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RUNELAND



SUMMER 1994

NUMBER 8

THE RUNESTONE is a journal of the ancient Northern European religion known as Asatru. It is dedicated to our Gods and Goddesses, to the people of the North, and to the values of courage, freedom, and individuality within the context of kinship.

THE RUNESTONE is published four times a year, at the equinoxes and solstices. Subscriptions are \$10 per year in the U.S. and \$15 per year overseas airmail, payable to Stephen A. McNallen.

The opinions in this publication, unless otherwise noted, are those of the editor. We read all correspondence carefully, but the press of other commitments may prevent replies. For our mailing address, please see the back cover.

Submissions of articles are invited. Deadlines are as follows:

Spring - January 15	Summer - April 15
Fall - July 15	Winter - October 15

Cover and Line Art: Thanks to Kevin Knight

CALENDAR

June 8 - LINDISFARNE DAY. In the year 793, three Norwegian dragon ships raided the monastery at Lindisfarne, officially starting the Viking Age. Toast them with your favorite beverage and leaf through a good book about our sea-wolf ancestors.

June 9 - DAY OF REMEMBRANCE FOR SIGURD THE VOLSUNG. No Teutonic hero outshines Sigmund's noble son. His courage and nobility won him fame shining through the centuries. Recall his glory by listening to Wagner's Ring operas, or by doing something generous, in imitation of Sigurd's goodness of heart.

FRONT



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UP FRONT



Welcome to our summer issue! Here's your advance peek at the pages you're holding in your hands.

Have you ever ignored the obvious for twenty-five years, then had it hit you between the eyes like a primitive bone club? Then you'll understand our lead article. There I was, casually watching an old movie, when it all fell into place - megaliths, monoliths, evolution, and more! Grab your popcorn, dim the lights, and get ready for a wild ride!

When you come down from beyond the stars, you'll be ready for something as seemingly mundane as economics. But this is "the dismal science" from a new perspective, nothing less than that of Thorstein Veblen. He wasn't just a Norwegian-American, he was a man with an interest in our old ways, as well as some ideas that may help us climb out of the hole into which we've fallen. For a hand on the rope ladder he's offering, run your mind over the appropriate pages.

Next comes a story you can read to your children - or have them read to you, if you prefer. Take a peasant girl and her brother, foster them out to Thor and Loki, and pack them off to Utgard for a little (!) confrontation with some giants, and what do you have? The beginning of a great story, that's what!

The center of our issue covers the whole universe, or at least one life's experience of it, through the runes. From the first quickening of life in the womb

to - well, the next quickening of life in the womb - the runes of the Elder Futhark show a reasonable progression. This piece is a quick tour of life, with the mighty mysteries of our ancestors as milestones.

We've seen several month-schemes for Asafolk over the years, but the one detailed in this **RUNESTONE** seems especially well thought out. These aren't just new names for old months, they're whole vistas of seasonal awareness. To know them is to feel the year grinding along on its axis. If we can bring ourselves to part with the habitual Roman relics that constitute our calendar, this may be the way to go.

Stuffed in between are all the usual listings, letters, comments, and critiques you've come to expect from us. Happy reading, and have a great summer!

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protagonist's mind. A revolution takes place, and the hominids will go hungry no longer. They learn to hunt game with their newly-found weapons, and the additional protein gives them definite advantages over their grub-gathering competition.

Finally comes the showdown at the drinking hole. The club-wielding tribe meets the crowd that until now has ruled the best source of water in the vicinity. The standard ritual screeches are exchanged - and the monolith-trained faction gets down to business. The new weapons technology proves decisive, and it's "Darwin-in-action" time! Exultant in victory, the winning ape throws his bone high in the air - and the scene dissolves into a rocket ship homing in on an orbiting space station.

Throughout Stanley Kubrik's and Arthur C. Clarke's *2001: A Space Odyssey*, mankind is led from one evolutionary milestone to another by the intelligences behind the original monolith. The club is first, then a second slab on the moon urges us on to Jupiter (Saturn, in the book), and finally a third serves as a "star gate" which transforms our hero into a sort of demi-god.

So what, you say? What does this have to do with Asatru? Why are we doing quarter-century old movie reviews in **THE RUNESTONE**? Because the connection between the film, upward evolution, and prehistoric European megalithic monuments only just clicked into place. I guess we needed a dose of monolith-inspired intelligence...

In hindsight (as usual), some similarities are obvious. There's the monolith/standing stone, and an astronomical alignment (Day-break? Something more exceptional and unexplained?). The singing sound is less a matter of common knowledge, though.

Sacred stones in Northern Europe are a noisy lot. There's the famous Stone of Destiny in Ireland, for example. It was discovered by the Celtic hero Conn one morning while he was climbing the hill of Tara to look for any threats from the Otherworld. He stepped on a particular rock - and it cried out. The legend tells us that this magical monolith spoke only when the foot of one destined to rule Ireland trod upon it. This same stone may or may not be the Stone of Scone, on which the leaders of the Scottish clans were crowned.

European folklore abounds, on a more local level, with rocks that talk or make sounds. The monolith in *2001*, with its choir of singing voices, is only another version of this idea.

The link between the marvels of this classic movie and our ancient heritage can be summed up in one word - evolution. We've made a big deal of that concept in **THE RUNESTONE**, even to the point of subtitling our quarterly "A journal of evolutionary Asatru". Most of our emphasis has been on "personal evolution", on pushing your limitations, changing yourself, and going beyond the ordinary. We've done articles on everything from rune study to lifting weights. But in connecting hoary megaliths with the futurism of Clarke's and Kubrik's dream, we confront the evolution of the group. It is no accident that the music to which Hollywood hominids bash bones piles is Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra", the same title as Friedrich Nietzsche's thundering call for the Overman, when he describes humanity man as "a rope across an abyss" leading to a higher form of life.

It is time we pondered the age-old stone monuments of our European homeland, and the Northern religiosity they represent, as agents of evolution. Ice and stone, hardship and culling; these are the essential words describing our historical experience. Eschewing softness and pity, embracing instead that which is hard and heroic, we have forged the spiritual and genetic templates that have made us what we are. This is what evolution is all about. In time, if we do not turn our back on this principle, it will take us to the stars just as surely as it did the protagonist in *2001*.

The stone enigmas dotting the European landscape stand silent to the ear but eloquent to the soul, nudging us toward a higher destiny. What secrets will they tell us? Touch them, feel the planets slip into alignment, and prepare to receive the wisdom of our Folk!



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BHS & PIECES

Take a look at the new you call it "Wagner's" "tablut", it's a game that's been played since about 1800. You can play it too. *Play the Game* Northwest Games, Inc. 1998 2284, Washelli Street, Seattle, Washington 98108. \$30.

Science fiction meets Harry Harrison. He comes out with a futuristic *Starmer and the Crew*. You might guess it's a science fiction classic. It's not, but the paperback comes out in November. *Starmer* live in the north, and you probably will want to read out.

You can get *Stevens' translation of the Bold*, a new edition, for \$5. *Stevens' P.O. Box 472, Cambridge, MA 02139*. An *Asatru* another \$5. *Stevens' saga and the* for just \$5.

We welcome *Asatru* *Kveldalfir* *Gammal* *Wilfred Van Daele* *Asatru*

BITS & PIECES

Table for two? Whether you call it "**King's Table**" or "tablut", it's a game that have played since about 400 AD. You can play it too, if you order it from Northwest Corner, Inc. P.O.Box 2284, Vashon/Maury Island, Washington 98070. The cost is \$30.

Science fiction, anyone? Harry Harrison has just come out with a book called *The Hammer and the Cross*, and, as you might guess, it deals with futuristic Asatru. I haven't seen it yet, but the paperback edition is due out in November. Since we don't live in the tenth century, this is probably well worth checking out.

You can get George Stevens' translation of *Frithiof the Bold*, a photocopy of the 1839 edition, for \$5 from L. Miller, P.O. Box 472, Cambridge, MA 02139. An index is available for another \$5. Both the 40-page saga and the index can be had for just \$8.

We welcome a **new publication**, featuring writers like Kveldulfr Gundarsson and Wilfred Von Dauster, to the ongoing library of our religion. **Asatru Today** is published from

11160 Veirs Mill Rd., L15-175, Wheaton, MD 20902 for \$15 per year.

Another journal of European heathendom, dealing with the **Baltic tradition**, is *Sacred Serpent*. It's \$10 for four issues, with a check or M.O. made out to Romuva, P.O. Box 232, Stn. "D", Etobicoke, Ontario M9A 4X2.

Looking for good **pictures of the Gods**? Quean is an artist who's selling photos of original artwork. A 5"x7" picture costs \$5, and the 8"x10" size goes for \$10. Available deities include Odin, Balder, and Frigga. Write to Quean at P.O. Box 448, Bayard, NE, 69334.

One of our readers is looking for **contact with other Asafolk**. If you are, too, you can write to Wendell J. Albert, 613 Faun Street, Metairie, LA 70003-4205.



Thorstein Veblen

America's Viking Economist

By Jonathan A. Larson

Thorstein Veblen is not only America's sole significant political economist, but he certainly is the only one who ever translated a major viking saga - *Laxdaela Saga*, published in 1925!

Veblen was a true son of Thor. His father was a master carpenter from Norway who had been taught all the ancient crafts. Currently, the Veblen farmstead is being restored and viking joints that have been taught since the longships can be found all through the house and barn. Veblen's writings are full of evidence that he was a superb viking historian. Consider, for example, his observation that the "coming of Christianity to Iceland ruined viking democracy for 400 years".

Veblen reversed the teachings of Social Darwinism. His great intellectual insight was that capitalism had two manifestations which he labeled "business" and "industry". Industry produces the economic pie and business sees to its division. Industry is the product of inventive genius. He considered the "peaceable, industrial type" to be the most evolved form of humanity.

Business, by contrast, consists of the predators and parasites of society who are the partially-evolved hunters and gatherers whose survival strategy is to loot productive enterprise through force and fraud.

Veblen's most famous book, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, is a screamingly funny description of shenanigans that the pirate classes go through to convince the rest of us that they are respectable. In his list of the archaic traits preserved by the upper classes, he includes his great contribution to human thought - conspicuous consumption. According to Veblen, we have created societies that believe that people are most honorable when they are engaged in conspicuous waste.

Veblen held that prosperity would follow from encouraging the activities of the producers and restricting the practices of the predators. My friendly amendments to his thesis are as follows:

(1) **Environmentally sound industrial activity is both absolutely necessary and possible by aligning human creativity with the natural world;**

(2) **The great impedi-**

ment to sound environmentalism is the restriction on the flow of money to industry. Even the technologically possible new industry create the new world if they, their owners, and their governments, do not. debt? The global debt must become the greatest environmental hazard because of the industry to operate. By making concerns for the environment a marginal concern, the ancient predatory class has become the dominant industrial-investor class.

With the background was especially impressive. Brian Regan's essay, "The Judeo-Christian Love of Nature" in the 1993 RUNESTONE, points out that Western civilization is fatally flawed because of its unfortunate fixation with the manifestations of energy, war, and death.

Regan is absolutely correct! Christianity, whose symbol is a form of Roman punishment, literally means death. For example, a log in the forest has no "value" in an economic system until it is killed and dragged to the "markets". All the processes of life produced the tree but the human interest - only the death of the tree has any say in what we do with it. Further, by restricting industry to run on fossil fuels,

ment to sound industrial environmentalism is the severe restriction on the flow of money to industry. Even if it is technologically possible, how can industry create the new "green" world if they, their customers, and their governments are all in debt? The global debt crisis has become the greatest of all environmental hazards because it forces industry to operate "on the cheap". By making concerns for the environment a marginal consideration, the ancient predatory sin of usury has become the dominant form of industrial-invironmental sabotage.

With this background, I was especially impressed with Brian Regan's essay entitled "*The Judeo-Christian Love of Man and Hatred of Nature*" in the winter 1993 **RUNESTONE**. He made the point that Western science was fatally flawed because it has an unfortunate fixation with the manifestations of entropy, chaos, and death.

Regan is absolutely correct! Christianity, whose primary symbol is a form of Roman capital punishment, literally worships death. For example, a living tree in the forest has no "value" in our economic systems until it has been killed and dragged to the "markets". All the processes of life that produced the tree hold no economic interest - only the auction after death has any say in what we call economics. Further, by organizing industry to run on fossil fuels,

we have become grave robbers who have elevated the entropic Second Law of Thermodynamics to iconic status.

If the creativity of life that can organize matter and energy into something as stunning as a tree can be ignored by Judeo-Christian economics, it is a small jump to ignore the creativity of the tool-bearing humans who can transform a tree into a house or a piece of furniture.

In economic terms, the most grotesque manifestation of the hatred of nature is the hatred of human creativity. According to the dominant neoliberal economic thought, "economic man" is supposed to be only concerned about getting a good deal when he shops. Veblen, who also introduced the concepts of the "instinct of workmanship" and the "instinct of idle curiosity", argued that "economic man" is most fulfilled when he is creating, and that further, his creations can only be measured by the creativity of nature.

If these thoughts strike a chord in the hearts of Asafolk, can it be any coincidence? Perhaps we should give a boost to the reputation of the only viking political economist who ever lived!



ROSKVA

A little girl and the Gods .



he little peasant girl, Roskva, lived on a farm with her grandfather, her mother and father, her brother, two horses, one cow, and eleven sheep.

Although Roskva's family didn't have much, they made do with what they had. They had some land and wheat grew plentiful there. Her father and brother worked in the field while she and her grandfather tended the cow and the sheep. Roskva and her mother spun the sheep's wool into thread which they later wove into cloth to trade in the village.

One day while Roskva and her grandfather were in the barn shearing sheep, a frightful rumbling shook the sky. "There's Asa Thor again," said Grandfather. "We'd better get back to the house. Sounds like there's going to be a big storm."

So they hurried the sheep back into their pens and started home with two full bags of wool for spinning.

All at once a bolt of lightning ripped open the heavens and the mighty Thor appeared before them in a chariot drawn by two magnificent milk-white goats! Grandfather whispered to Roskva to run and tell her parents.

While Thor and his companion, Loki, were greeted by the others, Roskva befriended Thor's goats. Roskva was horrified when Thor announced that he would kill the goats to provide for the feast. She ran off to the barn and stayed there until her brother, Thialfi, came to get her for supper.

As usual, during supper Roskva refused to eat her meat. Roskva's parents worried that this might offend Thor and tried every way they could to get Roskva to eat the meat, but still she

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refused. Finally, Roskva
and sent her straight to bed.

Some time later, Roskva
she ran outside, she was
again! Thor had raised them
the goats limped and Thor

Roskva's brother
who had broken the goat's
had warned the family
down to supper. "I only
"I didn't mean anything

Roskva's father was
Roskva and her brother
would take the children

Next, Roskva found
grandfather by the
"Live and learn among
to our folk." But still

Only after Roskva
march alongside her
Roskva to wriggle free.
Thialfi. "You made Asa

The four had traveled
noticed that Roskva had
behind the others. It was
carried her in his arms. Roskva
deep sleep that lasted the

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Editor's Note: Subscribers
story of Roskva can get more
publication in the near future.

refused. Finally, Roskva's mother chased her away from the table and sent her straight to bed in punishment for her disobedience.

Some time later, Roskva awoke to a terrible bellowing. When she ran outside, she was amazed to find that Thor's goats were alive again! Thor had raised them back up with his hammer. But one of the goats limped and Thor was very angry about it.

Roskva's brother tried to apologize to Thor because it was he who had broken the goat's leg bone. Thialfi had forgotten that Thor had warned the family not to break any bones just before they all sat down to supper. "I only wanted to taste the marrow!" cried Thialfi. "I didn't mean anything about it!"

Roskva's father was frightened, and in his panic, he offered Roskva and her brother to Thor as servants. Thor decided that he would take the children along with him.

Next, Roskva found herself being dragged away from her grandfather by the dreadful Loki. "Go, child," coaxed Grandfather. "Live and learn among the Aesir. One day you will be a great hero to our folk." But still Roskva clung to him.

Only after Roskva had stopped struggling and had begun to march alongside her brother would Loki loosen his grip and allow Roskva to wriggle free. "This is all your fault," Roskva whispered to Thialfi. "You made Asa-Thor angry."

The four had travelled quite a bit farther on foot when Thor noticed that Roskva had grown very tired and was beginning to fall behind the others. It was then that Thor picked Roskva up and carried her in his arms. Roskva felt safe next to Thor and fell into a deep sleep that lasted the remainder of their journey to Utgard.



Editor's Note: *Subscribers who have enjoyed this introduction to the story of Roskva can get more installments . Look out for a separate publication in the near future. . .*

Life Runes

By Stephen A. McNallen

Elhaz isn't the only "life rune". All the mysterious staves glow and vibrate with their own life. Taken together, though, they are more specific - they show the journey of the self, from before birth to after death. It's no accident that the first three runes spell "futh", the old word for "womb". Read, now, and watch a life unfold. . .

:F: Fire flares in darkness, flickers - catches, quickens, and once again there is life.

:N: Unseen, matter follows ancient forms. The genetic molds graven by fire and ice and polished by the watery Well of Wyrd are filled, and fleshed.

:P: Thundering at Midgard's gates brimming with instinct, new life fights its way to the sun. The hammering of its entrance sounds in a mother's travail, and in a tiny heartbeat.

:B: Angrily, the hanging God-child gasps a first breath, sucks in the very world, its airs and odors and humors. Mysteries gripped in red flailing fist, it cries out, and is laid back on mother's breast.

:R: Life's journey begins, the sun rims the world, the axle turns. We think life is a straight line only because we forget to look at the wheel under our cart. To a child, the morning is forever and the world is flat.

:L: Changing, fashioned by the fire within, molded by inscrutable design, the child outgrows itself. Flesh, like gold, is malleable. An adult is an artifact crafted by hands both seen and unseen, from substances raw and uncouth.

:X: A mate, a partner, a God - *supporting the other. The *know* to back with another. Self is no longer*

:P: Torches gather around the *allegiance both first and final. *smudges the horizon, ready to**

:N: Hail strikes, crops are flattened. *follow years of struggle. Sunny*

:F: Within burns a flame that *teach its kindling. Foul fate sparks* changed.

:J: Melting in the need-fire's glow, *icicle. Flesh is older now, but the* and steady and willful.

:A: Hail and hardship vanquished, *harvest. Younger hands tend the* and grope for mysteries. Life turns.

:E: Endurance, now, for the rest of *by the fire, or under the yew. We* where before we had only played

:S: Time passes more quickly now. *in the Well; we lay them carefully. We* concern for how they fall.

:Y: But life is still good, man in *Middle World, in middle life, is still*

:X: A mate, a partner, a God - joined in marriage or in sacrifice, one supporting the other. The lone torch finds its glow reflected, back to back with another. Self is no longer enough.

:P: Torches gather around the clan banner, joy and warmth, the allegiance both first and final. And well it is - for life's storm smudges the horizon, ready to rail against the enclosure of kin.

:N: Hail strikes, crops are flattened, life turns cold. Years of strife follow years of struggle. Sunny days of youth seem far away, now.

:t: Within burns a flame that can't be quenched, and time and trial teach its kindling. Foul fate sparks its own response, and is itself changed.

:l: Melting in the need-fire's glow, hail softens, drips, becomes the icicle. Flesh is older now, but the spirit is iron, a sword blade, keen and steady and willful.

:v: Hail and hardship vanquished, life-toil invested, time now for harvest. Younger hands tend the chores, older hands gather rewards and grope for mysteries. Life turns.

:f: Endurance, now, for the rest of the journey. Time enough to sit by the fire, or under the yew. We climb now the tree of wisdom, where before we had only played or fought beneath its branches.

:n: Time passes more quickly now. Fewer deed remain to be placed in the Well; we lay them carefully. We toss the dice, but with more concern for how they fall.

:Y: But life is still good, man in Midgard still a thing of wonder. The Middle World, in middle life, is still sweet. The swans fly overhead.

:M: Along life's path, guided now by honor learned through the years, we walk. Experience brings success, and the sun shines on us, sharing our victory.

:A: Not yet old, but elder now among the Folk, duty and sacrifice are our lot. We are the pillars pointing to the North Star, stable and unflinching. Speak the law over a beard of grey, restrain the wolf, fight off the day of Ragnarok.

:B: Moment to moment, life unfolding too fast, we learn the secrets of birth and death and all between. It is not enough to climb the yew, we must also sit silently among the birches.

:M: Swiftly moving, we team with others. Loyal links are forged, and our minds think on farther farings, even to the lands of the Gods.

:M: The mind arises, an edge honed by life's whetting. Calmer than before, we see the Gods within us, fuse the heavens and the Earth, and grow in the wisdom that comes with years. Completion...

:I: Comes the ultimate initiation; that which is full is now emptied, the spark flees the clay, then consumes it. The stone ship slides through the dark waters, searching for the lands beyond the gathered gloom.

:D: Devoid of passion, bereft of wit and will. Patterns sleep in darkness, weave in the mould. Wait.

:M: The light! Radiance in the void, splitting and unifying that-which-was and that-which-should-be. Fusion, synthesis, this is the All holding its breath -

:A: The dazzle fades, lighting only the enclosure of kin. We are us, and we are our ancestors. Inheritance and inheritors are one.

:F: Fire flares in darkness, flickers...

TEUTONIC

The two seasonal cycles, the sun and the moon, give a natural rhythm to our year. Lighting the night is the moon. The period from one new moon to the next is twenty-nine days, twelve hours and forty-four point zero five minutes. Some years there are twelve full moons, but in other years there are thirteen. A year with thirteen full moons will have one month with a full moon at the beginning and end of the month.

There are two descriptive names that are as familiar to us moderns as they were to our forefathers. One is the Harvest Moon and the other is the Hunter's Moon. The first one is the full moon nearest the autumnal equinox. This ushers in a period of several successive nights when the moon rises soon after sunset. It appears larger than at any other time of the year and has a bit of an orange glow, depending upon whether the sky is clear or not. This phenomenon gives farmers in temperate latitudes extra hours of light in which to harvest their crops before frost and winter come. The next full moon after Harvest Moon is called the Hunter's Moon, accompanied by a similar phenomenon but less marked. Even on cold, frosty nights, the full moon in October was bright enough to enable hunters to see their prey clearly, and

Moons

in a

TEUTONIC SKY

By J.V.P.

The two seasonal clocks, the sun and the moon, give a natural rhythm to our year. Lighting the night is the moon. The period from one new moon to the next is twenty-nine days, twelve hours and forty-four point zero five minutes. Some years there are twelve full moons, but in other years there are thirteen. A year with thirteen full moons will have one month with a full moon at the beginning and end of the month.

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bring home a good supply of venison for the tribe.

November is foggy month in Europe with rain turning into sleet; Fogmoon then is a descriptive name for a full moon seen through such an atmosphere. Oakmoon is the last full moon of the fall season, and unless either November or December has two full moons, it is the last ides of the year. [Note: In the ancient Roman calendar, the *ides* was the fifteenth day of March, May, July or October, or the thirteenth of the other months.] Trials and council meetings were held under oak trees in the fall, and under linden trees in the spring. Mistletoe, the popular Yuletide decoration, could often be spotted with its leathery evergreen leaves and waxy white berries growing in an oak tree.

Wolfmoon is the first full moon after the winter solstice. Sometimes it falls in late December and sometimes it comes in early January. Wolves howl at the moon during any time of the year, but while bears and many other creatures are hibernating in the winter or sleeping in their dens because they are not nocturnal feeders, the wolves during these cold nights are out and active while men huddle for warmth around their fires. At such time, nature makes the wolf lord of his domain.

Snowmoon and Stormmoon are good descriptive names for the full moons in the next two winter months. Thawmoon comes in March when winter snow and ice begin to melt, and the rivers break up to flow again over the countryside. Europe is warmer in April than many parts of North America, so the Seedmoon, the next full moon, coincides with plowing and sowing. It comes after the spring equinox, followed by the merry month of May, giving us, of course, Merrymoon.

Meadmoon comes in June, a good time to cool off after planting the year's crops, shearing the sheep, and taking the cows and goats to their summer pastures. The hot days are arriving. Haymoon in July and Barleymoon in August reflect the crops being harvested during those months.

There are twelve full moons in 354 days, so there is always a shortfall between the lunar cycle and the solar year. I have listed thirteen descriptive names, so that means one name in the list is dropped when there is a year with just twelve full moons. Harvestmoon and Hunter's Moon are astronomically fixed features that can be counted on as sure guidelines. Snowmoon can only appear in January, Merrymoon in May, Fogmoon in November, and Oakmoon in December provided the latter falls before the winter solstice. Wolfmoon can only appear after winter begins, so when

Oakmoon fell on December 9 in 1992, Wolfmoon did not appear until January 8, 1993. Therefore, Snowmoon was skipped that year, but it reappeared in the calendar on January 27, 1994. In December of this year, Oakmoon appears on the 18th, so that means that Wolfmoon isn't until January 16th of 1995, and Snowmoon is skipped again.

1993 had thirteen full moons. It requires a little resourcefulness to go by the guidelines and yet be seasonally appropriate. In September of last year, there were two full moons, one on the first and one on the thirtieth. (A month with two full moons is almost always a month which has thirty-one, not thirty days.) Harvestmoon was a week after the fall equinox so a rarely used name, Winemooon, described the full moon on September first. Hunter's Moon appeared on October 30 last year. Some Wiccans dubbed it Shadowmoon, but that was not correct. Shadowmoon would have been appropriate in only one extremely rare circumstance, when a lunar eclipse occurred during the evening hours of October 31. (Hunter's Moon would have occurred October 1.)

When Barleymoon falls on August 1, Winemooon will be at the end of August. Likewise, it is possible for May, another 31-day month, to have two full moons. If there isn't a full moon on May 30 or 31, the previous moon will have been on May 1 or 2. Only the

second full moon is Merrymoon: the first ides is called Haremoon—an event just as rare as Winemooon is in late summer. Due to its short length, February never has more than one full moon, even in leap years, and it is always called Stormmoon. January can have both a Wolfmoon and Snowmoon, provided the first ides falls on New

ROMAN NAME	NORDIC NAME
Januarius	Snowing
Februarius	Horning or Sublimation
Martius	Lenten
Aprilis	Ostara
Maius	Shearing
Junius	Fallow
Julius	Haying
Augustus	Harvest
Septembris	Shedding or Waning
Octobris	Hunting
Novembris	Mootmoon
Decembris	Yule

second full moon is Merry-moon; the first ides is called Hare-moon - an event just as rare as Winemoon is in late summer. Due to its short length, February never has more than one full moon, even in leap years, and it is always called Stormmoon. January can have both a Wolfmoon and Snowmoon, provided the first ides falls on New

Year's Day or on the 2nd, and then Snowmoon would fall on the 30th or 31st of January. When December has two full moons, the first is Oakmoon, and the second is Wolfmoon. January would have just one full moon in that case, and, of course, it would be Snowmoon.

ROMAN NAME	NORDIC NAME	IDES OR FULL MOON
Januarius	Snowing	Wolfmoon or Snowmoon
Februarius	Horning or Suhlmonath	Stormmoon
Martius	Lenten	Thawmoon
Aprilis	Ostara	Seedmoon
Maius	Shearing	Merry-moon (rarely, Hare-moon then Merry-moon)
Junius	Fallow	Meadmoon
Julius	Haying	Haymoon
Augustus	Harvest	Barleymoon
Septembris	Shedding or Waning	Harvestmoon (rarely, Winemoon then Harvestmoon)
Octobris	Hunting	Hunter's Moon
Novembris	Mootmonath	Fogmoon
Decembris	Yule	Oakmoon or Wolfmoon

Views... Reviews...

Worldviews

By Stephen McNallen



Asafolk are generally readers, and not many people love a good book more than your editors! Although our interests are wide-ranging indeed, we find that almost every volume that catches our attention relates, in one way or another, to Asatru.

In the past few months, three very different books have passed through our hands. Not one of them is about the vikings, Germanic mythology, or the runes - but all three have a deep relevance to our ancestral ways.

For the futurist, there's *Metaman*, by biophysicist Gregory Stock (Simon and Schuster, 1993). The book's subtitle, which is "The Merging of Humans and Machines into a Global Superorganism", says it all. The author posits that humanity and its artifacts - particularly our intricate communications net, and the intertwined strands of our economies - work together to make up a single organism, and that each of us is a cell in that greater being. He cites precedent in the biological sciences to support this view, neatly sidestepping the question of whether "Metaman" is conscious or not.

Stock tells us what is likely to happen as Metaman continues to evolve: Worldwide economic integration is in the cards, as is the end of national sovereignty. Nature is going to be managed to a greater degree, and wilderness is likely to disappear - after all, it's not economically useful. As the world becomes more interdependent, the circle of concerns that have until now belonged to the individual will shrink. Reproduction, in particular, will be controlled since the number of people on the planet affects us all. Indigenous peoples will be forced into the mainstream and their cultures will become extinct - not out of malice on Metaman's part, but simply because they will be unable to survive in a world where instantaneous communication, rapid transportation, and economic pressures will break down the isolation that makes their continued existence possible.

But it's not just tiny tribes in the Amazon jungles or in the arid depths of the Gobi that will be transformed. The whole world will get the "benefits" of Metaman. The traditions of all nations and peoples will merge into "a rich global culture" of the sort prefigured by, you guessed it, the good old United States. Soon EVERYONE can wear their hats backward and drink Coca Cola!

Stock argues that, despite massive childbearing and resource use, we will have a multitude of goods, and entertainment. In short, "We'll be free - to go shopping" - associate with our own kind, and take ourselves out of the system.

Standing astride Metaman's head is Mander. He's waving a copy of *Four Arguments for the Elimination of Indians* (Books, 1992), and standing beside him is ever saw.

Now look - I know what a lot of huggers, left-wing loonies, and all that book says stuff we need to be hearing. Indians and the detrimental effects of them there's hardly a word here that does too. He declares himself an enemy of him out of the typical liberal "One World for the survival and self-determination of peoples - what we would call "Yikes" Asafolk (I refer you to my article on the

Admittedly, I've been a fan of Mander's *Four Arguments for the Elimination of*

Mander's current work doesn't mention Indians. He talks a lot about technology, and warns us of the developing dangers. He asserts with solid science. Oh, he hoo-ha about the Iroquois providing an instance - but these things are insignificant. As an Asaperson, you're capable of reading

So along comes book number three. It's a dynamite woman named Helena, and gals, it's [gulp!] published by the Sacred, it's not about us White folks with us.

Ancient Futures is about the Himalayas. She lived half of each year there for the last research. During that time, she has seen

Stock argues that, despite more restrictions on individuals in terms of childbearing and resource use, we'll really have more freedom than now because we will have a multitude of material choices - foods, consumer goods, and entertainment. In short, as one pundit remarked a few years ago, "We'll be free - to go shopping!". Presumably we will NOT be free to associate with our own kind, preserve our cultural and ethnic identity, or take ourselves out of the system that comprises Metaman.

Standing astride Metaman's seemingly inevitable progress is Jerry Mander. He's waving a copy of *In the Absence of the Sacred* (Sierra Club Books, 1992), and standing beside is a bigger crowd of Indians than Custer ever saw.

Now look - I know what a lot of you think about the Sierra Club. Tree huggers, left-wing loonies, and all that. But you can take my word for it, this book says stuff we need to be hearing. Mander is supposedly writing about Indians and the detrimental effect of technology on indigenous peoples, but there's hardly a word here that doesn't apply to us European-Americans, too. He declares himself an enemy of the New World Order, which takes him out of the typical liberal "One World" crowd. Furthermore, he stands for the survival and self-determination of nations (in the sense of tribes or peoples - what we would call "folks"), and that should logically include us Asafolk (I refer you to my article on that subject a few issues back).

Admittedly, I've been a fan of Mander for several years, ever since I read his *Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television!*

Mander's current work doesn't just say the same old nonsense about Indians. He talks a lot about technology, particularly television and computers. He warns us of the developing global monoculture, and backs up his assertions with solid science. Oh, he sometimes gets carried away - all this hoo-ha about the Iroquois providing the basis for the U.S. Constitution, for instance - but these things are insignificant in light of the overall message. As an Asaperson, you're capable of reading with discrimination, right?

So along comes book number three. It's called *Ancient Futures* and it's by a dynamite woman named Helena Norberg-Hodge (Bear with me, guys and gals, it's [gulp!] published by the Sierra Club, too!). As *In the Absence of the Sacred*, it's not about us White folks, either - but it has everything to do with us.

Ancient Futures is about the Himalayan region of Ladakh. The author has lived half of each year there for the last seventeen years, doing linguistic research. During that time, she has seen that society go from a near-pristine

condition to "modernization", so she is unusually equipped to comment on the pluses and minuses of that transition. As you may predict, there are more of the latter and few of the former.

Norberg-Hodge refutes some of the misconceptions surrounding pre-industrial peoples. The Ladakhis in their traditional lifestyle actually work only about four months of the year, which enables them to store sufficient food for the colder months. In short, they live quite comfortably, while enjoying far more leisure time than we do in the First World. Their strong community ties and healthy ways of living combine to give them a happiness that is seldom seen in America or Europe.

The author freely admits that modernization has brought some benefits, and she does not insist that everything about the old ways was good. But she does call for a more reasonable form of development, one that will not destroy a culture that has fine-tuned itself to its specific environment for thousands of years.

I am not quick to draw comparisons between Asafolk and other native cultures, simply because those analyses do not easily include what I feel are very real genetic differences between peoples. Nevertheless, Norberg-Hodges' observations of the Ladakhis makes me wonder all the more strongly what our own tribal society might have been like, back before we were infected with the Christian worldview. Let us hasten the day that Northfolk return to their own ways!

Three books, and not one of them about Asatru in any obvious way - but all of them intimately tied to ideas we have turned over in our pages from time to time. Keep reading, Asafolk, and keep thinking! Our people need all the inspiration and knowledge we can gather. Let Hugin's wings spread far, over and through the Worlds!



Hailsa Maddy and Steve:

Thanks for the kind words in the issue [of Othala - Ed.] about the...

Karen will have a review of...

Also, she will have a first-hand account of "Here and Now" concerning the...

Museum" to be built in Chicago. See...

We've got a 4-H club here...

growing! I've been at work writing...

tions, as well as art work - I'm supposed to be part of a...

summer, and have to prepare a...

Contemporary Art in September. It's...

of the busiest years of my life. Thanks...

Hailsa, Robert!

Thanks for the review of...

efforts in behalf of Valgerd's...

and I urge any of our readers to...

subscription right away. It's...

is to point out all that's...

movement. I know you know...

Keep up the good work, folks!

Dear Steve,

I recently purchased...

If there are any computer...

of any programs that have...

with you...

of the...

...

...

...

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MOOT POINT

Hailsa Maddy and Steve:

Thanks for the kind words in "Bits and Pieces". The upcoming issue [of Othala - Ed.] should be even better...

Karen will have a review on Living Asatru in the next Yor Tru. Also, she will have a first-hand account on tribal tattooing and a piece in "Here and Now" concerning plans underway for a new "World Viking Museum" to be built in Chicago. She was the one to scoop the story on it.

We've got a 4-H club here into rocketry; 18 people involved and growing! I've been at work writing for about a dozen different publications, as well as art work - doesn't leave much time for anything else. I'm supposed to be part of a CD recording sometime in the spring/summer, and have to prepare an art exhibit in the Seattle Museum of Contemporary Art in September. So it looks like this is going to be one of the busiest years of my life. Our best to you and yours.

Skuld!
Robert Taylor

Heilsa, Robert!

Thanks for the review of Living Asatru in Yor Tru. Your efforts in behalf of Valgard have really contributed a lot to that magazine, and I urge any of our readers who haven't already done so to take out a subscription right away. My real reason for running this letter, though, is to point out all that dedicated and skilled people can do for the movement.. I know you have busy lives - the results speak for themselves! Keep up the good work, both of you!

Hail the Gods!
Steve

Dear Steve,

I recently purchased a Macintosh computer and was wondering if there are any computer guilds that I could contact. Also, do you know of any programs that have been written using runic as a font?

Bruderschaft!
Earl G. Schacht

Dear Earl,

Let's ask our **Runestone** readers! Hopefully, they'll read this and drop you a line at 419 Plain Rd., Greenfeld, MA 0301-9768.

Hail the Aesir and Vanir!

Dear Steve, Maddy, and Family -

...In the files I keep, I retain a partial set of the old AFA correspondence course lessons - 1 through 12, I believe. I would like to ask if anyone might have copies of the remainder of the material and is willing to share, as we are preparing to start our family and I intend to use portions of the material to help educate my offspring. Of course, I will pay the proper amount for this material, if it still exists.

By the way, I was fortunate in that we were able to spend an evening with Mike Murray at his home in Payson. We found him direct, hospitable and very knowledgeable...

Take care,
Greg

Greetings, Greg!

Welcome back, after your marathon round-the-world journey! We're glad to see that you fared safely, despite what must have been some tense moments.

We don't have any of the correspondence courses you asked about, so I'm throwing it open to our subscribers. Hey! Can any of you guys and gals reading this give Greg some help? I will gladly put you in touch if you'll write to us at **The Runestone**. Please **DONT** assume somebody else will do it, okay?

Thanks for thinking of us, Greg. See you...

Hail Odin!
Steve



RUNE NAME: *Othalaz*

KEY CONCEPTS: Representing the inherited wealth of the clan, *othalaz* symbolizes both physical wealth and spiritual power. *Othalaz* suggests honor, freedom, pride and deep security.

AFFIRMATION: I am free; I am free. The Gods of my inheritance are my wealth and protection.

PORTRAITS FROM THE PAST

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June 20 - MIDSUMMER. This is the sun's moment of greatest glory, and the time of longest daylight. After today, the sun's decline begins. Decorate your house with sunwheels (☉), and burn a candle in its honor.

July 9 - DAY OF REMEMBRANCE FOR UNN THE DEEP-MINDED. Unn was a strong-willed matriarch who established dynasties in the Orkneys, Faroes, and Iceland. Do something to make your family line stronger and more permanent. Recall the deep-minded women in your own clan today.

August 9 - DAY OF REMEMBRANCE FOR KING RADBOD. This Frisian king ejected the Christian missionaries and upheld Asatru in his country against great pressure. Pour a libation to the ancient Frisian Goddess Friagabi, "Giver of Freedom". Like Radbod, you can renounce the alien faith. Here are some words reversing the Christian oath the Saxons were made to swear: "I forsake the Christian God, and I forsake all worship of him, and I renounce all his works! I take up the words and work and worship of our Gods and Goddesses, of Thor and Odin and Tyr and all who are their companions!".

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

What do you have to say about good and evil?

What we call good and evil will vary. What is good in one case will not be good in another, and evil in one circumstance will not be evil under a different set of conditions. In any one instance, the right course of action will have been shaped by the influences of the past and the present - the result may or may not be "good" or "evil", but it will still be right action.

- adapted from *What is Asatru?*
(Available from Worldtree Publications)