

FORWARD

The ensuing is a comprehensive overview of legends, ideas, understandings, rites & rituals held and practiced by those men and women who are beholden to the organic pre-Christian faith of the Nordic Arya, called by the name of *Odinism*.

The passages within this book are extracted from an audience given by a Highland member of an arcane, mystic order known as the *Odin Brotherhood*—devoted to the ideals, exercise, and advancement of Odinnic science.

This incisive and revealing work presents the opportunity to serve as a guide for those initiates pursuing instruction in the Odinnic Mysteries and practices thereof.



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THE BIRTH OF THE BROTHERHOOD

Odinism is all that was called wisdom when the world was new and fresh. Odinism is an ancient religion that acknowledges the gods by fostering thought, courage, honor, light, and beauty. The Odin Brotherhood is a secret society for all extraordinary mortals, men and women who possess an epic state of mind, who embrace the principles of Odinism. Although Odinism is the primordial religion, the Brotherhood itself is only five centuries old. It was established during the *Era-of-Humiliation*; the time when Odinism was the victim of premeditated cruelties by the truant vassals of Christ—heretical Christians who were black with hate.

In the beginning, they tried to undermine Odinism with prefabricated slanders. Odinists were denounced as vile devil-worshippers who consecrated their souls to anthropomorphic monsters. They were the ravings of incandescent bigotry.

However, their slanders were ineffective. Odinists continued

to honor the old gods.

Exasperated by their lack of success, the truant vassals of Christ turned to a more lethal scheme. Odinists were murdered, and Odinist temples and altars were profaned and annihilated. However, the persecution only made Odinism stronger.

The Christian terrorism caused ordinary mortals to abandon the old gods, and this gave Odinism a fantastically intensified purity. Odinism became a religion for heroes—the young, the strong, the living—and The Odin Brotherhood was born.

The Odin Brotherhood was inaugurated in an obscure village built out of gray mud and brown thatch. In the legends, the place is called *The-Heart-of-The-White-Darkness*.

The process that would initiate the Brotherhood started in 1418 when an ugly and venomous Christian priest arranged the execution of a young widow called *The-Shrouded-One-of-Odin*.

The priest had seen the young widow honoring the old gods in a remote grotto. In the twisted words of the fiendish nonsense

that was then called law, “murmuring heathenish incantations and performing pagan rites” meant death by burning.

The priest did offer to save her from the stake if she would give her body to his impure and subterranean desires, but the young widow scorned his obscene advances. But the young woman would not give her honor to a man worn out by vice and crime. The refusal angered the priest. His fury was as boundless as his lechery.

Black with hate, the priest then inflamed a mob of peasants in the village with his eloquent vehemence, and they slaughtered the young widow. In the legends, the mob is called *The-Hundred-Soulless-Authorities*.

First, they cut her beautiful eyes from her head. Then they burned her quivering body on a pyre constructed from green wood, for it burns slowly and prolongs the agony of the victim.

The widow’s immolation was a ghastly spectacle, and her three young children... A boy the legends call *Mocking-Defiance*, a girl who is known as *The-Power-*

of-Innocence, and another boy who is called *Desire-To-Rebel*, were forced by order of the priest to watch.

And as the children witnessed their mother’s sufferings, they were goaded by the priest and his diseased imagination. These were his words: “Hear the hideous bellowings of the harlot who gave you birth? Soon—very soon—she will be groaning in the deepest pit of hell with her counterfeit gods. If you do not become children of the one true church—if you do not learn to kneel, believe, and obey—the devil will one day make you share her pain and her grief.”

However, they were not afraid of supernatural terrors; they did not fear a fictional hell, a scarecrow called the devil, or the other spurious horrors contrived by extinct theologians. Why fear the webs left by dead spiders?

The children did not resist the priest; they were too clever for that. They realized the priest could not harm their souls, but he could annoy and torment their bodies. So, to save their lives from the Christian menace, the children pretended to embrace the iniquitous fallacies that were

being forced upon them. With their words, they honored the priest's deity—a triune god symbolized as a disagreeable patriarch, a designated scapegoat, and a bland abstraction—but in the depth of their souls, they still loved the ancient religion.

Every winter, the time when death is strong in nature, the children would visit their mother's grave and communicate their affection for the old gods to her. For in Odinist practice, a message inscribed on a lead tablet will reach a dead person if it is buried at his gravesite in winter. Communicating across the barrier is easier for the living than for the dead—in the words of the legends, "the dead can hear but are mute." Although legend tells that the children thought they did receive a message from their mother.

...Such is told, that in 1421, while standing by their mother's grave, the children suddenly saw a mysterious woman dressed in a shroud of white linen. She was not merely some apparition, for visions authenticate nothing. The shrouded woman was physically present at the grave; and, according to the legends, the

shrouded woman first made this declaration: "Without the gods, a soul wanders but is not free."

The shrouded woman then gave the children the three directives. First, the shrouded woman told the children to form a conspiracy of equals—a conspiracy in which every member is a leader. Second, the shrouded woman told the children to honor the gods with clandestine rites in deserted places. Third, she instructed the children to share their knowledge with the few they trusted—for before he dies, every Odinist must pass on the wisdom of his secret.

The woman then made this declaration before returning to the grave:

"Heed my words, my children; and the gods of antiquity will be the gods of the future."

She then disappeared...

The children took her words to heart, and on that very night, they swore a solemn oath, cemented with a ceremony of blood. With that oath, The Odin Brotherhood was born, and this concealed fraternity has existed in unbroken succession to the present. The Brotherhood bears

the teeth marks of Christianity—in spite of such it has survived.

In this present-day world, the Odin Brotherhood is a secret aristocracy—a hidden elite—that penetrates every continent. The Odinist is unique, for he is a complete man of action. As a member of the invisible army of the gods, the Odinist is direct, uncomplicated, and strong.

GRASPING ODINISM

Odinism is a Creed of iron. For when the gods made man, they made a weapon. One that is hard, and yet supple; dangerous, and yet suave. Man was not made from the filth of the earth (as the monotheists claim), and man was not made from carbon, oxygen, and slime (as the materialists claim). According to the legends. The gods cut the first man and the first woman from splendid trees: that is the origin of our strength. In poetic terms, strength is that which exalts the natural majesty of man—and in concrete terms, strength is that which promotes thought and daring.

Strength is significant to the Odinist because it is only by becoming stronger that a man can realize his divinity—through strength, a man can become godlike. And a godlike man—a man who is pure force, inaccessible to any compromise—is called a hero. In any epoch, heroes will be the ones leading the ecstasy of creation or the frenzy of war.

In an absolute sense, Odinists



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understand no one is wicked— Everything is simply a point of perspective. Consider a dove. ...To a man, that bird is an exquisite and benevolent creature. However, to a worm that is mangled and devoured by that selfsame bird, the dove is a fiendish monster of unparalleled cruelty. However, this is not meant to say that all things are permitted—not at all. There is in fact no evil; however, there is dishonor. As such, dishonor is anything that changes our nature, and steals from us our souls...

A man is what he honors, and the Odinist honors many gods. Monotheism—the belief in one totalitarian god—is preposterous and absurd... No single, superordinary, ineffable entity controls all realities. The entity called Jehovah (or *Yahweh*) in truth exists; but he is only one god among many. Even the *Old Testament* admits this truth. In Psalm LXXII, for example, Jehovah is referred to as a god “among gods.” The New Testament, one of the newest of the world’s scriptures, also concedes the truth. In First Corinthians, chapter VIII, verse 5, Paul of Tarsus writes, “there are many

gods and many lords.”

Odinnic conviction is based on three foundations: First, we appeal to tradition... Man has honored many gods for a thousand centuries. The idea of monotheism, an exaggerated fraud contrived by a malformed and cretinous Egyptian king, is only thirty centuries old— Thirty centuries! That is only 100 human generations. Such novelty is rootless, bloodless, meaningless, and illusory.

...Secondly, Odinists appeal to the facts of nature. Study the universe around you; a universe governed by one supreme deity would possess the maddening simplicity that characterizes any dictatorship. However, our cosmos clearly shows no evidence of *one will* at work—quite the opposite... Our universe is characterized by divergence and disorder; and such indicates the universe is molded by *many wills*, and innumerable forces.

...Thirdly, we appeal to an emotion in our souls: we *feel* the gods are many. Although appealing to an emotion is rather irrational; Odinists recognize that the irrational can be a source of illumination.

Odinnic Rituals and Ceremony

THE EDDAIC DEITIES

Nature—the windowless realm of all existence—is inconceivably complex, and it is filled with nations of gods, and tribes of enchanted entities. No single mind knows them all... Nature literally swarms with gods and godlike beings.

Our gods are not omnipotent; omnipotence is humbuggery... In this universe of hazard and adventure, the gods implement their wills through *struggle*—not *fiat*.

Our gods are anthropoidal; what is inhuman is not divine. The difference between a god and a man is only one of degree: A god is wiser, stronger, and more beautiful, even though a god’s fundamental nature is similar to that of a man’s. ...Gods are, in fact, Superhuman: amplify all that is great in a man and the result is a god.

Odinists honor all deities, but the movement is especially dedicated to the race of lords described in the Eddaic Verses—a collection of ancient poems also

called the *Words-of-Power*. The Eddaic Verses are bold and glowing revelations that describe certain gods that possess the elegance of strength.

All transcendental knowledge is expressed in verse. For no other medium can effectively convey the instinctual and intellectual forces of gods and *homines noetici*: “Thoughtful men.”

The Eddaic Verses were the products of a singular genius. In the legends, he is called *Knowledge-Inflamed-By-Imagination*. These Eddaic Verses were created during the first age of human history.

Human history can be divided into three periods. The first is called *The-Age-of-Primitive-Freshness*. In this first age, an individual man’s chief enemies were predators with hearts of whiteness—Wild animals.

The second age is called *The-Age-of-Heroic-Gestures*. In this period, an individual man’s chief enemies were other men. It was the time when men ripened in the sun of adversity.

The third age is *The-Age-of-unqualified-Decadence*. In this

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age—the period in which we now live—an individual man's chief enemy is himself. It is the time of self-inflicted wounds and unequivocal decline.

The Eddaic Verses were produced during the *Age-of-Primitive-Freshness*; in the language of the primordial tongue that is older than time—the prototype of all spoken communication. This primordial tongue is composed only of vowels.

According to legend, no contemporary man can speak the primordial tongue. Its beauty has been retracted by the mist of centuries... And so no one alive today can understand the Eddaic Verses, not in their original form; however, the echoes of antiquity can still be studied in later versions.

This later version was recorded by a succession of tall, daring, and magnificent war-lords who lived in the *Age-of-Heroic-Gestures*. History calls them the Cimmerians, the Scythians, Sarmatians, and the Vikings. In their eras of greatness, these splendid races were as strong and as clear as mountain rivers.

Like all peoples, they eventually lost their innocence and their virility—they became civilized.

Eddaic deities are eminent from the countless other gods. The explanation for this is found in a story of a young sage named *Innocent-of-Conviction*...

According to an ancient legend, *Innocent-of-Conviction* decided to test the gods to determine which deities deserved the highest honor. The sage determined he would test the gods by being rude to them. *Innocent-of-Conviction* assaulted the gods by uttering familiar blasphemies— An original approach indeed. First the sage approached the deity we call *The-Adversary-of-All-Other-Gods*, the jealous deity who claims he alone is divine. The sage called him a cruel and ill-tempered desert demon and the deity, so addressed, erupted into a furious display of wrath and anger, and he bullied *Innocent-of-Conviction* into silence. The sage was not very brave, for he was not yet an Odinist.

Next the sage approached a second deity—the one we call *The-God-Who-Fears-Oblivion-and-Neglect*, he is the god who wants

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all men to know him and to love him. The sage made a reference to the god's past; *Innocent-of-Conviction* said that any entity who had been born in an animal shed did not even smell like a god. The second deity was displeased, and he reprimanded the sage with condescending words. The second deity concluded his remarks with these words: "You are forgiven. Go, and sin no more!"—for some deities treat men as children.

Finally the sage sought out the race of lords that we call the Eddaic gods. The sage found the Eddaic gods at a feast of pork and wine, and to their faces he denounced them as false gods and devils who satisfied lusts and procreated monsters. At first there was a moment of silence (the gods were unaccustomed to such bold impieties; Just then one of the revelers spoke:

"Stranger," said the god, "I give you this warning: if I draw my sword, it will not be sheathed again until it has your mood on it."

After a brief pause, the sage intuited the necessary wisdom. He spoke these words:

"Friend," replied he, "I have found courage, and a brave

man does not fear the wrath of gods."

All the revelers laughed, because the audacity of the sage gave them pleasure. The Eddaic gods then invited *Innocent-of-Conviction* to join their feast; for these gods admired any man who dared to confront power... Such a man, they declared, was a natural confederate of gods.

And so the sage had found his answer; and he had made a discovery as well—Beware of gods who cannot laugh.

According to our legends, the events described took place during the *Age of Heroic Gestures*.

Many men usually have visited the gods, however, the gods also visit us. Some deities are occasional interlopers in the world of men; but the Eddaic gods are different. The Eddaic gods constantly wander across the race of the Earth. The gods visit all nations. In the eyes of gods, there are no *chosen peoples*: All people share the proximity of the gods.

GODLY ENCOUNTERS

Legend declares that the world of men is more exciting than the world of the gods, so the Eddaic deities like to come here for amusement and adventure. The gods like to see, to hear, and to feel the experiences of this world. Sometimes they visit the world of men in the interest of obtaining knowledge. The gods come here to learn, for no god is all-knowing and all-wise; it is impossible—an omniscient god would suffocate in his own wisdom.

You may have encountered gods or goddesses and not recognized them. The gods do not need theatrics to impress mortals; they do not have to communicate through angelic thralls or burning bushes. Normally, their visits are far more discrete, and they can pass unnoticed in a crowd of humanity.

...For instance, if, while enjoying the winter, you encounter a mysterious stranger, very wise in talk, who has a hood drawn low over his face—that just may be a god. If, while walking down a city street, you pass by a woman who is a visual work of art—that may

in fact be a goddess.

A god or a goddess does not always appear in the same form... The deities often manufacture unreality—they create an illusion, and they appear as they are not. Thus it was with one god who actually visited Earth disguised as a man with a long nose and a bald pate.

You will know you are in the presence of a god when you sense something powerful, something exceptional, something human. According to legend, a god will cast a light shadow, but not a dark shadow: a light shadow is a reflection in a mirror—a dark shadow is the silhouette that is cast in sunlight... A god will not cast this silhouette.

To conceal themselves in the world of men, the gods normally appear only at night, or at noon, for in the vertical beams of the midday sun, there are no dark shadows.

When the Eddaic gods visit Earth, they come from the illustrious city of Asgard which is the enclave of the Eddaic deities in the reality of the gods.

Nature has hidden corridors that

THE FAVORED GODS & GODDESSES

most men have only seen in their dreams. The reality of the gods exists in one of those corridors. The reality of the gods has a mysterious door that opens in the world of men. In nature, the reality of the gods intersects the reality of men. When the two realities are perpendicular, the mysterious door is formed. When it appears, it is on the frontier between the visible and the invisible. The door is never in the same place. It is constantly in motion. On one occasion it may appear on a mountain summit—on another occasion it may appear in the depths of the sea. To locate the door, look for the Bridge of Opaque Colors—the rainbow that is saturated with beauty.

We can begin with Odin, the **ALL-FATHER**. Called such because Odin the inscrutable one, the god who speaks in poetry, and wields paternal authority in Asgard. Odin is not the creator of nature; nature, in its various forms, has always existed—No god created it... In the infinitude that is nature, innumerable universes are successively produced and destroyed through periodic convulsions. ...Our universe is only one of many; and like all such universes, ours was formed from the wreckage of the previous cosmos... And so the next universe will be formed from the ruins of our cosmos. Nature goes through an almost biological process of birth, death, and rebirth—composition, decomposition, recomposition. This process is independent of any god—the gods did not create nature. To the contrary, nature is a matrix that gives birth to gods. The gods are the products of genesis and not the initiators of it—Nature herself is the womb of pantheons.

Odin has authority among gods



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because he is wise. Odin thinks in terms of centuries, and he knows deep, mysterious, and unfathomable things. Odin gained such wisdom through struggle. According to the legends, Odin sacrificed one of his eyes to drink a draught of wisdom. He endured horrible agonies to discover the knowledge of the runes.

The runes are Occult potencies. With the runes, the adept can learn from the past and communicate with the future. He can also heal all diseases, blunt all weapons, break all fetters, quench all fires, calm all storms, end all hatreds, and win all loves. The runes are mystic passwords that unleash the power of matter, energy, and thought. I can say nothing further of this, for there are certain secrets that must not be revealed. I can add only this: if you knew the secret of the runes, the knowledge would surprise and terrify.

As for what agonies Odin did suffer to discover the runes, the legends are rather vague here, however, hear the words of Odin from the Eddaic Verses: the ancient words of power:

I know that I hung
On the wind-swept Tree

Nine nights long,
Wounded by spear.
Consecrated to Odin.
Myself to myself;
On the mighty tree of which no
man knows
Out of what root it springs.
No one refreshed me
With drink or bread;
I looked downward.
I took up the runes.
Shrieking I took them,
Then I fell to the ground.

Odin hung for nine nights on the World Tree of Knowledge; the tree that sustains the cosmos. He hung there as a sacrifice, a sacrifice of himself to himself. After enduring unspeakable torments, he reached out and found the runes. In a fashion, the sufferings of Odin evoke the passion of Christ. Though not surprisingly; Gods—like the prophets and the shamans who live in the world of men—understand that pain can be a source of illumination. However, knowledge can be found without pain. In fact, Odin also seeks wisdom through simple travel. He often visits the world of men, and that is why he is called the god of

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countless names. Each time Odin visited a different nation he was given a different appellation. Odin is usually called **ALL-FATHER** but he is also called:

The-Hooded-one, Much-Loved, Third-One, Thin-One, One-Who-Blinds-With-Death, High-One, Changeable-One, One-Who-Guesses-Right, Glad-of-War, God-of-The-Spear, One-Whose-Eyes-Deceives-Him, Flame-Eyed-One, Worker-of-Destruction, Bringer-of-Ecstasy, Very-Wise-One, Long-Bearded-One, Father-of-Victory, Cargo-God, God-of-Wishes, Just-As-High, Wand-bearer, Grey-Bearded-One, Terrible-One, Wanderer, and Father-of-The-Slain.

Each name is a skeleton-key to a special mystery. Nevertheless, mysteries should not be explained—they should be experienced... That is the way of Odin.

We likewise honor the goddess named Frigg. As the wife of Odin, Frigg is the patroness of marriage. Marriage is important to Odinists—without marriage, love cannot be a sacrament. For when there is no commitment, men and women fall into the bottomless pit

of erotic anarchy.

One other significant god is Thor, the Lord of the Hammer; for Thor possesses a tool that breaks chains and crushes enemies—an enchanted mallet that strikes with the roar of thunder and the flash of lightning.

Thor is one of the most embraced of our deities. Known as “the strong one of the gods,” Thor is the son of Odin and the father of one daughter, Thrud (strength), and two sons, Magni (colossal might) and Modi (fierce courage).

Thor is so well loved for three reasons. First, Thor is popular because he is the favorite of adventurers. He is someone who accomplishes great deeds in the spirit of play.

...Second: Thor is popular because he is the friend of heroes; in any combat, the hero is the one who renounces advantages. The third reason Thor is popular, is due to the fact that his kindness has no visible limits. Benevolence is important to Odinists; for without kindness, a man cannot be a man—that is the teaching of Thor. Thor is, without question, the strongest of the gods. He leads the struggle

against the *titans*—also called the *giants*. These foes are creatures who possess vast power and profound wisdom. They are older than the gods and are hostile towards them, as the titans are the “elder ones”—they are the offspring of Ymir, the “first of the living” in our universe. Ymir’s origin is found in the matrix that is time; Ymir (the name means *roarer*) emerged from the chaos of ice and fire—the ruins of the universe that preceded our own. Ymir is today dead, but his corpse is a part of nature, and the titans he engendered live on.

As for the titans, there are two kinds who do combat with Thor. Those who are called *frost giants* live in a place of endless night and immaculate cold. The other type of titans—those who are called *fire giants*—live in a sulfurous abyss at the edge of an unknown plateau. These titan realms cannot be reached from the reality of men. They exist in oblique corridors. To journey to the realms of Thor’s enemies, one must create an aperture with the brute power. ...Only the hero possesses the necessary force; he can cut a swath of destruction through any barrier—such is the teaching of

Thor.

There is the goddess named Sif, the wife of Thor. Sif is renowned throughout all worlds for a misfortune she once suffered. Her exquisite long hair was destroyed by the one named Loki—a frost giant who is the master of stealth, cunning, and guile. Loki did such a deed because he is a prankster, and mischief is his delight. Sif’s hair never grew back—Loki had made that an impossibility. However, threatened by Sif’s husband, Loki replaced the lost hair of the goddess with enchanted tresses, being woven of wondrous strands of pure gold, which grew like real hair, forged by the *rock dwarfs* at Loki’s request.

The *rock dwarfs* are superb craftsmen, who are the masters of created things. These masters of dexterity are tiny creatures with putty-colored skin, large, frog-like eyes, and small, turned-up noses. The makers of Sif’s hair live in the crust of the Earth, as rock dwarfs can pass through solid stone as easily as a shark swims through water, or a hawk flies through air. Rock dwarfs rarely visit our world—the legends say the power of sunlight turns them into stone—but sometimes they are

accidentally seen in the darkness of night by females, for the makers of Sif’s hair are intoxicated by beauty, and they like to spy on and fall in love with charming maidens. Sadly, their love is never returned—no rock dwarf is ever successful in love.

Another significant member of the race of lords is Heimdall the Vigilant. Heimdall is the indefatigable guardian of the two holy places. The first is the *Bridge of Opaque Colors* that leads to Asgard, and the second is the initiation ritual that leads to the Odin Brotherhood. Yet another deity, the god named Bragi, is also a patron of ritual arcane; Bragi, a son of Odin and the husband of a goddess named Idun, is the god of the eloquent words. When Odinists call upon their gods, they do so under the patronage of Bragi—Bragi is the Odinist god of prayer

Bragi, the god of the eloquent words is married to Idun, the goddess of youth; Soft and lawless as freshly fallen snow, Idun is the patroness of all that is new and fresh. she is also one of the most important of the Asgardian goddesses, for she is the keeper of the magic food (or *fruits*).

These fruits are ripened by the childlike purity of Idun’s thoughts. Her *peaches of youth* have the power to reverse the ravages of time. Like the elixir of life of the alchemists, Idun’s fruit renews and refreshes the bodies and souls of men and gods—gods also suffer the effects of old age... The natural lifetime of a god is vast, though ultimately even a god experiences senescence... Time erodes all forms of beings, and that is especially true in Asgard, where beings age rapidly more than on Earth.

The passage of time is not the same everywhere: time is not symmetrical throughout nature. ...An instant in the reality of the gods is an epoch in the reality of men.

Therefore the results would be disastrous for an ordinary mortal who finds the gate and enters the reality of the gods without the magic food. After a few moments, an ordinary mortal would be dead; after a few moments more, he would be a putrescent corpse; after one night in Asgard, his body would be a heap of black ashes. Without the help of youth, all enterprises are dangerous. That is why Idun is important among the

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gods and goddesses.

Another significant deity is Tyr the One-Handed, the brave god who inspires fear but never feels fear himself. He is called "the One-Handed" because Tyr lost one limb. He was mutilated by violence. A god can suffer injury: the gods are neither invulnerable nor invincible; and so our gods can know the thrill of danger. Tyr sacrificed his hand to neutralize a threat and save Asgard. As the bravest of the gods. Tyr is also the most generous: bravery and generosity are always found together; selfishness is the spawn of cowardice. With respect to bravery, Odinists define this virtue in knowing there are many forums of bravery, but the supreme forum of courage is the one against the all... And the supreme forum of cowardice: The all against the one. As a god of bravery, Tyr is a god of battle as well. Tyr delights in the fury of combat, and he is the patron of all true warriors—combatants who remember the *three prohibitions*... The first: In combat, never fight an unworthy foe: one who is weaker. The second prohibition: In combat, never kill at a distance. In modern war, virtually all killing occurs at

a distance; that is why modern war is criminal—it has made killing and dying anonymous. The third prohibition: In combat, never retreat before the enemy—a true warrior will retreat under no circumstances. When a true warrior steps back, it is only to leap forward; that is the teaching of Tyr.

Another interesting deity is Njord, the god who is fond of the salt, the sea, and the wind. Although Njord presently lives in Asgard with his wife, he is a Vanir by birth. Known to fable as the "resplendent ones," the Vanir are beautiful gods and goddesses renowned for the power of their magic—magic is a species of knowledge; magic is the technology of gods. According to some legends, it was invented in *Vanir-World*, the home of the Vanir and the original home of Njord. It is a place of color, music, and scent. *Vanir-World* is found in the reality of the gods, the birthplace of Njord is located somewhere to the east of Asgard. An Earthly portal exists that leads to *Vanir-World*—the same aperture that leads to Asgard leads to *Vanir-World*. The Vanir gods and the Asgardian gods often sojourn with one another, but that was not

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always the case. In ancient times—long before our ancestors walked the Earth—the gods of *Vanir-World* and the gods of Asgard waged a war which involved a sorceress named *The-Power-of-Cold*. The war was long and bitter, but at length the universe experienced an armistice of the gods. To keep a war between pantheons from breaking out again, the deities of *Vanir-World* sent two of their number to live in Asgard, and the deities of Asgard sent two of their number to live in *Vanir-World*. In this exchange, Njord and his son went to Asgard; according to the legends, Njord will stay with the Asgardians until the destruction of this universe. Njord's son who also went to Asgard is called Frey, and he is the king of the elves—known in the legends as *The-People-Who-Walk-In-The-Sky*. Frey's subjects are a race of virgins. Most elves are chaste, for elves cannot survive procreation.. For an elf, love-play can lead to death. Frey's subjects are beautiful entities with statuesque bodies and eyes the color of melted copper.

They live in *Elf-World*, a place of beauty and fantasy filled with wonderful things; enchanted

things—such as mountains of crystal and forests of giant mushrooms. Frey's realm is where every river begins. Rain is where every river begins, so the *Elf-World* is somewhere in the architecture of the clouds.

Another significant goddess is Freyja. A Vanir by birth, Freyja has freely joined her father (Njord) and her brother (Frey) in Asgard. Freyja is all that is perfect and feminine. The divine prototype of loveliness, Freyja epitomizes the woman who inspires our dreams, shapes our hopes, and steals our desires. Freyja is quite enchanting and as she walks through our reality, the power of her beauty causes flowers to blossom and fruits to ripen. Freyja is drawn to our world and loves to honor woman as creatress. Freyja loves to visit young women who are pregnant with new life. The goddess visits such women often; and Freyja especially enjoys the company of women who are actually in the process of giving birth. Birth is a sacred time. Freyja loves to watch the light enter a newborn baby's eyes, and she also loves to witness the moment when a child first receives its name. The naming is important;

according to the legends, a child does not really exist until it has a name. Odinists have a special naming ceremony named in Freyja's honor.

In terms of beauty, the male equal of Freyja, while he lived, was Balder of the Handsome Face, the most desirable god in the eyes of women. Balder, the son of Odin and the husband of Nanna, was the first Asgardian to experience the adventure of death; all beings—gods and titans, elves and dwarfs, men and animals—all face certain death and decomposition.

Balder—invulnerable to fire and water and steel—was killed by a *mistletoe projectile* that pierced his heart. It was hurled by the blind god named Hod. The action was an accident, but Hod nevertheless paid for the mistake with his own life. The two deaths may sound tragic, however, always know that death is also a benefactress; it is necessary, for without death, life would eventually become a spiral of infinite boredom. Death gives value to life—life is intense because it is limited...

DEATH

From the Odinist perspective, in poetic terms, death itself is personified as beautiful females who exist in an endless variety of exquisite forms. These females are called the *Valkyries*. These Valkyries extinguish life. The gentle hands of the valkyries softly and voluptuously do the work of killing. The "daughters of ruin" utter one word in the primordial tongue—though no living entity knows the *Word-That-Excites-Terror*, for those who hear it are already embraced by death. However, Balder now knows the word.

And what is death in concrete terms? According to the legends of Balder, death occurs when the entire soul leaves the tabernacle that is the body. The soul survives death—death is not annihilation, so the soul will endure.

SOUL AND AFTERLIFE

In Odinist terms, a soul is a transfigured life-form. In age and appearance, the soul is an approximate replica of the body before it was touched by the cause of death. It is not exactly the same. The soul is a form that has the color and texture of light. What happens to it? As Balder discovered, after the soul has exited the body, it is translated to one of three possible Other-Worlds on the opposite shore of existence. They are realms governed by dream-logic. The state in which all things are possible and nothing is true. These Other-Worlds are neither heavens or hells—all worlds are what we make them. The first is called *White-Kingdom* or Valhalla.

Heroes who die violent deaths go there. A violent death is absolutely necessary to enter *White-Kingdom*—unless a soul exits through a gaping wound, it cannot enter *White-Kingdom*. The second Other-World Kingdom is called *Grey-Kingdom*. People who die straw deaths go there—people who die in bed from old age or sickness. Their souls exit through

the nose/mouth. *Grey-Kingdom* is open only to the souls of such. The third Other-World is called *Black-Kingdom*. It is open to those men and women who are assassinated by sorcery. Their souls exit through the eyes.

Sorcery is a species of illicit magic; sorcery is killing with words; Ghouls, Wizards, and all who thrive on malice use sorcery. It is known that all gods will ultimately die. After Balder and Hod, the goddess named Nanna, the beloved wife of Balder, was the next Asgardian to die. Nanna met her end when she saw her husband on the funeral pyre—she died of grief.

...Ever since that tragic event, Nanna has been considered the patroness of the Odinist death ritual.



ODINIST DESTINY

In Odinist terms, destiny is this: The fates, moirai, parcae, norms—destiny is an enigma with many names. Destiny is a force implied in nature. Personified by three mysterious females called Urd (*That-Which-Has-Become*), Verdandi (*That-Which-Is-Still-Becoming*), and Skuld (*That-Which-Is-Owed*), destiny is the indifferent, irrational, and irrevocable power that weaves and shapes all realities. Even the gods are not above the blameless inevitability that wise men call destiny. This is because the past, the present, and the future occur without their consent. All rational beings—from the lowest man to the highest god—possess the liberty that is important: we cannot choose the joys or the terrors we must face, but we can choose to face them calmly. That is our freedom. Destiny has decreed that the race of lords must experience Ragnarok.

RAGNAROK: OMNICIDE ON A COSMIC LEVEL

The end of the universe. The time of devastation and havoc when the gods will see death in a thousand forms. No one is certain when Ragnarok will occur, but this universe is ripe for destruction when man sees the spores of decadence—corrosive poisons that destroy all integrity—spreading throughout all realities..

When these poisons spread, mankind will become a bloody and suppurating sore, rotten to the bone. First, man will become weak, and his greatness will flee. Second, people will go against nature, and women will become men and men will become children. And third, the shameless will become worse, and traditional perversions will no longer gratify. On this last point, listen to what the ancient prophecies declare:

“daughters and sons incestuously mix; man is a plaything of mighty whoredoms... before the World ends.”

Based on these three points, the spores of decadence are already with us. They spread like polyps

in unwholesome flesh, but fortunately the infestation is not yet ubiquitous. As long as men and women live in the legion of honor, Ragnarok will not occur. When the last hero dies, the process of inexorable destruction will begin.

As for the destruction, First there will be three years without a summer. The legends call this period the *Season-of-Untimely-Doom*. The sun and the moon will enter the *Tomb-of-Worlds*. The sun and the moon will perish. The ancient barriers that separate all realities will groan and split, all fetters will burst, and the traditional enemies of the gods—frost giants and fire giants—will run, walk, and crawl from their sanctuaries, lairs, and prisons to make war on the forces of Asgard. And these titans will be assisted by an infamous army of apocalyptic monsters; trolls with an insatiable appetite for destruction. These creatures include a savage beast named *The-Wolf-Who-Feeds-On-Gods*, a reptilian horror with membranous wings called the *World-Serpent*, and a terrifying death-hound called “Garm.” These creatures are inconceivably powerful, And to increase their fury is to increase their strength.

However, the trolls are innocent of crime—the trolls are dangerous not because of their sins, but because of their power.

In response to the attack by the titans and trolls, Heimdall, the vigilant warder of Asgard, will stand forth and sound a warning that will be heard throughout all realities. As soon as Odin perceives the warning, he will hasten to the legendary *Well-of-Wisdom* to consult the one called Mimir—the teacher of those who know. More than any other entity, Mimir knows the secrets of the past, the intricacies of the present, and the mysteries of the future. According to the prophecies, Odin will declare:

“O Mimir, a vast horde is arrayed against the empire of the gods. Is victory possible for Asgard?”

Mimir will then declare:

“O Odin, in the battle that will decide the future, the gods face certain defeat. Destiny has targeted Asgard for annihilation.”

Austere as platinum, Odin will say:

“A heroic death is the apex of glory. In spite of the futility of

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the task, I will lead a bold attack against our enemies.”

Mimir will then speak the last words he will utter in this universe. He will declare:

“Go with my friendship, brave Odin. And remember, you will find freedom in the final defiance.”

And so with enchanted spear in hand, Odin will muster his warriors. All-Father will lead two battalions. The first will be composed of gods and goddesses; all the deities we have discussed, plus the gods named Vidar (*The-God-Who-Dares-All-And-Says-Nothing*), Vali (*The-God-Who-Avenges*), Uil (*The-Magnificent-Hunter*), Forseti (*The-Warlike-And-Studious-One*), Hermod (*The-Intrepid-One*), Vili (*The-Mysterious-One*), and Ve (*The-Venerable-One*), together with the goddesses named Geljun (*The-Virgin-Combatant*), Eir (*The-Goddess-Who-Heals*), Fulla (*The-Protectoress-of-Secrets*), Saga (*The-Goddess-Who-Sees-All-Things*), Lorn (*The-Goddess-Whose-Heart-Is-Mild*), Jord (*The-Mother-of-Strength*), Hlin (*The-Protectoress-of-Heroes*), Sjofn (*The-Friend-of-Lovers*), Var (*The-Goddess-Who-Desires-All-Wisdom*), Snotra (*The-Prudent-*

One), Syn (*She-Whose-Name-Means-Denial*), Ran (*The-Friend-of-All-Who-Perish-At-Sea*), and Gna (*The-Goddess-Who-Soars-On-Magic*).

In the second battalion will be brave souls from fabled Valhalla, the Other-World on the opposite shore of existence—those who died from violence will have the courage to face the violence that is Ragnarok. In the final days, those who died from sickness, old age or sorcery will be incapacitated by the worm of fear.

Odin will strike the first blow, he will hurl his spear at the sky, and it will fall back crimson with blood. Thereupon, at the vanguard of his Asgardian host, Odin will grapple with the *Wolf-That-Feeds-On-Gods*. The creature will kill and devour All-Father, but Odin will be avenged by his son, Vidar the Silent...

Mute until this time, Vidar will approach the wolf and utter these words: “You have shown you have the courage to kill. Do you have the courage to die?”

And using steel against bone, Vidar will cut the wolf’s breath from his body...

Odinnic Rituals and Ceremony

After Odin has died and Vidar has avenged him, the war will progress; Thor, the slayer of trolls, will fight the World-Serpent. The struggle will be titanic. The Earth itself will convulse and shake, and lightning will play about the combatants. Knee deep in blood and gore, the mighty Thor will crush the serpent’s body and dismember its soul. But after taking nine steps, Thor himself will die from his adversary’s venom.

Then, Tyr and the death-hound named Garm will destroy each other, Loki and Heimdall will slaughter one another in a plain strewn with bones, Freyja will slay several trolls before she herself is killed, Idun will be soiled and raped and murdered, and countless warriors will disappear in an environment thick with capricious death. The universe will become a mass grave for gods and men, titans, and trolls.

It will become clear that the gods and their allies will have suffered defeat when the brave god named Frey falls in battle. After an effusion of blood, Frey will be killed by a mighty fire giant named Surt. These are the ardent words of the prophecies:

“On his dagger, Surt will one day hold aloft the bleeding head of Frey.”

And once Frey is destroyed, Surt will fulfill his ultimate destiny—Surt has the honor of laying waste to the universe. It is an honor for destruction is a form of hygiene—destruction is an orgy of purification—destruction makes room for new worlds. Destruction—like death—is a benefactress, and Surt is the tool of this benefactress. Surt understands his destiny. Even now, he toys with his weapon and waits for the time ordained by fate.

According to legend, the end of this universe will recall its beginning: in a conflagration this universe was born, and in a storm of fire this universe will die. Surt will unleash this storm of fire; he will send a wall of liquid flame across all realities. Terrible to behold, the gods will see obliteration in a flash of wild beauty. The destruction will stop when there is nothing left to violate.

Few can see beyond The-Great-Purification, however, according to the legends, the pulverized remains of this universe will give birth to a

new universe—a new order will emerge from disorder. This new universe will have the purity that exists before exhaustion and decay. After *The-Great-Purification* Balder and Hod will return from the dead, and they will lead a new race of lords. The legends also declare one man and one woman will escape the holocaust of Surt by taking refuge in the *World-Tree-of-Knowledge*. They will become the parents of the new humanity. They will be called *Life* and *Desire-For-Life*. They will be humanity's hope for the future, for that is their destiny.

As for those gods who will perish: nothing dies forever. We all return. Life is like a dream that recurs. To understand that enigma, you must comprehend the *Law-of-The-Endless-Circle*; it is our fundamental mystery..

...According to this sublime arcanum, time is an endless circle in which all possible destinies are repeated forever... In other words, all that will happen has happened, and all that has happened will happen again. The gods are characters in a vast drama that is replayed over and over on a cosmic scale the gods come back, as the future must be a return to the past.

It is the *Law-of-The-Endless-Circle*. He who understands the mystery will understand the first words that Balder will utter in the new universe—called the supreme paradox, this will be his declaration:

“Hail to the gods that are dead!
They are the future race of lords!”



RITUALS & CEREMONIES...

INITIATION RITUAL:

SOJOURN OF THE BRAVE

Our secret society has an initiation ritual; and to experience the ritual is to become a member of the Odin Brotherhood. In theory, anyone can experience this ritual; the unworthy are excluded—for, according to the wisdom of Heimdall, the unworthy exclude themselves. The Brotherhood demands much from its members and promises nothing in return. Such conditions attract the great and repel all who are small, cowardly, and smug. Because only higher men and women join a legion of honor for honor's sake. The Odin Brotherhood is a legion of honor—that is the teaching of Heimdall. Presided over by Heimdall, the ritual is a solemn and ancient ceremony, cemented with blood. It is called the *Sojourn-of-The-Brave*, because the neophyte—the person who is

consecrated—experiences the symbolism of his own violent death. The journey begins with the *Meeting-of-Dreams*; the neophyte is called to the Brotherhood by a special vision encountered during sleep. Those who are first prepared by Heimdall receive these visions. The neophyte will meet a special messenger from Heimdall. This fantastic visitor—a god or an envoy from the gods—will point the way to the Brotherhood. I myself was prepared many years ago, when a young woman named Unashamed Beauty told me about the movement. Later, I encountered the vision in my dream. The vision may take many forms. In my own meeting of dreams, I saw three men of bronze, and they spoke to me. First they said their names were Courage, Audacity, and Revolt. Speaking with one voice, they made this declaration:

“Awake! There is distance to conquer and space to shape!”

In the dream I was confused, but all became clear when the men of bronze uttered these words:

“Like a god you must live, and like a god you must die!”

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...That was my calling—and I answered the summons of Heimdall. After the encounter with the dream, the neophyte must wait for the Summer Solstice or the Winter Solstice (in the Northern hemisphere, June 22 or December 22 respectively). This is so since during the solstices, there are fractures in the reality of the gods—and these fractures cause divine forces to seep into the world of men.. At the time of one of the solstices, the neophyte must first gather wood from a tree that has been struck by lightning—for, in ancient legend, lightning emanates from the gods. The neophyte must then forge a new dagger from very old materials—for the weapon that cuts is nobler than the weapon that strikes or the weapon that burns. Next, the neophyte must seek absolute solitude on a mountain in the wilderness. Some men become terrified and dizzy at great heights... According to an old legend, it is the proximity of the gods at great heights that makes some people afraid... Hence, the initiate hikes up the mountain to be closer to his gods. For three nights and three days he must not see a human face or hear a human voice. While on the mountain, the

initiate may live in the open, or might stay in an isolated shelter or dwelling. During the three nights and three days of solitude on the mountain—alone with his thoughts—the initiate must survive on a diet of bread and ice, to purge himself by fasting. For no man can find illumination when he is swollen with food and sodden with drink. Bread and ice are the foods of Heimdall. The neophyte will gain strength from the bread and will see the future in the translucent ice. After the passage of three nights and days, the neophyte must bathe in clear water, dressing himself in a shroud that is pure and white. And then the neophyte must wait for the hour of midnight for the most hallowed part of the ritual. For it is the hour of distant obscurity, the time most remote from the day. At midnight, the neophyte must build a fire from the wood he has gathered. According to our traditions, fire is alive: it experiences birth and death, growth and motion, and it must be fed—fire is a luminous entity that communicates with the gods. The neophyte must stand before the flame and utter the ardent words:

“In the name of holy violence, necessary violence!”

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Then using the dagger he has made, the neophyte must make three incisions on his chest. The incisions must leave scars—scars that will be called the *Marks-Of-Joy*. Female initiates also make these scars—however there is a difference. A woman’s breasts—the source of nourishment and the symbols of motherhood—are holy and sacred, and their beauty must not be disfigured. Women, therefore, make small incisions on a different part of the body and this is normally the hands or arms. Once the incisions are made, using the point of the dagger, the neophyte must extract part of his soul from each of the three wounds. Odinists believe that the soul is in the blood. Based on this belief, he who extracts some of his blood is extracting part of his soul. And he who offers part of his soul is undergoing a symbolic death. Thereupon the neophyte, after staining the dagger from all three wounds, must now offer it to the gods of Asgard. The neophyte penetrates the name three times with the dagger stained with his own blood. As he does so, he solemnly declares:

“With this blood, I devote, hallow, and sanctify my soul to the

gods who live.”

At that moment, the neophyte solemnly repeats the names of the gods of Asgard. The neophyte closes the rite by extinguishing the flame and making the final utterance—reaching into the depths of his being, he will speak these words: “The rite is finished. Let my violent thrust into the future begin!”



ODINIST PRAYER

An Odinist will pray because he is one of the *theophiloi*—the friends of gods. And a man should communicate with his friends. In his prayers, the Odinist never asks for divine guidance—because a man who follows a leader is a man who thinks by proxy... Nor does an Odinist ever ask for divine assistance—no Odinist ever asks for help. For an Odinist is self-reliant. He would—in the words of one philosopher—rather steal than accept charity. In his prayers, an Odinist never confesses his sins in a spirit of contrition; as contrition—a totem of decadence—is alien to Odinism. Because only the terrorized repent... If a man has dishonored himself, he should accept the consequences of his dishonorable action in a heroic way—and resolve not to make the same mistake in the future.

When an Odinist prays, he does not need a priest. For every Odinist is a priest and an apostle. When an Odinist prays, he does not need to use temples—as the gods can be honored anywhere as long as the three rules are followed:

when conducting the prayers, all strangers must be excluded, all words must be whispered, and all abominations (promiscuity and assassination) must be avoided.



CEREMONY HONORING THE GODS:

THE RITE OF BRAGI

When the gods are honored, a special ceremony used. It is called the *Rite of Bragi*. In the course of a year, the *Rite of Bragi* is celebrated on three sacred festivals. The first festival is called the *Night-of-Joy*. Held in honor of the goddesses, the *Night-of-Joy* occurs on the eve of the summer solstice. This is named the *Night-of-Joy* because the Summer Solstice celebration of the *Rite of Bragi* includes feasting, jocularly, and frivolity. The second is called the *Night-of-Courage*. Held in honor of all the Odinists who have died, the *Night-of-Courage* occurs on October 31. For, in the Old calendar, October 31 marks the beginning of winter—the time when death is strong in nature. This is named the *Night-of-Courage* because the October 31 celebration of the *Rite of Bragi* includes a tribute to the heroes of the past—men and women who neither lived quietly nor died quietly. The third is called the

Night-of-Generosity, and is held in honor of the gods on the eve of the Winter Solstice. This is named the *Night-of-Generosity* because the Winter Solstice celebration of the *Rite of Bragi* includes the bestowal of gifts; during the Winter Solstice, every Odinist gives the world something great and something beautiful. When observing the *Rite of Bragi* ritual, the celebrant first must wait for the darkness of night... This custom began during the persecution—the *Era of Humiliations!* After the descent of the sun, the celebrant ritually purifies himself by washing his body and dressing in a shroud that is pure and white. The celebrant positions himself before a source of luminescence—any source of light, from a candle to the starfire in the sky. The celebrant stands erect—as kneeling is for slaves, humility has no place in Odinism, and Odinism is the enemy of all abjection—with his eyes and arms raised and declares these words:

“A man without gods has a desert in his heart.”

After his declaration, for many heartbeats, the celebrant moves through time without moving through space.. The celebrant stands motionless—when a man is

still, the poets say he is moving through time without moving through space. Next, the celebrant touches all the gods and goddesses of Asgard by naming all the deities one by one—for, according to the ancients, naming is a kind of touching, for the name is a part of the thing. After touching all the gods and goddesses, the celebrant advances to the final and most mystical part of the *Rite of Bragi*: it is named *The-Glimpse-of-Extraordinary-Beauty*. For this, the celebrant must first select a god or a goddess. Next the celebrant must stare into the light and focus the intensity of the will... For most mortals can wish—only extraordinary mortals can will. In the cauldron of thought—the crucible that men call imagination—the celebrant must visualize himself as the deity he has selected. If the celebrant achieves his vision—if he very literally sees himself as one of the race of lords—he will experience the *Glimpse-of-Extraordinary-Beauty*... Of such I will only say this: when a man enjoys the *Glimpse-of-Extraordinary-Beauty*, he is enveloped and penetrated by the thoughts of a god.

ODINIST MARRIAGE CEREMONY:

THE BEATTITUDE-OF-FRIGG

The Odinists marriage ceremony is called *the Beatitude-of-Frigg*... *The Beatitude-of-Frigg* begins with a great feast with friends and relatives. The feast lasts until twilight. Then the couple to be married retire to the bridal chamber. When they reach the bridal chamber the bride and groom hold hands, look deeply into one another's eyes, and together speak these words:

"Love is a spark that leaps between our souls. Come! Let us rise to the light!"

The bride and groom embrace once. Each then speaks these words to the other:

"On this night of special ecstasy, I give you my innocence. As long as I live, I will give you my love."

The bride and the groom then kiss once, and together they complete the rite with this declaration:

Glimpse-of-Extraordinary-Beauty... Of such I will only say this: when a man enjoys the *Glimpse-of-Extraordinary-Beauty*, he is enveloped and penetrated by the thoughts of a god.

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The bride and the groom then kiss once, and together they complete the rite with this declaration:

"Bone to bone, blood to



blood, flesh to flesh. Moved by the desire to create, from this hour our bodies are one."

Our legends teach that they were first spoken by Frigg and her husband.

ODINIST NAMING CEREMONY: THE RITE OF FREYJA

Freyja loves to watch the light enter a newborn baby's eyes, and she loves to witness the moment when a child first receives its name. According to the legends, a child does not really exist until it has a name. The Od-inists naming ceremony is called the *Rite of Freyja*... First, the mother (or midwife) washes the newborn infant in sky water—the rain that falls from the heavens. Thereafter, holding the child in her arms, the mother (or midwife) declares:

"My son (daughter), faith is a poison that paralyzes the mind. In all the days of your life, seek knowledge!"

Still holding the child, the mother (midwife) speaks these words:

"My son (daughter), inactivity is the mother of cowardice, parasitism, and sterility. In all the days of your life, overcome and achieved."

At the end the mother (midwife) lifts the infant to the sky



and declares:

"My son (daughter), your name is _____. In honor of Freyja, live well, and die bravely."

—Beautiful words, spoken in honor of the most beautiful of all females.

DEATH RITUAL: RITE OF NANNA

When an Od-inist dies, one who shares his secret knowledge will perform a special ceremony. This ceremony is called the *Rite of Nanna*... It opens with the celebrant (the person performing the rite), who must declare in the presence of the corpse the ardent words:

"The warrior named is dead... Behold! He (she) died the death of a master-not a servant!"

The celebrant must then create a mound of earth, and the body of the deceased Od-inist must be placed in that mound at a standing position—for such is the posture of a warrior. ...When a man stands erect, he is poised for action. The celebrant will conclude the ceremony with the burial of three objects in the mound... One is an acorn. This will cause a mighty oak to mark the site of the grave. The second object a lead tablet bearing a personal communication to the deceased. ...And for the final object, the celebrant must insert a broken monolith of solid gold within the mound. This mono-



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lith also bears the following inscription, engraved in the gold:

"The warrior named is dead. Behold, He (she) lives in a new forum!"

The monolith is broken by reason that for the deceased to enjoy the grave goods in the next world, the goods must first be "killed." Breaking (or burning) is a way of killing an object. The monolith is commonly the size of a fist, but some are much larger. According to legend, the three founders of the Odinist Brotherhood—*Mocking-Defiance*, *The-Power-of-innocence*, and *Desire-To-Rebel*—were buried together in a special mound called the *Mountain-of-Promise*. Tradition states that each of the three monoliths placed with their bodies was the size of a living man. No one is certain of the location of the *Mountain-of-Promise*. According to the legends, however, there are certain clues that will help the seeker... First, the seeker must find the place where the wood becomes flesh. Since Odinist legend states the first man and woman were cut from trees, it would seem this first clue refers to the site where the first humans were

made. No one is thrives on mystery, for mystery is fuel for thought. In spite of the seemingly impenetrable nature of the mystery, we are certain that the treasure will one-day be discovered. Before she died, Nanna uttered this prophecy:

"When the world is pregnant with lies, a secret long hidden will be revealed."

Some day the three monoliths will be unearthed, and the discovery will confirm the truth of our traditions—it is the decree of destiny...



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ODIN, the father of the '*speaking tongue*,' the outward flowing of creative breath. Capital of a wood pillar in the church at Hurum, Norway.

