

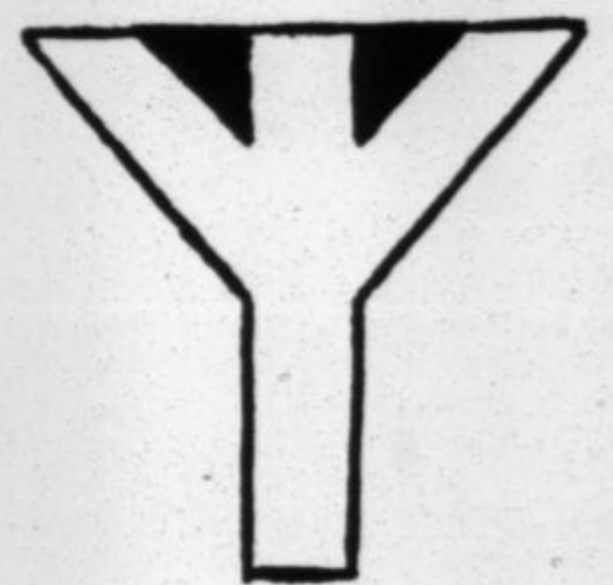
VOR TRÚ



ÁSATRÚ



BÝR!



Tala 6



VOR



SPRING

I N T H I S I S S U E

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Fyra goðar hos Sveinbjörn Beinteinsson på Draghals gård vid blotet 5.8. Fr.v.: judenamnshararen Jörgen Ingi Hansen, Örn F Clausen, judenamnshararen Johannes Augustsson á Sveinbjörn själv - allsherjargoden.



Offer åt Tor.

Photos from Midgårdsbladet Stockholm, Sweden

IN SEARCH OF SVEINBJÖRN BEINTEINSSON

Last month in January of this year the "In Search Of" series did a take on "In Search Of Lost Vikings" which appeared on the CBS television network. The take had to do with the disappearance of the lost Norse colonies of Greenland founded by Eiríkr Rauða, or Eric the Red. In the course of the take action film concerning the revival of Ásatrú started by Allsherjargoði Sveinbjörn Beinteinsson was shown. The film recorded the now famous scenes of Beinteinsson and his Ásatrúarmenn conducting a Þórsblót in the Icelandic countryside. It has now been over two years since this author as well as many others have unsuccessfully been able to locate or make contact with Beinteinsson and his Odinist group. Rumours has it that his group is now defunct. Anyone knowing his whereabouts is requested to contact this editor.

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A S T U D Y O F T H E S O U L I N

Á S A T R Ú

by S. Edred Thorsson

Our forebears in Ásatrú possessed a highly developed teaching of what we would today generally call the 'soul,' or 'spirit.' The human being was known to be made up of a complex constellation of entities, each with their own special function. Although they all partake of various characteristics they are also all understood to consist of the same basic force-- which is also understood syncretically to be essentially no different in quality from the material world, and correspondingly -- from the body. Each of these 'soul-entities' have their functions in both life and death. Here, we will only deal with the functions of the hugr, hamr, hamingja, fylgja (mannsfylgja), ættarfylgja, óðr, and ond within the psychosomatic complex of the living human being.

The hugr originally signified the cognitive element of the conscious and willing faculty of the 'mind.' It may be projected from the person in a kind of 'mental projection' (as described in various sagas such as Harðar saga Grímkelssonar chapter 31). The hugr is called the trollkvenna vindr ('the wind of the troll-women') because it is connected with the force of air which may be projected from the lungs. The stronger the force of expelled air, the more powerful the hugr is said to be. Perhaps the most important trait of the hugr is its role as a tutelary genius. In this aspect it finds a unique place in the overall composition of the 'Ásatrúar-soul.' To be in complete communication with it is a sign of heill hugr ('whole mind') -- a high level of consciousness, and this will reward the person with good ráð ('advice'). Generally, although the hugr corresponds to what many call the 'mind' or 'intellect' today, and although it is able to maintain a certain degree of detachment from the other soul-concepts, it must be essentially understood as being intimately interwoven into the overall fabric of the psychosomatic complex.

The hamr stands at an opposit pole in relation to the hugr within the context of the sou^l-concepts discussed here. A powerful hugr can have control over the hamr. Hamr may be roughly defined

as either 'skin' or 'shape.' This 'shape' or 'form' is the plastic, image creating essence which may be molded by the hugr into other forms of various types, animal forms, etc. In certain initiatory practices the initiate may don an animal skin in order to facilitate a magical, psychophysical transformation known as hamrammr. This is well illustrated by the story of Sigmundr and Sinfjotli in the Volsungasaga chapter 8. In such cases the hugr does not 'take possession' of a previously existing animal form (although this is also possible), but rather the hugr creates a new hamr -- out of its own essence. The hugr must already contain the essence peculiar to the shape into which it transforms itself. This explains why Boovarr Bjarki, who already contained the essence of a bear-soul within him, transforms himself into a bear in chapter 33 of Hrólfs saga kraka. It should also be noted that the 'normal' body of the person lies as if dead during these operations. All of which reminds us of the practice of 'astral projection' in other traditions.

Hamingja is perhaps the most complex concept among the various soul entities. Etymologically, this term is related to hamr, and may be analysed as ham-gengja or 'one who lets the hamr go forth.' Hamingja possesses a three pronged definition -- 1) 'shape-changing force,' 2) 'luck,' 'fortune,' or 'power,' and 3) 'guardian spirit.' It seems to function as a bridge concept between the more dynamistic entities such as hugr and hamr (as well as óðr and qnd) and the more animistic fylgja. Essentially, it is a dynamistic force, which can be stored up and projected in accordance with the human will in order to effect changes in the environment, but it is also the embodiment of a personal 'law.' That is, it carries certain obligations as well as power. The connection of the Nornir with the concept of the hamingja, which is made in 'Vaförúðnismál' stanzas 48-49, would support this idea. It is a constant entity which is supplied with strength by members of the clan (ætt) or skeppslag. The hamingja is fed by deeds of honor, it is a cumulative quality, and can grow almost indefinitely. It then becomes a great source of clanic and individual power.

With regard to the metaphysical clanic structure the concept of the fylgja has a special crystalizing aspect to offer, that of

the ættarfylgja: 'the fylgja of the clan, or family.' In many respects the fylgja is almost identical to the hamingja. Both concepts were probably developed from the perceptions of realities within the realms of dream and shamanistic trance. The fylgja should be understood through that aspect of the hamingja known as the 'guardian spirit,' and as such it is seen as a form, usually invisible, which 'follows' a person. This may be an anthropomorphic (female) form or in the shape of an animal. However, the fylgja, as well as the hamingja, must not be thought of purely as forms, but rather as aspects of the 'spiritual essence' itself. This may be to some degree equated with the innate human power and potency. The term 'fylgja' is probably derived from the verbal form fylgja: 'to follow,' and therefore 'a following spirit.' There is both an individual fylgja (mannsfylgja) and an ættar- or kynfylgja. The mannsfylgja may act as a link between the individual and collective concept.

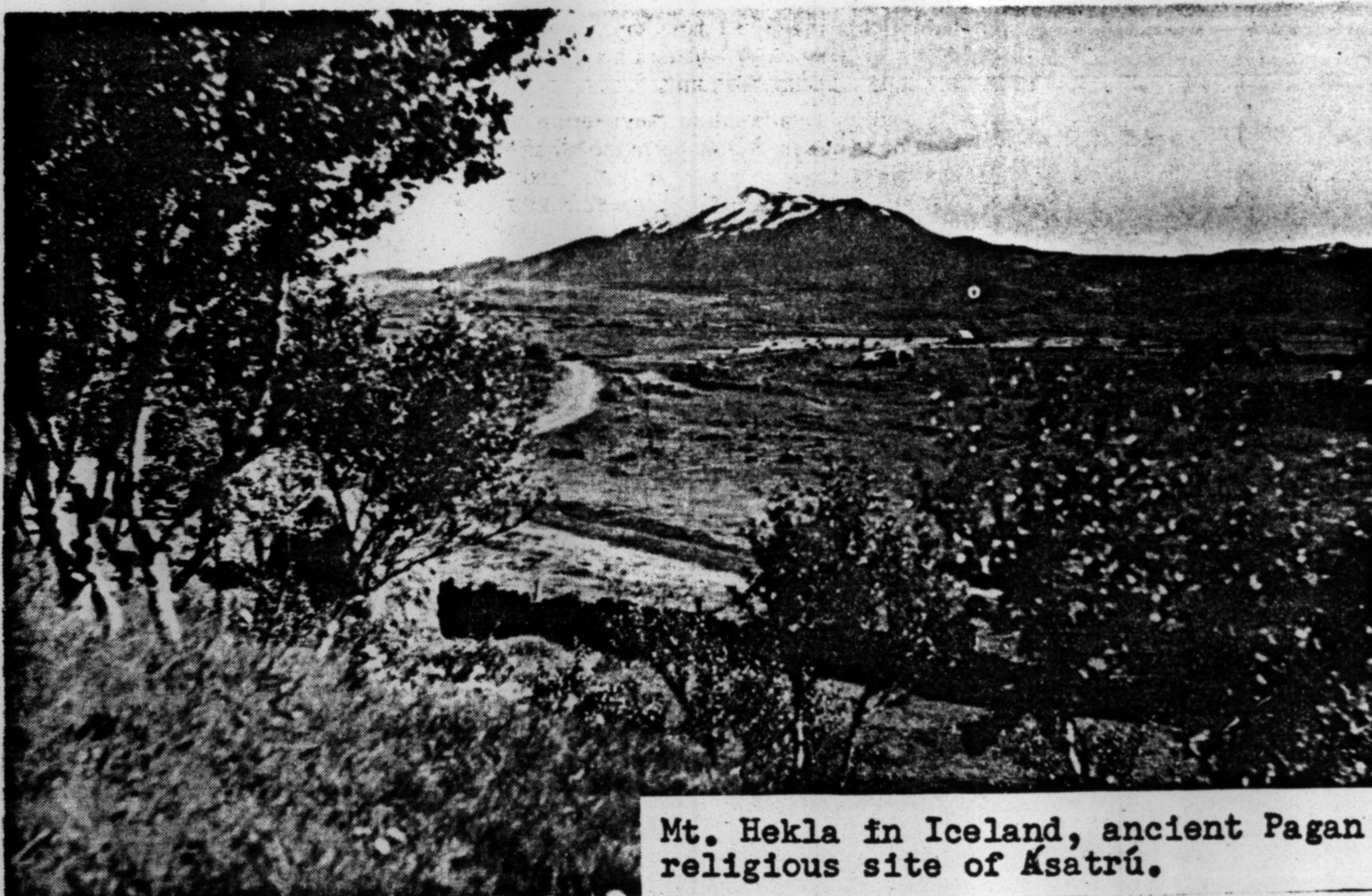
The fylgja may seem to have a will of its own. But when viewed from the syncretic perspective of the ætt, another picture begins to emerge. To the individual who might be unconscious of his or her geneological heratage, and who has not actualized the potential power in the fylgja, the forces of 'fate' seem to compel certain actions and situations. However, once the individual becomes conscious of the past and becomes integrated into the power (hamningja) of his or her fylgja through deeds of honor, or through acquisition of numenous knowledge, then it becomes more evident that the 'being' which seems to be something other is actually the sum total of all that he or she is, or has done. The all-encompassing power, potency, and obligation is contained in the hamingja and is embodied in the (ættar-) fylgja. The hamingja-fylgja complex is therefore the 'personal' storehouse of ørlog. (ørlog, usually translated as 'fate,' actually means 'or-law,' that is, 'primal-layers.' Layers of action laid down in the past which influence the present and future.) This is the destiny which one creates for him- or herself through past actions.

Qnd and óðr are also important concepts which are dynamistic in nature. The qnd is the 'breath of life' and animating principle' in

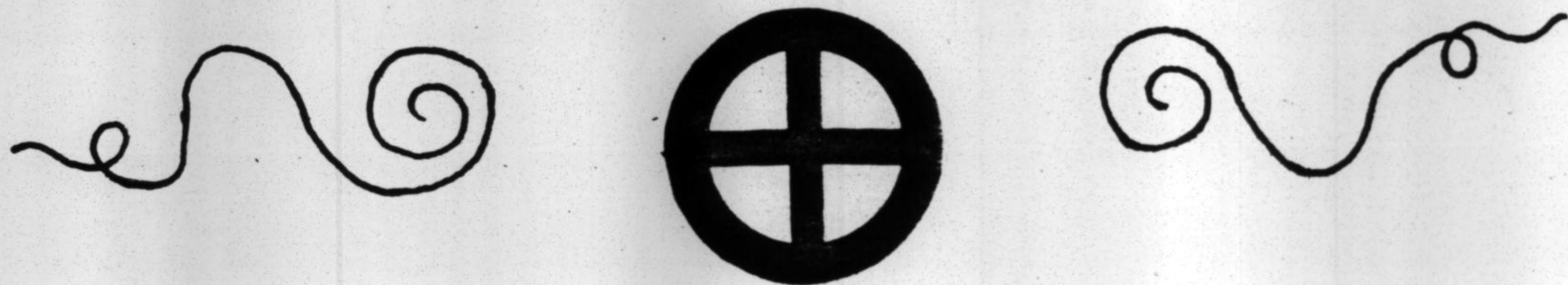
the psychosomatic complex, while the óðr is defined as the 'inspired mental activity.' Óðr is activated in the state of shamanistic ecstasy. The first portion of the divine name 'Óðinn' is made up of this element, and His name actually means the 'Master of Inspired Mental Activity.'

It would certainly be a noble purpose and goal for all ásatrúarar to try and embody these venerable conceptions in their thoughts and actions, so that the ideals of our forebears in Ásatrú may live again in our souls. The key is the realization of each individual conception in the context of the whole, and the realization that this whole extends beyond the boundaries of the individual and into the realms of the clan and skeppslag. At this time work is being done on practices and exercises which will aid ásatrúarar in the perception of and communication with these various living entities. Anyone interested in this research is invited to contact me by mail.

S. Edred Thorsson
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Austin, TX 78704



Mt. Hekla in Iceland, ancient Pagan religious site of Ásatrú.



an ÁSATRÚARATAL

(list of ásatrúarar)

is now being compiled. It is hoped that all ásatrúarar will want to appear on this list in order to promote greater fellowship and cooperation among all true ásatrúarar. All those appearing on the Ásatrúaratál will receive a copy free. To appear on the list, send: 1) Name, 2) Address, 3) Ásatrúar-groups with which you have any affiliation, 4) Special interests within Ásatrú, 5) Other special interests and/or talents (optional), to:

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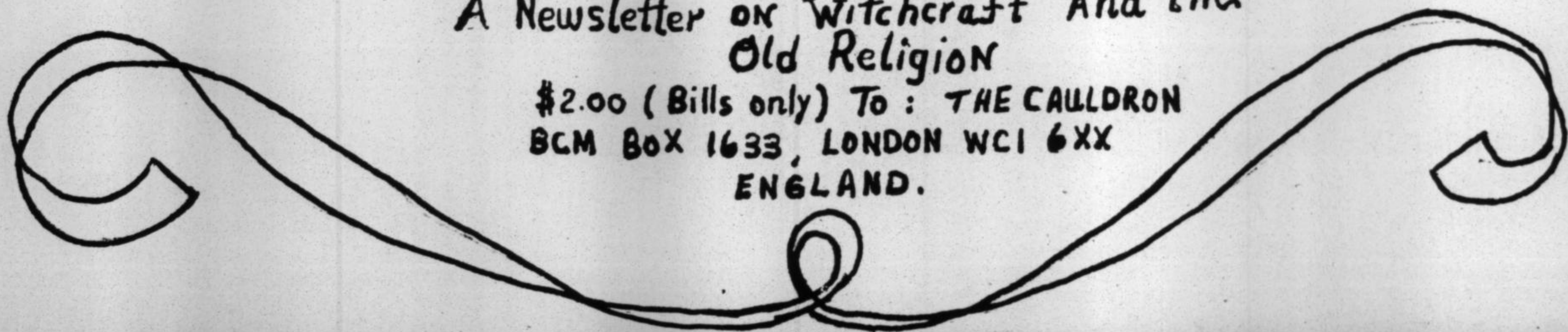
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OLD NORSE, MY
SECOND LOVE By
Þóra Þórgrimsdóttir



(Þóra Þórgrimsdóttir was born October 25, 1948 in Minneapolis, Minnesota as Mary Lou Olsen. Her father was a Swedish Lutheran and her mother was a Baptist of Scotch Irish extraction. Her interest and final adoption and embracement of Ásatrú was increased through the study of Old Norse, the original tongue spoken by believers in Ásatrú.)

My conversion or home coming to the faith of my Nordic ancestors was the beginning of a truly meaningful way of life for me. I refer not only to my religious home coming to Ásatrú, but also to a cultural conversion that has enriched my life immeasurably.

As a girl in my adolescent years, I went through a period which I find many young people of our folk going through, that of not quite believing anything, or at least not knowing what to believe. I was searching for something credible upon which to stand and say, "this I believe" and mean it.

I received the basic religious indoctrination of the Lutheran faith: baptism, instruction and confirmation. My parents and I attended church regularly and I went to Sunday School classes. I knew the liturgy by heart and attended my first communion with pride.

In college I took an extra course dealing with Scandinavian history and culture and an introduction to the Old Norse language. It was also at this time that the religion I was raised in began to fail to fully satisfy my emotional and spiritual needs. The more I read of my ancestral religion of Ásatrú in Scandinavia established there long before Lutheranism was even heard of, the more I admired this noble ancient faith that was so apart of my forefathers and made so much sense. What I couldn't understand was why the people had given it up to such a poor substitute as Christianity. I also was really getting into the study of the great Sagas and Eddas through my learning of Old Norse which wasn't too difficult as I already knew some Swedish by my grandmother.

I really loved the old accounts and the brave tales of the Vikings and to me the religious rites described could only be exciting compared to the drab gloomy rites I had known in church worship. How sad I had thought that the Old Norse Way was of no more, that the great temple where statues of Tor, Oden and Freyr stood at Old Uppsala no longer stood to receive the many worshippers of my Swedish brothers and sisters today. I wondered could I, I mean, was this what I wanted to believe in? a dead religion? a faith whose rites came to a close about a thousand years ago! How could I in this the 20th century follow the Old Gods, or find others of the same interest now?! I wondered how such a thing could be possible, and if not what was I to do? I was determined that I wasn't going to remain Christian and if necessary worship the Old Gods alone even if it meant isolating myself religiously.

Then when I thought I probably would have to do this, I heard about Sveinbjörn Beinteinsson's movement in Iceland which surprised, but overjoyed me, for at last I knew I was not alone in seriously believing in the Aesir and Vanir. I embraced Ásatrú and continued my

(Cont.)

study in Old Norse which was responsible for awakening my interest in the Old Faith in the first place. And just a little later I heard about Eiríkur Þórarinnsson's Norse group in Tucson, Arizona and also the Ásatrú Free Assembly headed by Einar Prestbani (Steven McNallen) in Turlock, California. I was not alone and I was not foolish for a deep want to believe in the clear crisp tenets of this forgotten, but yet not forgotten faith. I had become a 'Ásatrúari', adopted a more suitable name and continue to study my first love as well as my second, Old Norse.

Many of my friends who had previously known me as a Christian were quite upset and taken at my conversion. They had termed Ásatrú a 'cult' something out on the far out fringe. But to them anything not Christian, or belonging to accepted Orthodox religion was termed a cult or even weird. Paying them no mind I was sadden by the fact that they probably didn't even realize that it was their Christianity that was "weird" and totally alien originally to the West and not my Norse Paganism. It was their Christianity whose zeal Oláfr Tryggvasson killed and ruthlessly murdered Ásatrúarar in the name of the Prince of Peace. Other friends wondered even how I could find modern meaning for the ancient faith living in the 20th Century as Vikings were of no more. How could Ásatrú they said be revelent in these times? To them the Gods were mythical beings. Little did they know that it has been said that a myth was someone elses beliefs other than one's own. To many people today Christian beliefs have become myths. And is it any wonder why this is today so with the vast importance that 'materialism' has been given because of Christianity! I saw how the Old Norse Religion is just as revelent today as it was in ancient times, except even more so now! Modern man with his depending on the values that are destorying him and polluting the natural world that the Christian faith has embeded in him! Yes! I said, an individual could yet practice the ancient religion of his ancestors even in the 20th Century. Yes, the ancient blótar could be conducted and with it all the spiritualism and moral values that shaped the lives of the mighty Northmen and women of Scandinavia, even in America, a land originally discovered by Norsemen. And this is so even though America never became a Norse country later. There are to be some things adapted to modern life, but almost all else can be as it was in pre Christian times despite the loss of much knowledge and religious lore.

So I had become a Pagan, a term that got me raised eyebrows from the very straight set and a look of horror from devout Christians, but I knew that I had come home, come home to my people and the only way which I knew was right for me and my Norse ancestors. As an American by birth there was no real need for the name change, but as I had chosen Ása Þórr as my God and friend to look to, I felt that "Þóra" was an appropriate name and the right thing to do. My husband also a Ásatrúari did the same, and when the time comes when we have children, they also will have Norse names given to them. Around the house and whenever we can my husband and I speak Norse and intend to master the Icelandic language. I now wear my head scarf, apron and household keys with pride and feel assured in the ways of Ásatrú. It is my great hope that more of my Scandinavian kin can find the same!





(Jag är himlen. Jag sluter in allt i min blåa kappa)

ODEN

Oden, han måtte älska mig mycket
 Jag älskar också honom
 Men jag har aldrig sett honom.
 Man säger att man inte kan se honom
 Och varför skulle man göra det? Inte behöver
 man se sin älskade.
 Han är hos mig om natten när hans smycke strålar
 Kring mitt huvud.

© 1979 Eiríkur Þórarinnsson

JAG ÄR HERRE ÖVER ALLA HIMLAR, ALLA VÄRLDAR, ALLA ÖDEN!

 den

T I D S M Ö R D A R E N

Gudrik Säveg

HIMMEL VILKEN DRÖM
 HIMMEL VILKEN DRÖM....
 Lyssna nu ska du fa höra

Min klocka hade stannat
 Ja ringde fröken Ur
 men svaret va 'nte bandat
 Hon skrek hogt i min lur
 "Hjälp, han mördar mej!"
 Sen small de
 Å därefter ljud
 en röst i luren:
 "Fröken Ur hon e nu död"

Nere vid kaféet
 stog en gammal man
 som stelnat mitt i steget
 å därinne fann
 ja ett par som höjde glasen
 Ja tog mej själv ett stop:
 Dom va som levande
 statyer allihop!

När ja sedan kom
 till brottsplatsen låg
 fröken Ur
 i en blodpöl som
 mördarn gått i vilken tur!
 Ja följde mördarns spår
 ner för tidens källartrapp
 å efter tusen år
 hade ja hunnit ikapp

HIMMEL VILKEN DRÖM
 HIMMEL VILKEN DRÖM....
 Börjar du så smått begripa?

När han såg mej satte
 mördarn genast sprätt
 så jakten den fortsatte
 bortom trosskriftet
 Men nu bar de åter uppför
 Som i en annan värld
 flydde mördaren
 för allt vad han va värld

Ja ville att förbrytarn
 skulle få sitt straff
 men väl uppe vid ytan
 blev ja ganska paff
 för nu va de åter liv a
 rörelse omkring
 fast folk gick efter
 en ny tideräkning

Allt hade liksom stått
 stilla under växlingen
 men när en viss tid gått
 va de som förut igen
 fast mycke bättre, ja
 "tidsmördaren" fick beröm:
 "Hurra, hurra, hurra!
 Allt e ju som i en dröm..."

HIMMEL VILKEN DRÖM
 HIMMEL VILKEN DRÖM....
 Börjar du så smått begripa nu
 att de handlar om nånting tabu?

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In The Name Of The Betrayed

Gudrik Säveg
Lindvallsgat 15 4 tr
117 36 Stockholm
Sweden

"THE TIME MURDERER" A Prose Translation

HEAVEN WHAT A DREAM.... Listen now and you will hear:

My watch had stopped. I phoned "Miss Clock" (Miss Time?). But the answer wasn't taped. She screamed loud in my receiver "Help, he murders me!" Then of it went. And there after a voice sounded in the receiver: "Miss Clock, she is dead now".

Down by the cafe stood an old man who had stiffened right in the very midst of his step. And inside there I found a pair who raised their glasses. I took myself a stoop: they were like living statues, everyone!

Then when I came to the place for the crime, Miss Clock lay in a pool of blood which the murderer had gone in-what luck! I followed the steps of the murderer down the cellar stairs of time. And after a thousand years I had cought up.

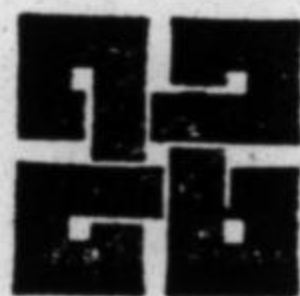
HEAVEN WHAT A DREAM....Are you slowly beginning to realize a little?

When he saw me the murderer immediately speeded up. And the chase it continued beyond the change of religion. But now it went upstairs again. As in an other world the murderer fled for all his guts.

I wanted that the criminal should have his punishment. But above the ground all right I was struck all of a heap, cause now it was again life and movement all around. People followed a new chronology though.

Everything had, so to say, stood still during the change, but after some time it all was as before again though much better, yes; "The time murderer" was praised: "hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Why, everything is like in a dream."


HEAVEN WHAT A DREAM..... Are you slowly beginning to realize a little now, that it is all about something taboo?






TELL ME WHY?!

By Eiríkur Þórarinnsson





Tell me why my Scandinavian brother or sister
 You persist with the ways of strangers
 Of a creed that came from afar,
 That unknowingly poisons you even to this day!
 Stop and tell me, do you hear and understand?
 Tell me why you know not
 The Old Gods no more of your native land?


Do you think that time has changed them
 Or modern reasoning killed your belief?
 What, how do you know they are not myths?!
 Do you believe all propaganda you hear?!




Óðinn lives and Þórr yet wields his hammer still,
 There do yet exist many who would learn their will
 Who love and know the Old Ways are best.



Tell me why you think we can't return
 Why you think it is foolish
 To dream and long of yesteryear
 When the Church offers no normal, natural way,
 To live, prosper, love and happiness have
 When men and women now live in timid fear!

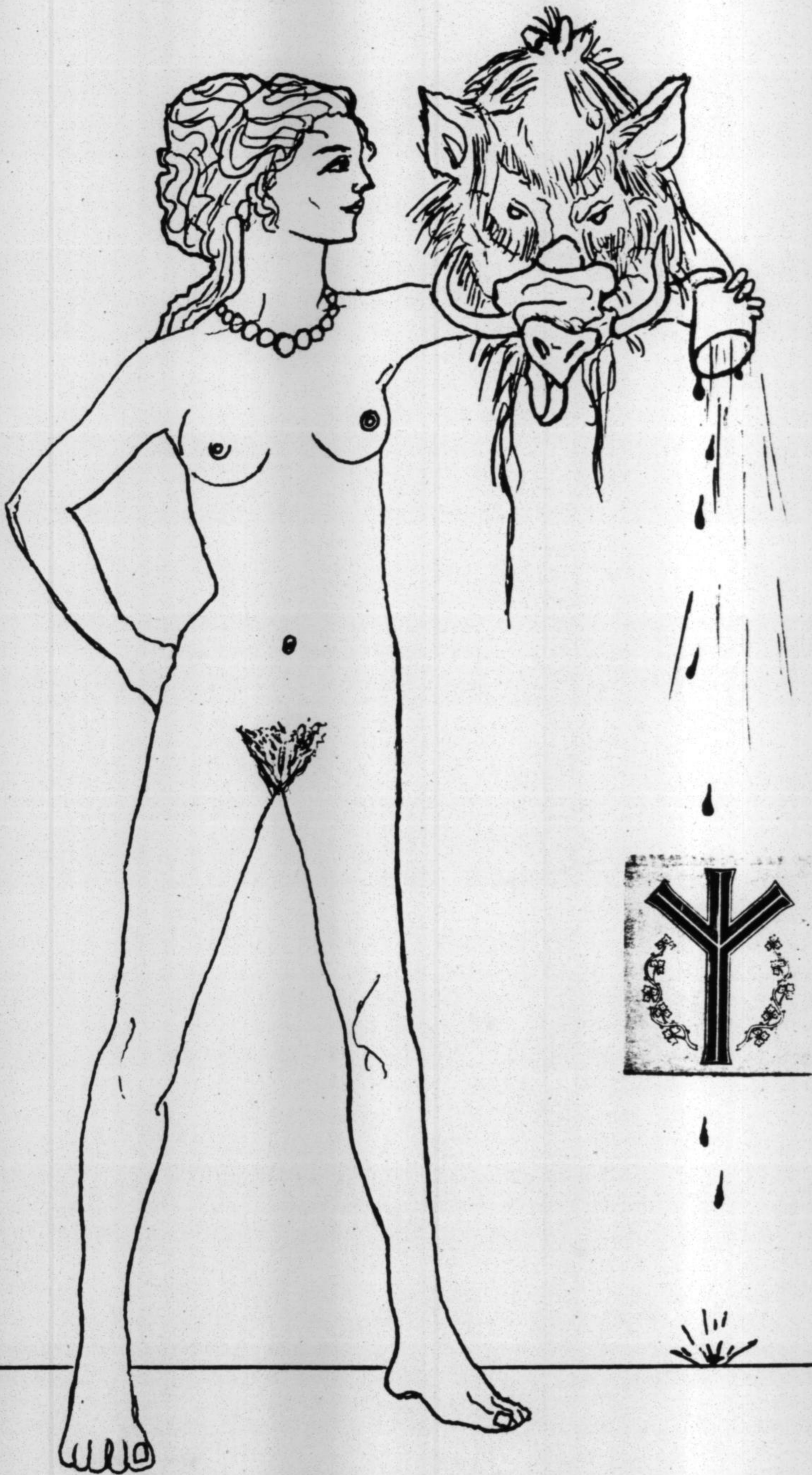


Tell me why and I'll tell you why
 You're not happy and need to come home.
 Return to Ásatrú!
 If it was good enough for our fathers,
 It's good enough for us!



Sure the Vikings are no more
 We both know these things were of long ago,
 A Longship or to go í viking is a thing of past
 But tell me why dear friend
 It brings you such joy to tell the old tales
 To feel a special romantic longing
 For days when men were free and heros bold
 Who knew Þórr's strenght when winters were cold
 Who reverently sought Óðinn's advice
 When times grew rough.
 Tell me why and you'll know the answer!

FRA FREYJA ER LIF !



MAKING THE SIGN OF THE HAMMER

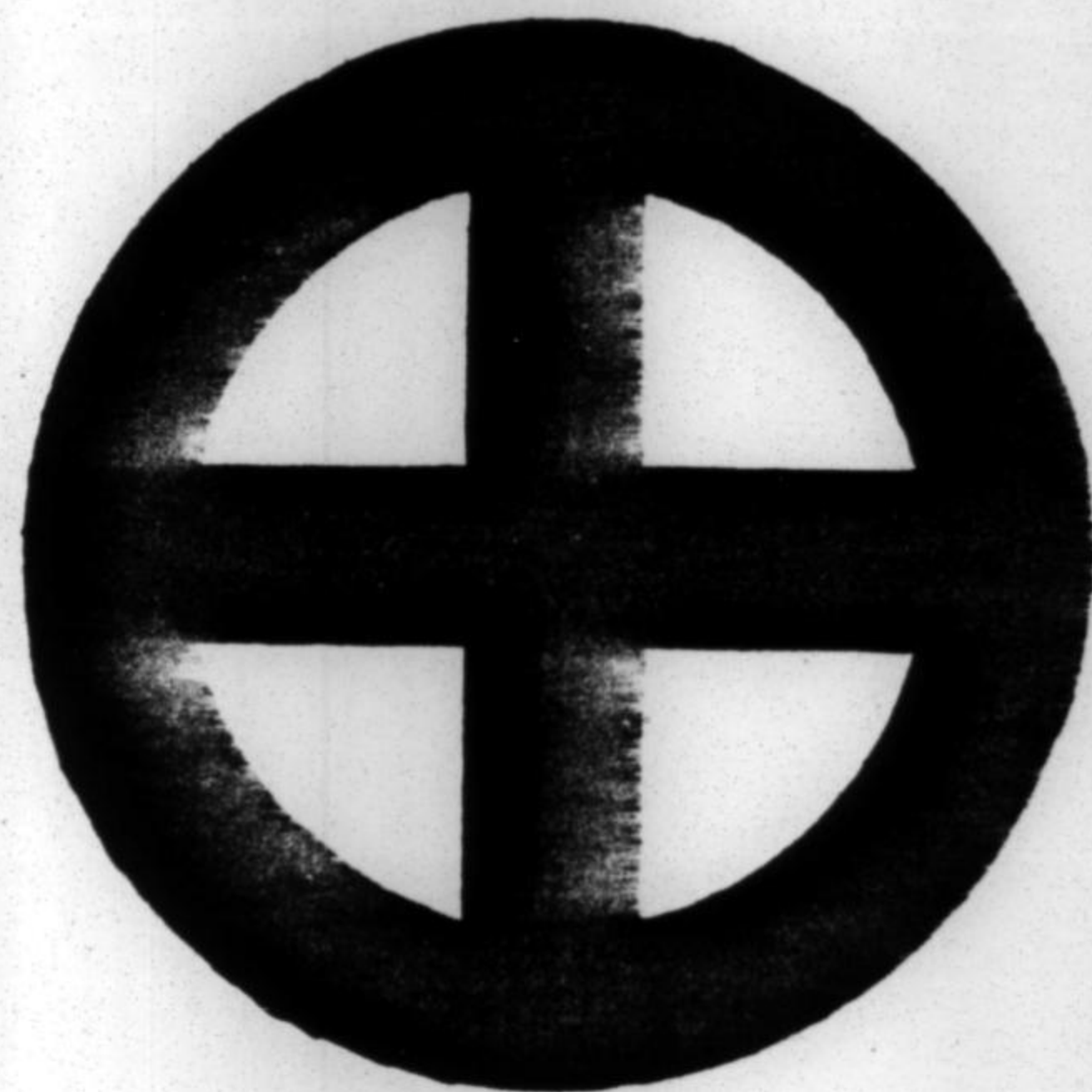
The sign of the hammer is used as an integral part of some rituals of Ásatrú, especially those connected with Þórr. It is also used as a general sign of blessing. In short, its use is quite similar to the Catholic's use of the sign of the cross. Even the appearance of the two is similar. In blessing food or some particular item the right hand is made into a fist and the sign is made in a horizontal plane over the object. First the fist is moved away from the body, then back toward the body, then right and left. The crossward movement is made relatively near the body; that is the head of the hammer is near the body with the handle pointing away from the person signing the hammer. Thus a degree of phallic symbolism-in total keeping with the aspect of power typical of Þórr and his hammer-is integrated into the movement.

When used in ritual or in self blessing, the sign of the hammer is made vertically on the body, in the manner of the Christian sign of the cross. It differs, however, in that the fist is clenched, forming a hammer within a hammer, and the head of the hammer is pointing downward.

Here a Norse woman hammers herself.

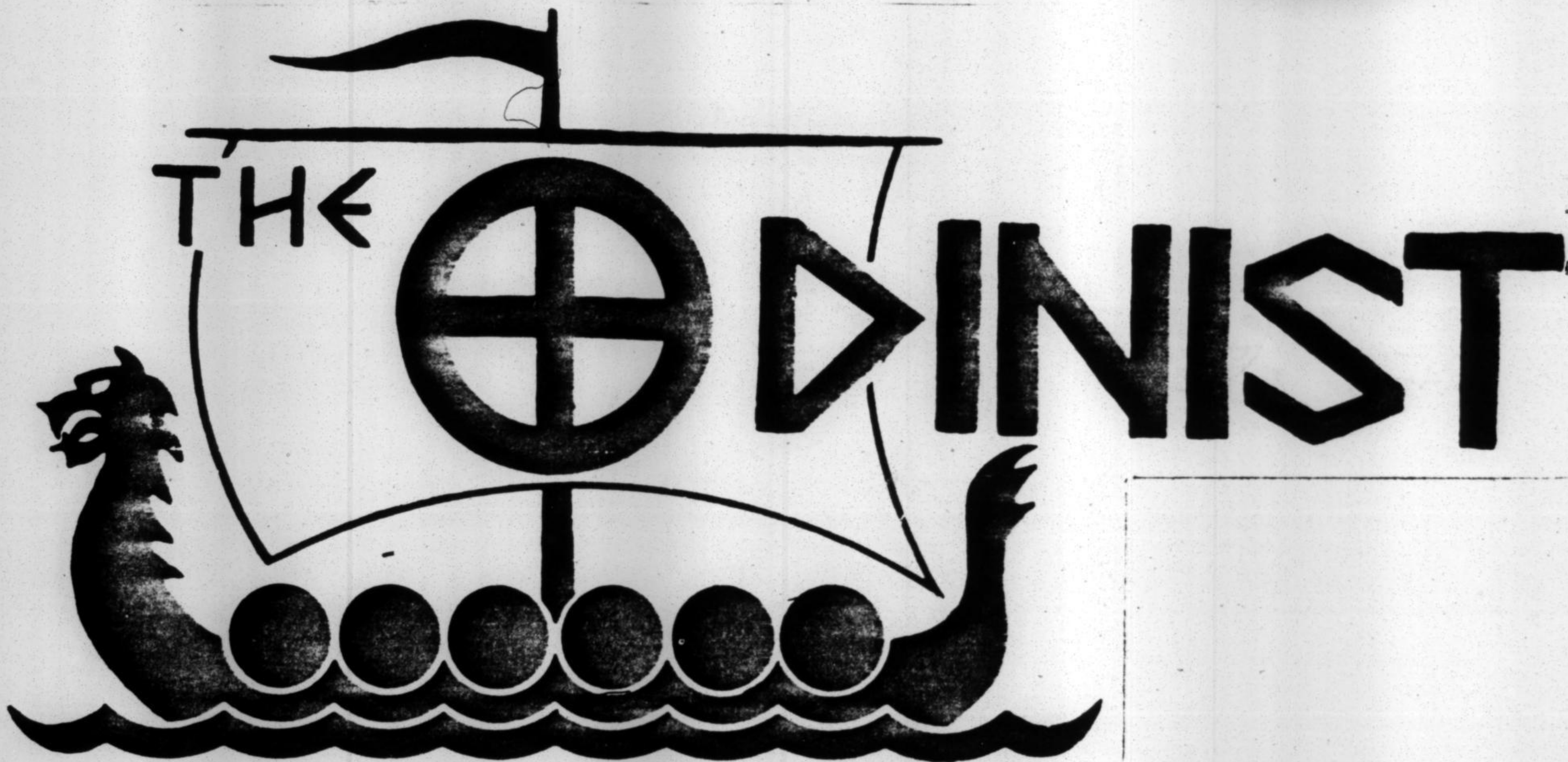


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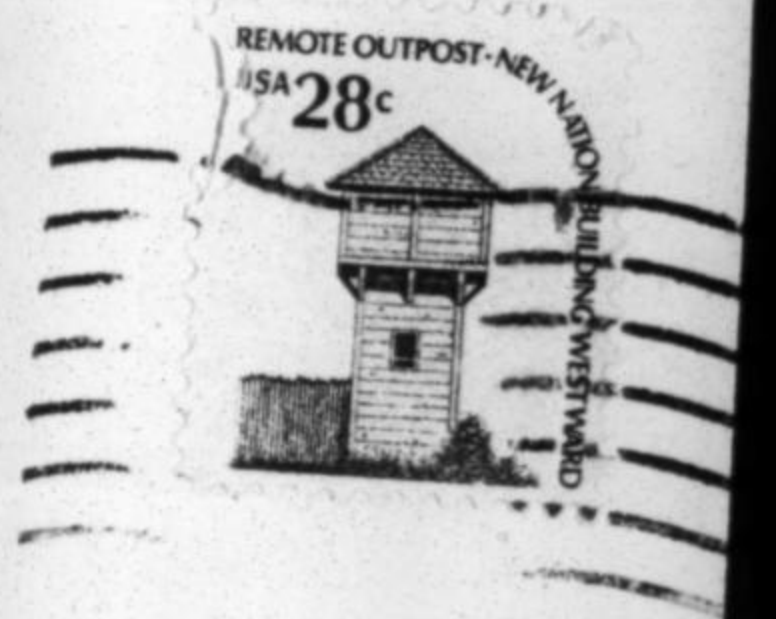
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Short comments added.

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