

Varg Vikernes

A Bard's Tale



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Paganism: Introduction through Part XI (2006 to 208): An introduction to A Bard's Tale; The Ring Of Andvari; Green Havens; The White God; Heimdallr; Loki; The Rotating Wheel; Progress; Religion or Reason; The Mistletoe; Pearls Before Swine

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A Bard's Tale: An introduction to A Bard's Tale

My plan was to go home in April 2006, stop writing articles like this one and instead concentrate on living my life. The department of justice in Norway on the other hand had other plans, and by illegal means they gave me another 2 years to serve. So I will continue to write after all, and share with You my thoughts on Paganism, and perhaps on other subjects too. I will hardly trouble anybody with my articles, because only those who welcome them will read them in the first place, and to me they are important. I need to be creative and find an outlet for my creativity or else I will lose my mind.

I am in a barren environment, void of any type of intellectual incentives, and the authorities do their best to quench all forms of brain-activity here, but I hope my bard's tale will not be too marked by this.

Varg Vikernes
16.09.2006 (Tromsø, Norway)

A Bard's Tale: Part I - The Ring Of Andvari

"The Lord Of The Rings" is a fascinating book in more than one way. Tolkien's English is fantastic and the story is beautiful, but there is more to it than just that. It is a story based on an ancient Scandinavian myth about a dark elf (i.e. dwarf) called Andvari ("careful thought", "emergency spirit").

One time Andvari swam in a river to catch fish when he saw something shining and sparkling on the river floor; he saw the gold of the river nymphs (i.e. elves). Andvari was even more attached to the river nymphs themselves when he saw them, but they teased him and mocked him for being ugly: his legs were crooked and his skin wrinkled and dark. He swam after them and chased them for a long time, but failed to catch any of them. He became more and more angry and in the end he grabbed their gold instead. The nymphs begged him to return it to them, and when he refused they even offered him carnal pleasures. Andvari just shouted at them: "I want neither You nor Your grace. I renounce love! I swear in front of all the gods that gold and the power it gives me shall be my only love." By the help of magic he crafted a ring from the gold of the nymphs. This magic ring gave him command of all the other dark elves and with it he could make gold nuggets, as many as he wanted - and he made tons of them! He lived like that for a long time, made other dark elves his slaves and filled his many dark caves with gold.

Then one day came Loki ("Lid", "End", "Lock"). He had borrowed the net of Rán ("Robbery"), the goddess of the waves, that she used to catch unfortunate seaman with. He traveled into the dark underground realm of Andvari; through wet tunnels and pitch black labyrinths and shadowy rooms, until he came to a vast cave under the Earth. The ceiling was supported with huge stone pillars and the corners were dark and gloomy. In this huge cave Loki found a large, still pool. He threw Rán's net into the pool and caught Andvari, who had been hiding there. Loki held him by his neck and threatened to kill the dark elf if he didn't give him all his gold. Andvari did, but tried to hide his magic ring from Loki. He failed and Loki demanded that he should give him this ring as well. Andvari begged Loki to let him keep his precious ring, and when he refused Andvari cursed the ring: it would from then on bring death to its owner. Loki laughed at him; he didn't mind have a curse put on the ring because he was not going to keep it anyhow. He would give it, along with the rest of Andvari's treasure, to Hreiðmarr ("Sea Nest") to buy free Óðinn ("Mind", "Thought", "Fury") and Hœnir ("Allure", "Entice"), whom Hreiðmarr held hostage.

The poor Andvari, the Gollum (and indeed Sauron too) of Tolkien's books, is crippled mentally by the rejection of the beautiful river nymphs, and he turns sour. He is completely swallowed up by his hatred for the elves and is thoroughly seduced by the power of wealth.

With the golden ring he holds command over other dark elves because just like him they are enthralled by their lust for gold. He can pay them with gold to serve him. It only works on these dwarves, because only they are sufficiently spiritually weak to be seduced by gold.

With his gold he can always generate more gold, through trade and investment, but not if Loki takes away even his last golden nugget. You need money to make money.

Andvari put a curse not on Loki, but on the gold itself: every man who greedily collects it will suffer an unhappy death.

Everybody who from then on possesses the gold, the cursed ring, is killed. Loki brings it to Hreiðmarr, who is soon killed by his own sons, Regin ("Powers") and Fáfnir ("Embracer"). His sons too are killed brutally. In the end of the story Sigurðr ("Victorious Past") gets the ring, after killing Fáfnir, who has turned himself into a dragon to better protect it, but of course he too must pay with his life. The irrational thirst for gold spells doom for every man. Such is the curse of greed.

Tolkien based his story about "the Hobbit" and "The Lord Of The Rings" on this Scandinavian myth, and of course so did Richard Wagner when he wrote his opera about "The Ring Of The Nibelungen", and perhaps that is all Tolkien wanted to tell us with his books: embrace the true beauty of our world and rid yourself of bare and self-destructive weakness such as greed?! If we don't we will all end up like the cruel self-loathing and cowardly Orcs (i.e. dark elves): not necessarily physically, but spiritually and mentally.

Varg "Gimlé" Vikernes
26.08.2006 (Tromsø, Norway)

A Bard's Tale: Part II - Green Havens

Tolkien's fantastic Middle-Earth is inhabited by all sorts of creatures known from the mythology, but in a sense our real world is no different. We live in a world filled with hateful, cruel and self-loathing orcs and greedy dwarves, all dedicated to the destruction of our green and fertile world. They look like humans all of them, but they have the minds of dark elves; crippled and twisted minds. We live amongst men and hobbits too, though; innocent but weak and miserable creatures, desperately trying to do what is right. Luckily some of them succeed too: here and there we can spot an elf walking amongst us, a person who's mind will - when he or she dies - survive the purifying flames of Hel and return undiminished to our world.

Like in the magic realm of Tolkien, our elves don't thrive and blossom amongst common men, and just like the dark elves shun them, they shun the dark elves, and their scary, unwelcoming and barren cities too. Like all creatures they seek the company of others who are like themselves. "Birds of a feather flock together".

In Tolkien's Middle-Earth the elves sought refuge from the world's decay and corruption in vast forests; dark and dangerous. They built beautiful sanctuaries for themselves, green havens where they could cultivate the beauty of the world, untroubled - at least for a while - by the self-destructive behaviour of men and orcs. The elves amongst us are those who do the same. They refuse to let themselves be soiled by the filth of the modern world, and instead they return from whence we all came, Mother Nature!

So, my dear reader, if You hear the call of the forest, and feel the urge to embrace trees in the wilds rather than lamp-poles in the city, then perhaps You are turning into a finer creature? If You also heed this divine call, of Heaven and Earth, I am sure Your mind is just as beautiful as that of any of Tolkien's fair and noble elves.

Bless You all, beautiful elves. I hope to follow You one day, into the shadows of the old forests.

Varg "The Woebegone" Vikernes
27.06.2006 (Tromsø, Norway)

A Bard's Tale: Part III - The White God

Once upon a time Svarog (Óðinn), the heavenly father, ordered his son Belobog/Kolada (Heimdallr) to create a worthy race of men. Humanoid creatures already existed, worm-like dwarves and grotesque giants, but they were of little or no use to Svarog. He needed a better breed of men, to help him protect the cosmos (=order, beauty) in the ongoing war against chaos (=emptiness).

Belobog/Kolada left Heaven and on Earth he created a human race known as Thrall's kin. The thralls had black and wrinkled skin, ugly faces, bent backs, crooked noses and long heels. Not satisfied with the result he continued with his mission, and soon he had created another human race, known as Free Men's kin. The free men had red faces, red-brown hair and watchful eyes. Still not satisfied he continued with his mission and created a third human race, known as Noble's kin. The nobles had blonde hair, fair skin and fair eyes as sharp as those of a dragon.

Finally Svarog was happy and he ordered Belobog/Kolada to return to Earth and teach the runes (=secrets, whispering lore) to the nobles, and he did. Belobog/Kolada then placed his throne over the North Pole, between Heaven and Earth, to be able to watch over his most noble children. From there he could see and hear everything that happened on Earth, and every year he visited his children, on the Winter Solstice, to reward the good ones with gifts, and to warn the others.

Thus ends the story about how the White God created man, and why only mankind's nobility, the Nordic [European] race, is allowed to sit by Svarog's side in the most holy of the halls in Heaven.

Varg "the White" Vikernes
04.09.2006 (Tromsø, Norway)

A Bard's Tale: Part IV - Heimdallr

Heimdallr is one of the most enigmatic of all the Scandinavian deities. He is so mysterious the so-called experts at the different universities still know close to nothing about him. They cannot even figure out what his name means, and I cannot blame them; his secrets have for a long time eluded me too.

The common perception is that the name Heimdallr translates as "home-valley" or "world-valley" (Norwegian Heimdal), but this makes no sense in any context. In 1998 I came up with a different translation; Heimdallr from Germanic Haimaþëllar, meaning "home-counter" or "world-counter". The logic was that at least this is what he does, when he watches over his children from his throne on the North Pole. However, this too is a rather poor theory.

Unlike the so-called experts at the universities I have realized that Heimdallr is the same as Hermöðr ("Óðinn impersonator"), and in the Edda we can read that Heimdallr once "sunk down to the guardian of the Hel-bridge to rescue Iðunn" when she was kidnapped by a giant and held prisoner in the underworld. In order to rescue Iðunn (a.k.a. Nanna) and her husband, Bragi (a.k.a. Baldr), he needs to visit Hel, the realm of the dead, and like we know from the Greek myths Hermes1 (=Óðinn) is the only one who can freely enter and leave Hades (=Hel). So Heimdallr dresses up and impersonates Óðinn, to convince the guardians of Hel to let him enter and leave unscathed, even though Heimdallr really has no right to do this, from their point of view.

So Heimdallr sank down to Earth, from Heaven, and created mankind, and every year he sinks down to Hel to collect the gifts from the elves, the eternal spirits of the dead, and from Baldr and Nanna (who spend every winter in Hel). He then sinks down from Heaven, or rather from his throne between Heaven and Earth, to hand over these gifts to those of his children who have been good, on the Yule-Eve. He visits us all, still in the shape of Óðinn, to settle the score, as the leader of the Oskorei ("army of thunder").

With this in mind it becomes rather obvious that his name translates as "home-sinker" or "world-sinker" meaning "he who sinks down to visit the different homes/worlds" (Norwegian Heimdalar).

In ancient Greece they called him Cronos ("time"), possibly because they used his yearly visits to count the years and measure time. In the Western Slavonic areas they called him Belobog ("white-god"), because he is a shining god of light and mercy, and because after his visits to Hel he still has the colour of the pale dead. In Eastern Slavonic areas they called him Kolada ("wheel" or perhaps "wheel's rotation") because at the Winter Solstice, the Yule-Eve, the Sun-wheel has completed a full rotation: spring (birth), summer (life), autumn (death) and winter (reincarnation).

It took me some time and effort to figure this out, but finally we now know who Heimdallr was and what his name really means. Others have failed where I succeeded probably because they have a life. I don't. :-)

Footnotes:

And his female counterpart Iris (= "the rainbow").

Varg "the hermit" Vikernes
10.09.2006 (Tromsø, Norway)

A Bard's Tale: Part V - Loki

Just like Heimdallr the quick-witted Loki has bewildered the so-called experts on Norse mythology for centuries. He has been identified as a Scandinavian Hephaistos, the limp smith of the Olympian gods, but his name has not yet to be successfully translated by any of them. Strangely enough.

Loki translates as "lock", "lid" and "end", from the Indo-European root *LUK ("to close something"). Although this makes sense, because Loki is the reason the world ends in a yearly Ragnarok, this is not a complete translation. The Indo-European *LUK can also mean "lightning" and "to light", and this makes even more sense considering the fact that Loki is always chased by Þórr ("thunder"). Loki is further a god of wind and fire, and he is the smith of the gods.

In relation to Heimdallr he is the exact opposite; Heimdallr is a mediator between Heaven and Earth, while Loki causes the war between Heaven and Earth. Heimdallr is the blessing, while Loki is the corruption. Heimdallr opens up the worlds, while Loki ends and closes them. Heimdallr's rainbow proclaims the mercy of the gods, while Loki's flame sneaks around quietly, cunningly and full of betrayal, until it finally breaks out in an all-consuming fire, as lightning strikes the Earth. Heimdallr brings the gifts from the dead (=light elves), while Loki brings the gifts from the dwarves (=dark elves). Heimdallr is the white, pure and calm peace in the chest of mankind, the alert guardian of Heaven, while Loki is the wild affections that gather and break out in the consuming flame of passion. Heimdallr is a simple-minded god, while Loki is probably the brightest of them all. Heimdallr is loyal and reliable, while Loki is disloyal and completely untrustworthy. Loki steals the necklace of Freyja, while Heimdallr gets it back to her.

From the mythology we learn that Heimdallr sank down to the guardian of the Hel-bridge, when he was sent to rescue Iðunn, but it is actually Loki who rescues her. Heimdallr, as Hermóðr, on the other hand is sent to rescue Baldr (a.k.a. Bragi), the husband of Nanna (a.k.a. Iðunn). This might confuse some, but the fact is that Heimdallr and Loki are one god. They simply represent the opposite forces in the same god!

Loki is a god, but still he rescues Iðunn, a task that we know (from the Greek mythology) should be reserved for Iris (=Freyja), the female counterpart of Hermes (=Óðinn), or for a goddess (or priestess) impersonating Iris. Hermes follows the dead men to Hades (=Hel), but the dead women are Iris' responsibility.

Loki does this in the Scandinavian mythology. He also gives birth to Sleipnir, the horse needed as transport to Hel, and at least on one occasion he dresses up as a woman. Being the opposite of the bearded Heimdallr it is not unlikely that Loki originally was a goddess, and it seems the Heimdallr-Loki deity might be the Scandinavian Hermaphrodite (the androgynous child of Hermes and Aphrodite), and Loki represents the feminine part.

In Ragnarok Heimdallr and Loki kill each other: the white god (Belobog) kills the black god (Czernybog) and vice versa, as the opposite forces reconcile at the end of each Solar year, in order to begin a new year from scratch.

Heimdallr created man, but he is also our Loki (here: "end"), because he is Cronos ("time"), and man cannot outlive time.

Varg "the Grey" Vikernes
23.09.2006 (Tromsø, Norway)

A Bard's Tale: Part VI - The Rotating Wheel

The rotating wheel is the oldest religious symbol in Europe, and is found in rock carvings from as far back in time as the Stone Age. It symbolizes the circular motion of everything in our universe.

The four spokes of the wheel represent the most important high festivals (winter solstice, vernal equinox, summer solstice and autumnal equinox), the seasons (winter, spring, summer and autumn), the phases of life (reincarnation, birth, life and death), the phases of the day (night, morning, day and evening), the elements (air, fire, water and earth), the faces of the Moon (lunar eclipse, waxing, full and waning), the human bodies (hugr, hamr, vörðr and lík), the main heavenly directions (north, east, south and west), and so forth, all rotating around an axis (the wyrd, the world tree, the spirit, ánd, the centre), like the wheel on top of the Maypole.

The rotating wheel can be constructive, life-giving and creative as well as destructive, life-taking and protective. When rotating clockwise it's a Sun-wheel that sends powers into the world from the wyrd. When rotating counter-clockwise it's a Þórr's hammer, that sends powers into the wyrd from the world. The wheel is the warming fire of the Sun, that can also burn us; it's the life-giving water, that can also drown us. It creates life, but also takes life away.

When used in religious contexts the Sun-wheel speeds up processes and the hammer of Þórr slows them down or reverses them. Both symbols can in any case be both positive and negative, creative and destructive, depending on the situation.

The purpose of the cyclic existence is to improve, to be lifted up to the gods. Eventually, after going through an indefinite number of cycles, we will be sufficiently improved to be able to return to Ásgárðr, to the centre of the Sun-wheel; the elven realm.

The rotating wheel represents the most essential part of our belief-system, the foundation of our religion, and everything in our universe should be seen in the light of this.

Varg Vikernes
25.09.2006 (Tromsø, Norway)

"Leaves fall when the breeze blow
in springtime others grow,
as they go and come again
so upon the Earth do men."
(Glaucos, in the Story of Achilles)

A Bard's Tale: Part VII - Progress

Every winter when I was a child we went sledding in the streets. We went ice skating on the lake behind our house and skiing on the other side of the forested hill about fifty meters or so from our house. Every spring we fetched our bicycles from the cellars or sheds and hurried off to visit friends. Every summer we played in the flowery meadows, went swimming in the sea, girls and boys, and caught fish only a hundred meters or so from our summer cabin. Every autumn it rained, and we built dams from fallen leaves and branches, made small boats out of bark and let them sail down the street as we opened up the dams. When darkness returned, with autumn, we also played hide and seek amongst the dying trees, and hid in the shadows and under piles of yellow, red and orange leaves. Childhood was a never-ending game, suspended only by meals and sleep, interrupted only by kindergarten, school and a few duties, and cruelly ended by time and age.

The streets were then, as time went by, filled with cars, so it became too dangerous for anybody to play in the streets. The lake turned into a bog when they built terraced apartments on the other side of the valley. The trees were cut down. The climate changed and snow was scarce. Gypsies sat up camp nearby every now and then, and every time they did all that was light enough to carry was stolen from our properties. No children could be seen playing outdoors anymore, even in the spring. The fish slowly disappeared from the sea. Pretty much everything became filthy, covered in exhaust and mud, grey and smelly.

This is how I remember childhood and adolescence. Everything was fine, but only for a while. As I grew up almost everything good disappeared. A healthy society turned sick. Everything light turned grey. I was an eye-witness to "progress"; as Norway left poverty and found its happiness in oil. Norway became a wealthy country, for the first ever!

When I grew up there was close to no crime. I only ever heard about one single burglary in the whole area. It happened a couple of kilometers away, and to us this was a huge and troubling event. Since the late 60ies/early 70ies though, crime rates are up about 5000% (!) in Norway. This is not only because of the Afro-Asian immigration, and not only because of the corruptive power of wealth, but also because we all of a sudden are not allowed to do anything anymore. "Progress" they call it. We now have neither freedom to (do what we want) nor freedom from (crime and oppression).

If this is progress then please sign me up for recession.

Varg Vikernes
21.01.2007

A Bard's Tale: Part VIII - Religion or Reason

When we embrace Paganism today we need to be careful not to embrace age-old ignorance and misconceptions. The magicians of the Stone Age were first scientists of our world; they were astronomers, herbalists, meteorologists, geologists, brain-surgeons (trepanning), dentists, mathematicians and you name it, and what they essentially did was to try to figure out how everything works. However, because of the fact that they had to start from scratch, most of what they saw was an illusion, and most of their theories were wrong. In the process they discovered some healthy, timeless and universal truths though, and these truths we should all wholeheartedly embrace. They really saw and understood what is good for mankind, what is essential and what is right, like eugenics, and all of this, my dear reader, is what makes up modern Paganism. It is only reactionary to be a Pagan in the same manner as our distant forefathers. We need a modern scientific worldview resting on a foundation made up of the Pagan values and ideals; loyalty, wisdom, courage, love, discipline, honesty, intelligence, beauty, responsibility, health and strength. It might be romantic, beautiful, charming and even fascinating to practise Paganism like our forefathers did, but it is utterly reactionary and meaningless.

What makes Paganism different from Judeo-Christianity is the fact that Paganism is not dogmatic. Judeo-Christianity will disappear, or at the very best be reduced to some cult for idiots (and it already has, to some extent), because their dogmas are based on ignorance and misconceptions. Only the stupid will continue to believe in "God" (any god!) or the parthenogenesis when we know that these ideas are based on the ignorance and misconceptions of the Stone Age man. Back then they didn't know any better, but we do know. For example, we know that spirits don't control the flight of the sun; we know that it only appears to us as if the sun is born and dies every day, because the Earth rotates around its own axis. We also know that the very concept of gods was born because these imaginary spirits were anthropomorphized in the late Stone Age and the Bronze Age. Whether we believe in several or just one god makes no difference, it is the same folly. Further, they didn't know that it was the sexual intercourse that made the women pregnant; they believed the sunrays did, or the rain, or that they could transfer Mother Earth's fertility to the women by whipping their bottoms with birch boughs in the spring. The idea of the parthenogenesis was possible only because 2.000 years ago a lot of the Middle Easterners still didn't know how women got pregnant. Today we all know better.

The Australian aborigines were and still are too stupid to understand that there are no spirits. The Negroes and other inferior races were and still are too stupid to understand that there are no gods or a god either. The smartest Europeans rejected religion and the belief in god for a second time in the XVth century, when the science of the classical Antiquity had a Renaissance, and the belief in God turned into a religion for the dumbest amongst us (and the Reformation came as a result of this; they tried to rid Christianity of all the Stone Age humbug, but as we know they only partly succeeded). The Eastern Asians, the brilliant Japanese and Koreans, and the Chinese too, soon followed and have stayed on the path of science ever since.

If it is supposed to serve a purpose Paganism needs to be an ideology, not a religion, and the gods and goddesses must be seen as a role models to us and not as actual beings of any kind. Quite a few questions remain unanswered by science, alright, like we don't really know from whence we come, nor whither we go when we die, or even if we go anywhere at all, so in these cases we can always turn to the myths for answers. In all instances where we know better than our forefathers did we should and must always replace myths and religion with facts and reason. The magicians did so too, whenever they could, and would have kept doing so had they not been murdered by the lackeys of the Jews, when Europe was Christianized (id est mentally enslaved!), from the IVth century and onwards.

Varg Vikernes

Average IQ:	Group:	The majority of them believe in:
56	Australian aborigines	Spirits
62-67	Negroes	Spirits and Gods or God/"Allah"
85	American natives	Spirits and Gods or God
85	Arabs/Iranians/Pakistanis	God/"Allah"
85	Indians	Gods
90	Turks/Central Asians	God/"Allah"
90	Indonesians/Indo-Chinese	God/"Allah"
100	Europeans	Science
105	Eastern Asians	Science

A Bard's Tale: Part IX - The Mistletoe

Not too long ago a vast oak forest covered most of Europe. Ancient, beautiful, colourful and teeming with life. Some of these oak trees witnessed men's transition from ignorant savages to wise philosophers and metal workers. They saw nomadic tribes wander hither and thither, back and forth, and they saw the same nomadic tribes settle as farmers many centuries later. They saw times of peace and times of unrest. They saw happiness and sorrow. Births and deaths. They witnessed the lives of our forebears.

Every autumn the oak trees lost their leaves, but every now and then an old man out there looking for herbs saw a small branch still green and fertile, growing in the crown of the oak tree. The hooded and cloaked old man, a sorcerer wise for his time, yet ignorant, believed that all the life force of the mighty oak tree had withdrawn into this tiny branch. He climbed the tree and cut it down, thinking he could use it, for potions and charms, or as a magic wand, as ward against the uncontrollable forces.

In time the spirit of the oak tree had become a god and the sorcerer had either become a priest, or he had lost his power. If the latter was the case he had been reduced to just some hermit sticking to the old customs of the ignorant past. The priests ruled the earth now, but alas!, they were no less ignorant than the sorcerer had ever been. When the sorcerer entered the vast oak forest to cut down the valuable mistletoe they cursed him: Thief! Murderer! He stole the life force of their oak god! Curse him! Because of this crime the blind (ignorant) sorcerer brought the winter upon them all, the twilight of the gods, the death of the world!

The loving oak god, murdered by the hooded sorcerer, had gone to Hel, the goddess of the underworld. At Yuletide the wife, the priestess, used another magic wand, a branch from the spruce or the pine, and walked three times deasil around the house and called for the elves, the spirits of the dead forebears. All the dead, including the dead oak god, came in procession from the grave, lead by Heimdallr ("world tree"), alias Dashdebog ("gift lord"), with gifts for their children. For one night they were allowed to sleep in the warm beds of the living, and they stayed in the world of the living until the end of Yule.

Think about this the next time You read the myth about the oak god Baldr ("swelling, round and strong being"), alias Jarilo ("young", "spring sowing") and Bielijbog ("white lord"), who is killed by Höðr ("hood"), alias Troyan ("the triune one") and Tshjornijbog ("black lord"), the hooded sorcerer with the mistletoe, and think about this the next time You find Yourself standing under a mistletoe in the living room. The body of the oak god has been brought from Hel ("death", "dead", "hide"), alias Marena ("death", "peril", "nightmare"), and into Your living room, and he is present. As much as any god can be.

When the snow melts in the spring the entire world cries for Baldr, as You can see for Yourself, and he will soon return, like he always does, but that is another story...

I was born in 1973 and never saw any of this, and still I miss the old oak forest, the embrace of the elves in the Yuletide and the mistletoe. I miss the old hooded sorcerer trying to do what is best for his tribe, as he climbs the tree and cuts down this powerful magic wand. I miss the Yule carols of the wand-wielding wife and her lovely children-choir, inviting the dead to the world of the living with songs of joy and songs of praise. All of this is gone and will never return, but it is still a part of me, and it forever will be. Because I am European.

Varg Vikernes (Tromsø, 17.12.2008)

A Bard's Tale: Part XI - Pearls Before Swine

When individuals steal from their friends something they could afford to buy from them they do it because they are sorry creatures. When they steal something that was offered to them for free they are just fools.

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I planned to disappear from public view anyhow, when I was released from prison, so now I simply do it a bit sooner than I first intended to.

Varg Vikernes. Over and out.