



International Asatru Summercamp 2009

Saturday July 25th - Saturday August 1st 2009 - After the Camp

IASC HERALD #2



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Photos on front page: Top: Helena Valorinta - Bottom: Frigga Asraaf



Sitting here once again at the computer this evening after the camp, I am trying to gather the thoughts about the passed summercamp while writing an article for Vølse, the members' magazine of Forn Sidr. It is this article I'm rewriting now. More thoughts have come up, and some things are not necessary to write, since you were there! So a slight modification is necessary, apart from the translation to English.



Photo by Tim Peters

Snapshots from this year's international summer camp

Text and photos by Helena Valorinta, the Danish workgroup

After three years of work, the summer camp is over, and the baton passed on. The Germans and Dutch are teaming up to create the working group to get IASC 2012 to work in practical terms. Eight of the organizations are behind it. The Danish work group was formed with the sole purpose to create the camp in 2009 in Denmark and what the Danish future looks like, is to yet be seen. But a letter from Forn Sidr's Board caused great joy among all organizations, including the Danish Work Group. It was Forn Sidr's new foreign minister Danny Johansen who at the EU meeting on Sunday read the letter. Forn Sidr's Board wished us all good luck

with this year's camp, and was looking forward to future cooperation. This letter was very warmly received. It would be great if Forn Sidr once again could represent Denmark in this context. And then again, maybe some of the other groups in Denmark would like to participate as well. The Danish workgroup was indeed a joint venture, with people from different organisations. And if countries like Germany and Holland can be represented by more than one group, why not Denmark as well? As I said, the future is yet to be seen.

This year's camp was a fantastic success. 150 participants, includ-

ing children from 10 different countries. Iceland and Asatruarfelagid was represented by Óttar Ottosson, former chairman of Forn Sidr. In fact the chairman who has served the longest. Three Frenchmen were present and several participants from the United States also. I counted five, including Bil Lindsey, who some Danes knew from a seminar the Danish kinship Kindir set up some years ago. Most camp participants will remember his lively fiddle music during the week. And then, there were of course participants from the home countries of all the organising groups.

The Week's programme offered

several highlights, and here I must make a pause to mention Else Julie. There were a lot of people wanting to share their knowledge with the participants of the camp. Ideas kept coming in, but the one who put all of this together in one workable programme, was Else Julie. She did the work of a giant. You saw the programme, all of these things came in one by one and had to be fitted into the existing programme to make it better than it was before. This was all made on Else Julie's little Mac by her self. Think about it.

Others deserve to be mentioned as well. Odd and Jørgen taking care of the bar, their work was

appreciated, I know for sure. Ole, taking care of our finances, being the foundation of it all. Danny creating the tent camp, with street names and special areas. And others as well. Participants taking care of their cleaning tasks. This was amazing. People reporting for duty, carrying out their work as if the camp itself depended on it. And you know what? The camp did depend on exactly this: everybody doing their part as well as it possibly could be done. This caused the excellence of the camp. The clean toilets. The food being served in spite of it all. No litter or bottles lying around, swept floors. Beautiful.

But returning to the programme, it included an entire day with sejdr, led by Annette Høst from Denmark and Sylvia Hild from Sweden. The two go back a long way, Sylvia was actually present at the first meeting with sejdr Annette had in Sweden over 20 years ago. Rosemary tells about this day in her article.

Mathias Nordvig offered a lecture about Norse Edda and source literature, and the discussion afterwards was about how modern heathens can use the material in every day life and what you should be aware of. You can read more about that in Martin Domeij's article. There was also smiths work for children, led by Bendt Dahlin from Aarhus, while the adults were guided in the forging art by Peter from Eldaringen in Germany. But Bendt also had another task while at the camp. Diego tells more about this. Haimo Grebenstein talked about German heathenry today and here the participants got a bit of a scare. The lecture took place in the big tent out in the grass field and the wind was not in its mild mood. When the lecture and the ending discussion were over, and the last participants had left of the tent, the wind took over; the centre pole went through the top of the tent, and the whole tent was blown to the ground. As I heard it, people agreed it was a well mannered wind, waiting until everyone had left the tent. Other tents were broken too, but nobody was hurt.

There was power song and fun song. A lecture about Vikings going east, By Hans Østergaard, prechristian art, by Teresa Østergaard from Aros art museum, asatru and ecology (the only lecture I managed to participate in, apart



from the storytelling and the movie *The Wicker Man*), bronze casting, and jaw harp workshop and not to be forgotten the tournaments. Finnish Mariatta from Het Rad in Holland, and her partner Hans, also deserve mentioning, with their two guitars playing all from Finnish tango to Karelian songs. Great background music for conversations among people who were assembled in front of the house and not participating in any activities. And someone had brought a cub game which was extensively used on the grass outside the camp house. "House" for it can hardly be called a cabin or a hut anymore when it reaches this size. The capacity was 96 beds, with porcelain for 130 people.

And then there obviously was the storytellers. Danish Abelone told tales in Danish at the camp fire and Aswulf from the Netherlands, who among many other languages also speak Danish and English, translated to English as Abelone told the story. It was two stories in one, for those who understand both languages. An unforgettable experience.

And the media was there too. We had sent out a press release, and both Djursland Posten, Aarhus Stiftstidende, Kristeligt dagblad

and tv2 Østjylland told about the camp. However, it seemed to surprise the two TV 2 journalists that it was an international camp. They would like to speak with a local (very local) participant. Unfortunately none of these wanted to talk to the TV, so they had to be content with a participant from the eastern part of Denmark; Sjælland. This did not fit their plans, so they chose to film the lectures instead. Solvej Vikkelsø was just about to start telling about the work behind Forn Sidr's cemetery in Odense, a topic of great interest to other organizations. But to their great regret the journalists discovered Solvej would give her lecture in English. They would like to have it in Danish but Solvej said since it was an international camp the camp language was of course English.

Martin's more practical workshop, create your own rune stick, which were made simultaneously as Solvej lectures were also in English. The Camp did indeed buzz with different languages, but as soon as you talked with others than your own kin the language was English. Except with all the German children, there was no mercy here. The rusty old school German had to be brushed off and used. How else would we un-

derstand each other?

However, the TV journalists did manage to get a reasonable feature out of it, all 45 seconds.

As I have told in an other article we actually managed to sneak away into the mountains of Mols (that is how it is called!) and have a small private "knæsætning" (name giving and obtaining in the family) of Alva, our little baby. A small intimate ritual where Alva Solrun joined our family and got her name. It was wonderful.

But for me the greatest moment of the actual IASC, was the ending blót. I won't say that much about it, Michiel and Martin have both written great articles about it. But the free moment in the middle of the blot, where everybody could enter the centre of the circle and do whatever they needed to do, sing, speak, pray do some offering. This moment was magic. To hear the voices of people, listen to the wind accompanying the words. Looking at the fire, the runes on the ground and the faces of the people. Magic.

The evening was mild, this last evening in July. We went in to eat together. To drink, to sing and laugh, and eventually wake up to the very last day. Packing and cleaning. And leaving again, after having returned the key to the cabin owners.

We were so lucky as to have the camp prolonged with yet another day. We have both the house and the garden full of guests. Dutch and Germans going back home in the next day We had a barbeque in the garden and then people went to bed, or in the mead, sitting around the fire in the garden.

In the summer of 2012 we will all meet again, most likely in northern Germany, since the Germans and the Dutch are going for a joint venture for the next workgroup. It has to be approved by their Alltings ofcourse, but the odds look good. I heard rumours about others wanting to take on the camp in 2015. It looks as if the future is being created.

So please, keep the summer 2012, and 2015..., unbooked until we have the precise dates – let's make sure we are able to see each other at these camps.



The power of conversation – the way to make history

Text by Martin P. Hansen, The Danish Workgroup

The camp was opened with an official speech by Martin from the Danish Workgroup, followed by a blot by Het Rad from Holland. This is the speech Martin made.

Photo by Frigga Asraaf



Standing here today and seeing all of you gathered here makes me both very humble and very proud at the same time. Therefore I am very honoured to stand here in front of you and give this opening speech.

This is the first time in modern time an international gathering for asatruar on this scale is taking place. We have 150 people from 10 different countries present. The creation of this camp has indeed been a journey of its own. A journey that has taken the people working with this project up and down during the almost three years it has taken to get to this point: Today, now the camp unfolds before our eyes.

Everything that has been accomplished in relation to this camp, in the asatru environment and probably everything that will be accomplished in the future will rest on conversation between people. The conversation of the camp has included 9 organisations, it has spread beyond that and is continuing to spread in this moment as well. It is our hope that it will spread even further, beyond our horizon and even beyond ourselves.

Conversation has a power that reaches out in every area of your life. It makes your relations to other people come into reality through the words that are spoken into the context that defines your view of reality. The power of conversation brings forth ideas into the world and gives them a possibility to be in an expanding conversation that can grow and acquire a life of its own.

The power of conversation has brought forth the relationship

that we have in our own organisations – indeed if there had been no conversation our organisations would not even exist. The power of conversation and the will to be committed to this power has brought us to where we are today:

Today we stand at the threshold of doing something that no-one has ever done before. We are present at the first international asatru summer camp. In other words we are about to write a piece of history and this has only been accomplished by our will to have the conversations that were and are necessary to get things moving.

A good conversation can bring forth things that seem like miracles. Bad conversations can terminate good friendships.

It is of course always most joyful to have talks when the mood is good, the attitude positive and there is a general agreement on the subject. It is a good and inspiring experience.

The unpleasant conversation occurs when misunderstandings, disagreements and bad behaviour is dominating the picture. None the less it is perhaps even more important to talk when the unpleasant situation arises. Because if the situation is left on its own it will surely promote lack of confidence that can turn into distrust and distrust is poison for the mind. We would like to have a conversation that brings forth the best in its participants and that promotes growth and mutual benefit for the participants.

Therefore we will invite all of you to participate in the conversation that can go beyond where we have gone before. A conversation where we keep the focus on how we together can create a pleasant

IASC 2009 and to make it the best experience for those who participate in it.

We would thank you for being here and contributing to this event and we hope that it will give you inspiration that will last much longer than the actual camp itself.

The last thing I would like to do is to ask the people from the different workgroups to come forth: From Het Rad, Eldaring, VfGH, Bifrost, SAs, GFS, KoY, Negen Werelden and the DW.

These are the people behind the camp, these are the people you should thank for this great event.

Code of conduct

We did put up some rules to follow and people followed them. We had a council, who never had to gather in order to settle any wrongmakings. There were some practical stuff to be taken care of, and the council gathered to find out how to solve this. So the council was needed, but never for worst case scenario. That was so great.

The council members were:
SAs: Henrik Hallgren with Markus Skogsberg as second
VfGH: Haimo Grebenstein with Martin Kubiczek as second
D9W: Alexander Ter Haar with John Aswulf as second
Bifrost: Silje Juvet with May Britt

Bjørlo Henriksen as second
DW: Martin P. Hansen with Mathias Nordvig as second
Et Rad. Frigga Asraf with Michiel de Niejs
Eldaring: Tim Peters with Isabel Jauss as second
KoY: Andre Henriques
GFS: Diego J.G. Zeliz with Miguel Sanches as second

Kith of Ygggdrasil was in the special situation of not having anyone from their board present, so Andre took on the job of being the voice and ears of KoY, but didn't vote.

The Editorial group of IASC Herald #2

- **Helena**, Denmark - magazine-coordinator and translating Hrunger from Danish to English.
- **Markus**, Sweden - ideas and interviews.
- **May-Britt**, Norway - ideas and interviews.
- **Frigga**, Netherlands - ideas and photos.
- **Tim**, Germany - translation of

- Hrunger from Danish to German and photos.
- **Rachèl**, Netherlands - translation of Hrunger from English to Dutch.
- **Pippi**, Denmark - illustrations for the children's pages.
- **Lynn**, UK - proofreading.
- **Mitzie**, Denmark - layout.

So the camp 2009 is over. But what happened during those eight days in July in 2009, what did we do? Well the easiest and simplest way to tell is to show the programme the way it ended up looking.

The final programme

Saturday

Arriving, setting up the camp.

Sunday

7.30 - 8.30 Breakfast

12.00 - 13.00 Lunch

13.30 Official opening, Practical informations and opening speech by Martin P. Hansen

14.30 - Opening Blót by Het Rad & co.

15.45 - 16.00 Coffe, tea and fruit

18.30 - 20.00 Supper

Monday

7.30 - 8.30 Breakfast

9.00 Common powersong by Het Rad

10.00 - 11.30 The Vikings going east. Lecture by Hans Østergaard Denmark

10.00 - 11.30 Meeting the land Wights. Lecture by Michiel De Nijs, HR

12.00 - 13.00 Lunch

13.00 - 14.30 The Eddas Lecture by Mathias Nordvig, DW (University of Århus)

13.00 - 14.30 Ecology and Asatru Lecture by Henrik Hallgren, SAs

13.00 - 14.30 Selfdefence workshop for children, der Eldaring

15.00 - 15.45 Coffe, tea and fruit

18.30 - 20.00 Supper

21.00 Movie: Valhalla (Cartoon) shown by Else Julie Nordvig and Peter Warholm

Tuesday

7.30 - 8.30 Breakfast

10.00 - 11.30 Sejdr Lecture by Annette Høst Denmark and Sylvia Hild SAs

10.00 - 11.30 Bronze casting Workshop by Peter Warholm (continued outside the programme throughout the week)

10.00 - 11.30 Smiths work. Workshop for children by Bendt Dahlin, Denmark

12.00 - 13.00 Lunch

13.00 - 17.00 Sejdr. Workshop by Annette Høst Denmark and Sylvia Hild, SAs

13.30 - 16.30 Blot Practice. Intro and Workshop by VfGH

15.00 - 15.45 Coffe, tea and fruit

18.30 - 20.00 Supper

20.30 - Storytelling by Madame Green and Aswulf

Wednesday

7.30 - 8.30 Breakfast

10.00 - 11.30 Cursing and brag-

ging. Workshop (a joint venture happening)

10.00 - 11.30 Smiths work. Workshop by Peter Brödlau, der Eldaring

10.00 - 11.30 Smiths work. Workshop for children by Bendt Dahlin, Denmark

12.00 - 13.00 Lunch

13.00 - 14.30 Jaw-harp. Workshop by Christine Fentz, Denmark

13.30 - 17.00 Ancestor Constellations. Lecture by Het Rad

13.30 - 14.30 Baking Salt-dough runes (and others). Workshop for children by Jens von Drahten & co., der Eldaring

15.00 - 15.45 Coffe, tea and fruit

15.45 - 17.00 Painting and drawing. Workshop by Diego J.G. Zeliz, GFS

18.30 - 20.00 Supper

20.00 - 21.00 Singing with the seidhmoters. Workshop by Het Rad

21.00 - Movie: the Wiccar man. Old and new version. Shown by Peter Warholm

Thursday

(The birthday of Hans from Het Rad)

7.30-8.30 Breakfast

9.00 - 11.30 Traditional games.

Games for children by GFS

10.00 - 11.30 Creating a burial place. Lecture by Solvej Vikkelsø, Denmark (Forn Sidr)

10.00 - 11.30 Carving runes. Workshop by Martin P. Hansen, DW

12.00 - 13.00 Lunch

13.30 - 14.30 Meadival Art Lecture by Teresa Østergaard, Denmark (Aros Art Museum)

13.30 - 14.30 German heathenry in modern times Lecture by Haimo Grebenstein, VfGH

15.00 - 15.45 Coffe, tea and fruit

18.00 (including dinner) Thors Hallow by UrNaud, SAs

18.30 - 20.00 Supper

20.30 Storytelling by Madame Grøn (in Danish only)

21.30 Game warewolf (a joint venture happening)

Friday

(The birthday of Else Julie from the Danish Workgroup)

7.30 - 8.30 Breakfast

9.30 - 11.00 The myth of Freja (and the history of her cult) Lecture. France

9.30 - 11.30 Painting and tales Workshop for children by Diego J.G. Zeliz, GFS

12.00 - 13.00 Lunch

15.00 - 15.45 Coffe, tea and fruit

15.45 - Horserace/ tournaments Game by Het Rad

17.30 Practical stuff and ending speech by Haimo Grebenstein and Martin P.Hansen

Ending Blót conducted by Martin P.Hansen, Silje Juvet, Markus Skogsberg, Andre Henrices, Michiel de Nijs, Alexander der Haar, Haimo Grebenstein, Diego J.G. Zeliz and Isabel Jauss

18.30 - 20.00 Supper

21.00 Storytelling by Madame Green and Aswulf

Party

Saturday

7.30 - 8.30 Breakfast

Cleaning, packing saying goodbye, exchanging contact informations and facebook profiles

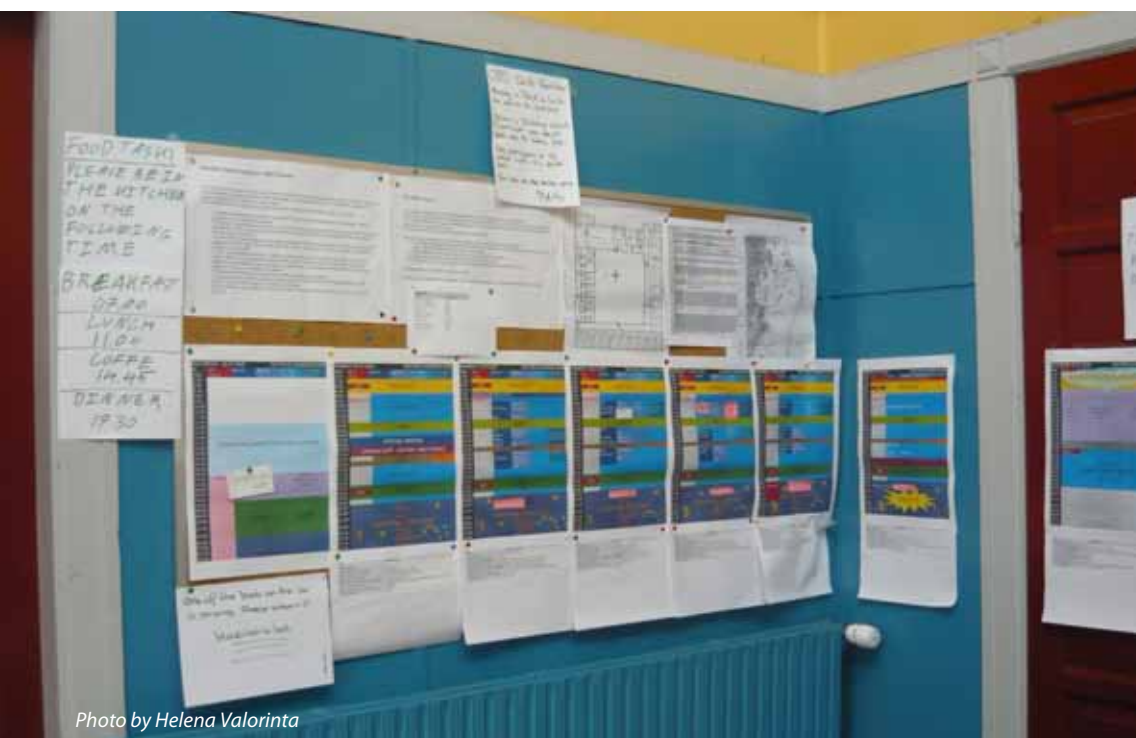


Photo by Helena Valorinta

This paper was originally forwarded 2006 at the conference "Spirituality beyond religions" in Jaipur, India. The conference was arranged by the "World Council of Elders of Ancient Traditions and Cultures" and gathered 300 representatives from 42 countries. At the conference Henrik Hallgren represented the Old Norse tradition – called "Forn sed" or "Asatru". He is chairman of the board for "Sveriges Asatrosamfund" (The Swedish Asatru Society). Read more at www.asatrosamfundet.se

Ecological spirituality and Forn Sed

By Henrik Hallgren, Sveriges Asatrosamfund

Is the environmental destruction we see today in some way connected to spirituality, or rather the loss of spirituality? Many of us who participate in this conference may believe so. But the governments of the world, not at least in the western world, often see ecological problems merely as technical questions. The only thing we need to solve it, they say, is a more effective technology. But it is an illusion to think that we can solve all the problems just with new technology even if that, of course, is a part of the solution. Instead I believe that the ecological crisis is a matter of ethics, worldviews and spirituality.

I come from Sweden in northern Europe, a part of the world that is very rich when it comes to money and material wealth. But the way we live is totally unsustainable if we want to create a just and fair world. If all the peoples in the world wish to live with the same grade of consumption as the Swedes, then we would need 3-4 extra planets. The industrial culture has destroyed the earth and nature as no other culture has done before. In the worldview of industrialism, nature is just a resource to be exploited for satisfying the ever-expanding desires of humans. (Or rather: The white, male humans).

Before industrialism nature had, in the old folk traditions in Sweden, been seen as being populated with different kinds of spirits and forces. The peasants had a daily interaction with the spiritual rulers of nature. With the coming of industrialism, the world got dis-enchanted. The magic of life disappeared. The universe was now seen as nothing more than

a gigantic soulless machine that kept on going in accordance with mathematical, mechanical laws. But we humans have spiritual needs. We can't live in a mechanical and meaningless world. So when the sacred cosmos was gone, the industrial society tried to find new ways to satisfy the spiritual needs of the people. After the Second World War the market analyser Victor Lebow sent out a message to the American people. He said:

"Our enormously productive economy ... demands that we make consumption our way of life, that we connect the buying and use of goods into rituals, that we seek our spiritual satisfaction in consumption...we need things consumed, burned up, worn out, replaced, and discarded at an ever increasing rate."

We can see from this message that the people in the industrialized societies were supposed to find their spiritual satisfaction in an ever-increasing consumption. Consumerism was a substitute for the loss of meaning in a disenchanted world. Instead of the magic and sacredness of nature, the consumption itself got an almost magical shimmer. Consumerism means that you are turning the world into an object for consumption. Everything can be turned to objects for consumption: All the beings in nature, other humans, sex, knowledge, cultural heritage and so on. To have becomes more important than to be, as the psychologist Eric Fromm once said. In consumerism it is the "new product" that owns the magic. It is the last product for consumption that will turn us to whole and happy beings. We are supposed to feel freedom

when we chose between different products to consume.

But can consumerism really gives us true freedom and satisfy our spiritual needs? I don't think so. Many studies have shown that after we have satisfied our basic needs, consumption doesn't lead us to more happiness. On the contrary - it seems to be the case that consumption makes us unhappy, dissatisfied and restless. Consumerism demands us to always have a desire for more, that we will never be happy and satisfied with what we are and what we have. Consumerism is a way to hide and run away from our deepest existential needs.

So if consumerism and the ecological crisis is in fact about our denied spiritual needs, can the solution then be more spirituality and more religion? Well, I think we



Photo by Frigga Asraaf



Photo by Tim Peters

have to answer both yes and no to that question. Spirituality *can* be an important part of the solution, but it demands that it is what we with a modern terminology could call a *ecological spirituality*. Some religions (or parts of religions) have a directly hostile relationship to nature. They have created a dualism between spirituality and the living earth. The humans are then often perceived as standing between the high, pure, disembodied spiritual world and the low, impure and carnal nature/body-world. In this kind of religion nature is just seen as a hindrance for the humans to reach the desired spiritual state.

If spirituality is to be a part of the solution then, I argue, it has to be an ecological type of spirituality. As I understand it, this kind of spirituality has three main features:

- 1) It is a spirituality that sees the earth and nature as sacred and all living beings as worthy of consideration and respect.
- 2) It is a spirituality where human beings are not seen as separated from nature or as the master of nature but as a part of the ecological whole.
- 3) It is a spirituality where nature is not seen as a hindrance for a spiritual life, but instead as a source of spiritual faith, power, wisdom and guidance.

I represent a Scandinavian tradition that is called Asatru or Forn Sed. Forn Sed has its roots in the old pre-Christian polytheistic religions, and I think that even if our ancestors from this tradition never heard of the word ecology, they genuinely practised a kind of ecological religion, like so

many other ethnic religions from the past and from different parts of the world. I will give you some examples of why I see Forn Sed as an ecological religion.

One of the most central symbols in our tradition is the world-tree, called Yggdrasil. Instead of the mechanical perspective of industrialism where the universe is seen as a machine, Seden gives us a view of cosmos as a tree - living and growing. The tree of the worlds. The tree of life. It gives us a symbol of how everything is connected.

An interesting thing is that this picture not only corresponds to the science of ecology but also with some new findings in the so called "new physics". It presents the universe as a dynamic, interconnected whole. In Forn Sed we recognize that the power of the Gods is the power of nature. Humans, animals and Gods constitute a whole.

The creation myth tells us that humans were created out of two trees. Trees are holy beings and our origin. The landscape where we live is no empty space. It is inhabited with different kind of spirits. Our ancestors live in the burial mounds and in the sacred hills in the landscape that surrounds us, and by showing respect for the landscape we also show respect for our ancestors. All this leads to a understanding of the world where there is no opposition or any sharp borders between the Gods, the humans and nature.

Within the science of ecology the scientists sometimes talk about ecosystems as the womb of life. The ecosystem is the base and the root of all life. They are the life-sustaining and regenerating ca-

capacity in the natural systems that all life depends on. To recreate and regenerate life is something that we again and again find in the old myths as a characteristic of the Gods. The Gods are the re-newers of life. Their power works in and through the ecosystems.

In one of our stories the God Thor visit a human family and he slaughters one of the goats that draws his thunder-wagon, and cooks it for a meal. Everyone in the family is allowed to eat, but Thor gives the humans one important rule: Not to break the bones and eat the marrow. But the demon-god Loke wheedles one of the children in the human family to do just that: Break the bone and eat the marrow. Next day Thor gathers all the bones in the goatskin and goes out to the farmyard. He put the bones in order and swings his magical hammer Mjollnir over the bones. And with Thor's life-giving power, the goat comes back to life again. But the goat is stumbling because one of its legs is broken.

In this story we see a principle that can be attached to our dealings with the ecosystems: In the same way that Thor's goat get hurt when the boy breaks the bone and eat the marrow, so the ecosystems get hurt when we do not just live of its fruits, but impoverish them, when we "break their bones and eat their marrow". Our ancestors reverence for the Gods and the spirits of nature were manifested in different customs that showed a care for nature and its beings. Before the wood-cutter felled a tree he had to knock three times on the trunk, so that the spirits would have time to leave. And when the people went out on a hunt it was

important not to kill more animals than you needed for food. Otherwise the female spirit of the woods that ruled over the wild animals would be angry.

This kind of ecological thinking is in no way unique for Scandinavian traditions. I think most ethnic religions can give examples of these sorts of customs and worldviews. It is, indeed, an aspect of spirituality that reaches beyond the religions. But what about the meeting between these ancient traditions and modern science? I have already mentioned that the new findings in science in some ways correspond to the old religious worldviews. The mechanical science that originated in the seventeenth century had as its goal the control and manipulation of nature. A new science may have a quite different goal: It can join with the religions and the arts in opening up our wonder and reverence for the world we live in. But I don't think this new science will make these old spiritual worldviews unnecessary. Natural science, even if it has a holistic viewpoint, is often abstract and uses a limited scientific language. Traditional knowledge is, on the contrary, a more place-based, imaginative and poetic kind of knowledge. To be able to protect nature and life on earth we will need, I think, not only or even primarily more statistics and abstract models. Instead we need more of a knowledge that talks to our hearts as well as our brains. Forn Sed and other ethnic traditions represent that kind of knowledge. It is knowledge, or rather a wisdom, that has been worked out by our ancestors for thousands of years in a spiritual interaction with their land.

Seeking truth in myths, creating myths to find truth

By Martin Domeij, Sveriges Asatrosamfund

Sooner or later any heathen walking the winding paths of the Germanic gods must face the Eddas. We must all relate to them somehow and decide for ourselves what they are to us, what they say to us, and what we are to do with them.

At the IASC we had a guide on this venture. His name is Mathias Norvig. His knowledge of the Eddas stems from his studies at Aarhus University, and he seems to know his field well. He took us on a journey through Old Icelandic literature as we know it, and gave us a literary, historical, and religious studies background to the literary sources of our religion, our gods. He showed us what different sources and versions exist. He also gave an overview of what can be found in them, how they are organized and the possible reasons to why they look like they do.

But the journey did not end there. Mathias seems to know perfectly well where his role as a researcher ends and where that of a religious human being begins. Standing on a firm foundation of science regarding the Eddas, he took us on a different journey: that of finding religious inspiration and knowledge in eight hundred year old texts.

This is where it gets tricky – for any heathen. Should we view these texts as somehow sacred, the words of the gods, as it were, or should we reject them completely as the ravings of some 13th century Christian Icelanders, who knew perfectly well that “*Almáttigr guð skapaði í uphafi himin ok jörð ok alla pá hluti, er þeim fylgja*” (“Almighty god created in the beginning heaven and earth and everything in it”)? Or should we see them “only” as examples of what our forebears believed, or at least told stories about?

I write examples, for this touches on an important point: The Eddas are not a complete set of all pre-Christian Germanic mythology. They are not even a complete set of all pre-Christian Scandinavian or Icelandic mythology. They are tiny fragments that seem to have survived the advent of the new religion by sheer luck, possibly because even the Christians had to recognize their high literary and poetic level. This is important. They do not, by any means, form a foundation of a complete



Photo by Michaela Honkova

belief system, or give us all the answers, or anything else scriptures of any other religion may claim to do. Written by Christians, they are not even intended as religious texts, in the strictest sense, as the Bible and the Qur'an are. They are, however, historical documents, depicting what the forebears of even those who wrote them down believed, or at least told stories about.

The next important point to be made has to do with what in fact a myth is. Is it a verbatim account of how the gods spent their days way back in the beginning of time? The group of people listening to Mathias seemed, once a discussion started at the end of the talk, in agreement: A myth is a story from which we are to learn something, often regarding the nature of the gods or of the world. The question is never whether the actual story is true or not, but rather if what can be learned from it is true, or, indeed, useful to us. Therefore it is perfectly fine if there exist two versions of a myth, in the Eddas or in other sources. They are not to be interpreted literally, so it does not matter if they contradict each other.

The discussion then raised another interesting point: Is it “kosher”, then, to paraphrase a different religion, to create new myths? To place the gods in new situations and have them react to them, thus showing their nature in dif-

ferent settings? This has indeed already happened, someone informed us. There are books out there that do this, some written in the traditional Edda metres, some in prose. How do we view this, as religious beings, as heathens? Are we to stand fundamentalistic and protect the “True Eddas”, or can this be allowed? The crowd seemed overwhelmingly in agreement: It is perfectly fine to create new myths. In fact, it might be the whole point: To explain the nature of the gods we may have to put them in new and different situations to get the point across to future generations. This is in all probability what has happened already, as the oral traditions preceding the written Eddas must reasonably have differed over the Germanic cultural area, even getting expanded when told by different storytellers. In short: Do create new myths and tell them to anyone who will listen.

Mathias has an advantage over us regarding the Eddas. He is a scholar. He is able to read the Eddas and compare them to other works, religious or otherwise, in a way that most of us are unable to do. Scientifically. As heathens and religious beings, however, we are all in the same boat and share one common interest: To understand the gods. We can do this by reading the myths of our forebears, albeit sieved through the Christians writing the Eddas. And by creating new myths for our children and their children.

Something old, something new

By Markus Skogsberg, Sveriges Asatrosamfund

There are two threads that weave the fabric of our modern Heathenry; whether the modern and ancient threads are warp and weft, respectively, or vice versa, I cannot say, and both are equally necessary for the fabric. Our gods are ancient - or maybe I should say beyond time - but we cannot (nor do we wish to, I presume?) change the fact that we live in modern times.

Many of us have found Heathenry through Viking re-enactment and such, and thus have a particular fondness for ancient handicrafts and clothes. We do brew mead, a beverage that at least in Sweden has been more or less forgotten for a few hundred years, for religious reasons, and thus engage in what could possibly be considered re-enactment out of religious necessity. But what else is necessary?

I believe it was Steven Flowers (aka Edred Thorsson) that said: "We're not the freking SCA" (religious pun indeed intended for those who partook in the cursing and bragging workshop), but sometimes I must wonder. Many of us do dress in Viking-style clothes at ritual occasions, and when making statues of the gods, we do indeed tend towards minimalist style reminiscent of figure stones from Gotland.

Herein lies a danger - to constantly look back to a Golden Age when things, it seems, were so much better. It's like the old joke. Q: "How many Pagans does it take to change a light bulb?" A: "None.

One of the first sights that met me, as I took my first curious stroll around the IASC camp grounds at Bogensleiren on Saturday the 25th of July, was a Norwegian woman spinning with a spindle, weighted with a whorl made out of a CD. That grossly anachronistic vision is, in my mind, a very apt symbol for the entire religion of Asatru (a religion whose name is even an anachronism in itself).

Photo by Silje Juvet



They sit around in the dark complaining that 'light bulbs never went out before those damned Christians came along'."

By this I don't actually mean that we should quit using the imagery of the Viking age, indeed we cannot and remain Heathen. We talk of the gods that were worshipped by people whose everyday life included spindles and distaffs, tunics and cloaks, horns and mead. All this is very good indeed, it is poetic imagery that speaks to our minds in powerful ways. As long as we remember that our everyday life also includes computers and CDs. As a friend of mine is fond of saying: "We can't remain a museum if we wish to remain a living religion."

Well, sometimes our everyday objects work counterproductively. Just as the horn enhances the feeling of a blót and speaks evocatively to our minds, a flashlight to light up the circle would probably feel very wrong to most Heathens, especially when a fire does the trick so much better. Sometimes the modern objects highlight the alienation from the natural world that brought many of us into this religion. A polystyrene cup of coca cola just isn't as good as a horn with hand carved runes containing a well-made mead flavoured with elderflowers, when you want to talk to the gods.

These replicas of ancient objects don't only help us get into the frame of mind in which we can talk to the gods, they also help us

build our sense of identity. Dressing in tunics is perhaps not something we do in our everyday lives, but among Heathen men, beards are far more common than among the rest of the population in Western Europe, because it's felt that it is a heathen "look". From what we know, beards do seem to have been a distinguishing mark between Heathens and Christians in pre-Christian times. I work part time as a "Multi-religious guide", meaning I'm supposed to know a little more about world religions than most people. It also means that I get to meet people from a lot of different religions and talk to them about religion and religious things. Few religious things are as important as clothes and food, because they're part of everyday life. And it's something that shows who you are.

What is a heathen style in clothes today? While band t-shirts are stylish enough in their own way, it lacks a certain something as the Heathen dress code par excellence.

I'm guessing that going around town in Viking age dress is not going to save us any ridicule, but what could we get away with? A knee length tunic - sort of a cross between Viking age smock and a modern shirt or blouse - suitable for everyday wear for both sexes? And of course a more formal one, for blóts and other ritual occasions. Come to think of it, I think I'll have to get a couple of those...



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Seidr workshop IASC 2009

By Rosemary Twyla Smith, the Kith of Yggdrasil

The Tuesday at IASC 2009 was anticipated by many as 'Seidr-day.' In the morning, Annette Host and Sylvia Hild, both experienced practitioners and pioneers within modern seidr, were to give a talk followed by a community seidr in the afternoon.

The list of those who wished to take part had been growing longer and longer in the preceding days, so that when Tuesday came the biggest rooms had to be used for the talk and workshop, and even then we were tightly packed; proof of the Heathen community's appetite to learn more about seidr and to deepen our connection with it.

For me, both the seidr workshop and the summer-camp as a whole represented a timely opportunity to re-focus on my spiritual path. I have been on the shamanic path since 2006, but really, my heart lies with seidr. In 2007, I did a workshop on seidr in Asbacka, Sweden, with Annette. Since then, I have been doing a two-year shamanic training course which was pretty much core shamanic but with strong Mayan/Incan elements. This, whilst also training to be an astrologer, practicing as a Heathen and working in my day-job! I was working one day with my staff, another day with Native American healing practices, another day studying the stars. I found that as well as the practical problems of being over-committed, the spiritual

energies of these different directions was confusing and pulled me in different directions. I was heading down the slippery slope to becoming a New-Ager. So this Spring I left the shamanic course. When I heard about the IASC via Annette's shamanic school newsletter, I felt it was a good time for another Scandinavian pilgrimage, to get my focus well and truly back on seidr.

Annette began the morning's talk with a discussion of what distinguishes seidr as a shamanic and/or magical tradition. The key ingredients are the staff and the song, as she has discussed in her article of the same name.¹ The staff has many aspects. It can represent Yggdrasil, providing a stronger connection to the tree; it may help to ground and orientate the seidr-worker. It can have an erotic dimension, emphasizing Freya's role as mistress of seidr, it may appear to shape-shift, it may function as a spirit ally. As for the song, it is this which invites the spirits to come; it carries the Seidr-worker into trance and along on his/her journey, much like the drum in other shamanic traditions. This is an area in which

Annette and Sylvia have slightly different approaches: Annette prefers to use only song in keeping with her emphasis on following the historical records we have in the eddas and sagas. Since there is no mention of drums used for seidr in these sources, she prefers to use song alone. As an audience member joked, this may be termed 'fundamentalist seidr!' Sylvia prefers to use both song and drum. Since the Nordic people had much trade and cultural exchange with the Saami, whose shamans used drums, she reasons that the use of drums may have been taken up by Nordic spirit-workers also.

To set things in context, Annette delineated three different tools of Nordic magic: seidr, galdr and the runes. She said it is best to stick to one tool for any given purpose, and to ask which tool is best for that situation. To use, for instance, a galdr song for a seidr working, is not necessary or appropriate. Each is complete in itself. She went on to say that within seidr there are two types: Divinatory seidr (or spae). This is when you look at the web of wyrd and read the threads. This seidr is used for gaining knowledge. seidr used for change or to gain power, or for healing. This type of seidr involves moving the threads of wyrd. It requires more skill, power and ethical responsibility.

Annette stressed the importance of having a clear intent/ specific task for each working. Do not mix up your intents or set out with only a vague idea of what you are doing. Also, focus on something smaller rather than larger, since that way the power is more directed; if your intent is too wide-ranging, the power is more diffuse and less effective. I found this idea interesting. Although doing a meditation for

world peace/ earth healing may be well-intentioned, perhaps the energy could be better used by making more specific changes in the right direction.

A good example of this was Sylvia's work with the Swedish network Yggdrasil. Much of the seidr they do is focused on ecology and protecting the land. Sylvia recounted a victory they had in freeing some woodland in the north of Sweden from developers with the assistance of frost-giants. The workers' pipes froze up, and the developers had to, in their own words, put the project 'on ice.' They never returned. This seidr mission had a specific intention which succeeded very effectively. Also, I think this is a very positive and far-sighted way of working: to focus on what the earth needs rather than always on what we as individuals need.

And so to our mission for the afternoon community seidr: to bring together the Asatru community as represented by the groups at the summer-camp, and to forge stronger links between us. This was endorsed whole-heartedly by the group, and seemed an obvious choice since this was also the purpose of the camp itself! There were no shortage of volunteers to do the seidr, and the four who were chosen took their places on the raised platform in the centre. They sat with their backs to each other, each person facing in a different cardinal direction. This is a technique which Sylvia and the Yggdrasil network use within their midwinter celebration. It is similar to a divinatory technique I have been taught within a Native American wheel, in which four people channel a message from each direction, to build a more complete and balanced picture for the individual querent.



Photo by Silje Juvet

When the seidr-workers were ready, we began to sing. Standing in a wide circle around them, we allowed the song to build. Soon it was in full flight, at one moment bright and soaring, at another gentle and lilting. The room was filled with many voices, layer upon layer, weaving together to bring forth the song. Annette said that even as singers, we may find we enter a light trance or see visions. Without intending to journey or see anything, I found this was the case. It demonstrated to me the power of live group singing, since usually I have to set my mind to it to enter trance, whether that is with live drumming or with a CD of shamanic singing. It makes me sad I don't have a seidr choir to work with at home!

In time, the seidr-workers each signalled the work of their mission was done. The singers 'landed' the song from its flight, and the silence in the room felt charged. This was the time, before the seidr-workers had fully returned, when as individuals we could ask our questions. One by one we went forward. Some stood in the north to ask their questions, some in the south. But each person received a reply from each direction, forming a complete answer. When I came to ask my question, I was instinctively drawn to stand in front of the seidr-worker in the south. All the replies I received were important, but it was the reply from the south that came last and that felt like the key-stone of the answer. I later realised that my question had been about what I would see as a 'fire' issue, and the south had given me a warrior-like answer befitting the direction of heat and fire. Although of course

none of this was in my mind at the time, and certainly not in the mind of the seidr-worker, which I don't think was present anyway! So it demonstrates the way the energies of the directions can in-

form and support a seidr working at a deep level.

One final point about the questions is that it was interesting how often the spirits gave replies

such as 'trust yourself,' 'believe in yourself,' and 'follow your heart.' A reminder perhaps that we have more wisdom within than we give ourselves credit for, and we actually know most of the answers to our own questions. However, our ego tries to trip us up with worries and self-doubt. Another reply that came up more than once was 'forget yourself.' Paradoxically, to forget ourselves is to free ourselves from the self-doubt and self-questioning, so that we may trust ourselves to follow where the heart leads.

It was wonderful to participate in a community seidr again. To experience the power of the singing and the magical atmosphere, and to meet so many others at the summer-camp who were passionate about seidr. It may be that the philosophy of core shamanism contains much that is true, for there are fascinating similarities between many shamanic traditions across the globe. However, the feeling of seidr, to me, has a very unique quality. Although there is much ancient knowledge that has been lost, we have a skeleton that remains within the written records. The pioneers of modern seidr, such as Sylvia and Annette, have helped to flesh out and revivify the tradition. And when we practice seidr, there are of course the Goddesses, Gods, ancestors and other spirit guides who wish to teach and guide us.



Photo by Michaela Honkova

Medic report

Hello everybody,

We had a lot of fun at the summercamp, it was great. We didn't have a lot to do, everybody was pretty healthy. But we were very happy about the fact that almost everybody wanted to have a homeopathic therapy. Unfortunately it would be too difficult to write an article about it without breaking the duty to maintain confidentiality to our patients. In other words, these few lines will have to do as the "report" from us.

Best wishes!

Annette & Achim, "the camp medics", VfGH

Dear people,

Hail to you all!!

We would like to thank all of you who worked, sometimes for years, to make this possible and the participants who maintained frith!!

We had a really fantastic and fascinating week and are looking forward to the next gathering in three years.

And we are looking forward to the second issue of the magazine!

Love Ap & Dolly
Amsterdam



Photo by Frigga Asraaf

1) "The Staff and the Song" by Annette Host can be found at www.shamanism.dk ("I Volvens Spor", a Danish article on seidr by Annette, can also be found on the website.)

Camping is really not my cup of tea and never was. Therefore I had more or less serious considerations about my participation to the last day.



Photo by Helena Valorinta

Playing on the international scene of heathens

By Óttar Ottósson, Ásatrúarfélagið

However, having registered and paid my fee and knowing that I didn't have to stay in a tent, I finally, on the second day of the Camp, undertook the long travel from Copenhagen to Djursland. More importantly, I had realized that this was a great opportunity to brush-up old acquaintances, dating back to my time in Denmark (until spring 2003), and my participation as a guest at Forn Siðr's Alting in 2006, where I got to know a bunch of nice people from Eldaring and Het Raad.

Actually a friend from my time in Forn Siðr, Ole Bang, picked me up at a bus stop near the Camp. Then I knew, this would be good - which proved to be right. Obviously, having been a member of the board of Forn Siðr for four years around the turn of the century, meeting 150 heathens unavoidably would include running into some of my old friends

and getting to know some new ones too. Having decided just to be there, having no responsibility for the whole thing, contrary to "once upon a time", hanging around was all I had on my agenda. So, having vast quantities of beer (plus mead and GaJoll!) for 8 consecutive nights, became the accompaniment of a really, really nice time, together with multinational heathens.

Unfortunately my present heathen society, Ásatrúarfélagið, was not among the organizers of the camp. Months in advance, I introduced the camp in Lögrétta, the board of Ásatrúarfélagið. The concept was received with some interest by my fellow members of the board, but that was basically it. I think I can say, that they all welcomed the idea, but the enthusiasm just wasn't sufficient to shoulder responsibility of arranging such an event. The reason

for this is somewhat obscure, but seems to be a common notion in Ásatrúarfélagið, so I can only guess. Firstly, Ásatrúarfélagið, as far as I know, is the oldest and biggest Norse heathen society in the world, established in 1972 and having approximately 1,300 members. This apparently gives a certain independency and even a feeling of self-sufficiency. Hence Ásatrúarfélagið doesn't really need to cooperate with other similar societies, as it is standing firmly by itself. This doesn't mean, though, that it doesn't want the international cooperation; not at all! Playing on the international scene of heathens just isn't high enough in the society's order of priority. There are other things Ásatrúarfélagið thus find more important to use its resources on, but I'll see what I can do about it.

I did try, though, to advocate for this camp in my society's newslet-

ter, and surprisingly there was a hit. A male member, that I didn't know at all at the time, was willing to accompany me to Jutland. Unfortunately complications arose, so as it turned out, I proved to be the only representative from Iceland at the camp. I wonder if that's the only reason for being so emphatically welcomed at the camp.

Needless to say, I enjoyed the camp very much and don't hesitate to recommend it any heathen, that can bear listening to me. I'm already looking forward to Germany 2012, because once again I got it affirmed that heathens are the best company. Hope to see you all again in three years!

And for dessert

By Rachèl and Wilco, Het Rad

IASC 2009, the first International Asatru Summercamp, sun, rain, potatoes, making new friends, catching up with old friends, great workshops, lots of singing, potatoes, horse races, ladybugs and much more.

It was a good experience and we're happy we could be a part of it. We are looking forward to IASC 2012!

(If there are going to be so many Swedes constantly invoking Frey and Freya again, we have to make sure the building has 2 person-rooms (and someone suggested complementary condoms with IASC-logo)).

Regarding the Super Supper Dessert: this recipe is a combination from different recipes found on

the web, it's not thé tiramisu recipe but one of many (a good one though). There are many variations when it comes to the ingredients of tiramisu. Coffee grounds however are not an acceptable ingredient! Never ever! Not in tiramisu or in any other dessert.

Tiramisu:

4 egg yolks, two egg whites, 100 gram powdered sugar, 500 gram mascarpone, ladyfingers (Savoirdi), cacao (cocoa), 400ml strong black coffee, 4tbs. Amaretto.:
Beat the 4 egg yolks and the sug-

ar until it's smooth and creamy. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Mix the mascarpone with the egg whites. Stir the egg yolks through the mascarpone/ egg white mixture. Mix the amaretto and the cold coffee. Dip the ladyfingers in coffee mixture, (do not soak) and arrange in glass baking dish. Spread mascarpone/egg mixture over the ladyfingers. Make layers ladyfingers/mixture, the top layer is mascarpone/egg mixture. Refrigerate for a couple of hours, sprinkle with cacao before serving.

Review on the International Asatru Summer Camp 2009

By Michiel de Nijs, Het Rad

We arrived at the camp site on Saturday, early in the afternoon. The beauty of the site wasn't that much of a surprise. We had been here a couple of years earlier, at Forn Siðr's althing. But the sight of the blue sea with Ebeltoft lying in the background was still stunning. Only a small handful of people were already there, most of them helping Danny to prepare the ground plan of the camping area. When that was done more people started to arrive. Some familiar faces, friends that we haven't seen for a long time, and some people we did not know. After a couple of 'hello's and hugs and such I took my stuff and started to put up my tent, while my companions found their room in the main building. The place I chose for my tent was next to the beach, with its entrance looking out over the sea. So I woke up every morning with the gentle sound of the surf. What a place it is!

A good start, but the rest of the camp was even better. Sunday

afternoon was the time for the opening blót. A nice ritual, in which we put up a pole with eight colourful ribbons, and which was a good warm start for the rest of the week. The pole with the ribbons floating in the wind is an image that will stay with the memories of the camp. Every time I watched it, I saw people sitting, standing or laying beside it, doing their own things.

Monday started nervous for me. I had to do my talk on the land-wights and it was the first time I ever did such a thing in English. The practical stuff went smoothly and had some nice outcomes. And all ended in an inspiring and exciting talk on wights and our personal experiences with them. The rest of the week was full with interesting workshops and talks of which I missed too much and attended too little. But what I did attend inspired me a lot. There was just too much to do and to attend and I'm sure there must have been something to everybody's liking. I have to name the

seidh workshop in this respect in which we, amongst other things, worked on the cohesiveness between the Asatruar in the camp and all those outside. That left me with a lot of things to work with in the future.

Friday afternoon brought some play. After we had been busy building wooden horses all morning, the brave ones could show their strength and cunning at the grounds before the main building. Enough bravery was shown, I feel we were all winners. At least we all laughed a lot. After the joy the day got a slightly more serious tone, because the closing ritual was the next thing on the program. The procession with the pole was a colourful sight. And nice words were spoken in our circle around the fire. After a nice last night it was time to pack our stuff, wish each other good journeys and say goodbye.

Now I'm sitting here at home, running through my memories.

I only have to think about the sunbels at night to have a smile appear on my face. The strong feeling of being connected with all those others still strikes me. I think of the words that were spoken, some light and joyful, others intimate and more serious. The same smile appears when thinking about standing or sitting close to a campfire, trees around us, stars shining above us, listening to a story or some very nice music.

I feel the inspiration raging through me when I think about the workshops and other activities, but most of all the talks with all those different people. I've the feeling I've made quite some new friends and I hope to see them all back soon, old and new friends, at the very latest in three years, when the next summer camp will be there.

A new experience for Spaniards

By Diego J. García, Gotland Forn Sed

Toni is a newbie in the Ásatrú movement and a Gotland Forn Sed member. He has never participated in a blót because he just recently joined Gotland Forn Sed and this was the first time that he could meet with another Ásatrúarmenn. However, Yolanda and Diego Jr (another Diego) had been to a lot of Spanish blóts. But this was the first time in Scandinavia and a new experience. They felt it was a good opportunity to meet with other Ásatrúarmenn from different countries and to exchange experiences. Tony had a great gratification when he discovered the Seidr, he was really looking for a spiritual path and before he had not found a good way. Finally, he found Seidr thanks to Annette Høst and Sylvia Hild. Diego Jr and Yolanda were very happy to get to know other Ásatrúarmenn. Diego Jr. popularized

The main leaders of Gotland Forn Sed are Miquel Sancho and Diego Garcia. We have participated in some blóts in Denmark and Iceland, but the other Spaniards have never been in Scandinavia. It was a really new experience.

a Spanish weird drinking known as Kalimotxo, a mix of Coke and Cheapest Red Wine. It is very typical in Spanish Feasts.

In this first IASC the members of Gotland Forn Sed had the opportunity to get to know, to talk with

and to exchange experiences with different organisations and participants. One day, the GFS members had a funny experience. We could not participate in the Smith workshop because we had to make a workshop at the same time. For this reason, Anette Kvist spoke with Bent (the Danish smith) about helping us to forge an oath-ring. When Bent went around to make it, Haimo told me that we needed to have a council assembly for the problem about the food. When the powerful Oath-Ring for Gotland Forn Sed was being forged in the magical fire, at the same time another fire was burning in the Camp. It was the rebellion of Potatoes. Dangerous, boiled potatoes could disturb the harmony of the Camp. Finally two fires were easing off. It brought a solution for the food and the Oath-Ring was forged.

IASC was a great time for the GFS members. Today we are awaiting the next camp and there are other members of GFS who are asking about it. The camp was a good place to get to know about the Asatru situation in each country face to face, a place to make projects in common, and to get to know people of each organisation. This work was possible thanks to the Danish Workgroup, and other orgs as VfGH, Eldaring, Bifrost, SAS, Het Rat, D9W, KoY and GFS. And specially to the glowing energy of Martin and the wisdom of Haimo, and the hard work of the Danish Workgroup. We can enjoy and taste the great Mjöd of Odd (Mjödgaard), the food cooked by Claus and we can enjoy great workshops of each organisation

We will see you at the Next Camp!!!

IASC 2009 - A mum's perspective

By Gerry Damen, *De negen werelden*

The fun started with the preparations. Telling the kids we are going on holiday. Explaining to a four year old what that is. Getting questions like 'do they have beds in Denmark?' Yes, they do have beds there, and also toilets. People in Denmark also eat. There were lots of question marks more going round and round in the little head but because her last holiday was when she was 17 months, she did not know what to ask, what to expect. And then came the sleeping bags. A new sleeping bag for her very own, that had to stay packed until she could use it, but could be dragged around all through the living room for the whole week. The two year old knew something was going on, tried to pronounce the word 'vakantie,' and was generally being his usual happy self. Then it was the day before. Pack-

interesting programs. And the kids actually did have a good time in the car. Staying in a motel was so exciting that Hadewijch my four year old did not want to go to Denmark at all, but wanted to stay there. Unfortunately for her it was back in the car, and on our way to crossing the border where traffic would be far less and we could actually drive on. And that we did, until the enormous traffic jam which lasted for almost two hours.

Arriving. What a room, Scouting in Denmark is a luxurious business. Two very excited and hungry kids. Hadewijch wanted the top bed, finally being able to unpack her sleeping bag. She could not wait to go to bed. Exploring the building, exploring the camp site. And what is it about a sea and pebbles that makes kids

Then came dinner, and as they had hardly eaten the last evening, hardly had any breakfast and a few bites of lunch – yes they are picky eaters- I actually gave them almost the same amount of food I would have given them at home and took a normal portion for myself. Stupid move. They hardly ate a bite, and if anyone wonders which plate it was that Helena used to demonstrate how not to leave it when finished eating, that was the "leftovers" of my two combined. And yes, we as parents felt bad about it, but as force feeding is not an option for us, wasted it was. The rest of the week, we calculated on their lack of appetite which did not improve. Fortunately there was lots of fruit.

They had a really lovely week. Only one day of really bad weath-

And of course Hadewijch, with her strong performing streak wanted to say something. OK, kid if you want to, go ahead. She did say something which I thought was really nice and appropriate, so there was one proud mum standing there.

For us as parents being there especially with such young kids meant that though we had a lovely time, we also missed quite a bit. We missed half the Wicker Man, which is one of my favourite films because Roeland kept on crying. We missed quite a bit of being out late, sitting at the camp fire and having interesting talks because that would mean being tired the next day and that is not a good combination. It was a lot of taking turns and being sensible. But it was worth it, as were the times we did make it late and were not

When we heard about the IASC we wanted to go. A whole week in Denmark with lots of other Asatrueers from all over the world, it sounded goooooo! Especially because it was the first holiday for the four of us together.

Photo by Frigga Asraaf



ing, excitement, kids being in the way. And finally it was departure morning. Parents looking dismayed, do we really need all this stuff? Can we get everything in the car? Fortunately the kids did not need that much space so we managed. As it was going to be a two days journey we had invested in the ultimate keeping-your-kids-quiet-in-the-car device: their own portable dvd player. Which was a huge success. We deemed them too young for the ear plugs, so during the almost 16 hours journey we as parents could familiarize ourselves again with Dora, Brum, little Mole and other

almost not being able to stop throwing them into that sea? It is a great way to pass the time and needed to be done every day. After a couple of days, Hadewijch also started throwing sand. This actually had a purpose, it was to feed the invisible sand ducks that swam below the waves.

When the time for the opening ritual came, Roeland decided it was high time for a nap, and Daddy was so nice as to sacrifice himself to stay with him. Hadewijch also wanted to stay, so for me this meant actually being able to give all my attention to the ritual.

er, but we were prepared with lots of paper, scissors and drawing material. The workshop on making runes with bread dough was great. Not that they made any runes, well, Hadewijch made her letter, which could double as a rune and some very nice faces and Roeland made an unidentifiable but lovely 'thing.' Hopefully next time there will be more things to do for kids, because at the end of the week we really had to work to keep them from boredom. Which resulted in a very nice visit to Ebeltoft. The closing ritual was the one ritual where we all were present.

sensible at all. And the time we did have we made good use of. We saw Valhalla, and we still don't understand why it is named that way. We went to the first night of the story teller, and I had a lovely time sitting at the camp fire listening to the music.

The way back was more of the same. Huge traffic jam in Denmark, lots of road works in Germany. And finally being home again. Exhausted, a bit sad because it is all over, but with lots of happy memories.

The summercamp

Text and photos by Silje Juvet, Åsatrufelleskapet Bifrost

Here comes a report of my experiences at the heathen summer-camp 2009 and the journey there and back again.

I was collected by my friends Egil and May Britt and their kids, and together we drove down the sunny Vestfold coast heading for the ferry to Denmark. The plan was to stop at Istrehågan and after some involuntary sightseeing in Sandefjord chasing for the right road-signs we found our way. Istrehågan is the most famous stone ship-setting in Norway, and dates to the period between 500-600 CE. The intention was to get some ideas for Bifrost's own burial ground in Oslo. We soon realized that the pictures we had seen of the place had been without size-reference, as the stones were for sure at least twice as huge as we had imagined! After some gasping and a lot of pictures we brought a pebble for later use and got onboard the ferry. We had ordered a buffet, and were lucky to get the very best table in the whole ferry! After excessive eating of salted sheep-ham (fenalår), sundae and spareribs we had a walk on deck where the strong wind and waves gave us a good charge under a radiant horizon.

We got to Aalborg, and after a long search for anybody in a completely deserted town (what are all the Aalborg citizens doing on a late Friday evening??) we found somebody who could point us in the general direction. We drove more or less blindly in the direction, and after a long while had to make a stop at a gas-station in urgent matters. It turned out to be the very street we were looking for, with the hotel just few hundred meters away! Luck! :)

Saturday started with an amazing brunch in a brown Aalborgian café with the imaginative name of "Luna". Afterwards, we had another sightseeing/inspiration tour to the well known Lindholm Høje. These sheep-covered stone-

settings were of the presumed size, and there were so many of them! Well, it was probably to be expected from Scandinavia's largest stone-setting site. Our journey continued to the thickness of the infamous Molbolland, well known for their 'not too clever' inhabitants. After some danish pastries at the 'Molbobager' we drove through what must be the most beautiful area of Denmark with a rustic romantic atmosphere. The road was edged with (stokkroser) hills, small forests, deer with deer-calves and old fashioned farmhouses. Idyllic is an understatement! And then finally we found the camp.

The first people had arrived already, and in the front hall Bill was playing fiddle and Frigga spoons, (those you eat with) as "unpacking soundtrack" while we found our beds and made the first greetings to old friends and new faces.

People from all of Europe was there, Norway, Sweden, Denmark of course, and a lot of Germans and Dutch people too. The Spanish contingent came during the evening, along with Americans, Englishmen, French people, a single Iclander, Czech, Finnish and even an Aussie! Truly a great assembly!

I was sharing room with a nice German family with three charming kids, and after some excellent mushroom-soup for evening-meal there were campfires and drinking-horns all round. New and old friends got to make a closer experience with each other - more and less good humour. I took an early night to care for my by now waning cold that had kept me in bed for three previous days.

Sunday morning was spent in chitchatting, and together with

a French woman I was sent out to decorate a wooden ring, the wreath we were to use for the opening blot. It was decorated with flowers, cherries, grapes and rosehips according to the finest arts, and we were very pleased with the result.

The opening blot started with some horn-blowing to gather the crowd on to the beach. Frigga from the NL had created the blot, and had brought a triskel with a polished piece of yew-tree the we hung the wreath on. The triskele symbolised the three wells that the roots of Yggdrasil drink water from, and the yew-tree itself of course symbolizes Yggdrasil. Michiel, also from the NL, opened the ve, and underlined the importance of friendship and frith (peace/joy/fruitfulness) and welcomed everybody who was willing to honour these principles. To the wreath there were tied 8 ribbons in different colours, and representatives of the countries present took one each. They invited one of the eight other worlds (we are currently in Midgard, the ninth) in their native language, and in this way represented the plurality of where we come from and what we believe in.

I was in charge of calling Svartalfheim, and in my newly recruited skills in the verse-form "galdralag" I made a verse, and was quite pleased with the result. The horn was passed between the representatives, and everybody made a toast to the camp, to international cooperation, friendship and frith.

We then lifted the wreath on to a pole that was erected, and people put stones and pebbles they had brought from home (ours from Istrehågan) to support it. It was so beautiful with the bands fluttering in the wind.



Then there was more toasting, horn bashing, chitchatting and general enjoyment in the soft sunshine where the wind made sure the temperature was perfect. The summer holiday couldn't possibly be spent in a better way!

In the council, where I represented Norway, we talked about the future cooperation in the asatru-eu network, some talk about the problems in the previous year, and the visions for the future.

After dinner the party continued with "kubb"-playing in the darkness, Bil Linzie was playing American folk-tunes with crazy names on his fiddle, somebody was playing guitar and flutes as well, and there was a general consumption of obscene amounts of mead.

Monday morning started with common singing in the dining room after breakfast. Frigga had written a beautiful song that cherished the day and powers/forces of the world. With the text handed out on small sheets of paper everybody could join in, and the song was flowing, rising and falling in intensity in a calm rhythm. A strengthening, but not ecstatic way to start the day.

The day continued in the sign of music, as Frigga and myself withdrew to rehearse the "official" IASC-song, a slightly re-written version of Village Peoples "YMCA". Our little performance grew in size as we got Günter from DE to help us out with his guitar playing, and then Markus and Birka from SE figured we could make arm-movements based on the stands of "rune-yoga". The whole thing turned out quite ridiculous, and the song was performed during lunch to big applause and loud laughter from the crowd. More than one person came up to me the following week cursing us for inserting the YMCA-meme into their minds, making them constantly hum the tune for the rest of the week.

Mathias from DK gave a lecture about the Eddas and other Norse source-literature, and the discussion went on about how one as a modern heathen could use the material for practical matters, and what one should pay attention to.

In the afternoon there was even more kubb-playing before Finnish Mariatta with her husband Hans



from one of the Dutch groups played the x out of everybody with Finnish tango and Karelian folk songs. Markus from Sweden wanted to impress us Norwegians with "Fanitullen" a old Norwegian folk tune about a bloody weeding and the devil being the fiddle player on the beer barrel, and then the common singing started for real... When the rain started as well we withdrew into one of the lecture rooms as Henrik from Sweden wanted to teach us some of his newly written songs, and I can tell you for sure they were cool powerful heathen songs. We the Norwegians and Swedes then started exchanging blot songs, callings, chants and other folk songs. The Swedes are quite fond of Frey and Freya and the amount of tunes dedicated to these two deities was overwhelming. Two German listeners had been quiet all evening, found their guitar and sang us some of their German songs. A quick translation of the German words to English indicated that this was very good, unfortunately German is not so available to Scandinavians, and a bit tricky to translate directly as is quite easy between the Scandinavian languages.

Tuesday was dedicated to Seid and was also the lecture that most people had signed up for. Annette Høst from "Nordic center of shamanic studies", and an authority on the subject started talking about the history and sources of Seid, its form and function. Sylvia from Stockholm continued telling about the Swedish Yggdrasilnetworks doing the last 25 years. They talked about the different definitions of the concept, and also quickly talked about the American Hrafnar style, just to know some about the differences. After lunch we were to make a Seid-session with the intention of strengthening the spiritual kinship between the people and groups attending the camp. I had never been on the hjell before, but if there ever is a first time, this is an intention I would like to make a debut on, so with 9 others I signed up as volunteers. After lunch we took the dining-hall and built a hjell (high seat) for four persons. Annette and Sylvia instructed and explained, about singing, everything to keep and mind and pay attention to, and a lot more. Then they announced the four people they chose, and

I was proud to learn that I was among them. After some more details and a break it was time to get the seat, I got to borrow a staf, wrapped a scarf around my eyes, and on the monotonous and waving song from forty people carried me away. What happened is for the participating people's ears only, but when the main part of the seid was over, the singers had the opportunity to ask questions before we finished. It was a strengthening and inspiring experience for sure.

A walk on the beach and a swim was good for earthing, and beer and chocolate made sure I had my feet back on the ground again.

amazingly deep orange crescent moon.

Wednesday morning had a workshop in swearing, a subject leading to a lot of laughing and fun, though people still found it meaningful and inspiring.

I went to Århus on a personal matter afterwards and came back for supper. The night continued in talking by the campfire, and as the morning dawned I saw the elves dancing over the bay. I was very disappointed when I realized it was my tired mind taking my vision literary, and what I saw was the headlights of driving cars being reflected in the water...

friendship-weaving and horn-toasting reached new heights. We played a party game called "casting"; which actor would you like to see cast in the role as x Norse god/goddess... Always a hit. The bar ran out of beer and had only mead left. That's asking for trouble... It turned out to be the hardest night for me, with speed toasting in mead-horns, a lot of good slogans came to life, and general drunken misbehavior till dawn. I can say for sure I had my share of mead for quite some time.

I woke up fresh and happy (which is more than I can say about some of my companions from

processions, songs, solemn speeches and grand words about the future.

There was time for some more kubb-playing after dinner and then Abelone and Aswulf told a story about the norms and Yggdrasil by the campfire. Then was a concert with Hans and Mariatta that developed into a jam with more guitars, fiddle playing, common singing and all that comes along.

When I returned to the main-house the fire was on, somebody was playing folkmetal on a car-stereo, and Harry had a special offer for 5 litre barrels of mead... Under a shiny sky the party



Photo by Tim Peters

In the evening Abelone told fairy-tales in Danish, that Aswulf simultaneously translated to English, as they at the same time acted out the characters. Great entertainment!

As we had our Seid-workshop, some of the others had attended a lecture about blot WfGH-style, and they had ended up making blot for the same intention as we had. Was not a big surprise then that people spontaneously gathered in groups around fireplaces and torches during the evening making sumbels, sharing a horn of mead in between them toasting to and sharing personal and more spiritual thoughts and feelings. All overseen by an

Thursday was my kitchen duty day, and I made lunch for everybody. I just managed to get the last half of Haimo's lecture on modern asatru. As we sat there a wind-stroke came, so strong that it smashed half the tent camp! We helped people save what could be saved and got them inside the house where there luckily was spare bedrooms and beds for the needing.

In the evening we had a short meeting to plan the blot on Friday, and afterwards they showed the movie "The Wicker Man", both the old and the new (shrug) version was shown with a projector in the dining-room. Outside the party,

the previous night) and was soon challenged in the mortally dangerous jousting game with homemade wheeled horsed, "safety helmets" in plastic with horns on them, shields and spears with a big rubber-ball on it. As a valkyrie I couldn't refuse such a challenge and the opportunity to defend the Norwegian colours. I will only say that I am happy that I survived with "only" the biggest blue mark so far in my life on one of my calves, a bruised ankle on both sides, and some mysterious pains in my buttocks.

In the afternoon there was a closing blot under the trees, in a lovely summer sun, with

continued as the falling stars rained down on us (the earth was in the middle of the asteroid-belt of the Leonides). It was time to toast for the future and for keeping in touch now that this amazing week was coming to its end.

Saturday was the good-bye day and I made company with the Swedes going to Göteborg on the Grenå-Varberg ferry. From Varberg the trains were not as frequent as expected due to the summer holiday, and in spite of a four hour buffer to catch the Oslo bus I lost it. I spent the night at my new Swedish friends' flat and got home by bus on Sunday.

Wednesday morning we managed to leave the camp. A little group of people, well known to each other. All but one. A little new one who had been around for little more than two months. It was about time she became part of our community.

Celebrating new life

Text Helena Valorinta, Photos Odd Castmar Jemsem, the Danish Workgroup



Time to know her father and receive her name. The IASC camp had made it possible to have well known and loved but far away living friends present. And of course there were others who couldn't be there, people who really belonged in the ritual. They were missed.

We had set a meeting time at Tre Høje in Mols bjerge, where we would meet up with some others not participating in the camp. A little delayed we left the camp and walked into the woods following the path to Tre Høje. It was a slow and pleasant walk, where flowers were picked along the road. One of each we passed. It was cloudy but warm, and many of us soon realised we didn't need the jacket we were wearing. It was uphill, and time was passing. But we got there. From Tre Høje we walked a little further north to another mound which wasn't

visited by all the tourists, like Tre Høje. We did want some privacy for this ritual.

We settled at the site, overlooking the sea. Set up a centre for our circle, gave the baby some food. Then we all got up, standing in a circle. I took a step forward into the circle, with my baby daughter in my arms. I held her up for all to see, and told the worlds I had given birth to a daughter. Then I looked at Martin and claimed him to be the father, then I asked if he could acknowledge this. It is a strange thing, to look into the eyes of your child's father, waiting for him to acknowledge this. A second of intense feelings of kinship and connectedness. Then he took a step forward, claiming to be the father of this child. He took her, and kneeled putting her on his right knee. Our older daughter Disa, had followed him into the circle, and as he took our baby, she raised her arms to me, so I could pick her up. With Disa in my arms, I picked a small bowl of water and held it so Martin could reach it. He dipped his hand and touched our baby's head with the words, you are a part of our family, and I give you the name Alva. Then I held the bowl up to Disa,



who dipped her hand, touched her sister's head without daring to say anything. I said: and Disa gives her sister the name Solrun. Then very silently Disa whispered "Solrun", and smiled at me. I dipped my own hand and gave Alva my family name Valorinta, and then in the end Martin once again dipped his hand and gave her the name Hansen. Now, this was a person with a name and a family. I sung a few lines; Frej lad solen skinne, på alva Solrun her, på en mor og på en far, en storesøster, og på gæsterne her. (Frej, let the sun shine on Alva Solrun her, on the mother and the father, and sister too, And on the guests.)

Martin stood up, held Alva up for the worlds to see and presented her as his daughter Alva Solrun Valorinta Hansen, part of our family.

I poured mead in a horn, hailed the powers of the worlds and gave the horn to the circle. I passed around while the guests were saluting Alva, wishing her well. The last of the mead, one of the first bottles of meadherbmead from Mjødgård (Meadgard), was given to the landwights.

Then we ate some bread with jam, Martin's mother's homemade blackberry jam, enjoyed the view and the small breeze, while talking.

Martin needed to get back to the camp, Mathias (Danish coun-

cil member in the absence of Martin), was to leave the camp at noon. Everybody, but Anette from Norway, Alva and I, went back by car. We took a slow and beautiful stroll back. We were so absorbed by the beauty, and perhaps our talk, that we missed a turn and suddenly had walked far too far. We laughed a bit, and turned around to find the correct path. A few steps along we suddenly saw a buzzard circling above us. It screamed and flew over a little meadow on a hillside full of birch trees. I looked at it and felt it was time to get into the spiritual work again. Time to take a break from organising and coordinating and get connected to the source again.

We kept walking and soon we were back in the camp again. Martin had made sure there were a lunch plate for me, and I ate while thinking of the events of this morning. I felt very lucky to have the life I have.



Photo by Martin P. Hansen

Pagan born

By Markus Skogsberg, Sveriges Asatrosamfund

More and more children are born into heathen families - at the International Asatru Summercamp (IASC) about one in four participants was a child.

Among the teenagers there were also both those who considered themselves heathen and those who didn't.

There are few adult heathens that were born into their religion, but today there are many children and youngsters in heathen families. Unlike some other pagan traditions, notably Wicca, Heathenry is a family matter. It's not, however, something that is forced upon the children, it seems, but is rather a matter of choice.

At the IASC 36 of the 149 registered attendants were considered children (in regards to the fee to the camp), and among them a handful or so were older children and young adults who had started to make some decisions. In spite of the language barrier the IASC Herald has managed to get interviews with some of them.

Ronja Kubiczek, age 12, is from Germany and a Heathen. Her father is heathen too, but her mother is not. Ronja has not been heathen all her life, but two years ago she decided this was the religion for her. Her mother, though not thrilled about it, has accepted it as her choice, and the same goes for most of her grandparents.

Ronja says she is very open about her religion. Most of her classmates know of it, but of the teachers only the religion teacher knows or comments on it.

- She has asked me questions about Heathenry a few times, says Ronja, but that's about it. The same goes for her classmates and friends. Most don't seem to wonder much about it, though. - There are some that ask questions, she says, and some try to make fun of it, but I don't really care.

From Norway comes 13-year-old Sigurd Bjørlo-Stenseth. Both his parents are heathen, but he

doesn't consider himself to be.

- There might very well be gods and all that, he says, but I don't know and I can't really be bothered with it all.

Being 13 he usually has to come along to major events such as IASC, and he doesn't mind, but if there is a blót near his own home he doesn't join them.

- Then I just sit at my computer instead, he says.

He hasn't felt any pressure from his parents to become heathen, and he doesn't think his upbringing is that different from other Norwegian kids his age. He shares this feeling with Ronja Kubiczek, and Jost Pickbrenner, age 15, from Germany, a fact that may come as a surprise to many. It seems that the multicultural society of modern Europe works in favour of Heathens - Heathenry is just one religion among many, today.

It is not, however, one among many for Jost Pickbrenner, a long-haired young man with a Thor's hammer pendant around his neck. His father had for a long time had the feeling that mainstream religion was not for him, but thought that Heathenry was just for Neo-Nazis and the like. When he found der Eldaring about four or five years ago, he

learnt that was not true.

Jost didn't know much about the old religion before that, but nowadays he considers himself a Heathen.

- I find it hard to believe in the christian god, says Jost. This seems so much more reasonable than that.

Jost lives with his mother, father and four sisters. He doesn't often go to gatherings with other Heathens, since they're often on week nights and he has school the day after. This doesn't mean he can't practice his religion though, since much of the practical religion takes place at home, and they mostly hold their blóts with just the family.

Aside from blóts, the Pickbrenners also do minor rituals every day at home. This is similar to how the religion is practiced in Ronja Kubiczek's family.

- Dad always makes a blessing over the meals, she says.

When Ronja had turned 12 her father asked her if she wished to go through a ritual, called "Jugendleite" in German. It translates into English along the lines of "being led into young adulthood", and is a rite of passage. Ronja took a good, hard think about it and decided that yes, she was indeed

ready to go through with it.

During spring Ronja's father prepared her for the Jugendleite by sitting her down for a weekly talk about how heathen religion is practiced and what is expected from an adult Heathen. As part of the ritual Ronja was then expected answer questions about the religion, but also to accept certain ideals. Should she feel disinclined to accept these, she is free to interrupt the ritual without anyone frowning upon her.

After the initiation Ronja says she feels more grown up, but it's sometimes hard for others to treat her accordingly.

- My father treats me more as an adult, she says, but not most other adults.

Jost Pickbrenner hasn't gone through any equivalent to the Jugendleite, nor has he heard about it before. This might be due to differences in organisations between der Eldaring, where Jost and his family are members, and Verein für Germanische Heidentum, where Ronja and her family are members.

There are other organisations that also offer rites of passage such as this. In Denmark Forn Siðr can when requested perform Ynglingrituel, a ritual without a set liturgy which the teenager himself or herself asks for. In Forn Siðr's magazine Vølse there have been articles describing the ritual, and the reason for wanting to go through it, written by the teenagers themselves.

Growing up in a Heathen family obviously doesn't mean that one automatically becomes a Heathen, and, from the point of view of this article's fairly unscientific research, it doesn't seem as if it's expected at all from the parents. Rather the choice of the young adult is made the focus through such rites of passage as the Jugendleite and Ynglingrituel.



Some of all the pagan born children at IASC. Photo by Michaela Honkova

Is it pure fashion or has it a deeper meaning for the many modern heathens and asatru going through this rather painful experience that last for life.

Body art - pain, decoration and even dedication

Text and photos by May-Britt Bjoerlo Henriksen, Åsatrufelleskapet Bifrost
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Tattoo markings and scarifications have an impact on every aspect of life for those seeking it. Hours in pain and distress to create art on skin. On the International Asatru Summer Camp 2009 a variety of tattoos could be seen.

Popular

During the past two decades body art of various kind has become an expression belonging to everyone. Tattoos and piercing are as mainstream as coloring your hair, whereas a couple of decades ago tattoos and scarification identified its bearer as part of one or another subculture.

Lately one can say that in the asatru communities tattooing has become more of the rule than the exception. The big question is: What is it with tattoos that fascinate the modern heathen?

Primitive art

Through history people have used different methods of expressing their religion. Tattoo is known to be used for more than 5.000 years. Today when religion has become more of an individual expression, rather than a collective thought, many people use tattoo and scarification religiously. Some depict a god or goddess on their body. Often as a gesture and a commitment to the deity. Others approach this permanent body art slightly differently.

By using the old symbols, associative patterns or drawings of gods and goddesses they are connecting with the deity to get protection. Which is, according to many anthropologists what has been done for hundreds, if not thousands of years. Yet one have little knowledge whether it was a practice used during the Viking era.

Ritualized

Many of the asatru get their tattoo done in a ritual. Which makes the asatru intention and purpose somewhat different from the mainstream decoration purpose. Not that decoration is less important for the asatru. The



PERSONAL: Helenas sun wheel

many outstanding patterns and beautiful artworks show their interest in beauty as well.

As the heathen societies grow one can find tattoo artists who themselves are heathen. Some of these artists offer hand tapped tattoos. Performed within the frames of a ritual.

Personally

Talking to some of the tattooed asatruers on the summercamp I learned that people often have a strong ownership to the tattoo they bear.

- I wouldn't feel take it very well if people copied my tattoos, says Silje from Norway. She has gone to a great effort to get her tattoos and looks upon them as her property.

So even though some of the participants of the IASC show their tattoos in this article and tell the story behind it, don't consider it to be all right for you to copy it. Some of the tattoos are personally made for specific purposes and rituals. Use them for inspiration rather than copying them.

Long time

Harry from Denmark, currently living in Germany, has several tattoos. He tells the story of one of

his tattoos, a Thors hammer tattooed on his shoulder.

- It was almost 23 years ago, I decided to get my first tattoo. Which is, as you can see Mjølner.

For a tattoo that is 23 years old it has kept the color remarkably well. The hammer he has tattooed on his shoulder is depicted in motion.

At the time when Harry got the tattoo he wasn't into asatru nor even the viking reenactment scene at all, but he felt drawn towards it. Today this has become a new aspect of his life as he the last years has chosen differently.

- It is only a couple of years ago since I thought of myself as an asatruer, says Harry. Which might be the reason why he dreams of Odins mask as his next tattoo.

Intention

- Tattoos, what about scarification, says Martin from Denmark as he flashes his sunwheel scarification on his shoulder passing by, busy as ever. It is beautiful, I won't even think of the pain he must have suffered to get this sun attribution so clear and even. A strong symbol on a strong man. What led him to do it?

- I got the inspiration to my scar by reading a novel, "Brage kongesons saga". It is about the



BALANCING: Siljes Valkyrie hand



Cimbrians and how they on their journey through Europe ended their life in a struggle against the Roman empire. They had a manhood ritual, which is described in this book, a sun wheel scarification on the shoulder. When preparing for battle they paint the scar with red color, showing they have been through the manhood ritual.

This was obviously a ritual that made an impact on Martin. Because some years later, after he had gotten two tattoos, he learned to know Helena, now his wife, and her brother. Helenas brother is a piercer and do body modifications as well. During the period since Martin read the book with the scarification ritual he has read himself up on symbols as well as nordic history and mythology.

- I talked to Helenas brother, and he attended a mid summer blot in Lejre (Denmark) and made the scar on my shoulder. This scarification was cut into the skin. Not branded, he says. The story tells that Martin has a very good skin, and it wasn't easy to get enough scar tissue, so it had to be done several times before the scarification looked anything like Martin wanted it to look.

Why scarification?

- As far as I understand history it was only cattle and perhaps slaves one marked by branding. And the criminals of the lowest

kind. So I wouldn't do that to my body. Since it also has been an expression of male strength to endure pain, I chose to get my scar by the knife. Opposite to what people believe, branding doesn't hurt when it is correctly done. Cause when the iron hits the body, the nerve strings burns off. Scarification the way I chose releases feelings during the whole session.

To Martin the sun wheel with all what it symbols is a part of his body, as he is a part of the sun wheel.

- The life itself and the wheel turns. It is the movement that keeps us going, making us go forth capable of doing what we have to do, and to fulfill our intent.

Rise the power

A couple of weeks before the IASC there was a viking marked in Gudevangen, outside Bergen in Norway.

- That's where I got my newest hand tapped tattoo, says Silje. Right now she has got three major tattoos. Planning for a forth tattoo in a month or so. The new one is on her left shoulder and represents the "Return of the valkyrie."

- It was made by the intent of giving a balance, esthetically, she says. - But also because I identify myself with valkyries and shield maidens. The first tattoo Silje got was of Hyrrokkin. The old hag

which Snorre writes about in the story of The burning of Balder. Possibly representing the power of chaos.

- A strong wish for a power symbol, drove me to get my first tattoo, she says. - It could be seen upon a a magickal act.

Drawn to the runes

- Over twenty years ago it was clear to me. Odin, says Aswulf of D9W in the Netherlands. - I was drawn toward the runes and I gave myself to Odin. Aswulf committed himself and made what seems like unbreakable ties with the one eyed god.

- I hung myself symbolically and cut a valkute on my skin. It wasn't permanent, so I made it more permanent in a ritual together with Frigga and Alwin.

The tattoos seem for him to be the ultimate way of confirming the bond with his fulltrue. The deity he seem to have a very special relationship with. Confirmed by yet another of his tattoos. Which also is connected to Odin.

Some years ago he got a vision in a sweat lodge of a helleristning

- I got a vision of a big drum with this simple drawing, like a helleristning. It was Sleipnir and Odin. It took Aswulf a while, almost two years, before realizing the picture wasn't meant for a drum, but his back. To get it all right he had to make the drawings himself. It is a hand tapped tattoo.

- Which of course goes without saying when it comes to the old man, says Aswulf.

Dictionary

Fulltrue - a naming of a patron god or goddess in which you have a special bond to
Helleristning - a drawing or a sign cut in rock

Shield maiden - Skjoldmoy

Scarification - to make scratches or cuts in the skin. Often used about scar marked with a brand. In this article also used about scars cut by knife.

Valkute - is a symbol of three interlocked triangles.



SCARIFICATION: Martins Sun wheel



IN MOTION: Harrys Hammer tattoo



VISION: Aswulfs vision of Sleipnir and Odin



BEAUTIFUL: Harrys Hugin and Munin



DRAMATIC: Siljes Hyrrokinn



Bronze casting at IASC

Photos by Frigga Asraaf, Helena Valorinta and Tim Peters

Peter Warholm spent the week teaching bronze casting. Day after day the students gathered in the little room to work on their bronze figures, and the results were impressive. The pictures here only show some very few.





It was a huge honour for Het Rad that we were asked to conduct the opening-blot for an event as IASC.

Photo by
Rachèl Belgraver-Thissen

Photo by Frigga Asraaf



Opening blot IASC 2009

By Frigga Asraaf, Het Rad

This was months ago and I at once did a small ritual to tell the spirits I was looking for inspiration for this blot. The next morning I woke up with what was in my opinion a marvellous idea. Afterwards I can only say it was all I had in mind and even more!

The day brought a lovely blue sky with white clouds; the colour of the water in the bay was of a darker blue. In the background and in the distance at the other side there were green hills covered with trees. Near to the sea a trunk of yew (Yggdrasil) was standing on a triskele (the wells). A straw ring representing Midgard, decorated with flowers and fruit, was hanging around the trunk, with eight ribbons in the colours of the rainbow knotted to it, each ribbon symbolizing one of the other worlds.

Eight people from eight different countries were representatives for these worlds:

Danmark - Danny
UK - Andre
Germany - Ingmar
Norway - Silje
Spain - Diego
Sweden - Markus
France - Mary
The Netherlands – Michiel

Midgard sounded her horns to gather the people!

*"We, women and man from Midgard,
we are standing here on the shore.
Where land and water meet
we hail the dwarfs of the directions:
Westri, Sudri, Nordri, Austri.
We bid you to guard us,
bestow us safety and frith."*

*We, women and man from Midgard,
we are standing here on the shore.
Where land and water meet
we hail all land- and waterwights!
We bid you to welcome us,
bestow us safety and frith."*

*We, women and man from Midgard,
we are standing here on the shore.
Where land and water meet
we hail spirits from all nine worlds!
All are welcome, all wights
inclined to honour frith!"*

*We, women and man from Midgard,
are standing here on the shore.
Where land and water meet
are we gathered in friendship
inclined to honour frith!"*

The eight representatives walked to the middle and stood hand in hand around the 'tree' and the

'wells' for a couple of minutes. Then each of them took the ribbon of his or her world and the colours of the rainbow became visible.

Asgard - purple
Vanaheim - light-green
Light-alfheim - turquoise
Muspelheim - yellow
Niflheim - lilac
Hel - orange
Svart-alfheim - blue
Jotunheim - red

Each of them in their own way and language called upon the

worlds and their spirits and after this all were singing:

"Come you wights of from nine worlds be welcome and bring blessings."

Offering

Frigga sung a sumble-song and went round to offer the horn to the representatives of the eight worlds. They, in their turn, raised the horn and said out loud a wish for the whole week and all participants responded with a loud: Hail!

What was left in the horn was poured out on the ground around 'Yggdrasil' as an offering.

IASC 2009 pole

Carefully, the Midgard-ring was removed from the tree and hung on the IASC-pole. The moment the pole was raised the thread of the Midgard-ring broke and it almost fell. Before it could hit the ground it was caught and the smallest man climbed on the shoulders of the tallest and tight the ring and the ribbons to the pole.

Several people of the IASC-organisation saw in this a reflection of what happened during the time of planning IASC: on one point whole IASC 2009 almost collapsed but we managed to get through it and made it happen!

After this people put the pebbles they brought from their homelands around the foot of the pole, horns were raised and offerings made.

The IASC-pole was standing near the shore for the whole week, the ribbons waved in the wind, the storm, the sun and the rain, and every now and then people went to the pole to make an offering or to sit there for a while to feel the powerful energy.



Photo by Rachèl Belgraver-Thissen

Friday blót IASC 2009

By Michiel de Nijs, Het Rad



From the beginning it was clear that the pole which was set up during the opening blót was to have a central role in the ritual. From there onwards we started putting the blót together in an inspired atmosphere where thoughts floated freely.

The idea of bringing the pole towards the place where the blót was to be held in a procession over the camp grounds was received with enthusiasm. Nowadays a procession isn't part of Asatru rituals that often, so we all thought, but according to the old sources it was an integral part of the ritual life of our heathen ancestors.

Then we came to the part about what to do with the pole when it arrived at the blót place. Almost immediately the idea arose to cut the pole in pieces and give one of these to each of the organisations, for them to keep until the next Asatru summer camp. While sawing the pole into pieces, there would be a nice intermezzo during which all attendants could do their own sumbels, offerings and so on. This was something some people had specifically asked for. Now we had the structure of the ritual ready, only some words from each of the representatives and a final sumbel had to be added and we had our blót.

On Friday afternoon we all assembled in front of the camp building. Martin from the Danish workgroup and Haimo from the VFGH made their closing speech and, after an introduction to the blót, we walked to the IASC pole and started to gather together around it in a circle. We had asked people beforehand to bring with

them their drums, if they had any, so while we were standing there waiting for the last people to come, drums were already sounding.

When everybody had arrived we, the nine representatives from the organising groups, stepped forward and started to pull the pole out of the ground to bring it down. Before this Markus from SAS and Isa from Eldaring collected the stones and other things that had been left around the pole as offerings. Then we started to walk towards the sea, carrying the pole and the offerings with us, while singing the chant we had selected. Before the blót started we had asked all attendants to join us in the singing and accompany it with some drumming. The chant went as follows:

"Hail ye dawn, hail ye day.
Hail ye spirits, hail ye sun.
Hail ye water, hail ye waves.
Hail ye breath, hail ye breeze.
Hail ye fire, hail ye flames.
Hail ye land, hail ye earth.
Hail ye life, hail ye light.
Hail ye friendship, hail ye frith!"
(Music and lyrics: Frigga Asraaf 2009)

When we reached the shore, Isa and Markus gave the stones and other offerings to the sea. After this we continued our walk and the procession made a circuit over the camp area. It must have been a nice sight, us carrying the pole, and all the colourful people following us while singing and drumming.

When we reached the place where the blót was to be performed we all gathered in a circle

around the fireplace. The fire was already prepared to ignite. When everybody was there, the nine of us stepped forward and formed a small circle around the fireplace. Martin brought life to the fire, which burned nicely shortly afterwards, and then Martin spoke some words concerning the summer camp and thanking the wights. After this the eight others all spoke about the days past, while offering some mead.

After this we held hands for a while and went back to the IASC pole. We untied the ribbons and gave the straw ring that had been hanging on the pole to the fire. Then we began to saw the pole into nine pieces while other people started doing their own things. One at a time people stepped into the circle to make an offering, share some words or sing a song.

When the nine pieces were sawn up and the people who wanted to had done their thing, the nine of us stepped forward again to take our places around the fire. With some words about the next summer camp, Martin gave each of us a piece of the pole. After this we held a sumbel, all saying some words on how great the camp had been so far and how much we looked forward to the next camp to come. During this sumbel the fire claimed its role in the blót by stalking Diego, the representative from Gotland Forn Sed, with its smoke.

The blót was done now, but the camp was not over yet. We split up looking forward to the night to come ...



Photo by Amstel & Rijn

On Wednesday we as representatives from the nine groups organising IASC 2009 came together to organise the closing blót that was to be performed on Friday night.

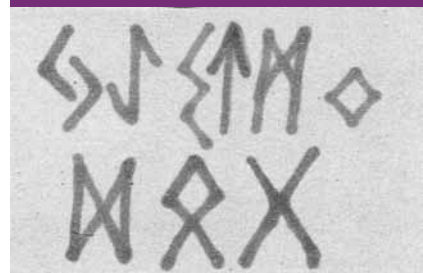


Photo by Michaela Honkova

The ending blót - or how to bring forth the essence of the camp

By Martin P. Hansen, the Danish workgroup

The history of the ending blót of the summercamp also has a history of its own, in the same way as almost every other thing in relation to the camp.

Photo by Michaela Honkova

carried on by the strong spirit of those organisations and persons who were part of the project. All contributed to the hamingja of the camp.

We also kept the idea of having "free time" for the participants where people could open their hearts and mind and express their feelings. This we did mainly

work behind us and the mental voyage we had begun almost three years earlier. The end of that journey was marked by setting up the pole in the opening ceremony and thereby giving a mental and physical anchor point to the camp. The pole was marked with 9 ribbons and each of the mythological worlds had been greeted

to the next camp as a token of the continuation of the cycle.

As the one representing the hosting group and therefore the land itself at the blót, the task of preparing the ritual site lay in my hands. A task that I was both honoured and happy to have. We had decided to have a fire in



Indeed the international summercamp has been a voyage with many threads woven into each other to make the event come into reality.

The first ideas on the ending blót were put forth several months before the camp itself on the forum that we used to communicate and plan the camp. But as the time of the camp came closer our focus was drawn towards all the other more practical areas of organising that needed our attention. Hence the discussion on the blót was neglected and only a few comments came.

But as I am now looking back, it is once more quite clear to me that things happened exactly as they where meant to happen, for we could not have made the blót that we did if it had been planned in advance.

Some of the things we discussed prior to the camp where kept and some were discarded. What we kept was that every one of the organising groups should have one godi/gydja participating on their behalf. Since we were 9 organisations behind the camp we comprehended it as more than just a coincidence. It held within itself a mental essence of both the mythological magic of 3 times 3 and also a path into the future

for two reasons. The first was in order to minimize the use of time for the ritual and thereby giving the best environment for people to keep their focus and concentration on the blót. The other one was to give the participants the freedom to express themselves in their own way, respectfully giving them the mental and physical space to put forth the expression they needed to bring out into the world and minds of those who where present.

Many good words were spoken during that time, songs were sung, offerings were given and one little stone with a hole in it was sent round the circle. One of the participants had found it on the campsite and it was sent around in the circle to be touched by all and thus contain the essence of the blót in it. It was given to those who are to be in charge of the next camp to serve as an amulet and a token of the spirit of the camp.

To put the blót together we had a meeting on the camp with those who were to take part as the godi/gydjas on behalf of their organisation.

We talked about how to sustain all the ideas of the camp, past, present and future, and how to bring them to life into the blót.

The past was represented by the

when it had been raised. So it also symbolised the worldtree the ash Yggdrasil or the Irminsul.

The present was the camp itself, the people present, old friends who had come together and new friends made, knowledge given, knowledge gained, more experienced and with a clear consciousness of all the threads that had been woven in to each other and that the Web of Wyrd will be enhanced as a result of that. This was to have its time and space in the blót.

The future - the next camp. To take the essence of the past, the present and the experience gained and bring it forth into the next camp so that it may serve as a source of inspiration for the next camp. Giving each of the 9 organisations something that could serve as a mark for all these things that had been accomplished until now and that could be taken with us onwards on our continuing journey.

So to take past represented by the pole, taking it through the present marked by the blót and bringing it forth into the future to the next camp. We did this by taking out the pole, carrying it to the place of the ending blót, cutting it up into 9 pieces and giving one piece to each of the 9 organisations behind the camp.

These pieces will then be brought

the middle both for sacrificing and for the point of always giving shelter and warmth to friends. The fire had to be prepared so that it could be lit in the beginning of the blót itself since that was the point of it.

But I also thought of how to mark this blót as something special, how to visualize the essence of the camp in the blót itself and in what manner.

Runes were the answer - runes as magical symbols. Each rune has a meaning that symbolizes an aspect of the Web of Wyrd and therefore they could bring out the essence of the camp into the world and place it before our eyes. So with the things required to prepare the ritual site I sat down at the site, relaxed and got in tune with the place. Then I went through the futhark to find the runes that should be found. In doing so I marked them by instinct and when I stopped to count them, there where 9.

I prepared the fire and marked the ground around the fire with the runes made out of oatmeal. Runes are magic symbols of power, the ones we can leave behind or send before us. They carry meaning and message and can bring on the essence of this camp. The runes that bear the essence of the camp are: Jaras - Eoh - Sol - Tyr - Madr - Ing - Dagaz - Odal - Gifur.

There lived a woman in Czech Republic

Text and photos by Michaela Honkova, VFGH



There lived a woman in Czech Republic, who decided it was about time she saw a sea. She imagined it as just a big lake, since she knew lakes. So she travelled a thousand miles to Denmark with her friend. They passed cities along the way, they passed forests and they passed fields and lakes. When they got into Denmark, anytime they drove around water, she asked anxiously: "Is this the sea? Is this the sea already?" Maybe it was, maybe it was not. She didn't know, it could be only a river or could it be coast?

Finally, the trip ended and they stood close to the shore. She ran to the water, steady, ever present wind blowing her hair as she stopped in front of the sea. It had beautiful blue colour, it was huge and somewhat flat, though little waves were sprinkled on it. The horizon seemed to be close, just to touch it, yet she knew it was eleven kilometres away. It was magnificent. The sea whispered rhythmically with every wave sweeping the shore, and the white sand of the beach was finer than any in a sandbox.

She spent a few days at that coast. She swam in the sea, and it was easier to swim in it than in sweet water, even with the waves.. the salt water carried her, and salty it was! She lay on the water, letting it carry her and watching the bright blue sky with a raising moon. She saw the changing hues of the sea's blues, the sailboats crossing the sea in distance and the tides moving the sea - so when she came back it reached to different line of dried nullipores on the coast. She was collecting seashells and saw the tide bring white and red jellyfish to the shore. She sat on the fine sand, felt the wind and heard the whisper of the waves and she saw the setting moon glitter on the sea-level.

She will go see a sea someday once more, and she will stand at it with these memories clear and vivid again.





Children forging at IASC

Photos by Helena Valorinta

At the summer camp the smith Bendt Dahlin from Denmark led a workshop for children, where they learnt the old craftsmanship.





A conversation in the editorial group of IASC Herald.

Helena: We are almost there. Texts are sent for proofreading and we are about to choose the pictures to go with them.
But Markus, don't you think we ought to have a children's page?

Markus: Hm...

Helena: Well, we do have a translation of the little book about Magni Modi and Trud helping Thor against the giant Hrunger, both in English, Dutch and German, but there were so many children at the summer camp. We can't make a magazine about the

camp without having something especially for them.

Markus: Yes I think we should have a children's page, but what age should it be for? There were children of all ages at the camp.

Helena: Well maybe the smallest ones doesn't need one. Around six, seven until ten. Perhaps something for the teenagers as well. You know, for the big children who were at the summer camp.

Markus: Well, I think the best would be a children's page with some comics about the myths, or something like that. I'm not much

of an artist, but if we could find someone with that skill, we could have a comic about the gods, or perhaps about modern heathens.

Helena: Ah, yes! That would be great.

Markus: Exactly, but the illustrations are a problem.

Helena: We could also make some tasks or finicky jobs to solve, something about the myths.

Markus: Yes, that could be fun. A simple one could be a labyrinth where one is supposed to help Thor find his way to Mjolnir in the middle.

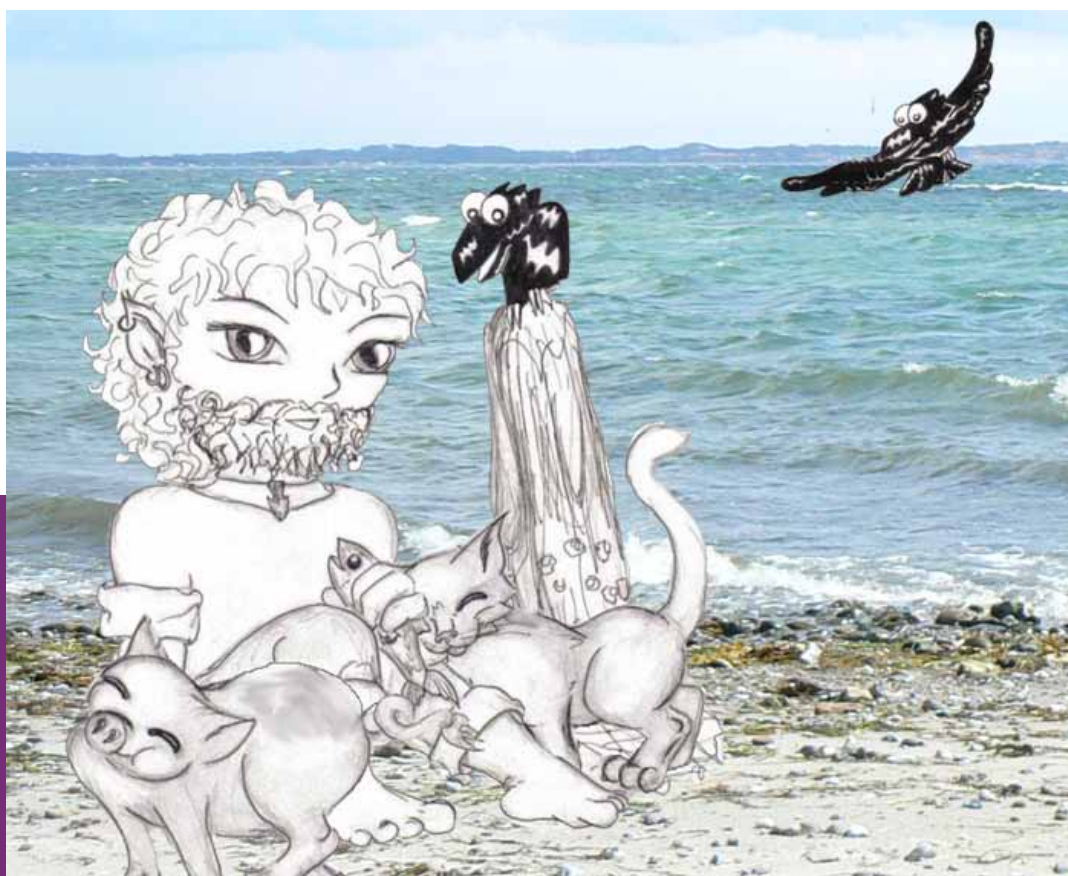
Helena: HAHHAHA or to let Rata-tosk go looking for nuts in a labyrinth made of the branches of Yggdrasil? ... I think we might have something to work on here.

Markus: Sure, let's see what we can come up with.

So we contacted a skilled illustrator, the treasurer of Forn Sidr in Denmark, Pippi Groving. She already had some great drawings of the gods we were allowed to use, and a ready made comic. Now our ideas were within reach.

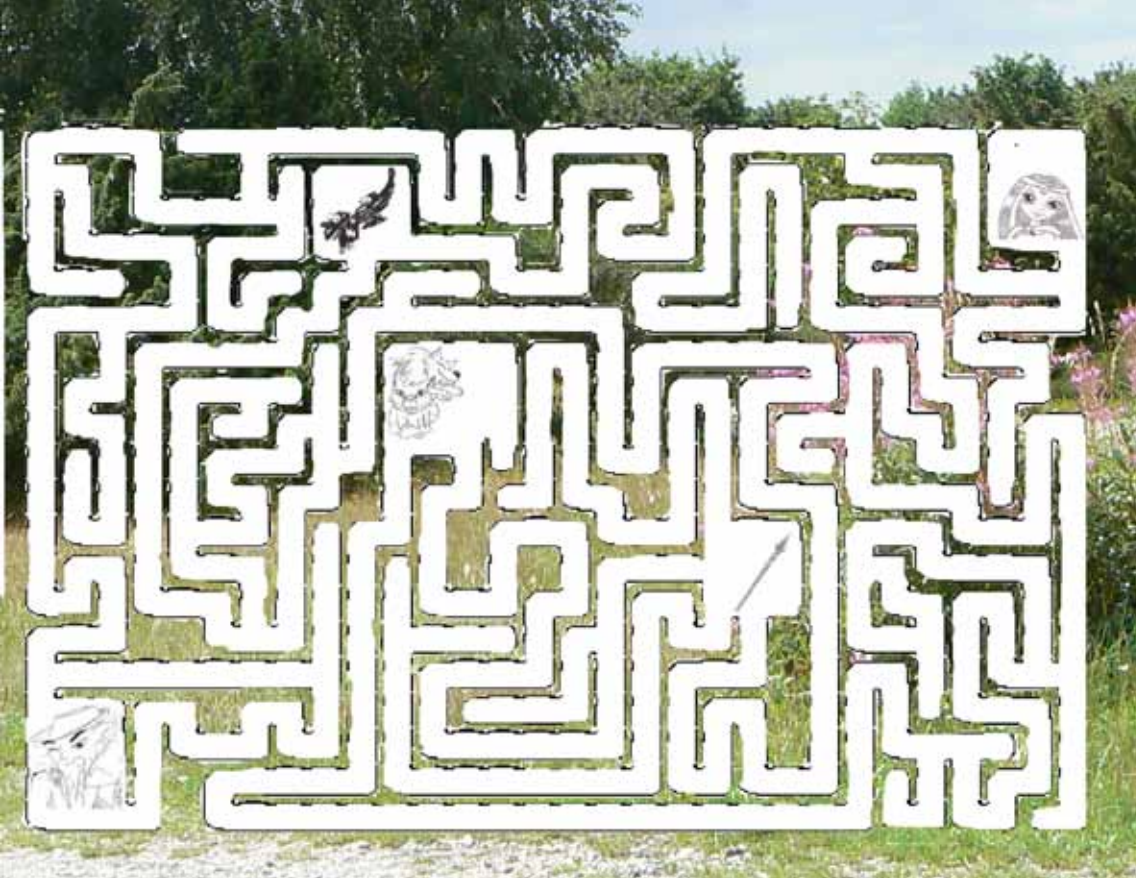
We therefore proudly present:

Children's page



1.
Njord has had some friends and family visiting him, but they forgot to take their animals with them as they left. Can you see who has been visiting Njord?

All drawings are made by Pippi Groving. The background photos are by Michaela Honkova, except for the big tree, that photo is taken by Helena Valorinta. In all the following pictures you can colour the gods and creatures in any colour you like.



2.
Odin has been out wandering again, and misplaced both spear, ravens and wolves. He's on his way home to Frigg in Fensalar. Help him find his way so that he has both Hugin & Munin, Gere & Freke and Gungnir with him when he arrives at Friggs place.

3.
See all these strange creatures? They are all the children of one of the gods. Do you know the name of that god? And do you know the name of these creatures? The serpent is called by one thing, but its real name is something else, have you heard it?



The picture on the next page you can take out of the magazine, colour the gods, and put on your wall.

The gods in the picture are from the left: Bragi, god of poems and music, married to Idun, the goddess guarding the apples of youth. Loki, some call him the trickster god, but there is more to Loki than just that. Loki is married to Sigyn who some claim to be the goddess of patience. Eyr, goddess of healing and medications. On the other side of the tree, Skadi a giant who claimed payment for her father being killed by the gods. Njord, god of the sea and fishing; the price Skade received. Frei, son of Njord, god of fertility in all aspects. Heimdal guarding Bifrost, the rainbow bridge to Asgaard.

Second row on the left: Vár Goddess of oaths, never break an oath sworn in the name of Vár. Freja, daughter of Njord, Goddess of Love, sexuality and seidr. Tyr, God of strategic warfare. Urd, Verdandi and Skuld; the norns, spinning the life threads of humans. Thor, God of Thunder, protecting humans. Thor is married to Sif, the goddess with the gold hair. Frigg knows all future though she never speaks of it and is married to Odin, god of wisdom and war and a lot more.



Yeah, well, when I got used to the idea of being a Dad it was kind of cool. And then my little boy was born.



So, what the seer-woman said was basically that my baby Fenris would grow up and kill my bro'....that kind of suck. So Odin wanted to take precautions.....

At the camp, most of you, those interested, received a white bag with a little storybook in it. The book was in Danish, Norwegian or Swedish. Now we have created translations, English, German and Dutch, which we proudly present here. There were two more languages represented at the camp, French and Icelandic, but since there were no children from these countries, we have decided not to translate for you. You will have to manage with the translations we have made.

Idea by Nanna M. Hornemann · Story by Ole Gotved, based on the myth of Hrungnir · Illustrations by Trine Madsen, Lukafleks · Graphic layout and print: Grafisk Forum a/s, 2009.

The myth about Hrungnir („Myten om Hrunger“)

English Translation: Helena Valorinta



Page 1. In Asgaard there were two boys, Magni and Modi. They had a little sister called Trud.

Page 2. Their father was Thor, the absolute strongest of the Aesir

Page 3. Trud was very strong, but she was also small, so the big boys often teased her. But when it happened it didn't take long for Modi to get them.

Page 4. He didn't care how big or how many they were, 'cause no one was to bully his little sister. Modi wasn't scared even if it meant he got many bruises and scratches that way

Page 5. Not until Magni showed up would things settle down. Maybe Magni wasn't that quick, but then he was so strong nobody dared to pick a fight with him

Page 6. Magni didn't have to say anything but for everyone to

apologise and behave, then everything would settle down. One day a foul giant by the name of Hrunger came to Asgaard

Page 7. He shouted so the earth trembled: "Thor! Come out and fight – If you don't come out I'll destroy all of Asgaard".

Page 8. Hrunger was the strongest and biggest of all the giants. His weapons were an enormous bat made of stone and a shield, also of stone and so strong nothing could go through it.

Page 9. But Thor was not afraid of the giant, 'cause he had his good hammer Mjolnir, which didn't just hit whatever he threw it at, but also flew right back in his hand, no matter how far away he threw it. Thor went out to meet Hrunger.

Page 10. Magni and Modi followed behind, they wanted to see the outcome and maybe they could even be of some help. "I want to come too" said Trud. "No" Modi said "First of all you're too little and second this is not for girls". Trud waited until her brothers had gone, and then she followed anyway.

Page 11. When they arrived Hrunger was already there, waiting with his bat well cov-

ered by his stone shield. But Modi just went for it, kicked under the shield and (**page 12**) bit Hrunger in the leg. Hrunger gave up a mighty cry and hit Modi with his shield. Modi flew through the air and landed far away.

Page 13. Then Hrunger threw his bat at Thor who at the same time threw the mighty Mjolnir. The bat and Mjolnir met in the air (**page 14**) and, while the bat was wrecked into pieces, Mjolnir went on and hit Hrunger, who hadn't had time to get his shield in place, right in the head.

Page 15. But a tiny piece of the stone bat hit Thor in the forehead and he fell to the ground. The badly wounded Hrunger stumbled forward (**page 16**) and fell on top of Thor, dead. Now Thor couldn't move.

Page 17. Magni, who had seen it all, ran to his father's rescue

Page 18. Strong as he was, Magni pushed the heavy giant away from Thor, so that he could get on his feet.

Page 19. Thor did not feel well and was bleeding heavily from the wound in his forehead. Trud, who too had seen it all from her

hiding place behind a big tree, ran to her father.

Page 20. "Keep still dad, I'll fix this one", Trud said and tore her skirt in strips and used it for a neat bandage on Thor's forehead

Page 21. When Thor had gotten hold of himself again he got to his feet and began to laugh so much tears were running down his cheeks and ended in his red beard.

Page 22. "Come here kids", he laughed and gave Magni, Modi and Trud a real big hug. "How lucky I am to have you kids to help me out whenever I need it", Thor said.

Page 23. Magni, Modi and Trud looked at each other and smiled. Now they could all go home, (**page 24**) happy that they had taken care of that foul giant with mutual help.



Die Sage von Hrungnir („Myten om Hrunger“)

Deutsche Übersetzung: Tim Peters

Seite 1. In Asgard lebten zwei Jungen, Magni und Modi. Sie hatten eine kleine Schwester, die Trud hieß.

Seite 2. Ihr Vater war Thor, der allerstärkste der Asen.

Seite 3. Trud war sehr stark, aber auch klein. Darum wurde sie oft von den großen Jungs gehänselt. Aber wenn das geschah, dauerte es nicht lange und Modi ging auf die Jungs los.

Seite 4. Es war im ganz egal, wie groß oder wie viele sie waren, denn niemand durfte seine kleine Schwester ärgern. Modi hatte keine Angst, obwohl

er sich auf diese Weise viele Schrammen und blaue Flecken zuzog.

Seite 5. Erst wenn Magni dazu kam, hatten sie Erfolg. Magni war vielleicht nicht sehr schnell, aber dafür war er so stark, dass niemand sich traute sich mit ihm zu prügeln.

Seite 6. Deshalb brauchte Magni gar nichts weiter zu sagen, sofort benahmen sie sich und sagten brav Entschuldigung und es herrschte wieder Ruhe. Eines Tages kam ein finsterner Riese mit Namen Hrungnir nach Asgard.

Seite 7. Er brüllte, dass die Erde

bebte: „Thor, komm raus und schlag dich mit mir! Und wenn du nicht kommst, mache ich Asgard dem Erdboden gleich.“

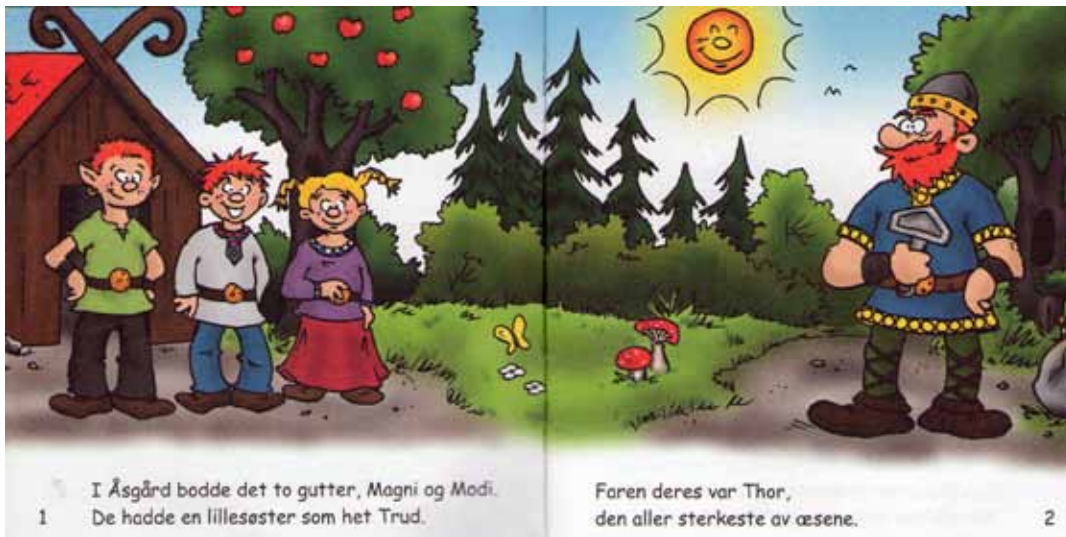
Seite 8. Hrungnir war der größte und stärkste aller Riesen. Seine Waffen waren eine riesengroße Keule aus Stein und ein Schild, der auch aus Stein gemacht und so stark war, dass nichts ihn durchschlagen konnte.

Seite 9. Aber Thor hatte keine Angst vor dem Riesen, denn er hatte seinen guten Hammer Mjölknir, der nicht nur alles traf, wonach er ihn warf, sondern auch immer in Thors Hand zurückkehrte, egal wie weit

weg er ihn schleuderte. Thor ging hinaus um sich Hrungnir entgegen zu stellen.

Seite 10. Magni und Modi gingen hinterher. Sie wollten sehen, wie es ausging, und vielleicht konnten sie ja auch helfen. „Ich will auch mit“, sagte Trud. „Nein“, sagte Modi, „erstens bist zu klein und zweitens ist das nichts für Mädchen.“ Trud wartete bis ihre Brüder losgegangen waren und folgte ihnen trotzdem.

Seite 11. Als sie ankamen, stand Hrungnir schon mit seiner Keule bereit, gut geschützt von seinem Schild. Doch Modi pre-



schte einfach vor, rannte glatt unter dem Schild durch

Seite 12. und biss Hrungrir ins Bein. Hrungrir gab ein Heulen von sich und verpasste Modi eine ordentliche Ohrfeige mit dem Schild, so dass Modi durch die Luft flog und weit entfernt landete.

Seite 13. Jetzt warf Hrungrir seine Keule nach Thor, der gleichzeitig Mjölfnir losschleuderte. Die

Keule und Mjölfnir prallten in der Luft aufeinander,

Seite 14. und während die Keule zersplitterte, flog Mjölfnir weiter und traf Hrungrir, der es nicht geschafft hatte seinen Schild wieder zu heben, voll am Kopf.

Seite 15. Aber ein Splitter aus der Steinkeule traf Thor an der Stirn, so dass er umfiel. Der schwer verletzte Hrungrir wankte vorwärts

Seite 16. und brach genau über Thor tot zusammen, so dass Thor sich nicht mehr rühren konnte.

Seite 17. Magni, der das ganze mit angesehen hatte, kam seinem Vater zu Hilfe,

Seite 18. und stark wie er war, gelang es ihm, den schweren Hrungrir von Thor herunter zu wälzen um ihn zu befreien.

Seite 19. Thor war etwas übel und

er blutete stark aus der Wunde an seiner Stirn. Trud, die das Schauspiel aus ihrem Versteck hinter einem großen Baum heraus ebenfalls beobachtet hatte, lief zu ihrem Vater hin.

Seite 20. „Halt nur still, Papa, darum kümmere ich mich“, sagte Trud und riss ihr Kleid in mehrere Streifen, aus denen sie einen schönen Verband für Thors Stirn machte.

Seite 21. Als Thor sich ein wenig erholt hatte, stand er auf und begann zu lachen, dass ihm die Tränen in seinen großen roten Bart hinab kullerten.

Seite 22. „Kommt her, Kinder“, lachte er und drückte Magni, Modi und Trud einmal ganz fest. „Wie gut ist es doch, dass ich euch Kinder habe um mir zu helfen, wenn es nötig ist“, sagte Thor.

Seite 23. Magni, Modi und Trud sahen einander an und lächelten. Nun konnten sie alle nach Hause gehen, froh, dass

Seite 24. es ihnen gemeinsam gelungen war, den dummen Riesen zu erledigen.

De mythe van Hrungir („Myten om Hrunger“)

Vertaald in het Nederlands door Rachèl Belgraver Thissen

Pagina 1. In Asgaard waren twee jongens, Magni en Modi. Ze hadden een klein zusje dat Thrud heet.

Pagina 2. Hun vader was Thor, de allersterkste der Asen.

Pagina 3. Thrud was erg sterk, maar ook klein, daarom werd ze vaak geplaagd door de grote jongens. Wanneer dit gebeurde duurde het niet lang voordat Modi achter ze aan kwam.

Pagina 4. Het maakte hem niet uit hoe groot ze waren – of met hoeveel, niemand mocht zijn kleine zusje pesten. Modi was niet bang ook al betekende dit dat hij veel blauwe plekken en krassen kreeg.

Pagina 5. Het stopte niet totdat Magni kwam helpen. Magni was misschien niet zo snel, maar hij was zo sterk dat niemand ruzie met hem durfde te maken.

Pagina 6. Magni hoefde niet eens iets te zeggen, iedereen zei sorry en gedroeg zich. Daarna was alles rustig.

Op een dag kwam er een gemene reus naar Asgaard. Hij heette Hrunger (Hrungrir).

Pagina 7. Hij schreeuwde zo hard dat de aarde schudde: „Thor! Kom en vecht – Als je niet komt dan maak ik heel Asgaard met de grond gelijk.“

Pagina 8. Hrunger was de grootste en de sterkste van alle reuzen. Zijn wapens waren een enorme knuppel, gemaakt van steen, en een schild, ook van steen en zo sterk dat niets er doorheen kon gaan.

Pagina 9. Maar Thor was niet bang voor de reus, want hij had zijn goede hamer Mjölfnir die niet alleen alles raakte waar hij hem naartoe gooide, maar ook weer terug in zijn hand vloog, hoe ver hij ook gooide.

Thor ging naar buiten om Hrunger tegen te komen.

Pagina 10. Magni en Modi gingen hem achterna, ze wilden zien wat er gebeurde en misschien konden ze zelfs helpen. „Ik wil ook mee“ zei Thrud. „Nee“ zei Modi „Ten eerste ben je te klein en ten tweede is dit niets voor meisjes“. Thrud wachtte totdat haar broers weg waren en ging toen toch achter ze aan.

Pagina 11. Toen ze aankwamen was Hrunger er al. Hij wach-

ter met zijn knuppel, goed beschermd door zijn stenen schild. Maar Modi viel hem gewoon aan, schopte onder het schild en (**pagina 12**) beet Hrunger in zijn been. Hrunger slaakte een harde kreet en sloeg Modi met zijn schild. Modi vloog door de lucht en kwam ver weg neer.

Pagina 13. Toen gooide Hrunger zijn knuppel naar Thor die op hetzelfde moment de machtige Mjölfnir gooide. De knuppel en Mjölfnir raakten elkaar in de lucht (**pagina 14**) en terwijl de knuppel in stukken vloog ging Mjölfnir verder en raakte Hrunger, die geen tijd had om zijn schild ervoor te houden, precies op zijn hoofd.

Pagina 15. Maar een klein stukje van de stenen knuppel raakte het voorhoofd van Thor en hij viel op de grond. De zwaargewonde Hrunger strompelde naar voren (**pagina 16**) en landde boven op Thor, dood. Nu kon Thor niet bewegen.

Pagina 17. Magni, die het allemaal gezien had, haastte zich om zijn vader te helpen.

Pagina 18. Sterk als hij was duwde

Magni de zware reus van Thor af, zodat die weer kon opstaan.

Pagina 19. Thor voelde zich niet zo lekker en de wond op zijn voorhoofd bloedde hevig. Thrud, die vanuit haar verstopte plek achter een dikke boom ook alles gezien had, rende naar haar vader.

Pagina 20. „Zit maar stil pap, ik regel het wel“ zei Thrud en ze scheurde repen van haar rok en gebruikte ze voor een keurig verband om Thors hoofd.

Pagina 21. Toen Thor zich beter voelde stond hij op en begon zo hard te lachen dat de tranen langs zijn wangen rolden en in zijn rode baard gingen zitten.

Pagina 22. „Kom hier kinderen“, lachte hij en hij gaf Magni, Modi en Thrud een hele dikke knuffel. „Ik bof met kinderen als jullie die me helpen wanneer ik dat nodig heb“, zei Thor.

Pagina 23. Magni, Modi en Thrud keken elkaar aan en lachten. Nu konden ze allemaal naar huis (**pagina 24**) blij dat ze samen met de gemene reus hadden afgerekend.



Tournaments at IASC

Photos by Frigga Asraaf, Helena Valorinta, Else Julie Nordvig and Tim Peters

Don't ask ... Some Dutch group brought some horses ...

