once he has comprehended the reality that once you arrive at the top, there is but one place to go; "Down!" And the hordes of aspirants and jealous quickly amass against thee on a continuum. Add to the equation, the cause for which we fight is so charged with adversity too great to enumerate. Only those with a personal or selfish agenda would seek such an often thankless position of sever responsibility, which taxes one in ways that one's personal life suffers greatly for at times. The only legitimate reward is the knowledge that one walks the way one talks. The sacredness to the Oath to serve is indeed upheld and substantiated by one's actions and deeds! For one will know great attacks against one's character and perhaps even one's person while one lives. But one shall be comforted by the belief that upon one's passing, such fall silent before the rising din of those who sing the songs of praise for the good man's deeds!

I am no David Lane. Good Luck to the man or woman whom seeks to fill his shoes, your task shall be without end!

I am however, a man who shall honor my sacred Oath to Allfather to serve both Gods and Folk. I shall assume my place in the great chain of our Folk and I shall take up and tow the line, or more correctly posited, continue to tow the line.

It is true, I never asked for leadership. It found me. But, I shall continue to consider it, burden and all, a great honor and privilege to serve my Gods and Folk until Allfather gathers me up to him.

Remember when I wrote that when you are on top there is but one place to go; "Down"? I was wrong. There is another place one may go... to Valhalla, if one remains true to the mission of our Faith, Folk and the 14 Words.

May I one day ascend to see Dave and all the others awaiting me there. And may I see you there one day by my side.

Fara Meth Odin, Dave... I shall not fail.

I remain in service to thee, both Gods and Folk, with Frith and Fraternal Solidarity.

Heil Odin!



Artwork by Vindbjörn Odinson Shipton, 1519-AG

Hof Service

Haymoon 2257 RE
(July 2007 CE)


By Dr. Casper
Odinson Cröwell
Allsherjargothi,
Holy Nation of
Odin, Inc. and Sons
of Odin, 1519

Perform a
Sumble to those
gone to the Gods
halls that
brought our
beloved ancestral
faith back to us.
And drop a letter
with some words
of appreciation to
those still with
us... Heil to those
stalwart keepers
of the Northern
Faith!

Meditate upon
and Galdr these
Runes:

Othala, ()

Uruz () and

Mannaz ()

For the Love of Frigga

It would seem as of late, what was once well concealed, for fear of ridicule, or worse, is now not only out in the open, as it were, for all to see, but widely hailed and celebrated and outright encouraged. Yesterday's taboos are quickly becoming the norm, and not merely accepted as thus, but vigorously promoted, in many instances by programs which are federally funded. Where battles for sovereignty and Nation once engendered nobility in character, they were supplanted by wars for equality of social and racial classes which soon led to a state of arrested development in moral standards which has paved the way for the decline of the western world wherefore social issues hang in the balance. Today's government sponsored battles are for promoting the once taboo and morally deplorable conditions and lifestyles of yesterday in an effort to alter the social and political campaigning climate of our society in an effort to generate more income and support for what is termed the liberal choice. But IF homosexuality (a lifestyle choice and sexual preference) is to be accepted in our society today as a normalcy then what's next? How about bestiality or pedophilia? I mean, after all, they too are sexual preferences and lifestyle choices. Seems a bit far fetched does it? So was homosexuality only thirty years ago.

In today's society of moral bankruptcy, far too many men have succumbed to emasculation at the hands of government programs which promote morally questionable programs under the guise of public services and the liberal choice. Yes folks, the same liberal choice government which wants to disarm its citizens by taking away their right to bear arms, ostracize and ridicule white folks who openly display pride for their heritage, culture and ancestry all the while hailing all other peoples for doing the same, and in fact even encourages, promotes and sponsors it with tax payers dollars!

Hmm, sounds a lot like a targeted effort to eradicate an entire race of people along with their heritages and cultures... "Our" people! Our men are taught to embrace effeminate demeanors while our women are encouraged to pursue careers as opposed to marriage and raising a family. This does not bode well for the survival of our folk and if our folk perish so too shall our Gods forever!

Our liberal choice government is so concerned with censoring white racial pride, free speech, raping us of our constitutional rights and disarm citizens of their right to bear firearms in order to create a defenseless sheep like class of people which shall pose no threat to a corrupt and tyrannical government, yet they do nothing about the graphic and gratuitous vulgarity, violence or the demeaning fashion in which our women are portrayed in the media, theatres and video games. Two entire generations in western society have been taught to disregard any semblance of ethical behavior let alone genuine morality. Males are taught that our women are mere sex tools and cum receptacles, there for their entertainment. Free to abuse at will, and more and more of our teenage girls and young women begin to assume an attitude that it is acceptable. I assure you, it is not!

I see it occurring with frequent acceptance these days, this open disrespect of our women in depictions of women as mere pleasure providers to any and all takers, in the verbal and physical abuse women incur on a daily basis and in the demeaning language employed towards them and even by them. Teen girls and young women address one another too often in terms of Ho, insinuating whore, or Bitch. Though these

titles serve as terms of affectionate greetings among them whom employ such terminology, it is detrimental never the less. Is it any wonder why so many women today suffer from low self esteem issues, or depression disorders?

Chivalry once dictated that man defended woman's honor, no matter who she may have been. The womanly virtue of the fairer sex was filled with the promise of hope for a people's future and the gift she had to give to a worthy suitor, was something to be prized and held completely sacred as was the union entered into by man and woman! What happened to the attitude of chivalry towards our women? What happened to the promise of our folk and Gods thereafter? I'll tell you what... Disrespecting our women and imbuing them with a low self worth, that's what! Men addressing our women as ho's, hookers, sluts and bitches. And our women and teen girls accepting it.

Our women are the very images of our Goddesses incarnate. Everything beautiful and desirable about our women is the very embodiment of sweet Freyja. Every hope for new life and continuity of racial and family lineages is the embodiment of Ostara. Every time we rest our gaze upon our folk's young girls, we are beholding the youthfulness of Idunna. And every time a man looks into the eyes of his new bride, or holds his newborn infant he is experiencing the very presence of Allmother Frigga! Who among us would call any of our beloved Goddesses a ho, or bitch? Who among us would call Allmother Frigga a ho? And what man among us would stand by and do nothing about it? Well, I'll tell you, it is the same thing when we address, or allow for our women to be addressed in such an ill manner. We wouldn't address our own mothers as "HO". Yet, in the grander scheme of the spirit of our Goddesses residing in our women folk, that is exactly what we would be doing. So then, for the love of Frigga, let us endeavor to correct this pernicious behavior that all who encounter us look upon us and our faith with the respect thus warrants. Let us heal ourselves from what a morally bankrupt government seeks to promote in an blatant effort to profit from it.

As we celebrate the moontide (month) of Haymoon, let us be mindful of the manner in which we engage our women folk and girls who will one day too become our women folk. If we would desire that they conduct themselves with the refinement of a lady, then we men must honor and address them in such a fashion.

Haymoon 4th is 'Founders Day', a day of remembrance for those modern day founders of our noble faith. It is due in large part to such founders as A. Rudd Mills, Sveinbjorn Beinteinsson, Thorstein Guthjonson, and the beloved Folk Mother, Else Christensen, and their noble efforts, that we now practice the Northern faiths which we do. And these noble efforts are by no means limited to those which the Gods have gathered up to them. Stephen A. McNallen, Edred Thorsson, Valgard Murray and Heimgest Holley are all with us still, and all are contributing founders of contemporary Odinism and Ásatrú as we know it.

I remain in service to the Gods and folk of the HOLY NATION OF ODIN... Heil Allfather Odin! And Heil the holy Æsir and Vanir in his venerable name.

In Frith and Fraternal Solidarity with thee...

"People are only by-products of their environments if they lack the fortitude and conviction to live like Gods. Rectitude is ever an attractive quality to those in possession of genuine character."

- Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, Ph.D., DD

Remembering David...

Dateline June 1, 2007 CE

Only this afternoon my wife Linda had informed me that our kinsman Ron McVan had contacted her to inform her that David Lane had passed away earlier this week on Memorial Day.

How David passed is not nearly as important as how he lived or the severe consequences he had incurred in concert with his noble convictions and principles. More so, with David's passing both the Aryan folk and Odinist/Wotanist faith have lost a champion. The battalions of Zionists and their misinformed sympathizers are most assuredly overjoyed at our faith and folk community's great loss. Albeit, one hundred perhaps two hundred years from now, history will be rewritten to reflect the reality of the role genuine Patriotism played in the late 20th century Vinland (USA) where European folk, heritage and cultures were to come under siege and remain so today.

And where such history shall be chronicled, the name of David Lane will appear upon the Patriot's Roll of Honor.

David Lane was born in Woden, Iowa, Vinland on Wednesday – (Odin's day), November 2, 1938 CE and he was a life long folk patriot; Whom on many occasions disregarded his own comfort and personal safety in service to that which he most loved and remained stalwartly committed to; "His Folk". David now leaves us to join Allfather Odin and the myriad of heroes whom await him in Valhalla.

The piper's song is mournful, as it wends its way across our Odal lands, and I fear that many "Armchair Patriots" will seek to capitalize off his honorable name and memory. The deluge of poetry, essays and songs will now begin, and were they are proffered by the legitimate Folk Patriots, such fame of sound praise is always appropriate. But where the Aryan man or woman lacks even the desire to abhor the many maladies which plague our Race, all the while singing the praise of David, an even a greater disservice our foes could not afford his valiant memory.

For David, just as all true Folk Patriots, despised the Aryan man or woman in name only; those who refuse to acknowledge the damage that drugs, vice, prison politics and fratricidal behaviors destroys our people with. It was David Lane that gave us the 14 words, "We must secure the existence of our people and the future for white children".

As surely as we honor the memory of this kinsmen, who now joins the ranks of our honored ancestors, others will come to fill our ranks where the fallen once stood. The only question that remains is this, "Will those who come along honor or deface the memory of David Lane with their actions?"

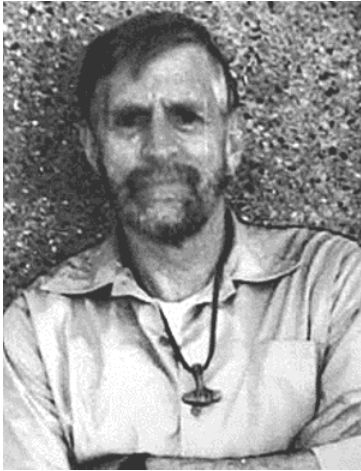
Cattle die; Kinsman die
and so each one must die;
One thing I know shall never die,
the deeds of a good man.

– Hávamál - 77

David Lane was 68. We shall miss him sorely. But we shall never forget him, or his selfless and tireless efforts. Fara meth Odin, Dave!

On behalf of all Sons of Odin, 1519, Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. faculty and the Vinland Folk Resistance

Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, 1519-CCG
Allsherjargothi, Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. and Sons of Odin, 1519
Vinland Folk Patriot for the 14 Words



Eulogy for David Lane

By Richard Kemp, Gothi, HNO

Native American lore teaches an owl is a harbinger of death. I don't buy into this superstition, so when I saw a great horned owl perched outside my window on the night of May 27th little did I realize I had lost a dear friend, trusted comrade, and hero of our folk, David Eden Lane.

When a man becomes a living legend, we forget he was mortal and possessed many of the same passions as the rest of us.

Many of you are unaware he was a boxer, or that he was a scratch golfer who used to hustle skins games at various golf courses around the West. When I first met him, he was working for a title company. He was the stereotypical middle aged bachelor who liked to dance with the ladies at the country and western bars on the weekend and had a knack for hooking up with wild women.

The first time I met him, his woman friend was chasing after him with a sword and intended to inflict grievous bodily harm upon his person. It took three strapping men to disarm her. I thought to myself; this is a guy who lives life on the edge, maybe he can teach me a thing or two.

Though David had a silver tongue and was a smooth talker with the ladies, he was not given to ostentatious displays. He lived out of his suitcase for the first year that I knew him. At the same time, he often slept on people's sofas or hide-a-beds, or stayed in cheap motel rooms. He was given to wearing casual slacks or jeans and a dress shirt covered by a windbreaker. For transportation, he drove a broken down VW bug with no power. One day, he let me drive it to the store, and I swear, I had the accelerator pressed to the floor just to get it up to 50 M.P.H. on the highway. Yes my friends, although he did not have a lot of wealth and finery, this man was a prince. In personal sacrifice, he eschewed all worldly goods and gave his heart and soul to fight for a dying race.

David was most ardent in his beliefs. He was unafraid to speak his mind both verbally and in his many writings. He was an adherent to the "By any means necessary" school of thought. He fought for our people with both pen and sword - though it was his pen that proved to be his greatest weapon. He penned "The 88 Precepts" and was responsible for coining The 14 Words. The title of his book *Damned, Defiant, and Deceived* summarized in just three "D's" how Mr. Lane viewed the world. In my mind, his defiance is what will forever ring true in my memories of him. David was defiant with every fiber of his being. Even when they took his freedom and locked him away in some of the highest security prisons in the U.S., he continued to tweak the nose of the authorities with his fervor. Even if he had to sharpen the stub of a pencil on the concrete floor of his cell he continued to write and influence our folk half a world away.

There is a huge emptiness in my heart upon hearing of Mr. Lane's passing. I would like to honor the man with some words and share with you some memories so you can know how this man lived, that he passed this way and made an impression on our hearts.

The night we heard of his passing, about 40 guys stood in our grove and honored him with a moment of silence. As my mind raced with memories of the man, my gaze fixed upon a bird of prey soaring above the farm fields nearby. All these little black birds were flying up to nip at his tail feathers trying to chase it off. I thought to myself; what a perfect metaphor. David Lane was like this raptor, soaring into the heavens; and all these frightened little birds, who could not understand him or his nature, pecked at his behind in an attempt to drive him away.

I remember David told me he was raised in the rural town of Aurora, CO. He was born in a cabin there surrounded by fields of grain with the majestic Rocky Mountains silhouetted on the horizon. As he spoke of it, I envisioned this pastoral setting where hardy, ham fisted yeomen hung out at the seed and feed store drinking black coffee, and talking about how the weather is going to affect the crops of the season.

Once, when David and I were passing through Denver, he decided since we were nearby, we'd detour so he could show me his birthplace. I recall David seeming as if he had lost his way. There were blocks and blocks of urban development, brand new condos and shopping centers. Suddenly, the area where he grew up became unfamiliar to him. Where once there were fields of ripened grain - now there was a concrete jungle filled with foreign faces. As we turned into the neighborhood of trash filled streets littered with broken bottles and dirty diapers in the gutters, gang graffiti marked the buildings and Hispanic youths sat on street corners acting tough. We slowed to a stop, and David stared at the home of his youth. I saw tears welling up in his eyes. The windows of this small house were boarded up, and graffiti marred the building. A large construction sign in front of the house indicated that the property was soon to be converted into a soccer field. Already some young Hispanics were kicking soccer balls in a dried up field behind the house. As I looked back, I realize this may have been a watershed moment serving to further enflame the passion and commitment of David Lane.

I truly lament the fact that David had to die in prison - away from his family, friends and loved ones. This man deserved better. Just as it was with the home of his birth, some official probably had a trash can set up outside the door of the cell where he died. He probably tossed most of David's belongings into the trash, erasing the final traces that a great man passed that way. With any luck, a few items will be boxed up and sent to a family member or close friend. Little does this government employee know that the man whose property he is emptying into the trash was a hero of our folk who ranked with the titans of our people in North America; Robert Miles, Pastor Butler, Dr Pierce and Robert J Mathews. They can go ahead and throw away his treasured belongings. What he lacked in worldly goods, he definitely made up for in the richness of the legacy that he left behind. I think of the scene from *The 13th Warrior* when the chieftain of the Viking Warrior band is dying and he laments he has no worldly possessions worthy of a king, but if a person were to tell his story he would be a rich man indeed. I can assure you, that David Lane is a very rich man because we will tell his story to our children and grandchildren.

I suspect the powers - that - be now feel a sense of justification if not relief in their attempts to muzzle and stifle this man who remained a bastion of opposition until his passing. Regardless of the obstacles placed in front of him through restrictive incarceration, David had remained a beacon of integrity, passion and character who has inspired our folk throughout the world, and will continue to do so in the immortality of his words and teachings - many of which have become tenets of our creed.

In memoriam to my friend David Lane, I ask only that those of us who grieve not dishonor his life or passing by disregarding his commitment to the cause by forgetting the mettle of this man and the sacrifice he made both before and after his incarceration. What I personally will carry within my heart until my end days is the undying love that David held for his people, and the fact that despite efforts to discount and debase that love it remained true and constant even as he drew his dying breath. Remember, if nothing else, David Lane lived and died for the struggle to secure the future existence for us and our children, I can think of no more appropriate words than those of the Havamal..

Cattle Die, Kinsmen Die, Every man is Mortal.
One thing I know that *never* dies is the fame of a Dead Man's Deeds

We will Never Forget !

Bruder Schweigen
Richard Kemp, *Gothi, Holy Nation of Odin, Inc.*

Farewell Dear Kinsman

Rare are the men today who display deep commitment for their race and heritage. Rare are the men who through ceaseless striving live their convictions and are willing to sacrifice everything for the greater good of their people. Such a man was David Lane and his passing at age 69 was a tremendous loss in the ongoing struggle for Aryan survival.

For over four decades David Lane poured out his heart, soul, mind and knowledge with such unwavering passion that our people might awaken, unite and fight against the impending realities that threaten our race with virtual extinction.

A prison sentence of 190 years did not waver his ironclad commitment to our plight nor keep him from having his voice heard through his thought provoking and extensive writings around the world.

To many, David was a best friend, a kinsman, teacher, philosopher and at times even a prophet, and his passing leaves behind a void that will take a giant of a man to fill.

Those of us who have had the honor to have known David over the course of many years throughout the Aryan movement, we salute you dear kinsman and eagerly await the day when we will meet again in Valhalla with so many other noble fighters for our cause who have carried the torch of hope through the darkness and turmoil here in Midgard.

Godspeed to you in your journey and new horizons across the Bifrost Bridge, your physical work is done and we will not forget you, nor will we ever forget your crucial 14 words which will resound in our hearts forever!

Farewell dear kinsman! Sage and comrade!.....Farewell!

Ron McVan, Gothi

Dave's Song, by T.A. Odinson Walsh, 1519-A-G, Gothi ⊕

I always rode the waves
as far as the winds would take me
The sea of my heart was brave
when storms thereon would forsake me
But better I lived all my days
'gainst the wind and the rain that have faced me
than to ever have lived like the slave
that this piteons world tried to make me
Deceived, Damned, but oh so beautifully defiant.
Hail Davie Lane!
There can be no doubt that he dines with the Allfather today!

In the fall of 2001 I received a letter from David Lane. He introduced himself but I already knew who he was. He had been given my address by a mutual friend.

This was the beginning of our friendship and yet friendship seems like a much too simple explanation of how he effected my life and the lives of my daughters Lamb and Lynx. After a few months the girls asked if they could also write to David and thus they struck up a correspondence talking about everything from school and music to literature and favorite pets. In 2003 David wrote a song for the girls to put to music and the result was *Lamb Near The Lane* which was recorded on the first Prussian Blue album, *Fragment of the Future*.

David was always helpful and full of advice and encouragement when things got tough for us. He always wanted the best for me and my girls. That I know. And so it was a great honor that he named me as the next of kin to be notified if anything happened to him.

On the morning of May 28 I was contacted by the chaplain at the penitentiary in Terre Haute and informed that David had passed to Valhalla. I was sent his body and had it cremated here at a local funeral home after we placed a confederate battle flag on his chest, notes tucked into his jacket pocket and a poppy placed in his hand. The ladies of WAU, Julie and Vicky were present as well as Java of horink. Vicky placed Irish coins on his eyes as goes with tradition of our people.

Some of David's ashes will be sprinkled under the apple tree with his comrade Bob Matthews and the rest will be placed in 14 bronze pyramid urns which will be engraved and given to 14 White Nationalist women. This Sisterhood of the 14 words will pass down the pyramids to their daughters and granddaughters or other deserving women and eventually the 14 urns and their contents will be reunited in the capstone of a pyramid that will be built in our future White Homeland. The Northwest Imperative that David and the Bruder dreamed of creating.

In this way we hope to preserve his memory as well as encourage and unite the future youth toward a mutual purpose. The urns will be spread throughout the United States and Europe and in this way we hope their power of love for our race will touch and inspire many of our folk by their presence.

April Gaede, Prussian Blue

Thorstein Shipbuilder, Thorir the Hound, and Kalf Arnason

Hailsa my kinsmen and women! First I would like to apologize for my absence from the last issue. Now that I am back, I will once again bring to light some of the injustices brought against our kinfolk in the past. And let it be known how they tried to fight back against such atrocities done to them in the name of the “True Faith”.

The day of remembrance for this month (July) was for some reason given to “St.” Olaf Harraldsson by some organization I can’t see why such an act was done. Even if it was to mark the day (July 29, 1030) that justice was served. I will not go on and on, and try to tell you Folk all that this individual did. I will say that it is well documented by his own clerics all that he did to those “damn heathens”, who wouldn’t allow them selves to be forced into conversion of that alien creed. I will also tell you that all of his methods were also used by other “great soldiers” for that “true faith”. There were various forms of murder, maiming and torture. Some of which were burning, hanging, beheading, disemboweling, trussing, gouging out eyes, cutting off hands and ears, and flogging. If you would to read what all was done, it’s in the *Heimskringla*. A wonderful book by Snorri Sturluson that was written almost 800 years ago, before certain organizations thought about rewriting history and making liars out of victims.

I will jump to the end of King Olaf “the Fat’s” life, and tell you how justice was brought about by many; but how only three had the honor of swinging Tyr’s sword at Stiklarstathir.

An army had gathered at Stiklarstathir to wage war against King Olaf. Most of this army were farmers, their numbers were 14,400. There were three chieftains who had brought their small armies who had literally had a hand in Olaf’s death, Thorstein Shipbuilder, Thorir the Hound, and Kalf Arnason. Now, Kalf had four brothers who were fighting for the other side, that didn’t stop him.

When the farmers had reached Stiklarstathir, King Olaf was already there. Kalf lead the troops and Harek of Thjotta had their standard. When the two armies met, fighting did not start right away, because the farmers held up, waiting for the rest of their troops who had lagged. Thorir the Hound and his company were assigned to bring up the rear and make sure that none of the farmers stayed behind when the battle cry was heard. The farmers even had a phrase to urge themselves onto battle. “Forward, Forward, Farmer Folk.”

King Olaf had also waited to start the battle, because he was expecting Dag Hringsson and his troops to arrive in support (Olaf didn’t become a saint until he died).

When the armies were stationary and men started to recognize one another, the King called to Kalf. “Why are you, Kalf on that side, seeing that we parted as friends south in Moer? It ill befits you to fight against us and shoot fatal shots into our ranks, because there are four brothers of yours with me here.” Kalf replied, “Much goes differently, sire, than would be most fitting. You parted with us in such a fashion that it was necessary for me to make peace with those on the other side. Now each of us has to stay where he is, but if I had my way we still could come to an agreement.” Then Finn (Kalf’s brother) answered, “About Kalf this is to be noted, that when he speaks fair he is about to do ill.” Then Olaf said, “It may be, Kalf, that you wish to come to an agreement, but it seems to me that the Farmers do not look like having peaceful intentions.” Then Thorgeir of Kviststathir said, “You are now going to have such peace (from us) as many a one before has had at your hands, and now you will be repaid for it.”

Then King Olaf replied, "You do not need to be so eager to meet us, because victory will not be granted you today over me, for did I not raise you from a lowly station to power?"

By this time Thorir the Hound arrived with his men and marched in front of the standard and called out, "Forward, Forward, Farmer Folk!" They yelled their battle cry and let fly their battle arrows and spears. Now the Kings men yelled their battle cry and urged each other forward. But when some of the Farmers heard the Kings soldiers battle cry which sounded like theirs, they yelled the same. This caused the first group of farmers to attack them, thinking that they were attacking the Kings men. Many Farmers died before they caught the mistake.

The King had stationed his men upon a hill so that they could charge down on the Farmers. This gave Olaf a huge advantage and an opportunity to gain a lot of ground. Some of the farmers stood their ground though and waged a very violent fight. The Kings lines before his banner grew this, so he selected some well armed men and ran to reinforce his lines. This act from the King shocked the Farmers and because of his actions the battle grew in ferocity. Olaf met up with Thorgeir of Kuiststathir and swering at his face, cutting into the nose guard of his helmet and cleaving his head below the eyes. When he fell the King said, "Is it not true what I told you, Thorgeir, that when we met you would not be the victor?"


It was at this time that there was a solar eclipse which totally blocked out the sun and it became dark. Dag Hringsson at about this time arrived with his men, and began to set up his standard and get his men into battle formation. Because of the darkness they were delayed in their attack, so they were unsure of who confronted them. Even so, they turned against the wing and attacked. Kalf Arnason had two kinsmen at his side; their names were Ralf and Olaf, on the other side for Kalf (Arnason) stood Thorir the Hound, King Olaf slashed across Thorir's shoulder, but the blow had no effect on his reindeer hide. The King and Thorir then exchanged many blows. The Kings sword did no damage where Thorir was protected by the hide. The King then told Bjorn, his marshal, "Strike down the dog on whom steel takes no effect!" Bjorn turned his battle axe and hit him with the hammer side of it. The mighty blow hit him on the shoulder and Thorir went down. At the same time the King turned and gave Kalf's kinsman Olaf his death blow. Thorir then thrust his spear at Bjorn the Marshall and pierced his stomach and that caused his death. Thorstein the Shipbuilder hewed at King Olaf with his battle axe and the blow struck his left leg above the knee. Finn Arnason then came up and killed Thorstein. Receiving that wound the King then leaned against a large rock. He then threw down his sword and prayed to his god for help. Thorir the Hound then thrust at King Olaf with his spear, going under his coat of nail and into his stomach. Kalf came up and slashed at the king and the blow struck his neck on the left side. After his fall, most of his army which had advanced with him fell too.

On July 29, 1030, justice was served by many, but three men got the honor to swing Tyr's sword. On this day we...

Hail Thorstein the Shipbuilder!

Hail Thorir the Hound!

Hail Kalf Arnason!

Hail Odin! 

OnAryan Beauty... by Mrs. Casper Odinson Cröwell

There is so much to publish for all to read and I have been happy to contribute by putting Gungnir together, until now. Now, I have something to say...

Something has occurred which ignited a small fire, ate at me for two days, and began to create a bonfire. This will take some explaining, as you will have to use your imagination where this discussion leads you. It is fitting to write this now, with our July Hof service written for Allmother Frigga!

You probably don't know, but we actually have two websites for the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. One is our official site; the other is on a web host called "My Space.Com". The "MySpace" site is another connection to mainstream America. This is the reason for my discussion here; you need to have a general understanding about how the site works... People on My Space who see our site and are interested in affiliating themselves to us or the organization can connect themselves to us. Either they or you can send a "friends" request to the other, and be added to either site as a friend. You can (everyone does) have a profile with a photo and you can disseminate information to several people and post notices in the form of "Blogs" and comments. My Spaces has several policies concerning site usage; and if you don't adhere to them, you will be deleted. One of which is no nudity. This site is available to kids and teens. People can post comments on your page, and comments on your blog articles. The first page is set up as the profile page, and has your "friend's" photos on it. We have the following comment by Dr. Cröwell posted as a notice on the site for everyone to read:

The Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. does not condone the egregious disrespect of our Aryan Sisters, nor disparaging remarks, nor do we desire to be associated with anyone who depicts our women folk in any ill or demeaning light! If we assert that our children are our greatest resource, the very future of our race resides within them. The Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. is laboring to attract more Aryan women to our faith and folk lifestyle in an honest and noble effort towards Aryan Folk building, that our race may survive yet another millennia. Running them off with disrespect and abuse, places the blame squarely upon our shoulders, not theirs alone, when they run into the eagerly awaiting arms of non-white men with whom many will ultimately breed with! Something everyone should consider in earnest - for Family, Faith and Folk.

Art is an interpretation of life

When I add a friend, I visit their sight to view their content. We want to promote our faith and draw people in – help them discover their ancestral heritage. We have several "friends". Anyone showing women in a demeaning light will be denied as a "friend" or deleted.

What lit the fire? Well an Aryan man (Odinist/Ásatrúar) sent us a "friend's request". When I viewed his site, one of his friends was an Aryan woman, attractive, standing by a couch or chair. She was wearing a knitted sweater which was completely see-through and she had no bra on. Now, I sent him a note and told him I didn't think we could add him, due to his "friends" photo. The fact he allowed it, means he accepts and condones it. I told him I would have to speak to Dr. Cröwell about it, being this was not a photo he posted, but his friend's posted photo. He wrote me back and made a comment about the Islamic men covering their women and how the sight of a beautiful Aryan woman raised his blood and gave him reason to fight, to be a warrior. He believed this woman to be a work of art. He respected my comments but completely disagreed with me.

Now, our artwork on the Gungnir covers, have very shapely, full figured women depicted. They are created by very talented kinfolk! They are the images of the ideal Valkyries - strong, brave, virgin warriors. So, there seems to be a contradiction, I find the cover artwork beautiful, with wonderful colors and detail, and they make me want to be stronger, appreciate the life given to me and fight for the survival of our faith and the Gods and Goddesses whom we love. The photo of the woman on the website is extremely offensive to me.

First, I pondered. Why would a woman expose her breasts for every man on that site to see? Simply, she is doing it for only one reason: to excite and entice men. Feeding her self image by having many men put comments concerning her “sexiness” on the site. There is a prevailing idea in today’s society that morality is prudish and dead. And I am disheartened that Aryan men want to promote it! Now the second reason, more importantly, she is promoting the destruction of the image of what constitutes real beauty in a real woman. Media moguls have corrupted the minds of men in today’s society, defining beauty in their terms. Men teach it to their sons and daughters everyday when they idealize the sculptured, surgically enhanced woman. The woman on this site, no doubt, has fake breasts. So, is this the same as me highlighting my hair - Fake hair? No, I don’t think so. I want to look my best and present myself as a beautiful Aryan woman, and if my husband thinks I look terrific in green, I am going to wear a lot of green! My hair color does not promote an idea that I want you to think of me in a sexual way. I am not promoting a thought of “sexual attraction”. Everyone wants to be “attractive”. I am angry that a man would tell me that this unrealistic image of a woman is what he would fight for. This was his image of what constitutes Aryan beauty. Granted there are beautiful women, who for a short period of their lives may resemble this woman as she appears in this photo. I am not using hardships of life as an excuse to let yourself “go”, I believe we all have an obligation to stay fit and healthy. To be the best we each can be.

If you have a copy of Myths of the Norsemen, by H.A. Guerber, on page 99 there is a picture of Idun. In this image, I see the true beauty of a woman. She is real. Every line, every curve, every dimple and scar on my body is the evidence of my fight, my battle in this life. Earned through child bearing and child rearing, my battle scars are symbols of my beauty. Some women carry scars of physical abuse or their fight to save their life because of a health issue. I see myself as a beautiful woman, though I do not meet the contemporary standards. I am offended that a man states he wants to promote Faith, Folk and most importantly, Family and then in the same breath, turn around and say this “unrealistic standard” is the definition of a beautiful Aryan woman and her behavior is acceptable. It is not ok that she chooses to parade around naked to entice all men. Would it be ok, for his wife, mother, sister or daughter to be this woman? Is this the woman he would want his young son to view on his site? My physical beauty does not define who I am; it is small part of me. And, it is a part so very sacred to me - a part that is only available to my best friend and companion – my husband. It is out of my respect for him and for my self, that I only entice him. My gift to him is that I am his alone.

Now, what’s funny is that there are no pictures of men, showing there “johnson” on this site. How would men feel about their women constantly having those images of various men all around them? Openly comparing and setting the “standard” for what a man should measure up to? Flat abs, big biceps, the amount of body hair, Etc. Etc? Would men care? Maybe not, but, I can not respect a woman who promotes the warped ideas of the mass media giants, who only want to profit off unrealistic and fake standards. And I will not promote a man, who wants to allow them to create the definition of what constitutes a truly beautiful Aryan Woman!

In Frith with thee, Mrs. C

Ode to My Sisters

By T.A. Odinson Walsh, 1519-A-G

Eons, Timeless, such is She
we call our Mother Earth
such pain endured so we can be
the Beauty, which She birthed
the strength her love has nurtured pure
has helped us grow and learn
all so we can be self-assured
when Father takes his turn
in each of you, my sisters Trú
I see the mother's spark

And I, for one, know without you
my world would be too dark
so thank you for the radiance
that shines on Odin's Hall
the bridge I'll cross, one day hence
by Valkyries when I fall
and I'll do so with joy and pride
because each of you
the beauty that you all provide
means duty's what I'll do
and when my eyes espy bifrost
Eternal Unity

I'll sing a song to all the Gods
that lent your love to me

*Dedicated to Jamie, Linda, Rowena, Sigdrifa
Sisters everywhere
And my own Judi, Barbara and Leah*

ATHLING

Ansuz divine mouth's song,
Thurisaz focused makes one strong.
Laguz life-force deep,
Isa self potential's keep.
Nauthiz overcomes with fire,
Gebo bound Odin inspire.

Ganglare Odinson Simas, Gothi

Two Spirits Ay Entwined

By Craig Sparks

An ash's fallen seedling finds
In earth his fertile womb
As Freyja sings
Creation rings
To this devotes her humming tines :
Her fallen seedling's bloom

Her blanket shelters nature's ire
Her love springs life a new
'tween space and time
Their sparks entwine
If rent apart by hands of fire :
One wyrd still share the two

Toward Sunna's embrace he pines
From mother's womb he's birthed
This nurtured wight
Grasps nature's height

Though seems away from her he climbs
His roots still grow in earth

Haymoon, 2255 RE

June 4, 2007

An open letter to all Folk in the Odinst community, The Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. members, and readers of Gungnir.

Heilsan!

I trust this finds each and all in good health and sound mind.

I've penned this short missive to inform those folk mentioned above of my immediate resignation from the Sons of Odin, 1519 and from the Court of Gothar for the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. I shall continue honoring my oath to the Gothar in general, on a smaller, more personal scale via friends and family.

My continuing journey leads me in the direction of a process requiring greater individuation. I leave with honor intact and the very best wishes for the awesome work achieved, and that is to come for the honorable Dr. Cröwell, his wonderful wife, and those Brothers whom know who they are. It is through the graciousness of Dr. Cröwell that this honorable parting of ways is possible, for that, and uncountable lessons taught, I am forever grateful.

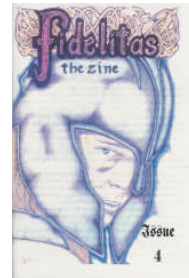
Farr Heil, In Frith

Ganglare Odinson Simas
Midyear 4, 2257



SONS OF ALBION
P.O. Box 422
Butte MT. 59703

*We support ...
We support ...*







Thor's Ink-Java
PO Box 368
Butte, MT 59703




Hof Service

Harvest 2257 RE
(Aug 2007 CE)

Perform an
Odin's Blot
and Galdr
and meditate
upon these
Runes:

Ansuz (),
Eihwaz (),
Elhaz () and
Dagaz ().

Perform a Blót
for FrayFaxi and
Galdr and
meditate upon
these Runes:

Ingwaz (),
Jera () and
Ehwaz ().

by Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, 1519-CCG, Allsherjargothi
Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. and Sons of Odin, 1519 Vinland Kindred

Towards Creating the Übermensch

Honky, Cracker, Peckerwood, Wigger. All words/names with demeaning connotations. Honky = Loud mouth, Cracker = the color of soda cracker, Peckerwood = Female genitalia/vagina/ slang: Pussy; Wigger = white nigger. All names/words coined by non-whites with the intended purpose to demean and degrade the recipient of the insult. And yet, so many white men proudly embrace them. Why, many white men in Vinland's Black hole, otherwise called the Corrections System, proudly exhibit these words as badges of honor in ink upon their person. Like many, I once was such a man. So, what's the big deal, right? Wrong! In fact, it is a very big deal in terms of influencing younger generations wherefore the declining nature of Aryan character becomes acceptable as opposed to the natural character of the Aryan to be driven toward ascension in a quest towards creating Nietzsche's Übermensch. We have gone from noble and majestic people whom employed the King's English to Modern English which is a bastardization of what was once a beautiful and melodic cadence of the spoken language. Why, we have gone from embracing the meter of Sir William Shakespeare to emulating the erroneous Ebonics of the likes of Vanilla Ice and Kid Rock! This is NOT ascension... It is decline at a rapid advance.

This pernicious behavior is more than just about some crude and derogative decline in speech. It too sows the seeds of credibility among our youth wherefore espousing cultures which are counter conducive to the upward rise and advance of our people, faith, heritage and cultures are in regard. Consider for a moment, if you will, that in Japan, China and Korea (North and South), the youth, in the main, enthusiastically embrace a love for classical music, the Arts, fine literature and the sciences.

Now contemplate this; In Vinland today an overwhelming sector of white youth are failing miserably in the forum of rudimentary academics. They are emulating African-American youths from the projects and ghettos. Talking, dressing in apparel, getting involved in the substance abuse culture, dropping out of school, whiling the hours away with violent video games and mimicking the content of those games by committing acts of crime, violence and domestic violence as not only acceptable, but glorified behavior! Clearly the antithesis of the normal standard behavior in Asia's youths. Sure, there are always exceptions to the rule. They have troubled youths in Asia. And we certainly have some very bright stars on the rise within our own youth here; albeit, both are the exception to the general rule of the populace climate.

Embracing these ill standards of a monoculture will breed a desire to breed down in society. Someone with little or no education is likely to breed with, and/or marry and breed with someone of the same background. If both of these people in the example are white, then we are breeding dumb whites. If one of them is white and the other is not, which is the most likely scenario, then we are no longer breeding white folks at all... We are breeding the inevitable demise of our race, our faith and our Gods!

So then, what do we do about this state of retardation and decline? Do we take away these video games and anti-Aryan culture music from our youth? No. We set the example for them to follow by living, acting, and speaking in concert with the higher states of mind of Aryan culture. We strive towards creating a higher standard to live by in a concerted effort to bring about the Übermensch. We expose our youth, on a continuum, to the superlative cultures of their Aryan Ancestors. It is never an acceptable practice to identify ill standards and thereafter accept them as normal, nor must it ever become thus, lest we desire to witness the promise, and hope for the future of our faith and folk succumb to a corrosion of the will to survive!

So then, what do you say, Peckerwood? It's only a word, right? Yes. Yes it is. But words lead to actions and actions more oft than not will ultimately substantiate the rise, or fall of a living thing... Say, a folk and its faith. Say, our folk and our faith!

Harvest is the time of "Odin's Ordeal". It is a time for the Sons of Odin, 1519, to search out the depths of their own souls during the nine days and nights. It is a time of severe introspection regarding just what one is willing to sacrifice in service for the good of our faith and folk, and deep consideration of what Allfather Odin had pledged and continues to deliver on to this very day in the lives of those who seek to know his burden and Rúna (mysteries), and even more, those who are bold enough to approach the well and pay the required Fehu (fee) to consume its sacred contents.

The 1st of Harvest is a day sacred to Odin and Frigga, the 9th is a day of remembrance for King Radbod of Frisia, the 17th-25th constitutes the nine days and nights of Odin's Ordeal, and the 25th we celebrate FreyFaxi.

Artwork by Freki Odinson Sweitzer



"Where one seeks to understand the nature of Rúna, one must first understand the nature of oneself."

- Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, Ph.D., DD

King Radbod of Frisia

Hailsa Folk! The hero from our past his time is King Radbod of Frisia. Unless you happen to be very lucky and have a very rare book called Vita Wulframmi, then you only know of one act of defiance in this mans life. I must admit, that I am one of the unfortunate and do not have a copy in my small library. So I am only able to tell you of that one short story that some of you already know. This is one of the few stories of our heroes that has a “happy ending”. What I mean by that is, when I get done telling you the portion of a heroes life he is still alive and hasn’t suffered a horrible death because he refused the “true faith”.

From the little I was able to find out about this man, was that he lived in Frisia from about 668 to 719 CE, and that he was a pretty decent warrior King. Frisia or Friesland is one of the twelve districts which are in the northern part of the Netherlands. Their language, varies considerably from the Dutch is still spoken today as it was back then. Here is James Chisholm’s translation of how King Radbod changed his mind at the last minute. In doing so keeping the troth alive for a while longer in his little corner of the world.

“Radbod the War-King himself was at last inclined to received baptism. However, he still hesitated and he bade the Bishop that he swear by his oath, where the dead kings and chieftains of the Frisians had their abode: in that heavenly realm, that he was to get if he would believe and be baptized, or in Hellish damnation, about which the Bishop so often spoke. To this the man of God answered, “Make no mistake, noble prince! By the side of God is the multitude of his chosen ones. But your ancestors, the princes of the Frisians, who died without having received the sacrament of baptism, have verily received the sentence of damnation...” As the untrusting War-King, who had already stepped up to the baptismal, heard this, he pulled his foot back away from the source of Grace, and said that he could not do without the fellowship of all those who ruled over the Frisians before him, and that he did not want to have to sit around in heaven with a little pack of Beggars, and therefore he could not give the new faith any troth and he would rather stay with one to which he, along with the whole of the Frisians, had held fast.”

The King almost gave up on his Gods for something “new and shiny”. He changed his mind because he thought that he might be separated from his ancestors. What love he must have had for them. To go against your own beliefs, wants and needs on such a level, so that you are not separated from those whom you once and still love. Do you have something in your life that could or does separate you from your family? Is it really that important?

HAIL RADBOD!



NOTE: Although a personalized version of the “FORMAL CALL” can and should be composed, here is one I use from an adaptation of the opening stanza of the Voluspa.

“Here me, all ye hallowed wights, both high and low! Gods, Goddesses, and Heimdalls’ children! As Allfather wills, so we gather now, wend thy way amongst your legacy, and witness the right acts done in honor, from kin, to kin! Hail Odin!”
RAISING AND LOWERING A SHIELD WALL is also a vital function we should familiarize ourselves with. The esteemed Drighthen Steve McNallen is the source from which I drew the following:

Walk deosil to be facing north, Hammer-Gandr-Antler-Brisingamen-or Sax/Sword held aloft; and say “Hamarr (or Gandr/Sword/Sax/Horn/Brisingamen) Nordhri, Helga ve thetta ok hindra alla illska!”, which means “Hammer North, sanctify this enclosure and prevent all evil things from entry!”. Now perform the Hammer sign, saying “In the name of Odin, Balder, Frey and Freyja, ok Thor!”. (Begin with the hammer held up near forehead or out lifted high in solar plexus level and intone “Balder!”, then over to the left shoulder, where you may intone either (or both) “Frey/Freyja!”, then pull over towards the right shoulder and intone “Thor!”.)

Walk to the East quarter, or face east and repeat “Hamarr Austri, helga ve thetta ok hindra alla illska!”, then perform Hammer sign again, as above.

Walk to the Southern quarter, of face south, and say “Hamarr Sudri, helga ve thetta ok hindra alla illska!”, again perform Hammer sign as above.

Walk to the Western quarter, of face west, and say “Hamarr Vestri, helga ve thetta ok hindra alla illska!”, again Hammer sign.

Continuing in deosil fashion, bring yourself around so that you’re standing in front of horg as you face North. Look up, holding the Hammer up high as you say “Hamarr yfir mer, helga ve thetta ok hindra alla illska!”. (“Hammer above you”...) Again Hammer sign.

Look down, holding the Hammer at the ground beneath you, saying “Hamarr undir mer, helga ve thetta ok hindra alla illska!”. (“Hammer under you”). Again Hammer sign.

Look forward, holding the Hammer out in front of you at shoulder level, and say “Hamarr Midgard, helga ve thetta ok hindra alla illska!” then Hammer sign.

At each quarter you should visualize a barrier of power forming so that when you’re done, the folk gathered with you are enclosed in a sphere separate from the mundane, and totally safe from chaotic forces without and about.

Heartfelt communion & Trú intent are you most necessary tools!

In Frith and Service, Ganglare Odinson Simas, Gothi

Thoughts Lead To Deeds, by Joey Svipdag Gennovarie

Heilsan Brothers and Sisters,

Please allow me to share with you something that has been weighing heavily on my mind. I find it very troubling and saddening when I hold dialogue concerning the betterment of our Folk with some of the men that surround me on a daily basis.

On several occasions now I have talked with men that seem to believe that the betterment of our folk is a moot issue, that that ship has already set sail, and that the extinction of our Folk is inevitable. Every time I hear words of this nature come out of the mouth of the men and women of our Folk, especially those who claim to be on the path North - it truly saddens me. It's just that very misconception on the matter, itself evidencing a lack of dedication and commitment that works towards the detriment of our faith. Not to mention that it is also a total slap in the face to our noble ancestors that paid with their lives blood so that their kind could just sit here today on a self-created false throne of wrong ideas. It's also in complete contradiction to the Nine Noble Virtues.

Just the other day my Allsherjargothi and brother, Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell shared with me a few of the comments that have been posted on the HNO website. The evident acknowledgments concerning the importance of what we are doing that I read from our Folk, women, children and men that reside in the free world made it that much more evident to me that the betterment of our Folk is far from being a moot issue.

On an increasing basis I share our Lore and my personal experiences with members of my family who happen to be of the Christian faith. When I act in accordance with right-action, I'm quite often surprised by their receptiveness and positive response to the things I share with them, the same things that likely reside dormant within them. It is plainly evident that there are many who are akin to rise soil where the dormant seed of our Faith SHOULD BE cultivated... However, those men and women are not-so-gently nudged by the judgments society casts upon them for desiring or attempting to express their ancestral beliefs. Therefore it falls upon us to lead by example and show our brothers and sisters that being proud of their great heritage... is most assuredly not something to hide or be ashamed of.

I ask of those who rest atop of unfounded beliefs contrary to the betterment of our Folk and express those beliefs openly to a man or a woman new to our faith, or even more so to a child. What type of message exactly are you attempting to send here? As Odinit men and women we should be encouraging and enlighten our Folk, and expressing views of such a nature will only act to discourage our Folk.

And to those men and women that share defeatist "what's the use" views, I am here to tell you as a young Odinit myself in many senses that the betterment of our Folk is far from being a moot issue, and that the ship you speak of has yet to sail. I suggest to anyone that harbors thoughts of such a nature that you take a long look at the ships in your harbor, because thoughts lead to deeds, and deeds of such ilk will most certainly lend to the destruction of our Folk and our Gods.

"Change your thoughts, and **YOU** change your world - Norman Vincent Peale
Hail Valfather Odin and His Holy Nation!!!

SUN OF GOD

By Ron McVan

Amid the radiant orbs, that more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds.....
The enlighten'd few.....
they in their powers exult, that wondrous force of thought,
which mounting spurns this dusky spot, and measures all the sky.
James Thomson - 1746

The sun as symbol of both God the creator and of his representative son, to the Egyptians, was a symbol of immortality, for, while the sun died every night, it rose again with each ensuing dawn. From the sun came the concept of the Trinity which finds its way into all the great religions. Trinities in every instance represent the threefold form of the one Supreme Intelligence. When Christians proclaim that one cannot find the father except through the son Jesus Christ, it is that Jesus, as solar deity, not unlike Baldur of Euro based Wotanism, or Lugh and Bel of the Celtic pantheon, or Apollo of the Olympian pantheon, or Ra, Horus, or Thoth-Hermes of ancient Aryan Egypt all likewise serve their respective religion as son/sun of God, teachers of spiritual truth and bearers of light.

Without the sun there is no light or life only darkness and death. We know now that God is not the literal sun but it is through the light of the sun that God makes his presence and influence known and by the sun that all life grows and flourishes. All are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body, Nature is, and God the soul. No matter what religion you choose to practice one should always strive to attain full sun-consciousness, the literal door to human soul perfection and only through the light life giving force of God can mankind ever hope to progress in his long and arduous journey back to the source.

The sun generates in all forms of life the needed vitality and the urge to move forward. Within us we possess our own solar fire and through the discipline of our will that solar fire can be used to achieve its object. Unlike other life forms, man has the ability to shape his own destiny. The sun inspires us to seek God, light from the dark, unreal to the real, death to immortality. It is the duty of man to play his part in this great rational whole, to subordinate himself to the universal harmony, to subject his will to law and reason, in an effort to help realize the actual will of God.

An atheist will proclaim that God does not exist on the premise that he cannot see him. God is not of this lower dimension but his being or presence permeates all dimensions of the extended universe. When a doctor dissects a human body he cannot see a man's soul therein nor will a brain surgeon find a single thought in a brain laid open before him. And yet, soul and spirit and thoughts work through these organs of the flesh just as God works through our soul and thoughts. All around us are unseen entities, just as the many forces of mind staggering powers such as electricity, radio waves, magnetism, atomic force and so on. Likewise, neither thought, essence, or life can be seen by the naked eye.

All living life is but a thought in the mind of God just as we ourselves live within the physical 'world thought' of mankind. If someone says the word 'Paris', the mind immediately thinks of France and perhaps Notre Dame or the Eiffel Tower. The Eiffel Tower is nothing more than a projected thought form from the mind of its designer. If we were to unbolt and dismantle the Eiffel Tower piece by piece all that would remain would be one big ugly heap of metal of no significance. It is the single thought that creates something out of nothing. Likewise, once the soul is absent from our flesh it is as useless as that of a worm or garden slug. Without God in our reality and his creative thought to provide us form and purpose we would be as insignificant as that heap of metal. It is the God force that holds the scales of life, but it is mans freedom of choice to do as he will with his body, mind, actions and relationships with others. Man does not often take into consideration the idea of how his every thought, his every word, sets in motion the Karmic pendulum.

Many Christians mistakenly refer to Jesus as "God" and it would be equally wrong for Wotanists to view their own Son of Light, Baldur, as the All High God of Creation. At best they certainly can serve as Gods representatives and lesser gods over Man with the real ability of guiding mankind to God, but they are not the source of the light, only God the absolute can be that. Christians, too often get caught up in the personality of Jesus and even build churches around his personality. That this happens in Christianity as with most all religions is due fundamentally from the need of man to have a personality of human character to worship.

The Christian bible itself starts off with its own personal creation story that in the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth. God created the heavens and the earth, not Jesus! All the ethnic pantheons of gods make it very clear that the gods are fallible. We can relate to these lesser divinities because they are like us in many respects and thereby it becomes an easier task for mankind to learn their life lessons. Our ethnic gods serve as archetypes that help mankind to understand God and direct us to the majesty of his essence and thereby deliver us from the low conscious state of gross matter through which we now exist. The law still holds good that man's religious consciousness is transferred from earth to the moon, from the moon to the sun, and then further extended and distributed among a number of deities more or less closely associated with the various heavenly bodies, ultimately leading back to God, the source of all that is.

The moon (like its corresponding "element" water) symbolizes Emotion; the sun (like fire) symbolizes intellect. Man's brain and heart are the microcosmic analogues of the moon and sun. Eventually, the human soul will attain complete control of the warring lower elements of its conflicting nature, symbolized as the serpent-fire locked within the earth. The sun, shining in man's heart center, rises in strength and glory to illumine the earthly mind and our whole being, enabling the soul to function henceforth in the solar body. The ancients taught that the greater life cycle of man consists of about 800 physical lives.

Darkness can never uplift the soul of man, or bring him the lasting comfort of true bliss; only the light of God can do that through his divine ray of life giving power. God is the light that radiates in the darkness (chaos). Man is a composition of spirit and matter and through that union is generated the intellectual principle. Danger arises when a person's mental knowledge and intellectual development outweighs his spiritual unfoldment, for this leads to mental and spiritual arrogance, which the soul travels after death. Approaching closer the star on the zenith of one's inner world

Harvest 2257 RE

(August 2007 CE)

Sunnasdagr	Manisdagr	Tyrsdagr	Odinsdagr	Thorsdagr	Figgisdagr	Laugardagr
1st: A day sacred to Odin and Frigga 9th: Day of Remembrance - King Radbod of Frisia 17th - 25th: Constitutes the nine days and nights of Odin's Ordeal. 25th: Celebrate FreyFaxi						
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	Notes:
RUNES: Thruisaz Ansuaz Raido Special Days New moon 1 st qtr Full moon Last qtr						

Shedding 2257 RE (September 2007 CE)

Sunmasdagr	Mánisdagr	Týsdagr	Odinsdagr	Þorsdagr	Figgisdagr	Laugardagr
						1
2	3	4 	5	6	7	8
9	10	11 	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19 	20	21	22
23 	24	25	26 	27	28	29
30						

9th: Day of Remembrance - Herman
 23rd: The Winter Finding (Fall Equinox) at 09:51 Universal Time.

Kenaz < Gebo X Special Days

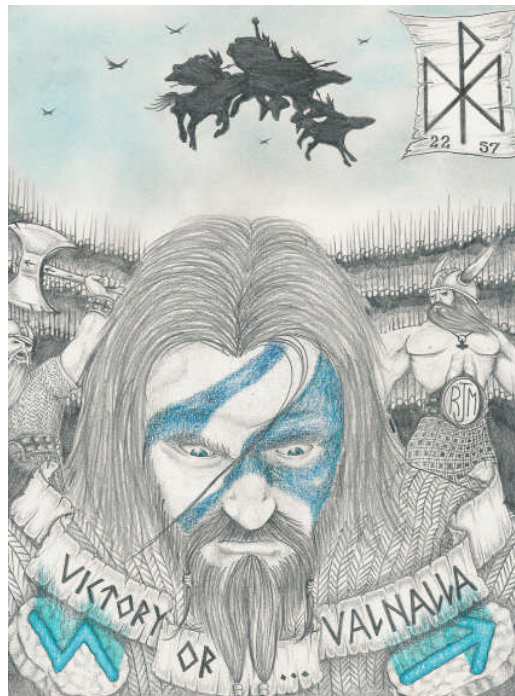
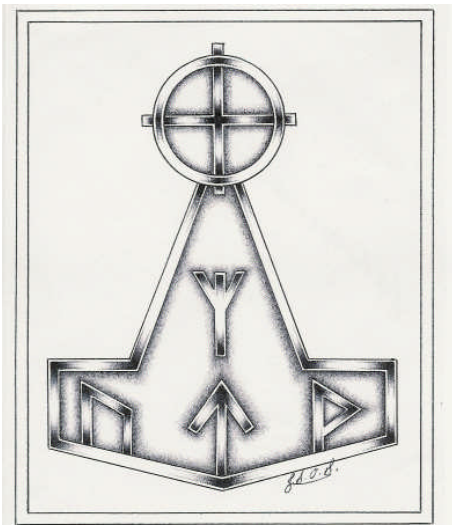


Artwork by Steve Macleod



Artwork by Chad Schmidt

Artwork by Joey Svipdag Gennovario



Artwork by Vidar Uglatekkur Odinson Harless, 1519-A-AG

can reverse the whole process of spiritual growth. This is why the great knowledge of the mysteries are obscured from the unworthy majority of mankind because the ignorance, arrogance and lower untrustworthy nature of man would grossly violate and abuse such sacred works of higher learning. Pythagoras was of the belief that it was ignorance and dissipation, and not age, that destroyed the body. Whatever the case may be, it has proven out over and over again that man's audacity is far in excess of his ability and that his thinking process has actually... degenerated since the golden ages of antiquity. We have moved from a state of fertility to sterility. Truth still remains the supreme fact, the most practical and reasonable of all beings and essences.

There is an essential need for our ethnic pantheons of god archetypes which is why they have always existed since the beginning of man's spiritual development. These primordial images remain in our D.N.A. and work through us as a human being and as a race. A man that Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe much admired, Carl Gustav Carus (1789-1869) had this to say: "Insofar as the idea of life is no other than the idea of an eternal manifestation of the divine essence through nature, it belongs among those original insights of reason that do not come to man from outside.....These insights open up in the inwardness of man; they must reveal themselves and, once a man has reached a certain level of development, they will always reveal themselves."

Every God and Goddess represents a particular aspect of nature and divinity exemplified within our own being and the adventures of gods, goddesses, myths and legends are often parables of the phenomena of our own interior and exterior experience. Archetypes are capable of manifesting as autonomous psychoid forces in that middle realm where what we call spirit and matter interact and should never be taken lightly. Our ancestors had a far greater intimate understanding of their divine ethnic gods and goddesses and gave them the highest of honor and respect and built mankind's finest temples and monuments to their worthy names.

Our ethnic gods and divinities serve and guide us as heroic ideals to be appreciated and emulated and can intervene into our daily lives and consciousness while providing us with both wisdom and strength in times of need. Man however still needs to understand how the microcosmic sun within, reflects the macrocosmic SUN OF GOD and how Gods being permeates all living creatures, nature and the universe. Not until man has found the continuity of the divine functions operating in his always active unconsciousness, can he grasp the concept of the real potential that can elevate his being and soul to its highest stage of spiritual development. Many equivocate upon what should be expected of man within the narrow time-frame of his short fleeting life. Should he go this way or that way, sacrifice this, or pay penitence for that? Should he be with this religion or that religion? Put an end once and for all to the discussion of what a good man should do or should be..... AND BE ONE!!!

"The star is the god and the goal of man. The inner star is the "one guiding god" and the place where the soul travels after death. Approaching closer the star on the zenith of one's inner world helps one. Realize that it too, is a sun. Thus, the star and God are sun and are one. With this knowledge of the pagan path of redemption, the grateful dead become silent and vanish up into the night sky to travel to seek their own inner stars."

.....Gustav Carl Jung

Perspectives

By T.A. Odinson Walsh, 1519-A-G

Political correctness. Were it not for the horrendous impact it is having of entire generations of Aryan people, political correctness would be a laughable exercise in social engineering. An absurdity hardly worthy of any intelligent persons attention, much less their consideration. Unfortunately, because it has persisted, by and large unchallenged by too many who have perceived it as a joke, or at worst a nuisance, it has evolved into an entity that, if left unchecked, threatens to steal the hearts and minds of our kind forever. It is for this reason I now suggest we begin using it to our advantage. Yes, to our advantage!

The fact of the matter is that, for those willing to put in the time and work, opportunities abound by which we could make political correctness our boon rather than our bane. The beauty of it is that, if exercise correctly (no pun intended), it would be an effort our detractors could do nothing but grudgingly accept, for to do different would make a lie of the very things they claim their cause to be about, like equality and acceptance for all.

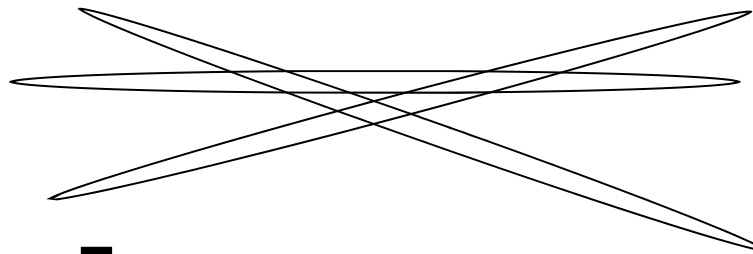
We are told, for example, that it would be the right thing to do, despite the fact that not a single soul alive today was a participant on either side of the matter, to make financial reparations and to be apologetic to black citizens of the United States because of their ancestors endured slavery at the hands of what was, in truth, a small number of white settlers and businessmen.

To question the utter lack of logic in this, to point out the fact that tens of millions of white Americans today are descendants of European immigrants who did not arrive on these shores until after slavery was abolished (yet their tax dollars would still be “appropriated” to pay these reparations), is to be labeled a “bigot”, a “racist” or simply discompassionate.

So be it! I propose, my beloved Aryan Kin that we collectively file suit against every catholic diocese in the Nation, indeed against the Vatican itself, for the historical evidence that proves their Church systematically murdered, raped, enslaved, suppressed and eventually destroyed the nature-loving communities of the Pagan Indo-European peoples. Our Trú ancestors cannot be denied. While we could hardly put a dollar amount on the suffering our people endured as they were tortured, stripped of their homelands and forced to watch as the temples and groves of their chosen Gods and Goddesses were destroyed, that these things happened to our Pagan ancestors at the hands of the Church are indisputable, and reparations are in order. Likewise, while we can never undo the spiritual damage done to countless Indo-Europeans who were, quite literally, forced to accept an ideology that imposed upon them constant feelings of pointlessness, guilt and worthlessness for the instincts and urges nature blessed them with, perhaps we will find some solace in the formal apology and acknowledgement of what may very well be the greatest crime in the history of man.

Furthermore, we are told by the minions of political correctness that it is wrong to defame, deride or discriminate against someone simply because they look different or believe differently than we do. Here, here! Then let us put on notice every Christian church across the nation and across the globe who every Sunday (and every other time their particular denomination meets) spends a significant amount of time during their “services” defaming and deriding Pagan peoples as “sinners”, encouraging their congregations to view us as something less than human because we have not accepted the yoke as they, under the circumstances, such a deliberate singling out of an entire class of people for defamation and derision would be called “hate speech”, particularly when that class of people are such a district minority.

Which leads me to my final point, as Odinist's we do and should, scoff at the acceptance of the mantle of "victim-hood". To accept such would fly in the face of our most basic beliefs in Strength, Integrity, and Courage. We do not need the acceptance or affirmation of those unlike us, and on a personal level most of us couldn't really care less about what others say about us. That said, if there are any true minorities in this world, we are it! While we may not care about nor need others regard for our chosen path, I see no reason we should not have it. Particularly in a society where we are constantly told that this kind of acceptance is so virtuous. Perhaps in demanding the application of the politically correct virtues where our folk and faith are concerned we will gain some measure of respect for our path thus unknown to most of the world's Aryan population. Perhaps we will simply succeed in opening more eyes to the absurdity and imposition of political correctness. In either case I would consider it a victory and well worth the effort. May you all be imbued with the bold and beautiful spirits of our Gods, Goddesses and ancestors through us may they never die.



Tafl (Board Games)

by Shon Eric Odinson Magnuson-Varner, Apprentice Gothi

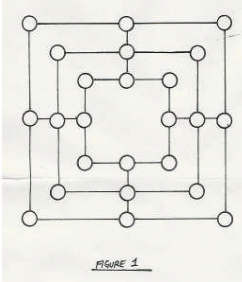
There were various strategy games known to the Norse that I play today. During the summer months we gather once a week out of doors with other Odinist and Ásatrúar to play these games known collectively Tafl. The games are easy to learn, challenging and fun to play.

Tafl is considered to be a type of war game and encompasses a variety of board games. Some of these games can be traced back to similar versions found in ancient Egypt and some are in evidence in pre-history Europe.

These are the games that I play as I have learned them. The first three are games of strategy, the fourth more of a pastime relying on chance rather than skill. The games, Nine Man's Morris, Hala Tafl and Hnefatafl will really stretch your mind. The game Valhalla is more an entertaining pastime that I would have really enjoyed as a youth.

Turn the page and let the games begin!

Nine's Man's Morris - The first game is Nine's Man's Morris, also known as merles. The board consists of three squares placed within each other, each one successively smaller than the first. From the center of each side of the outer square a line is drawn inward to the center of the center square. These corners and intersections make up the twenty four playing positions. (*Figure 1*)



Movement in this game is done one space at a time, no diagonal movement, no jumping over another piece and no two pieces can occupy the same space at the same time.

A part from having your opponent find themselves in a losing situation and stomping off in a tantrum, there are two ways to win. One way, is by eliminating your opponents pieces and the other is by "locking up the board", leaving no place for your opponent to move into when it is their turn. A skillful player can achieve this during the 'lay' before play has even begun.

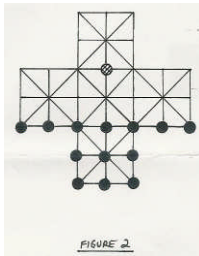
START: Each player begins with nine playing pieces. Then determine who will go first by flipping a coin, casting staves, playing rock, paper, scissors, etc.

LAY: The one going first places a piece anywhere on the board. The player going second does the same. They continue alternating in this fashion until all the pieces are on the board. If any player gets their pieces in a row of three, during this process they immediately remove anyone of their opponent's pieces from the board; when the last piece is placed on the board, regular play beings.

PLAY: Continuing to alternate turns the players move one of their pieces along a line to the empty space immediately next to their pieces along a line to the empty space immediately next to their piece being moved. Once again, if a player creates three in a row, they remove one of their opponent's pieces. When a player is reduced to two pieces or has no place to move when it is their turn they have lost.

NOTE: Regarding three in a row, diagonal does not qualify. Also, when a player creates a row of three, they can not a piece out of line and back into line to recreate the same row of three. In order to use the same three pieces their order must be changed or the line they are on must be changed when keeping the same order.

Hala Tafl - The second game I learned to play was Hala Tafl. This was also called the fox game or fox and geese. This game is played on a cross shape of twenty squares creating a grid of thirty three playing spaces. Each of these squares was bisected by a diagonal line in alternating sequence. (*Figure 2*)



The object of this game is for the geese to surround the fox so it can not move and for the fox to eliminate the geese by jumping them as would be done in the game of checkers. Just as in checkers, multiple jumps are permitted.

The game begins with the board set up as shown in the diagram. The geese consist of thirteen pieces arranged on the first three lines of the cross shown as solid circles in the diagram. The fox consists of a single piece shown as a cross-hatched circle near the center of the board.

The geese will move first. All pieces move only one space at a time along the lines to any adjacent intersection, forward, backward, sideways or diagonally. The only exception to moving one space at a time concerns the fox, who in making jumps, can cover more than one space.

When the fox reduces the number of geese to five pieces a capture is no longer possible and the fox wins. When the geese capture the fox, surrounding it in a manner it cannot escape by move or jump the geese win.

Hnefatafl - The third game I learned to play is Hnefatafl. There are various versions of this gameboard and rules of play. The version I learned is played on a board divided by a grid of 121 squares 11x11. The center of the board and the corner spaces are marked to set them apart from the others.

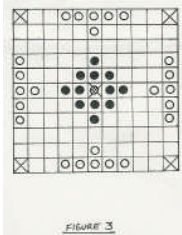


FIGURE 3

There are twenty four pieces for the attacking team and the opposing team consists of 13 pieces made up by one king and 12 defenders. They are set up before the start of the game in the following manner as shown in the diagram. (Figure 3) The King, shown as the cross hatched circle occupies the center and is surrounded by twelve defenders represented by black circles. The attackers, shown as white circles, line all four sides of the board.

The object is for the king to reach one of the four corner spaces while avoiding capture. The defenders help protect the king and eliminate the attackers. The object for the attackers is to capture the King and eliminated as many defenders as is necessary to accomplish this.

The movement of the pieces is like that of the "Rooks" in a common game of chess. Pieces may move as many spaces forward, backward or side to side, one piece at a time, provided the path is open. Jumping over pieces and diagonal moves are prohibited. No player can occupy the corner squares or the center except the King; however, once the king leaves the center square he cannot reoccupy it, nor can he play through it as can be done by the defenders and attackers provided they do not attempt to remain on it.

Capture of the King can be done by surrounding him on four sides in the center square or in three sides against the board's edge. In order to capture one of the attackers or defenders the capture must be initiated by the one sandwiches his opponent between two of his pieces placing one on opposite sides of the piece to be captured. If a player sandwiches himself by willingly moving directly between two of his opponents pieces it does not constitute a capture and his piece remains on the board. When a piece is captured it is removed from the board immediately. The King may participate in capture as well. If any player pins the opponent against a corner square it is a capture and the piece is removed, the King being the only exception to this. Double kills are also possible if you play your pieces right.

Valhalla – The fourth game I learned is Valhalla. It was said to be a Norse version of Senet, a game that has its original origins in ancient Egypt. This game lends itself well as a pastime. It does not require strategic thinking of the previous games. Made for two players it can easily accommodate three simply by adjusting the number of pieces each player has. Two players have six pieces each; three players will use four pieces each. Each piece represents a ship.

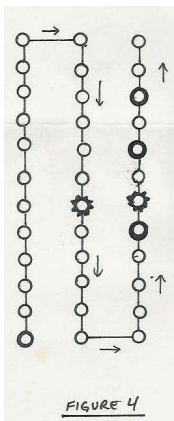


FIGURE 4

The board consists of three rows of twelve spaces for a total of 36 playing spaces. Movement along the board is in a backward "s" shape. The first twelve spaces mark the starting point and are called home base. The second twelve spaces, called the open ocean, contain one space of significance and is the 19th space from the first space. This space is called the repair yard and I will more on it later. The final leg of the journey contains four significant spaces. The 29th, 32nd and 34th spaces are safe ports. The 30th space is a hazard called the shoals. (Figure 4)

Four rune staves are used to determine movement. One side of the staff is blank and the other side contains one of four runes. The value of each staff is as follows: Sowilo +1, Tiwaz +1, Gebo +1 and Hagalaz -1. Once they are cast their combinations determine the number of spaces you will move. The value of Sowilo, Tiwaz, or Gebo alone is considered a “natural” 1. A casting that creates a value of one using Hagalaz is considered an unnatural 1, i.e., Sowilo, Tiwaz and Hagalaz together create an unnatural value of one. This is simple math for the most part. There is an exception to this: when Hagalaz appears with Gebo, Gebo changes the value of Hagalaz from negative to positive one. If all staves land face up, with all runes showing, the combined value is four and you get to cast again. If all staves in a cast land blank side up the value is five and once again, after moving your piece you may cast again. These are the only times you may cast again. These are the only times you may take more than one turn.

To begin the pieces are lined up on the first twelve spaces of the board in the home base area. Players begin casting until someone casts a natural one, in which case they will assume the role of the ships in spaces 7-12. The other player takes the remaining ships in spaces 1-6. The two sets of pieces should be of contrasting shape, size or color to distinguish them from one another.

Your movement is dictated by the number value of the staves, Hagalaz, negative one, sends you backward one space. Hagalaz -1 with Sowilo +1 produces zero and no move is made. Positive value combinations send you forward however many spaces is dictated. You must move forward if at all possible. If no forward movement is possible due to opponent obstruction or specific casting requirements to exit the board, you must move backwards the number of spaces shown by the staves. At only one time is it permissible to split a casting between two pieces and thereby move two pieces in one turn. This occurs when leaving the last leg of the journey, going to Valhalla – exiting the board. If, for example, you cast a five it only takes 2 moves to exit the board you must use the remaining 3 moves with one of your other pieces. When exiting the board with your last piece you must cast the exact number needed to exit the board. An excess will require backwards movement for the value of the casting.

No player can land on a space occupied by their own piece. You may play through those spaces, counting them, but cannot occupy the same space with two ships. If a player lands on a space occupied by their opponent then they take that space sending their opponent to the space they just move from. This is called “bumping”. The only exception to this occurs in the last leg of the journey. You cannot bump someone from a safe port space, nor can you bump someone in a blockade. A blockade can only be created in the last leg of the journey and is formed by placing an even number of pieces together, side by side. Any odd number of pieces grouped together may be bumped unless the piece being bumped occupies a safe port space.

The last significant space to cover now is the shoals and the repair yard. When encountering the repair yard on the second leg of the journey, the open ocean, it has no effect on your travel. When you land on the shoals, however, you get sent to the repair yard and must remain there until you cast a “natural one” in which to move out of it and resume normal play without casting a natural one.

The objective for both players is to be the first to get all of their ships off the board by exiting the 36th space. A point to note: in order to leave the board with any of ships you must have all of your ships out of home base. If at any time one of your ships get sent back to home base area you must stop exiting the board with your other pieces until the home base area is clear of all your pieces.

Although these instructions are longest in comparison to the games, this game is truly the simplest to play. All the games are worth experiencing and I encourage you to explore them and see how your ancient ancestors challenged their minds in an age before the advent of video games.

Notions on Structure

Chaos is, by definition the antithesis to structure, and without structure a state of confusion exists. Amidst confusion a people is led astray.

Popular opinion today holds individualism in high esteem and it's touted as a high ideal to which one should aspire. "At what cost?" I ask? Individuals pursue what? In an age of "Me"-ists how is it that epic tales of heroic deeds, loyalty and honor even unto death, are so very appealing? Such stories evoke momentary emotions of longing "for times like that". Romantic fantasies at best for the vast majority! The deed of actually placing one's folk above self is laughable to the gross average of today's clime.

After lengthy thought, and perusal of various societal structures, I'm convinced that to re-create the hierarchal type of societies which served peoples the world over for generations beyond reckoning, is the chief means towards a resurgence of sovereignty of any given peoples reclamation as steersmen of their destiny.

Nature teaches the observer that equality of individuals is not, in fact, a product of nature. Many of "us" travelers on the road North are wont to point out this or that trait exhibited by nature as a means of validating our views or refuting those of another. If then we, as a "logic applying" folk, deem nature's lessons 'sound', then it would behoove us all to draw the patently obvious conclusion that structured social organization of a hierarchal nature is indeed the acme of nature's dictates. The political genesis of the "All men are created equal..." theory is one of the strongest and longest lasting lies ever uttered! There was a time (and needs be again), when people knew their intrinsic worth to their community in real life terms. Regardless the seeming unimportance of a job, the doer could and did take pride in performing his/her function for which he/she was best suited.

The community as a whole held each in esteem as an integral part of the greater whole called "Clan", "Tribe", & "Family". Of a necessity there exists within these societal units a hierarchy. Not all are fit to lead, nor are the many fit to lead by committee. If you earnestly think to the contrary, then I ask "Where do you reside?", and I would urge you to seek a new medium from which to apprise yourself of current events in these "Disjointed States of Apathy".

Lest I appear just another profound stater of the obvious, I posit societal structures akin to old Germanic Chieftaincies, or Icelandic districts, governed by the Gothar body, as remedies to the present malady of "Democracy". At the very least, please allow me to cause in you an urge to cogitate on this issue. Have discussions with your peers, even venerable adversaries! Get off your collective arses and build a better system! It is a certainty; "If you do as you've always done, you'll get what you've always got".

If you would shun alien creeds, unnecessary gadgets, and the plethora of mindless distractions, you mayhap just discover a wellspring of creative life force within you. With every breath, sing to yourself, "I am a product of Odin's divine breath!" Compared to this knowledge, I find it ever more difficult to hang on to self-pitying notions or notions that would cast doubt on victory.

I fully understand the reticence with which many of today's Odinst/ Ásatrúar folk approach scholastic dissection of the various renderings of "History", however, I would that you be burdened with the responsibility of understanding history as it applies to systems of governance in the years that approach. Our grandchildren, what will we encrust to them?

We, at the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. endeavor to maintain a discernible division from our spiritual guidance and ostensibly, any political views; so if I've blurred the line somewhat in this missive I solicit some latitude be afforded me here, as I feel the need to use the political structure as a means to illustrate the very real danger that looms, like a hidden mercenary army in a great swamp, over the unrestricted adherence to our ancestral ways of honoring our Gods and Goddesses and thereby ancestors.

To subordinate one's self to the greater good of ones folk is the hallmark of a higher 'self. The Knights of yore with their code of chivalry, the Japanese Samurai with their Bushido-these true warriors were servants to their folk, albeit via their immediate lord or master's bidding but true unto death nevertheless.

Do not confuse my citing of past examples as an indicator of some twisted desire to turn the clock back. I and those folk I am privileged to work with at the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. are progressive on a continuum! History teaches any willing to perceive, so, to not use it for the guidepost it is would be foolish, as well as a complete disservice to those whom lived and died in the forming of it.

Orlog and Wyrð continue regardless of an apparent lack of awareness to them. As a people we must reacquaint ourselves with the properties of both, and relearn how to "work" in accordance with them. People from every walk of life are quick to point out "karma" whenever a perceived "bad" event occurs. I urge you to come to an intimate understanding of your personal Wyrð and Orlog. Although similar to the Indic "karma" there are vast differences, especially considering most people's misconceptions of "karma". There is no malevolent entity doling out punishments and rewards to a so-called chosen people. There are layers of past actions which when coupled with the "Now" will tend to bring about predictable events for the most part. So familiarity with past layers, cause and effect, history, and the knowledgeable right action of the moment will produce new layers beneficial to our selves and our descendants.

Ultimately, the ego must be subjugated if any ascension is to occur. I beseech you, one and all; slay your Fafnir for the betterment of your folk!

In Frith, Ganglare Odinson Simas, Gothi

The Berserker Spirit in the Modern Age

By Reid Danell

Not much is known about the Berserkers of the ancient days. We have only bits and pieces, glimpses if you will, from the sagas and eddas. We know they comprised a warrior cult dedicated to Allfather Odin, they were believed to be able to shape-shift (an aspect closely related to Allfather.) and wore animal skins and took on the powers of animals, such as bears and wolves, while in battle. Jarls and other war leaders often enlisted them into the ranks of their armies as kinds of “special forces”, thus securing a valuable advantage over their opponents.

Even with what little information we do have, many inferences can be made. These warriors must have been strong-in mind, body and spirit. They had to have been ultra-disciplined and absolutely dedicated to a life of struggle and warfare. The fact that some are reported to have worn iron rings around their necks, and could not remove them until they killed their enemy, shows an extreme sense of duty. That they would hurl themselves into the thick of the fray of battle without any armor shows awe inspiring spirit of self-sacrifice and courage.

Regardless of the fact that historians in the Christian age portray them as bullies and troublemakers, we can rest assured that on account of the above mentioned virtues that the Berserker manifested, they were held in high esteem among our folk in the heathen era.

Two other important aspects of the Berserker we see are that of “fury” and “inspiration”. It has also been referred to as a kind of “divine ecstasy” and is used to describe the state of the Berserker while in battle. As was stated above, Berserkers were dedicated to Allfather Odin – whose holy name itself means “fury” or “inspiration”. To see this powerful force of Odin at work in the Berserker, one only need read the words of Snorri Sturluson

“They advanced without mail-coats, and were as frenzied as dogs or wolves; they bit their shields; they were as strong as bears or boars; they struck men down, but neither fire nor steel could mark them.”

What a display of ferocity and power! The words seem to leap from the page and animate into a figure of raw energy and vigor. Certainly there were no luke-warm half-steppers in their ranks! They put everything they had into the fight with single-minded purpose, sharp focus of energy, and a courageous spirit of self-sacrifice. What an inspiring example they set before us!

It is difficult for most people today to even imagine such a sight, let alone being able to relate to such an experience or feeling. Many mistakenly equate it with our modern definition of a “berserk rage”, implying a kind of uncontrolled and destructive rage that no purpose of direction. It is important to keep in mind though, that the Berserker was dedicated to Allfather, a God of supreme discipline and self-control. This is fitting, and makes perfect sense. For when one taps into Odin’s awe-inducing wells of power one must be in complete control of himself, of else run the risk of the energy turning into a chaotic, and often self-destructive force. So it is easy to infer from this, that the Berserker was not some insane, undisciplined madman, as the work “Berserk” has come to be synonymous with today, but rather the Berserker was a disciplined warrior.

To illustrate it in a simpler way: the Berserker knew how and where to direct and focus his energy. They didn't blindly attack and destroy everyone and everything around them. They didn't turn on each other and lay waste to their own ranks. Furthermore, one may deduce that they knew how to pick and choose their battles wisely. For Berserkers were disciplined and hardened war veterans dedicated to Allfather whose main characteristics included the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom. Berserkers were not bloodthirsty mindless fools with no self-control who fought and killed at any and every opportunity, just for the thrill of it. No, and no again! For such would not have been self-destructive, it would also have been a grievous waste and misuse of Odin's gifts.(!)

Now, you may be saying to yourself: "This is all great. Thanks for the history lesson, but what's any of this got to do with me in this day and age? It's not like I'm going to dress up in animal skins and take to the streets with axe and shield!"

While it's true that epic and heroic warfare as our ancestors knew it is gone and a distant memory, it is equally true that we are engaged in a new form of battle here and now –today. We've been locked in it over a millennia now, and it has intensified a thousand fold in the past century. It is a different kind of battle: a battle of the mind and heart. A battle of the spirit and will it is spiritual warfare.

On all sides we are hemmed in by moral rot and spiritual decay: drug-addiction, homosexuality, miscegenation, materialism and greed, lying and back stabbing, cowardice, and all other sorts of decadence and degeneracy. Day in and day out we are bombarded with this trash as our backwards society endorses, embraces, and actively promotes it. At the same time it attacks and denounces all that we know to be noble and Trú. It is quite literally sickening after so long of having been submerged in this filthy cesspool, our hearts, minds, souls and even our bodies are sick and decaying our wills as individuals, and thus our collective will as a folk, are weak.

The situation is dire. It is no exaggeration to say that we are dying-physically as dwell as spiritually, for the two are inter-related. No half-steps or half measures will save us. Drastic times and circumstances call for drastic measures. Just as the Jarls and war leaders of old did when they faced a battle so crucial and vital that victory was the only option, we must summon the berserkers from among us to lead to charge! We must call upon those within our ranks who hear and feel Odin's call, and who are strong and brave enough to heed it! We need those who are willing to throw themselves into the thick of battle, holding nothing back, and demonstrating the true spirit of self-sacrifice as they dedicate their lives and entire being to the service and defense of faith and folk! We need those of fanatical commitment...Not the lukewarm or weak-hearted!

Are you one who hears Odin's call? Then answer it! We must not be cowards kinsmen. (2.) We must answer that call and boldly march forth onto the field of battle! The battle in our heart, mind and soul! For that is the first and most important battle we will ever fight. For as the saying goes: "Before the warrior can face the enemy, he must first face himself."

We can rest assured that it was much the same for the Berserker of ancient times. They didn't just pick up an axe and automatically become Berserkers. There can be no doubt that they underwent years of rigorous self-discipline and training before they were ever initiated in the Warrior Cult of Odin, and as it's been stated already, it takes iron-like will power and supreme self control to safely and effectively channel, use and direct Odin's gifts of fury and inspiration. It's not something that happens overnight or accidentally. No, we must work for it! We must fight for it!

And truly kinsmen, there is no battle more epic and heroic to be fought than this one, not even in our ancestor's time. We must attack all that is weak within our selves and make ourselves strong! We must ruthlessly assault all that is unworthy and degenerate within our selves and replace it with what's noble and Trú! We must fight this battle with the fanatical fury of a Berserker! Accept no compromise! Offer these enemies no quarter or peace!

Strengthen your body until it becomes as hard as steel armor, a vessel worthy of carrying Odin's gifts. Hone your mind until it becomes as sharp as a sword, able to cut through lies and illusion in order to discern the truth. Harden your heart until it becomes like a shield capable of warding off the mighty blows of fear and cowardice. In the fiery furnace of self-discipline forge your will into an axe to hack away all that is soft and weak. Burn away the dross of your soul and refine it until it shines beautifully and nobly, like the purest of gold, decoration for your armor and weapons, and striking awe and terror into your enemies as it blazes forth brighter than ten thousand suns!

Only when we have reached this level of development, and have armed ourselves with such mighty and indestructible weapons, will we be able to wage a holy war against the spiritual decadence that surrounds us. For one must first master himself before he hopes to master his environment.

Awaken and answer the call Berserkers!

Hail Odin!

Footnotes:

Lest anyone mistake what is meant by gifts here, it is not used in the sense of "freely given", but in the sense of an "exchange" – often involving a sacrifice. This may be best represented by the aspects of the Gebo (X) rune. And also keep in mind the words of the Havamal: that a gift demands a gift in return.

Heed the high ones words:

The coward believes he will live forever
if only he keeps clear of fighting.
But old age will offer him no truce
even if weapons do.
-Havamal

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LOKI'S MISCHIEF by *Steve Quesada*

I came across an interesting story entitled, "It Has to Be Told", by Pete Sylvester in THE SAGA volume 4, issue 3. This story deals with his exposure to Ásatrú/Odinism, putting together a kindred with like-minded brothers, watching your kindred grow and having it all come crumbling down around you.

Pete's exposure to Ásatrú/Odinism begins in the Special Housing Unit (SHU) where he was placed after getting in trouble in prison. Shortly after his placement in the SHU, Pete gets a new neighbor by the name of Danny. Pete and Danny end up talking and find out they have a lot in common. They end up as cellmates and that is when Pete sees Thor's Hammer being worn around Danny's neck. The conversation over the next few days was about Ásatrú/Odinism and Pete was hooked immediately by what made spiritual sense to him.

Danny had a copy of The Elder Edda so things became more clear for Pete. Danny told Pete he liked Loki the best and often called himself Loki. For the rest of this story, I will refer to Danny as Loki, as you will see it appropriately fits.

The day came when it was time for Pete to return to population and he got sent to a new prison. Things were slow to begin with, but eventually Pete and other believers of Ásatrú/Odinism were able to set up weekly meetings and hold blots. This allowed for growth and knowledge as a kindred.

At one point, Loki arrived at the same prison and jeopardized this particular kindred's practice and existence by his actions. He would talk behind fellow member's backs by pointing out their faults to others. He managed to convince the kindred they were doing things wrong and he was given a position of trust and charge over the kindred. This allowed Loki to get rid of members he didn't like and replace them with members of his choice. From there, everything went downhill fast. Instead of the teaching and learning of Ásatrú/Odinism, the kindred became a social hangout and blots were rarely held. Loki even managed to annoy the liaison with the chaplain to where she quit working with the kindred and they wound up with someone who wasn't so willing to work with them. The kindred lost its focus, the faith no longer mattered except to a few who were out-numbered by the rest.

The story ends with Loki going to the SHU after being caught with two joints. Pete, still wanting to believe Loki was his friend, made a simple call to Loki's wife to relay a message for him. As it turns out, Pete's call was a code to involve a plan to smuggle drugs into the facility. Loki ends up trying to lighten up the disciplinary action against him by turning in a weapon and testifying against Pete and his "coded message" phone call. Pete is also placed in the SHU and the fate of the kindred is left untold.

Pete's world involves the struggles kindreds go through in prison environments. Restrictions by the facility can make it hard to practice our religion as we would like. Since all religious coordination must be done through a chaplain, we are in some small sense at the discretion of the chaplain's help and friendliness. Another obstacle is the prison administration and the security of the institution. Our beliefs can unjustly be viewed as a threat from racial profiling. It's no mystery we are a White folk interested in our heritage and the traditions of our ancestors. We also know how much it makes the prison staff nervous when you have a group of similar thinking White men/women gathering together on a regular basis, which brings me to my next point.

As usual, our religion is under scrutiny of the authorities and in possible danger of banishment of certain literature, materials and practice. Due to recent events of Daveed Gartenstein-Ross' testimony of September 2006 to a Congressional sub-committee on terrorism, there is a fall out in the U.S. prison system regarding religious materials. Daveed claims he is an expert on counter-terrorism and that some religious literature is being used to promote terrorism.

The result is our materials being scrutinized by someone who does not even practice our religion and who will have the power to authorize or ban as they see fit.

I believe there is a lesson to be learned from Pete's story. Not only are our actions something we should all be accountable for, but membership in a kindred should be contingent on how we conduct ourselves.

Another issue is trust within ourselves as a kindred. Time should be used to learn about potential members instead of just bringing in more brothers. Adding numbers does not necessarily mean growth in a kindred. By-laws should be agreed upon and set up to keep these types of problems from manifesting within kindred. We are vulnerable to "Loki's" mischief, and risk our ability to practice our religious beliefs without proper guidelines in place especially in a prison environment.

I have also found Ásatrú/Odinism in prison. I am fortunate enough to have come across a kindred with structure, dedication and by-laws. I had to have a sponsor, pass a test of knowledge, and be voted in by 100% of the kindred to become a member.

What I've learned from my experience and by reading Pete's story is that we must take our religion serious. More so in a prison environment where the practice of our beliefs can be effected by the prison administration. There are plenty of places to socialize and hang out on the yard, if that's what you are looking for. Kindreds should remain a glance for those of us who wish to practice our religious beliefs. It is our responsibility to keep our kindreds alive and healthy!

Artwork by Craig Sparks

My Honor

by Brandon Graveline

I search for the God's within myself,
their secrets buried in my greatest depths.

On a sea-steed named thought I'm the helmsman,

in an ocean of memory I seek my connection.

I see Thor the Mighty go crashing by,
in his goat drawn chariot lightning fills the sky.

Off to the East he is surely headed,
in Giants skulls Mjollnir will be embedded.

I watch as Rig walks in a village of old,
in a majestic house he goes to escape the cold.

The couple treats him as their own kin,
a son Rig bestows them for a life to begin.

I hear a great scream and turn to see,
Allfather Odin fall from the great tree.

Mighty runes he now holds in his two hands,

the mysteries of ages are now at his command.

My journey I feel is at its close,

I've seen the great Gods from times of old.

They've dwelled within me all this time,

I'll never forget that honor which is mine.

Valkyrie Ride
By Daniel Allen Laury, Midyear 2001

Lying on the battleground
Blood flowing from my side
Up above I hear a sound
A valkyrie coming to take me for a ride

Skin white as snow
A wondrous sight
Sword of steel, armor of gold
This heavenly maiden making her flight

Surrounded by a wondrous glow
On a pure white stallion
She comes for me, this I know
To take me to join the Einherjar battalion

As we cross the bridge my wounds heal magically
And I gaze upon a mighty hall of intricate design
Odin is on the steps waiting to greet me
Inside are kinsmen eating delicious food and drinking even better wine

This is where I will reside
To feast and fight until the end
For I was chosen for the valkyrie ride
To enjoy eternity with my kin.

My constant internal struggle
The battle that keeps me up at night,
Always striving to keep my deeds noble,
The trickster Loki, filling my head and heart
With doubt and dread,
Never a moment's peace or rest,
Keeping the hounds of chaos at bay,
As his son Fenris is always nipping at my heels!

Ian Kellyboy Odinson Stevens, 2/26/07

Found by Brandon Graveline

I seek on the field of battle this day,
Great honor and deeds that forever prevail.
Such fury I have as I rush my prey,
No warrior may trust in his strength today.

As swords spoke in battle this day,
Many fell before me as I earned great praise.
Given to Odin are all those that fall,
That's when I heard the Valkyries call.

What I found in battle this day,
Asgards gates where warriors play.
Honor bound I have earned my way,
Now I drink with the Gods as is the warriors' way.




by Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, 1519-CCG, Allsherjargothi
Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. and Sons of Odin, 1519 Vinland Kindred


Hof Service

Shedding 2257 RE
(Sept 2007 CE)


Perform a Blot for Winter Finding, call upon Allfather Odin and consider his own journeys into the shades, the prices he paid and the awesome rewards he won by doing so. Let this serve as your own inspiration towards such endeavors.

Galdr and meditate upon these Runes:

Uruz (),

Thurisaz (),

Raidho () and

Othala ().

"Shadows At The Edge Of Darkness"

There is a place I know, and I wend their often. It is a place of both magic and mysticism. More so, it is a place that exists to me only in the reality of Ancestral Memory as it lives on in my blood and reveals itself clearly to my Húgauga (mind's eye). This place, this magical and sometimes even frightening place which I am often drawn to in my dreams and meditations, it surely must exist in reality somewhere in the old world of my European Ancestors, though in my visions, it always assumes a surreal quality.

It is a heavily wooded forest with copious trees so large and with trunks which seem to be smooth, yet knotted and polished to a dull shine. The forest floor is littered with spent autumn leaves in hues of orange and red. So thick is the blanket of leaves which covers the vast entirety of this great and magnificent forest which seems to be my private wonderland. Small animals scurry about and I see my own Fýlgja (fetch) there often. In fact, at certain times he seems to be his own entity, while other times I am he and he is I and I travel about in his form, with a fleetness of foot! It is always Autumn in this place. And 'he' is always there, whether he reveals himself to me, or not. I always feel his presence and hear his voice in my head and...inside my soul. A whisper of rushing wind; "Oooooddiinnn!"

I have noticed that in times of great upheaval in my life, something pursues me and sends me back to a childhood memory from about age five. It is a truly frightening memory, one which until yesterday I have never revealed to anyone. In this memory, I am in my bedroom which I shared with my elder Schwester (sister), late at night, when the whole household was fast asleep. Meine schwester was in her own bed about twelve, or fifteen feet across the room from me and she was soundly asleep. Something had awoken me from my own peaceful slumber and had terrified me to the point that I had gotten out of my bed and hid beneath it. I can still recall to this day, the strong and sweet fragrance of the pine wood planks which held the box spring in the bed frame, in addition to my own urine, and chocolate candy which was on my night stand. It was the Yuletide season so there were candy dishes full of various types of candy distributed all about the house. I had wet myself from fright at whatever was in my bedroom, and I recall so clearly those three smells mingling with each other!

Whatever it was that had frightened me so, was only made known to me, as my schwester slept, undisturbed and undaunted, right through it. Though it had occurred only feet from her. And no one else in the house was disturbed by it either. The next morning no one had said anything, including me! Whatever it was, it frightened me so badly that other than the memory of what I have recounted herein, whatever had occurred that Yuletide late night

had continued to allude me for over forty years! Though, the memory has haunted me with frequency. I have always known that someday I would have to find a way to reconcile with what had transpired in that bedroom forty years ago. This seemed an improbable, if not impossible feat. Until yesterday that is. To reiterate, I spoke of this for the first time since that night long ago, only yesterday with a kinsman. While I was recounting the details of my grim memory, it hit me like an epiphany after forty some years. I excused myself and immediately went to meditate and consider what had revealed itself to me, as if divinely so!

Forty, or forty-one years ago, during the Yuletide (Wild Hunt), Allfather had come to me and awaken me from my sleep. The Wild Huntsman himself, in the form of the Terrible one; "Ygg". He reached into my mind with his hand and he activated the Wode Fury within me... Odin had claimed me as his son on that fateful night. Frightened, I clambered under my bed to hide! I was hiding from a divine blessing of which my young mind could not possibly have comprehended.

Shedding is the time of the "Winter Finding" (Sept. 23, 09:71 Univ. Time), which of course is the beginning of Fall, the beginning of the season of the shades where shadows appear at the edge of darkness!

We all have our places that only we know, where the Gods, wights and ancestors appear to us, and speak to us. It is imperative, if ever we are to enter such esoteric realms, to learn to embrace the shades and shadows and all that awaits us there. For one may not know that some frightful experience decades ago was indeed a blessing, if one is not willing to re-evaluate our own experiences and memories which occurred under less than pleasant circumstances. The natural law of balance in all things requires that we not only accept the dark with the light, but that we experience it as well. Otherwise, we are out of sync with natural order, and as such, much like an automobile which is out of alignment, as it moves down the road it is always compelled to veer. As the auto's driver seeks to keep the vehicle from veering off course, it creates an undue hardship upon the auto's tires and other parts. If the auto is not fixed to correct this state of unbalance, then it will ultimately be good for nothing but scrap as the condition worsens.

Our own personal lives are much like that automobile. As we travel the Road North, we are moving towards the purpose of our lives. Yet, if we become unbalanced and thereafter elect to remain in such a state, we too shall veer off the paths which we desire to travel. Instead, we will fall victim to any number of pitfalls and detours which will have unnecessary and unpleasant conditions attached to them.

We have been taught throughout life, that the darkness is bad. That it some-how conceals a certain evil element within. This of course is balderdash! There is nothing to fear within the realms of shadows. For therein awaits the reclamation of balance with the light in your life!

Shedding the 9th is a day of remembrance for Herman, for it was in the month of Shedding in the year 9 Common Era, in which Herman (Arminius to the Romans) laid waste

to Varus' three legions (20,000 men) in the Battle of Teutoberger-wald, at Kalkriese near Detmold, Germany. Heil this brave German Chieftain for his deeds of daring in the face of what must have seemed to be insurmountable odds, and heil the noble and stalwart Kinsmen who fought by his side to rid the Fatherland of the Romans and their imminent debauchery and whoredom which accompanied them everywhere! Raise your horns to Herman the Cherusker on this the day of his remembrance.

And of course, the Fall Equinox (the Winter Finding) is on Shedding 23rd at 09:51 Universal Time.

Megi Odin blessi thig, ok fara meth Gothanum!

I remain in Frith and fraternal solidarity with thee...

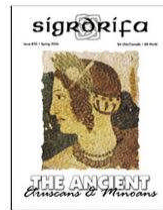
"What terror awaits just beyond the shadows edge? What horrors, that repel so many, yet attract so few...those bold enough to cross from the light into the dark and seize what nature has promised? It is there, lurking just beyond the shadows, the balance of those who abide by the laws of natural order."

- Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, Ph.D., DD

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THE NINE NOBLE VIRTUES

by Steve Quesada

I was asked what the Nine Noble Virtues mean to me and decided to take some time to look into these virtues and make a note of them for myself, to apply them in my life.

The Nine Noble Virtues (Truth, Honor, Courage, Fidelity, Discipline, Hospitality, Industriousness, Self-Reliance & Perseverance) are not just words on paper. Many know how to recite them, but do they really know how to live by them?

The word "Noble" is usually associated with a birth rank, which is only a part of the word's definition. Noble also means excellence, magnificent, majestic or the quality of acting in a superior nature. Conducting yourself in a noble manner is to raise the standard of how you carry yourself.

"Virtue" is a particular moral excellence or a commendable quality. Putting those two words together, you have a higher self-expectation of your own etiquette, of your own moral values, which define your character as an honorable person, not only to yourself, but to those who see you live by example.

What it all comes down to is your reputation! How would you have those you come across see you? What memories would you instill in your children as the biggest role models in their lives? But most importantly, when you look at your-self in the mirror each day, do you feel that pride in recognition of seeing the best of you in the reflection when it comes to the Nine Noble Virtues?

What follows is how I interpret the Nine Noble Virtues and how I try to apply them in my life. I hope that they will be useful to you as well!

TRUTH - Truth means living a life of honesty, of saying what you mean and of living by your word. Being truthful builds trust in your character. It's much easier to deal with your true beliefs than to try to and soften other people's pain by telling lies. Truth is always easy to remember and never has to be made up. Truth means sticking to actual facts and not exaggerating the story to look or sound better. It's a good feeling knowing you are a man of your word in the way you live. That is being true to your self!

HONOR - Pride in your reputation and respectability in your actions are a big part of honor. It is living a life of integrity which demands respect from others. A man who keeps the forethought of his good name is a man of honor. Sometimes consideration for other people's beliefs or wishes is an act of honor, as honor works both ways, in giving or receiving. Heroic acts can also, be honored with celebration. Living by right actions is living with honor.

COURAGE - Courage means being brave in the struggles one fights in life. It is the ability to conquer fear or despair in your attitude regardless of the odds against you. It is standing up for what you believe in no matter what public opinion may be. It is the willingness to accept the possibilities of sacrifice; whether physical, emotional or material, for the beliefs you hold. In case you are guilty of wrong doing, it means you are able to come forward and accept responsibility for your actions.

FIDELITY - Fidelity means loyalty and devotion to your beliefs, family and friends. It is an unquestionable allegiance to our way of life. It is a dedication to a Higher Will, whether written, taken by word of mouth, or even taken for granted on face value so to speak. Obstacles can be overcome and goals can be reached with fidelity. Feats of great men can be found to have a foundation of fidelity.

DISCIPLINE - Discipline means to train yourself obedience and self control; to develop a skill through knowledge, insight and repetition. Discipline is learning how to do something right with precision and efficiency. It can also be discipline to refrain from giving in to destructive temptations such as drugs and alcohol. Discipline takes mental strength by staying in control regardless of the situation of your environment.

HOSPITALITY - Hospitality means treating someone with the utmost respect as a guest in your home and sharing generously without anything in return. It is making sure your guests have all they could need to be comfortable while staying with you. Also, hospitality sometimes requires you to make sacrifices in order to give comfort to another. Genuine hospitality builds character in an individual and helps a person instill the quality of being a part of something.

INDUSTRIOUSNESS - To me industriousness takes on several principles. First I think of a craft (or several crafts) trades or arts that one does well and to make a quality replication of it every time they work at it; I also believe dedication is a big part of the picture by going out your way to get things done. A big test to a person's industriousness is when asked to help in doing things which are not typical of your skills and still obtaining all the principles above as you do your share.

SELF-RELIANCE - Self-reliance means making your way in life without being dependent upon someone else. It is providing for your family by your labor. This sometimes requires storing away food, supplies or money for hard times to come. You would also be able to hold feasts and invite guests to come enjoy good times upon your hospitality. But most of all, self-reliance helps place faith and confidence in yourself as a man, and as a provider at home with your family.

PERSEVERANCE - Perseverance means being persistent in the way you live your life. It is never giving up, but to continue on regardless of the struggles or difficulties in your way. It is not allowing anything to get in the way of achieving your goals. Perseverance also helps build confidence in your folk by living as an example of being consistent towards your beliefs. In most cases, perseverance leads to gain or success of what you are working towards.



What Do I Hope to Gain...

By Magnus Odinson Cain. 1519-AG
Vinland Kindred

As a Gothi and an ambassador of the Holy Nation of Odin, in the big picture of things there are two immediate and all-encompassing answers. Everything! And Nothing. When I say, "everything, I mean that I desire to strive to be a light to the Folk, an example and a beacon that shows a way to better relationships, a better life, true peace, potentially gaining the desires of one's heart amidst lives struggles; A bit of what we're meant to learn from in this existence, growth, the power of right-action, wisdom, the ability to turn things around, friendship, loyalty, honor, and more. I desire to be a living embodiment of just why there is great power amongst the Æsir and Vanir! And I hope to gain by doing. I will also gain from looking towards the example of others along my path in action. In that regard, I desire to gain in many ways as a Gothi. On the flip-side of that, "I would gain nothing" means that, were I to gain nothing more in Midgard with my fervent hopes cut abruptly short by Allfather's resounding call, still I would be gaining due to what already resides firmly enscenced in my awakened heart and soul, intertwined intricately within my every fiber of being.

I will earnestly strive to enrich others as a Gothi in every way that I possibly can, by applying the wisdom that I have gained and that yet still to be won, in accordance with the noble parameters of right-action, as I endeavor to serve the Folk. I feel that I am greatly blessed to have realized that what I do today to break the chains that bind matters greatly, affecting tomorrow, and I now desire to strive forward as a disciplined individual, applying the ideals and codes of my noblest ancestors to my present. I believe today that one should strive to do more than say they're going to do. Once I realized that my/our Holy Gods and Goddesses not only actually exist, but act and interact with us on all planes and levels of physical, mental and spiritual reality as well, well then "tedious service" becomes a gain rather than just a sacrifice. I will this day to follow the Æsirian Code of Nine, the Nine Noble Virtues, and the Rede of Honor, as well as the Code of the Sons of Odin, 1519 - Vinland Kindred. So, as I sacrifice as a Gothi, I gain, and as I gain, others will gain from me as well. Of course, there is much to give up on a noble warrior's path towards Godhood. And yes, by all means, I embrace and undertake strides towards change, but I prefer to look at it as a streamlining of my desires for the greater good and the bigger picture, instead of some meaningless uncomfortable sacrifice.

As an ambassador of the Sons of Odin, 1519 Vinland Kindred, the Holy Nation of Odin, and our Gods and Goddesses. Odin foremost, I will strive to win the love and the liking of many, in regards to how they perceive and receive our beliefs, and the diverse Folk Ways and Paths North of our Faith. There is great wisdom in the encouraging of healthy intelligent debate and varying opinions, whilst simultaneously working diligently at being a unifying force amongst the Folk, as opposed to a divisive one. Being an ambassador in my opinion also requires championing and defending the sacred; that which we have and are rightfully reclaiming, which I will continue to do as an ambassador of our Folk community at large.

Only the Beginning *by Pinball*

Balder, Son of Odin, faced his demise,
he needed protection from dangers device,
So animals, plants and stones made an oath
to cause no harm except the mistletoe.

The Gods laughed and played and let the spears fly,
for they all now know, Balder could not die.
Then Loki convinced Heder the blind God,
to join in the games and take his own shot.

Unknown to Heder, Loki played a trick
so what he threw was a mistletoe sprig
All throughout the world there wasn't a sound
it pierced Balder and he fell to the ground.

Balders death was a sad shocking surprise,
but from Ragnaroks ashes he will rise.



The Warrior Way *by Kinsman Ron Adkins*

Imagine a ship on the open sea; a heavy swell on a lee shore. The wood of the huge masts creaking - sails snapping with each tack into the wind. Think of all the things a man must be good at to work a ship under sail. All trust was given to the captain and his crew of officers by the hands on board. They all knew something from their own experience at sea, and did their jobs well.

Men had to train with the guns. Imagine how much time and energy went into running out a broadside of 14 pound cannon, some of the British ships of the line carried 110 42-pound canon. Her gun decks were full of hazards and only trained men could handle the job. The whole crew was involved because someone had to turn the ship and reset the sheets and haul on the lines as the ship maneuvered for the best shot. The perfect run that will bring her full power to bear. All at the direction of her captain. Harsh discipline was needed because the peace had to be kept among the men. Attention to detail and daily routine (including training and drilling boarding techniques) being next in line.

These men were sailors and warriors. They were many things. Poets, crooks, soldiers with a love of the sea, and many, many other walks of life. Some would take to the sea to avoid the law and to get away from one life and move on in another. Point being, that all types of men can be brought together to accomplish a task, to go from point A to point B under the most tremendously bad conditions by applying simple principals of discipline. Self-discipline had to be maintained by each individual member of the crew. Everyone had a job to do and be responsible for. Failure at doing the basic amount of work required was not tolerated. At any time during the voyage trouble could appear. In war time it was enemy ships to attack and steal! Then sell for profit and wages. In peaceful times men worked hard to move cargo and men.

In modern times these same principles still apply. We all believe ourselves to be “captains of our own souls”, yet not all men can lead or deal with discipline required to run a ship or anything else for that matter. A crew must trust their captain to sail them in the proper direction. To plot the course and keep the ship out of harmful waters. Years of training and experience makes a man who can take on these responsibilities. Captains and their officers were sometimes hated by their crews because of the harsh discipline handed out by them, but men only worked for the good captains, lest they die with the bad ones.

Our ship must have all these things to be successful. Our booty is out there to be taken if only we will take the initiative as individuals and as a whole. Discipline is lacking though. As so much continues to improve we must learn to trim our sails and fine tune our course. It’s the only way to speed our journey. Training is lacking as well. We have the perfect setting for some of your to learn in. Locked in a cage! You moved to fast and now you must slow down because these walls don’t move and steel makes you have patience. Somehow you must pull something positive from this pit of negativity. Something to take with you when you leave.

Our ship is free before the wind! Who will grab a line and haul up the main sail? Who will cook the food and scrub the decks? Who will man the guns and keep our powder dry? Will our Captain plot the correct course so that we all may collect our pay? Real decisions have to be made and a steady course must be maintained, mapped out, and corrected so our ship can reach its full potential.

“Help Wanted!!” “Men who demand elite leaders and in return produce elite results only! Hard work and sacrifice a must. To work in a new evolving system that actually produces results. Discipline is a two way street and will be administered fairly - Apply within.”

Our sign is out. You can make the ship shine and sparkle. Make repairs. Cook and swab the deck. Everyone has a part to play. To live up to being elite means we must set these standards and stick to them. The warrior way is not just physical, mental capability applies as well. The battle we face is overwhelming to be sure. Recidivism, addiction, laziness, procrastination, the entire system seems to be against us at certain times. Yet what could be more dangerous than the sea? Men have faced its wrath for hundreds upon hundreds of years and survived to make their fortunes.

Triumph

By Pinball

A loud crack of thunder a massive storm
A goat-drawn chariot delivers Thor
With valor and hammer he will prevail
We raise the meadhorn, mighty Thor we hail
The presence of Odin in time of need,
He gallops near on tan almighty steed.
Armed with great wisdom and gungnir his spear,
The hearts of enemies are struck with fear

Together they stand, courageous and tall
Ready to meet the challenge, poised to brawl
Through bond of blood they encounter the
beast,
When it crashes to the ground all will feast
In times of hardships and in times of strife

A Few Words

By Harvald Odinson Jones, 1519-CGDC

We at the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc., receive a lot of mail from Kinsmen in the prison system. It is filled with praise, criticism of all types, which we are more than happy to receive because it lets us know what areas need to be addressed regarding your spiritual welfare. Hopefully we are meeting, or exceeding the needs of our folk. Along with these letters from folks seeking answers to “Why this happens in their life, or why what has been force fed to them all of their lives, just doesn’t seem to work for them any longer.” We also receive a fair amount of correspondence chock full of prison politics.

These letters are filled with content such as; “Hey, Joe did this, or Joe is on this type of yard, or that.” In all honesty, we don’t care about prison politics. That is not what we are here for, kinsmen. Now, if Joe is a rapist, or a child molester or he beat an elderly lady, or he sells drugs to our Folk, and you see Joe’s name appear in the pages of Gungnir, then by all means, drop us a line and let us know by sending proof. We will require something other than just your “White Word”, what with prison politics and all. We do not condone, or endorse odious acts, including anyone’s contribution to the destruction of our Folk for the sake of either prison politics, or the profits of vice!

We realize that you are doing what you feel is right, but once again, we do not condone, or advance prison politics. We are here to help enlighten and awaken our folk so that they may one day reach the next level of enlightenment, and then the next one, and the next after that. Then hopefully they will help someone else, a friend, sibling, parent, or child. My brothers and sisters, I know that your hearts are in the right place with what you are trying to do. If it wasn’t, you wouldn’t be taking the time to write. There are greater and more important battles out there for you though. Like helping our folk wield their own Hammer to slay the Etins of addition (drugs, alcohol, gambling, etc.), or helping to teach a good man, or woman the Nine Noble Virtues, or Æsirian Code of Nine, the Lore in the Eddas, or the Elder Futhark Runes. I know that you think that you are doing right, but at this very moment, I’m sure you know of at least one of our brothers, or sisters who is high. High, on dope that came out of another man’s anus. Or perhaps you and your celly may be getting ready to down a couple of quarts of wine that you bought off of someone down the tier with money your family sent to you. I know that you may think that it might be okay if you only do it once a week, or even once a month, just as long as you don’t do it all the time and make it a habit. But let me tell you, you are only lying to yourself. It’s all the same whether you do it one time, ten times, or a hundred times. Can I ask you this: How many times have you witnessed a white man getting assaulted by more than one of another race and you didn’t do anything to help that man? What was your justification? Doesn’t matter, he’s a lame? Was that it? So, good Aryan man, what good are you really doing when you see all of these things going on and the best that you do, is write a letter to us about Joe and where he’s doing time? What about the weeds in your own backyard???

Our sole purpose is the spiritual needs of our folk. We are trying to bring our noble and honorable path back from near extinction. So that our folk may be reawakened and know who they are and where they come from. Also, that - they may have hope for their future and that of their descendants through the wisdom of their ancestors. It is also our hope to bring Odinism/Wotanism back to mainstream spiritual path so that those of our race know that they have a faith of their own and don’t have to go to an alien creed to get their spiritual fix. Not to pass along prison politics!

For Family, Faith and Folk!

Hail Odin!!!

Runes Above the Door

By T.A. Odinson Walsh, 1519-A-G

Welcome to the Kindred, Friend
Make yourself at home
Here the Fealty knows no end
For our hearts don't roam
Here we treasure Folk and joy
As we were meant to do
And every method will employ
To aid and comfort you
See those runes above the door
They attest to what is dear
Here you'll tread a floor
Whose foundation is our cheer
And here you'll find totality
Like nowhere else before
For we ward 'gainst all malady
With runes above the door.

Prussian Blue's first CD. Folk-style ballads by violin and guitar; A lot of good songs. Very impressive work from a pair of 11-year-olds. Several of the songs seem to stick with you, such as "I Will Bleed for You" and "Aryan Man Awake".

Review by David Daugherty

Prussian Blue: Fragment Of The Future

Available for \$15.00 plus \$2 shipping

Prussian Blue
Box 1342
Kalispell, MT 59903

Their second CD, *The Path We Chose* as well as many more CDs, T-shirts and books are also available in their store at www.prussianblue.net



Write to your preferred DOC package vendor and request they be added to their list of available artists!



Important Notice: SONS OF ODIN, 1519 Membership Applications

Sons of Odin, 1519 Notice: The Sons of Odin, 1519 will no longer accept requests for membership from incarcerated kinfolk, or those kinfolk on parole or on probation.

Candidacy for membership within the Sons of Odin, 1519-Vinland Kindred is open to “Non-Incarcerated” men only, who have a minimum of three (3) years experience as “Professed” Odinists.

This does not completely rule out consideration of incarcerated seekers. Consideration of incarcerated candidates will be determined by the COURT OF GOTHAR, which will only occur wherefore such candidates reside within the same locale as the members of the COURT OF GOTHAR. Any former prisoner seeking Apprenticeship must be off of parole, prior to submitting his resume. *This does not affect current incarcerated members, or Apprentices.

They are continuing to accept applications from free-world folk until such time as the membership books close. Those interested in receiving the Sons of Odin, 1519 profile need to visit our website: www.holynationofodin.org and click on the **Sons of Odin, 1519** link.

A Note from the Executive Administrator

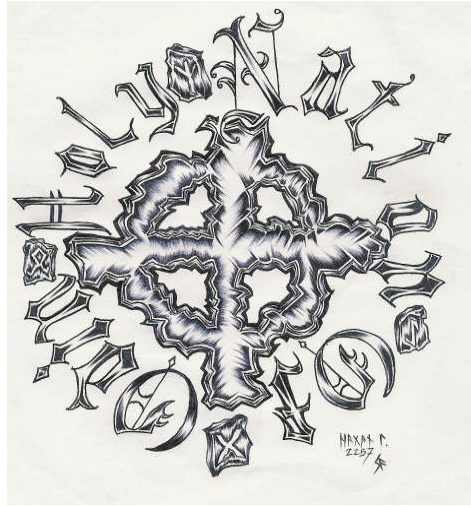
Many of you have requested a contact on the outside to act as a group sponsor. We can provide limited sponsorship for groups, but we can not visit facilities. If you would like your contact information put on our website, in a section called, 'Needed: Pen Pals and Sponsors', you need to send a "release of information" and your complete mailing address. We do not have the means to screen individuals or groups as to their Odinit or philosophical views and therefore, **we at the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc. assume no liability** to publishing the information, **nor will we sponsor** any individual or group as a "representative" of the Holy Nation of Odin, Inc.

At this time, Dr. Crowell can no longer accept letters from those incarcerated in other states. The CA DOC is in the process of now changing their policy to prevent these letters from going through. If you had written to him, be aware the letter may not have reached him.

FYI: Mail is backlogged!

We have a new mailing address:

Holy Nation of Odin, Inc.
PO Box 630
Kingsburg, CA 93631



Artwork by Charles Hagan Leonidas Raifsnider

THE HOLY NATION OF ODIN, INC.

Ordained Clergy and Recognized Lay Clergy

Allsherjargothi / Chief Court Gothi

Dr. Casper Odinson Cröwell, 1519-CCG

Court Gothar

Harvald Odinson Jones, 1519-CGDC

Gothar

Ganglare Odinson Simas

Richard H. Kemp

Thomas A. Odinson Walsh, 1519-A-G

Ron McVan

G. Scott Tolley

Apprentice Gothar

P. Magnus Odinson Cain, 1519-AG

Charles Hagan Leonidas Raifsnider

Christopher Small

Shon Eric Magnuson-Varner

Vidar Uglatekk Odinson Harless, 1519-A-AG

Dustin Wülfsbane Odinson Wodenson, 1519-A-AG

Vindbjörn Odinson Shipton, 1519-AG

Recognized lay clergy

Pete Sylvester

Helgi Ulfhedin Ward