

A Burzum Story

Part I – The Origin And Meaning

Since this is a Burzum website I believe I may expect You to have an interest in Burzum, so I will tell You some things about Burzum that has not been told before. All bands have an origin, a beginning and a reason they exist. So I will begin by telling You why Burzum came to be, and will also tell You why it turned out the way it did.

In 1988 or 1989, when I had played the guitar for a year or two, I formed a band called Kalashnikov with two other guys. We called the band Kalashnikov amongst other things because that was the name of my favourite assault rifle. I used to play RPGs (Role-Playing Games), and when we were playing games like «Twilight 2000», I always equipped my character with an AK-74 (Avtomat-Kalashnikov 74). I also played fantasy RPGs, though, like AD&D («Advanced Dungeons And Dragons») and MERP («Middle-Earth Role-Playing») with GM («Game Master») rules, and was very much influenced by the fantastic world of Middle-Earth. One of our songs was because of that named «Uruk-Hai», and we soon changed the name of the whole band to Uruk-Hai. I don't remember the lyrics of that song, but I don't think it was very deep or particularly advanced (the chorus was: «Uruk-Hai! You will die», or something like that...). Now, «Uruk-Hai» is as most Burzum fans should know the name of the «High-Orcs» of Sauron, and it translates as «Orc-Race», from Black Speech, the language of Mordor.

In my teenage interpretation I pretty much saw the Hobbits as children or simply boring. The dwarves reminded me too much of greedy capitalist-pigs and they too were pretty boring. Their rules were cool and *Moria* was a wonderful place, but I disliked their greed vehemently – and who wants to be short anyhow? The elves were fascinating, beautiful and especially their immortality and closeness to nature was cool, but they were kind of dull and they fought for the wrong side. Instead I felt a natural attraction to Sauron, who was the person who gave the world adventure, adversity and challenges in the first place. His One Eye, the One Ring and the tower of Barad-Dur are all attributes similar to those of Óðinn. The One Eye was like Óðinn's eye, the One Ring was like Óðinn's ring, Draupnir («Dripper»), and Barad-Dur was like the tower or throne of Óðinn, called Hliðskjálf («Secret Ritual-Site»). His Uruk-Hai and Olog-Hai («Troll-Race») were like Viking berserkers, the Warges were like Óðinnic werewolves, and so forth. I could easily identify with the fury of the «dark forces», and enjoyed their existence very much because they were making a boring and peaceful world dangerous and exciting.

I grew up reading the traditional Scandinavian fairy tales, where the Pagan gods are presented as «evil» creatures, as «trolls» and «goblins», and we all know how the inquisition turned Freyr (Cernunnos/Dionysus/Bacchus *et cetera*) into «Satan». Tolkien was no better. He had turned Óðinn into Sauron and my Pagan forefathers into the fighting Uruk-Hai. To me the «dark forces» attacking Gondor were like the Vikings attacking Charlemagne's Christian France, the «dark forces» attacking Rohan were like the Vikings attacking the Christian England. And I may add; the Vikings eventually lost their war as well, just like Sauron and the orcs did – and I didn't mind supporting the losing part. I have always believed in doing what is right, regardless of the consequences, and if I was fighting for a lost cause it didn't matter. I would rather die fighting for what I believe in, than live for anything else.

However, he had not only used the Vikings and the Norse language to create the orcs and their language. The word «Orc» is actually the name of a tribe that in the ancient times lived in Scotland, on the Orkney Islands (also known as Orcadia). «Orc» is a Gaelic word that to my knowledge translates as «boar». The warrior cults of the native tribes on the British Isles probably used boars the same way as the Scandinavian warrior cults of the berserkers and werewolves used bears and wolves. The «Orcs» were a part of the group of tribes we know from the Roman era to the Viking Age as the Picts («Painted Ones»).

Now, it is no surprise that a Catholic Englishman like Tolkien used, amongst others, «mad, red-haired, claymore-wielding Scottish barbarians» and «furious, church-burning Scandinavian berserkers» as models for some of the bad guys, and because he did I felt more drawn to these bad guys than to the good guys. I had little in common with «Christian» characters like the «English» riders of Rohan or the «French» people of Gondor. I had little admiration for a «Saint» like Aragon. Even the elves were somewhat alien, as Tolkien used Finnish when he created their language – and used the Finns as a model when created them. They actually have a lot in common with the Elves too, as they live in what is basically a large forest (Finland) east of the Scandinavian mountains («The Grey Mountains»). Earlier they lived in Northern Russia, in the vast («Myrkwood»? [Darkwood]) forest just west of the Ural mountains. They are also a very fair (blonde)

people, and like the elves they are somewhat silent, melancholic, special and distant. Mysterious, if You like. To me, the language of the elves sounded alien and incomprehensible – just like Finnish is incomprehensible – while Orcish and Black Speech obviously was based on the language of *my* forefathers. So Uruk-Hai as a band name was a logical choice.

The drummer and the bassist of Uruk-Hai were people I had met more or less by accident. I already knew the drummer from an earlier encounter, when we were (somewhere between) 12-15 years old, and he had placed a loaded .375 Magnum revolver in my forehead on New Year's Eve, because he believed I had called him «fatso» (a perfectly good excuse to point a gun to somebody's head, of course...). I had actually not called him, but his friend, a «fatso», and told him that – and that was it. «Ohm okay», he said, and he just left without any more trouble (ha ha). His interest in playing music was, I guess, the «normal» one – *id est* «sex, drugs and rock'n'roll». The other guy in Uruk-Hai was playing the bass solely because he wanted to get laid – he was in other words a stereotypical «rock'n'roller». Ideally he should have played the guitars, as guitarists are for some weird reason more popular with the girls, but he didn't even really know how to play the bass, so...

Then in 1989 I met the guys in Old Funeral, who were excellent and serious musicians, and we dropped the whole Uruk-Hai project. The two other Uruk-Hai members were already fighting over a girl, and we had stopped rehearsing, so it was not hard to put Uruk-Hai to rest. I played with Old Funeral for two years, and in that time Old Funeral had turned from a really cool Techno-Thrash band to a boring Death Metal band. It was not my fault, though, as they had already changed from Techno-Thrash to Death Metal when I joined them. This was the reason I eventually left Old Funeral, as I wanted to play my own type of music, a more original and personal type of music than the music we played in Old Funeral at the time (1989-1991).

(You might have noticed the silly name: Old Funeral. In their defense I must say that I *think* they were originally called just Funeral. Then they found out that another band was called Funeral too, but they had used that name before the other Funeral band, so they changed it to Old Funeral. They were in other words «the old Funeral», and not Old Funeral, so it is not as stupid as it first seems.)

Instead of starting up the Uruk-Hai project again, I changed the name and decided to do everything myself, although I used some riffs from Uruk-Hai. I did not want to play live and my motives for playing music was very different from the traditional «rock'n'roll» motivation. While playing in Old Funeral I had kept my interest for RPGs and was still heavily inspired by the magic of fantasy. I think I have said that Burzum had an occult concept, but it is more correct to say it was a magical concept, or a concept built on fantasy magic. Everything with Burzum was out-of-this-world, even the name.

Like I said, when the Christians called the gods of my forefathers «demons», «trolls», «goblins» and not least «evil», I naturally felt attracted to everything that was seen as «evil» by the Christians. This is a slightly immature reaction, perhaps, but I was only a teenager, so I have no problems with that. I still had this attitude in 1991, and Uruk-Hai was an excellent name, but I felt that I was starting all over again, so I needed a new name too. As most Tolkien fans should know «burzum» is one of the words that are written in Black Speech on the One Ring of Sauron. As far as I remember the last sentence is «ash nazg durbabatuluk agh burzum ishi krimpatul», meaning «one ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them». The «darkness» of the Christians was of course my «light». So all in all it was natural for me to use the name Burzum.

Most bands (except Old Funeral of course ☺) had «cool» English names, like Immortal, Mayhem, Darkthrone, Destruction, Celtic Frost, Enslaved, Pestilence, Paradise Lost, Morbid Angel, Death, and so forth. I didn't want that, and that was one of the reasons I chose the Uruk-Hai and later Burzum name. At the time – before the release of «The Lord Of The Rings» films by Peter Jackson, I may add – its meaning was pretty much *solis sacerdotibus*. Only initiates, so to speak, knew what it meant. Only people who had a special interest in Tolkien's world would know, and that was kind of cool – or so I thought. It enabled the listeners to feel special and to feel that Burzum was made especially for them (and it was).

The idea with Burzum was not only to make original and personal music, but also to create something new – a «darkness» in a far too «light», safe and boring world. Unlike 99% of all musicians I didn't play music to become famous, earn money and get laid. I had no interest in neither fame nor money, and I had a very naïve and romantic view on women, an almost *medieval* (or rather *fantasy world*) view on women, so I had nothing but contempt for the brain-dead «sex, drugs and rock'n'roll» attitude of the other metal people. Instead my motivation was a wish to experiment with magic, and try to create an alternative reality by the

use of «magic». If the spiritual power of many people could be «collected» in one vessel, or transferred through one magic item or entity (in Norse we call it *fylgja* [«follower», «guardian spirit»]), it could be used to create something *real*. This is purely magical thinking, and instead of being based on occultism it was based on fantasy magic – something that is kind of amusing to think about. Burzum was supposed to be the vessel, the magic weapon (or if You like; *the magic ring*), so to speak. I should stress (in case You think I had lost my mind completely) that this was an experimental project that only took up some of my time, and I did other things in my life too (like prepare for partisan warfare in case of a US invasion of Norway...☺).

If people knew that Burzum was just the band of some teenager that would sort of ruin the magic, I figured, and for that reason I felt that I needed to be anonymous. So I used a pseudonym, Count Grishnackh, and used a photo of me that didn't look like me at all, on the debut album, to make Burzum itself seem more out-of-this world, and to confuse people. I may add that the interview that created all the headlines in January 1993 was also done anonymously, and I never agreed to let any newspapers use my name or photos of me until later, when it was too late to stay anonymous anyhow. It was not my intention to become well-known (or «infamous»...) at all, and when they even used my *real* name at the time, Kristian (from Greek «Kristos», meaning «Christ») Vikernes, instead of the pseudonym, I was horrified – and this was the thing that actually tipped the scale and made me finally go and change my name legally. No way was I going to let the magic of Burzum be «ruined» by something like that...

When they ruined my anonymity I had to give up that idea, and I eventually stopped using a pseudonym. I wanted Burzum to be well-known, not *me*, but that obviously didn't work out the way I had planned.

As people involved with magic already know, magic is all about imagination, symbolism, visualization and willpower. If You imagine a thing happening in Your head, You will make it happen – that is if Your willpower is strong enough, or if You possess enough «spiritual power». If an object symbolizes a certain power, it *becomes* that power. That is why our forefathers carved runes into rocks and pieces of wood, because the runes symbolized certain powers. That is why winter and summer solstice and the equinoxes are so important, because they symbolize special events, that are described in our mythology. That is why we originally began to wear jewellery, because the different metals or stones symbolized different powers in the universe.

Burzum was supposed to be such a symbol. Burzum was an attempt to create (or «recreate» if You like) an imaginary past, a world of fantasy – that in turn was based on our Pagan past. Burzum in itself was a spell. The songs were spells and the albums were arranged in a special way, to make the spells work. Burzum was not intended for live-shows, but instead it was supposed to be listened to in the evening, when the sunbeams couldn't vaporize the power of the magic, and when the listener was alone – preferably in his or her bed, going to sleep. The two first albums are made for the LP format, meaning each side as a spell, so they don't work on CD unless you program the CD-player to only play the tracks of one side of the LP at the time. The later albums were created for CD, so they don't work as well on LP. The first track was supposed to calm down or rather «prepare» the listener, and make him or her more «susceptible» to the magic, the next song or songs were supposed to exhaust the listener and put him or her in a trancelike state of mind, and last track should «calm down» the listener and carry him or her into the «world of fantasy» – when he or she fell asleep. That was the spell, the magic that would make the imaginary past, the world of fantasy, *real* (in the mind of the listener). If You take a look at the Burzum albums and how they are built up You will see what I mean. The last track of the «spell» (LP side or CD) is always a calm (often synthesizer) track. Whether this works or not is of course another question, but that was the idea anyhow.

The artwork of the two first records are inspired by an AD&D (1st edition) module called «The Temple Of Elemental Evil», and the artwork on the third and fourth album is inspired by traditional Scandinavian fairy tales. I never read any books about the occult Satanism, so those who believe I was influenced by Satanism are simply and obviously wrong. I did call myself a Satanist in a short period in 1992, but I never *was* a Satanist. I just used the term to provoke and to underline my hostility towards Christianity – and to stress the need for «darkness» in the world (as too much «light» doesn't illuminate our paths and warm us, it only blinds and burns us – as stated clearly on the «Hvis Lyset Tar Oss» and the «Filosofem» albums [If You wish to know more about that philosophy, I suggest You read my articles or books about Paganism]).

What inspired me to make the music itself is kind of weird too. When I was a teenager my RPG friends and I sometimes took some wooden clubs, spears and swords and went into the countryside to fight each other. We had no other purpose than to fight because it was fun, and we didn't try to hurt each other. We never tried to hit the head of our opponents or other «vulnerable» areas (where men's brain is located...), and we

didn't use much force. We still sometimes hurt each other by accident, and the fighting never stopped until at least one of us was bleeding, most often from the fingers or knuckles, and one of us had had enough pain for the day.

We fought each other in mainly three different places. One was in the forest, near an old and isolated burial ground for either victims of leprosy, the Spanish influenza or the Black Death, I don't remember exactly. The forest was thick and the terrain rough, and we often fell, or rather rolled, down the sides of small hills, through the underbrush, falling on rotting tree trunks – while trying to avoid the strikes from our foes.

The other place was a forested hill with an ancient *horg* (a Pagan stone monument) five minutes north-east of where I grew up. It was a deciduous forest, so it was very different from the other (pine) forest we used to fight in, and it was a very atmospheric place. Of course bringing weapons to and fighting in a holy place is in theory not all okay, according to the ancient traditions, but the weapons were made of wood and weren't made to hurt others, so it wasn't that serious after all (they were more like the staffs of wizards than anything else).

The third «battleground» was the ruins of an old monastery three or four minutes south-west of where the guys in Immortal grew up. The monastery was burned down by Vikings in the VIIIth century, as far as I remember. It was the first monastery built in Norway, by the way – and not surprisingly its existence as a monastery was short. The (probably British) monks were cut down or thrown into a nearby bog to drown.

It was always very nice to return home for a warm shower after these fights; sweat, soaked, bruised, often bleeding and with pine needles or leaves in all the clothes (and hair for that sake). It felt like I came home from a real battlefield. Exhausted – and feeling alive.

Now, the locals naturally reacted a bit to our presence. One time I jumped out from the underbrush – after laying in wait to ambush the other guys – and surprised a family who was just taking a walk. I had long hair with bits of moss and pine needles in it, more dark grey or black clothes with grim Death Metal imagery and had a club in my hand, so they weren't too pleased to see me. Because of the risk of encountering «normal» people out enjoying the freedom of Mother Nature, we ended up fighting when the risk of running into «normal» people was minimal. In other words, we waited for the late evenings. We sometimes brought torches or built a bonfire, to be able to see in the darkness, and of course Scandinavian summer-nights are not dark anyhow, and we kept fighting.

I had initially began this game of fighting with some of the RPG-friends, but when I met the guys in Old Funeral (and Amputation) (later Immortal) we too began to do this. This was a social event to us, and during the breaks we talked music, the others planned live shows and we generally inspired each other – before we got home in the middle of the night and made music!

(I can add, that when I was arrested for slaying Euronymous these fights were described as «nocturnal Satanic rituals» by the media, to provide You with an example of just how ridiculous and false the media accusations and rumours of «Satanism» are.)

The mood of the forest, the mood of the night, the mood of the ancient holy site, the pain from bruises and minor injuries, the taste of pine needles, soil and blood, and the smell of burning wood. *That* was our (or at least my) inspiration. On my way home, after age 17, when I exchanged my noisy moped with a car, I played music loud on the car-stereo and often took long drives through deep valleys and forests in the night, and through the town or rural areas, before I finally went home. The monotonous sound of the car engine and the music playing loud on the car-stereo was mesmerizing, and of course I was influenced by endorphins too, as my body was fighting the pain of the bruises and other injuries. This was some positive «darkness» in our world of «light» – and it inspired and made me feel alive.

In this early period of Burzum – 1991 and 1992 or August 1993 – I pretty much made all the music for all the albums. The «Dauði Baldrs» and «Hliðskjálf» albums were mostly reconstructions of forgotten riffs or synthesizer versions of old Burzum guitar riffs or even old unused songs, so they too were mostly made in this period. In a sense it was the Golden Age of Burzum – that had its natural end when I was imprisoned in August 1993.

When I started Burzum I hadn't even heard about Venom, so naturally Burzum is not – like some have claimed – influenced by Venom, in any way. When I drove home after «sword» fights, listening to music, I

listened to a demo tape of Paradise Lost, released in 1989 or 1990 I think, Bathory's «Hammerheart» and «Blood. Fire. Death», the Old Funeral demo tape, called «Abduction Of Limbs» (...), Pestilence (a Dutch Death Metal band, as far as I remember) and some other underground Death Metal bands that I don't recall today, I listened to underground house and techno music (although only when I was alone, because metal people don't seem to like that kind of music) – and of course I listened to Burzum. The other guys liked Entombed and Morbid Angel, but I have never liked or listened to that. Nobody listened to Venom, by the way, but in late 1991 we began to listen to our old Celtic Frost, Destruction, early Kreator («Pleasure To Kill» and «Endless Pain») and (the older) Bathory records as well, that we all saw as Thrash Metal, by the way. Entombed and other trendy Death Metal crap was forgotten by then. I know the guys in Emperor listened to Merciful Fate and King Diamond instead of, or perhaps in addition to, the bands I mentioned above, stuff *they* had listened to in the 1980ies, so there was no theory that You had to listen to this or that band. We listened to whatever we liked. In 1992 I (and at least one of the Emperor guys) also began to listen to Dead Can Dance, «Within The Realm Of A Dying Sun» and similar music. We were all simply tired of all the boring, trendy and unoriginal hordes of Death Metal bands that produced tons of crappy albums that all sounded the same, and we went back to what we had listened to before or found other music to listen to. Of course I also kept listening to the *good* Death Metal releases, like the Paradise Lost demo I mentioned above, and I know the others kept listening to Morbid Angel's «Altar Of Madness», and Deicide (when they released their debut album, in 1992 I think).

The *message* of Burzum is really all summed up in the lyrics of the first track («Feeble Screams From Forests Unknown») on the first album. That was all I had to say really, and the rest of the Burzum lyrics are only like footnotes to this one. The last line in this lyric was «the hopeless soul keeps *mating*», and on the cover it was erroneously written «the hopeless soul keeps *waiting*», because of a mistake by Euronymous, who ran the record company (DSP) that first released it. Apparently my handwriting was heard to read. Also, the «Ea, Lord Of The Deeps» song is supposed to be named «Ea, Lord Of The Depths», but obviously Euronymous thought he knew better and changed it.

The magic was necessary only because I wasn't satisfied with the *real* world. There was no adventure, no fear or trolls, dragons or undead creatures. No magic. So I figured I had to create the magic myself. It was very sad to see that this magic was ruined or at least reduced in 1993, when the media started to write about it, and a lot of former country, rock and Death Metal bands in Norway suddenly dyed their hair black and started to wear corpse-paint and play Black Metal; to become famous, to make money and to get laid – and not to change the world. They didn't seem to think about magic, that is for sure, but in their defense I must say they weren't shown much magic either. The media twisted everything beyond recognition, like they always do. The new bands made Black Metal become *a part* of the modern world, rather than revolt against it, like they should have done. Maybe they felt attracted to it because the magic worked, because they felt attracted to something that *was* special. I don't know. I just know that I don't appreciate what it has turned into; just another unimaginative «sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll» subculture in and a part of the modern world. It has become part of the «bread and circus» of the oppressors – it has become a part of the problem.

My hope would be that Burzum could inspire people to wish for a new and better reality in the real world, and hopefully do something about it. Maybe revolt against the modern world, by refusing to participate in the rape of Mother Earth, by refusing to participate in the murder of our European race, by refusing to become a part of any of these artificial media-created «rock'n'roll» subcultures, and by building new and healthy communities, where the Pagan culture – and magic if You like – can be cultivated.

Thank You for Your interest in Burzum.

Varg Vikernes
December 2004

«Europe is not a geographical, but a biological term.»

Part II – Euronymous

It has been kind of interesting to see how some people have felt a need to make up stories regarding the why I ended up killing Euronymous. It is sad to see that people make up stories just because the truth is uncomfortable to them.

In 1991 most of the metal musicians in Norway believed Euronymous was a so-called cool guy, but in mid or late 1992 most of us realized that he was not. When DSP (*Deathlike Silence Productions*), his label, released the Burzum debut album, in March 1992, he had to take up a loan to be able to pay for it. He couldn't afford it himself, and he loaned the money from me. When he sold all the Burzum albums he paid his private bills rather than print more records – or pay me back the money he owed me (and I never saw any royalties either, for that sake). So when he was sold out he had no money to print more records. This is probably the reason why some people think I killed him for money, but certainly I wouldn't have gotten my money back by *killing* him. Breaking his legs would probably have worked, but not killing him. I can always get more money if I want to and I never invest any more than I can afford to lose, anyhow. I have a very relaxed relationship to money, so this rumour is just silly, and it was only talk about 36.000 NOK anyhow (about 5100 USD, about an average month's pay in Norway).

I took the consequence of his incompetence and stupidity and started up my own label, called *Burzuzg* (in Tolkien's Black Speech that is «Dark Ring»), that was later (in late 1992) changed to *Cymophane* (Greek: «Wave to appear», the name of a gem that is shaped like an eye), and decided to do everything myself. I didn't need him. All he did was to sit on his fat arse in his shop and drink Coca Cola and eat kebab anyway. His shop was going down the drain, and it was only a matter of time before he (and thus DSP) was bankrupt.

We hadn't given up on him just yet though, not completely, and as a final attempt to get his shop going we agreed that I should do an interview for a newspaper to give metal-music some attention. He was out of Burzum albums, but he had other albums for sale in his shop. When I did the anonymous interview in January 1993 I exaggerated a lot and when the journalist left we – a girl and I – had a good laugh, because he didn't seem to understand that I was pulling his leg. He took everything dead serious. Unfortunately he went to the police the next day (the 19th) and had me arrested, and (the 20th) his newspaper printed his version of what I had said while I was in a holding cell unable to tell anybody that it was just a load of crap I had said to create some interest in a music genre – to help Euronymous get some customers for a change.

The interesting thing is that when I was arrested Euronymous closed down the shop instead of taking advantage of the situation, because his parents thought the attention was too uncomfortable! So the «evil» Black Metal hero did what his mother and father told him to! Pretty pathetic, alright, but by doing so he also made all my efforts more or less pointless. I spent six weeks in custody because of that, and all he did was to close down the shop! The customers came in droves, but to a closed shop! How stupid is that?!

When I got out from prison I was pretty disillusioned by all that had happened in the media, and the police had made such a mess for me when they had their raid in my apartment that it was hard to run *Cymophane* like I had planned to. At the same time DSP had (possibly because of the media stunt) gotten a distribution deal with a company in Oslo, and could start printing and selling DSP records again.

Euronymous had made a complete fool of himself by closing down the shop, and most of us agreed that he was a damn wimp and an idiot. I was angry at him for not taking advantage of the situation, which was why I had done that silly interview in the first place, and I didn't want anything more to do with him. There was no point in dealing with him. Instead I got a deal with a distribution company in Oslo for *Cymophane*, and continued on my own.

As far as I was concerned he didn't exist anymore. When he phoned me to ask me if they, the guys in Mayhem, could stay at my place when they were in Grieghallen sound studios to finish the Mayhem album, I said no. Nobody else in Bergen wanted to give them a place to stay either, and they had to rent a room at a motel. Nobody had anything against Hellhammer, the only other Mayhem member at the time, but we just didn't want anything to do with Euronymous. I have always had a good relationship to Hellhammer, and he wasn't very impressed with Euronymous either, so to speak. In 1992, when we recorded «De Mysteriis Dom Sathanas», he even made jokes that we should kill him!

For some months this dislike for Euronymous spread in the metal scene, as more and more people understood what a moron he was, and he blamed me for all of this, and started to hate me. He believed it was my fault people lost their respect for him. In a sense he was right, as I certainly didn't keep my opinions a secret, but I think he brought that upon himself. He was simply disclosed by the way he reacted to the heat. He had made a fool of himself. Further, when the media wrote all that crap about me it made him feel less important. Suddenly he was no longer the «main character» in the hardcore metal scene. As he saw it, that too was all my fault. This is probably the reason people claim the killing was a result of a power

struggle between two leading figures in the scene, but the truth is that this was only important to *him*. I couldn't care less about this. I didn't even socialize with that many metal people, and when I went out I preferred to go to house parties and to an underground techno club in Bergen, called «Førniks» (Phoenix), while most of the metal guys went to some rock'n'roll place. In fact I went to the techno club to get away from all the new metal people, because I didn't like the attention from them. I preferred the attention of nice girls, so to speak.

Later Mayhem got a new guitarist, Snorre W. Ruch of Thorns, from Trondheim, and when he moved to Bergen I let him sleep on a guest bed, in the living room of my apartment, until he got his own apartment. At this point Euronymous had begun to plot against my life. He wanted to kill me. In his view I was the problem, so by killing me he believed he problem would go away.

His problem was that he included a few of the metal people in his plot to kill me, and they told me. He had told them because he trusted them, but obviously they had warmer feelings for me than for him, so to speak. At one point he phoned Snorre, who lived in my apartment, and Snorre let me listen to what Euronymous had to say. He told Snorre that «Varg must disappear for good» and similar, confirming the plans others had told me about earlier.

A lot people has claimed that I overreacted, because Euronymous was such a wimp anyhow, and he didn't have the guts to even try to kill me. Sure, he was a wimp, but this time he didn't tell everybody about his plans, like he usually did. I took this serious because he only told a very few people he trusted, his closest friends – or those he *believed* were his closest friends anyhow. Also, in August 1993 he was about to go to prison for four months, after being convicted for injuring two people with a broken bottle, because they had «looked at his girlfriend» at a bus-stop. He was not a very sympathetic guy, and when he felt that he had his back against the wall he was capable of executing his plans. If scared enough even the biggest cowards become dangerous.

The same day he told Snorre about his intentions to kill me (and thus indirectly told me, as I was listening to their conversation), I received a letter from him, where he pretended to be so very positive and where he was very friendly and wanted to meet me to discuss a contract that I had not yet signed. This was the only excuse he had to contact me, and it seemed like he was trying to set me up. According to his «friends» the plan was to meet me, knock me out with a stun-gun, tie me up and put me in the trunk of a car. He would then drive into the countryside, tie me to a tree and torture me to death while videotaping everything.

My reaction to this was naturally anger. What the Hell did he think he was? The same day I decided to drive to Oslo, hand him the signed contract and tell him to «f*** off», basically, and by doing so take away all the excuses he had to contact me ever again. I have to admit that I didn't rule out beating him up too, though. Just before I left Snorre told me he wanted to come along, because he had some new guitar riffs to show him. I intended to continue to Sarpsborg with a load of Burzum T-shirts (to Metallion of «Slayer» magazine as far as I remember), and just leave Snorre in Oslo with Euronymous. The odd (and disloyal) Snorre didn't seem to have any problems being a friend of both of us, by the way, like a normal person (with a backbone) would.

We left Bergen around 21:00 and we arrived in Oslo around 03:00 – 04:00 (I no longer remember exactly; it happened more than eleven years ago). We had taken turns driving, and when we arrived I was sleeping in the back seat. Because of that I had taken my belt off, and when we stopped I handed it to him and asked him to put it a safe place. I had a knife in the belt, and driving around with a knife lying in the backseat is not very safe.

We went to the front door of the building block and I called his doorbell. He was sleeping. You might think that visiting people in the middle of the night was a bit strange, but it was perfectly normal to us. A lot of people in the metal scene were «nocturnal creatures», so to speak. He asked who it was, and I said my name. «I am sleeping. Can't You come back later?» he said. «I got the contract. Let me in», I said and he buzzed me inn. His flat was on the fifth (or forth?) floor and I began climbing the stairs. Snorre wanted to have a cigarette, and smoking was banned in Euronymous' apartment (and in my car), so he waited downstairs to have a smoke.

Euronymous was waiting for me in entrance, looking very nervous, and I handed him the contract. I may add that of course he was nervous. The guy he planned to murder showed up at his doorstep in the middle of the night. I then asked him what the «f***» he was up to, and when I took a step forwards he panicked.

He freaked out and attacked me with a kick in the chest. I simply threw him to the door, and was a bit stunned. I wasn't stunned by his kick, but by the fact he had attacked me. I didn't expect that. Not in his apartment and not like that. He had just started to train «kick boxing» and like all beginners thought he had become «Bruce Lee» overnight, but still.

After a few seconds he jumped from the floor and dashed for the kitchen. I knew he had a knife lying on the kitchen table, and I figured that «if he's going to have a knife, I'm going to have a knife too». My belt knife was in the car, because it was in the belt I had left there, but I had a pocket knife, or rather a boot knife (with an 8 cm long blade) in my pocket. I jumped out in front of him and managed to stop him before he got his hands on the kitchen knife. At this point he had showed his intentions, so when he ran for the bedroom I figured he was going for another weapon. He had some weeks earlier told some people that he would soon get the shotgun back from the police (used by «Dead» when he shot himself), so I figured that was what he was going for, or he was going for his stun-gun. (Although he actually *didn't* have a stun-gun or the shotgun in his apartment, I didn't know that.) I gave chase, stabbed him and was a bit surprised when he ran out of the apartment instead. It made no sense to flee and it made me angry to know that he had started the fight, but the moment it didn't go his way he decided to flee instead, instead of fighting like a man. Such is always something I have disliked strongly.

(Some people have claimed I slew a helpless and unarmed man, but first of all he tried to get a knife before I did, and certainly he could have armed himself if he had chosen to stay and fight instead of running away like a coward. There was a number of other things in his apartment he could have used to defend himself with, when he failed to get hold of his kitchen knife.)

Outside we met Snorre, who had finished his cigarette. All the doors looked the same, and Snorre was a pretty absent-minded fellow, so he had ended up in the attic, one floor up, by mistake. Confused he had gone back down and used his lighter flame to light up the door sign, trying to read it and figure out if this was the right apartment. As he was trying to read the door sign Euronymous came running out in his underwear, bleeding and screaming like a madman. Snorre was so surprised and terrified he looked like a ghost, and it looked as if his eyeballs were about to fall out of his head. According to Snorre he was so surprised and shocked he had a black-out and didn't remember anything until I later asked him if he was okay.

Euronymous ran down a flight of stairs and stopped to call the neighbour's door bell. He quickly realized that I had come after him, so he continued to flee down the stairs, knocking on the walls, trying to call the doorbells of the neighbours as he ran past them, and screaming for help. I stabbed him (three or four times) in his left shoulder as he ran – that was the only part I could hit while we were running anyhow. He then stumbled and broke a lamp on the wall, probably with his head or arm, and fell into the glass fragments – in his underwear. I ran past him and waited. Snorre was still upstairs, and I had no idea how he would react to all of this. Perhaps it was a set-up and he was in on it? Perhaps he too would attack me? I didn't know. When Snorre came running he looked very scared and I just let him run straight past me. I realized he was not a part of this, so I asked him if he was okay (because he certainly didn't look okay). By then Euronymous was back on his feet. He looked resigned and said: «It's enough», but then he tried to kick me again, and I finished him off by thrusting the knife through his skull, through his forehead, and he died instantaneously. The eyes turned around in his head and a moan could be heard as he emptied his lungs when he died. He fell down to a sitting position, but the knife was stuck in his head, so I held him up, as I held onto the knife. When I jerked the knife from his skull he fell forward, and rolled down a flight of stairs like a sack of potatoes – making enough noise to wake up the whole neighbourhood (it was a noisy, metal staircase).

This might sound like an odd way to kill him, but my knife was very small and it was only pointed. The blade was not sharp. It was so blunt I wouldn't have been able to cut a tomato in two with it without crushing it instead. The only way to kill him quickly with that knife would be to pierce his heart or skull. In fact I would have been able to kill him much easier and quicker had I not had a knife at all, and instead had just beat him to death. The only reason I had pulled a knife was because he was trying to, and I figured it would be fair that I had a knife too, although the knife I had wasn't much.

He had showed his intention to kill me, and even though he was no longer a direct threat to me, there and then, I did not feel any bad for killing him. His cowardice had made me angry and I saw no reason to let him live, not when he had showed his intent to kill me. Had I let him live I would only let him have another attempt at my life, later on.

Killing a person with a 8 cm ling blunt knife is a bloody affair, but although the blood had splashed all over the walls inside the staircase, as we ran downwards, I had no blood in my face, only on my upper body. Anyhow, Snorre had the car keys so I ran out to stop him from driving away, leaving me behind in Oslo, soaked in blood. I took the car keys from him, opened the door, gave him back the car keys and told him to drive. I jumped into my sleeping bag, that I had in the trunk of the car, before I got into the car myself, to make sure I didn't leave any blood traces in the car. At that point I figured it was best to try and get away. What I didn't know, was that Snorre was still in shock, so he just drove around in Oslo for 20 minutes, and eventually I had to take over. On our way to Oslo Snorre saw a police control on the highway to Bergen just outside Oslo, so we had to take another way. We drove north towards Trondheim and then took off westwards after a while. I stopped by a lake and took off all my clothes. I tied rocks into the clothes and swam out on the lake to let them sink where the water was deep. Luckily I still had the T-shirts I intended to sell in Sarpsborg (like I said, to Metallion, as far as I remember), and Jørn of Hades had forgotten a sweatshirt in the backseat of my car (ironically a Kreator shirt, with the text «Pleasure To Kill»), so I had a clean sweatshirt too (well, not «clean», but at least it wasn't soaked in blood). Finally, I had a very, very dirty pair of trousers that had been lying in the floor in the back of the car for ages, so I had an almost complete set of clothes. Driving «commando» and without socks was no problem.

(Snorre later showed the police where I had gotten rid of the clothes, but all they could find was a T-shirt, with the picture of a Viking and the text: «Norway: The Land Of The Vikings», that had no traces of blood. Everything else was gone, and even scuba divers couldn't find anything. They had no proof whatsoever that the T-shirt had belonged to me [and who on Earth would ever expect *me* to wear a T-shirt with such a motive? ☺]. The other clothes had probably sunken into the deep mud at the bottom of the lake, as intended.)

A friend of ours was still in my apartment. When I decided to go to Oslo we had been watching videos and eating pizza, and when we left he was allowed to stay there to finish the films and eat up. At this point I wanted him to leave the apartment, in case the police already knew what had happened. We stopped in Hønefoss in a phone booth, just to tell the guy in my apartment to go home. The first booth we saw was surrounded by teenagers, and we didn't want anybody to see us in Eastern Norway at the time, so we kept going until we found another phone booth. I was driving so Snorre went out to make the call, and then a police car came driving down the road. Apparently the teenagers had smashed the phone booth, before they moved on to smash the next one, and somebody had called the police. When the policeman arrived and saw us he believed we were the people he was looking for. (Is that a good example of «Murphy's Law» or what?). The phone was broken, and Snorre returned to the car. I drove off, with the police car about a hundred yards behind us, and I figured that if he stopped us and even just wrote down our names, it would be impossible to get an alibi. So I drove faster and faster, with the police car following in the same speed, and when I came to the train station in Hønefoss I turned right and drove like a complete maniac (with howling tires, spinning wheels, slipping rear wheels in the turns and everything else you might expect from a B-movie «get-away»). I was driving a VW Golf, and we were driving so fast that before we knew it we were on the «high way» to Bergen again – and we had lost the police. He had probably not even bothered to give chase (or, less likely, he had failed to keep up with us), as later inquiries (by the police) showed that he had not even reported this incident to his superiors.

At this point I figured they *might* already be looking for us, and in case they were, I suggested to Snorre that I dropped him off by a train station, in a place called Gol, on the way to Bergen. If the police stopped me I would be alone, and he would not get in trouble. He declined the offer, and we drove back to Bergen without any incidents. The first thing I did was to visit a printing shop to get an alibi, and then I drove to the guy that had stayed in my apartment, to tell him that we needed to talk and make up an alibi. Snorre had already told him that «something happened» in Oslo in the phone, when we stopped by a phone booth outside Voss, some time after Hønefoss. We came up with a story and everything was fine.

By then I could finally go home to get some sleep. After about 20 minutes of sleep the door-bell rang and a journalist wanted to talk to me about the death of Eurononymous, that was known by then (around 11:00), and I told him that I was too tired to talk to him about it. I had after all not slept for quite some time (although I didn't tell him that...). The next day we could read on the front page that «*The Count is in sorrow! He was so sad by the news of the death of his best friend that he didn't even manage to talk to us about it.*» Rather amusing, don't You think? It just shows how untrustworthy the stories in the media are!

Some have for some weird reason claimed that I killed Euronymous because of a girl, and I can therefore add that my girlfriend at the time (and from April 1993 to sometime in 1998) didn't even know who he was. She had never even heard of him until I killed him (and I may add that she wasn't even a metalhead, but an «ordinary» girl who listened to pop music). So obviously she had nothing to do with any of this and I surely did not kill him because of a girl. To my knowledge Euronymous didn't have a girlfriend, so it cannot be his girlfriend the people spreading this silly rumour were talking about either.

Even the people who criticize me for killing a fellow Norwegian are wrong. Euronymous was actually Lappish, as can be clearly seen from the pictures of him. His Lappish (Mongolian) facial features are very visible, his hair was typical Lappish (thin and straight) and his stature was revealing too (like most Laps he was very short).

The problem was that Snorre was still in shock. I have to admit that none of this effected me in any way. It was no big deal anyhow; a convinced criminal with plans to kill me was dead. So what? I do not see any reason to pity a person who plans to torture me to death while videotaping it for his own entertainment.

The police wanted to talk to me – as they understood from day one that I had done it – and asked me to come to Oslo for an interview. I agreed and talked to them, presented the alibi that we had created after the killing, and they let me go. They then moved the investigation to my home town, for obvious reasons, and began interviewing everybody else too. They had no evidence against me whatsoever, so they had to make somebody talk to get me. They quickly understood that Snorre was the weak link in the chain, so to speak. He was a nervous wreck, and they gave him a hard time. They phoned him in the night when I wasn't there, asking questions, the same questions over and over again, and eventually, after nine days, he broke down. According to the police report he was so emotionally broken down that they had to wait several hours before they were able to get some sort of statement from him. Apparently it had been quite a traumatic experience to him. He told them I had killed Euronymous and where I was. At the time I was at a night club, and when I got out (around 02:00 – 03:00 I think, on Friday 19th on August 1993) they arrested me.

They asked for my name and I refused to even tell them that. They undressed me, threw me in a holding cell, kept the light on 24/7 and didn't even hand me a blanket or a madras to lie on. I had expected that, so it was no big deal and I could just smile at their pathetic attempts to break me down mentally, but the «alibi» in my apartment got the same treatment, was told *he* was charged with murder and – being completely unprepared for this – he was so freaked out he confessed to everything immediately. Something had happened in Oslo, he told them, and I had ended up killing Euronymous. He told them the same as Snorre had told them.

They still had no hard evidence against me, though. The only really *usable* thing they had was the confession from Snorre, but even he hadn't seen me stabbing Euronymous. His testimony proved that *he* had been in Oslo, but the only thing that linked *me* to the crime was *his* testimony. They even had him on video tape, from a gas station surveillance camera in Hønefoss that night, when he was refueling the car on the way to Oslo. I on the other hand was nowhere to be seen. He was alone in the car. If they hadn't done something about this, they would have been forced to convict *him* for the murder, and I would go free. He was going down!

So what do You think happened? They suddenly claimed – two months after the killing and two months after I had been suspected of killing him (and they already had my fingerprints, from the January 1993 arrest) – they had found my fingerprints in blood on the crime scene. I was wearing gloves when I killed him, so I knew that was a load of crap, but nobody else knew, and Snorre erroneously believed that I had told him that I didn't wear gloves when I killed him. Then suddenly Snorre and the other guy changed their story, and they claimed we had planned the whole thing in advance. The guy in the apartment was told that I had done it, but if he didn't cooperate with them Snorre would be convicted instead. «Do You want Snorre to go to jail for something Varg has done?» Everything was done just to get me, and to get Snorre off the hook, but in this process they came up with a story that was far worse than the truth. They claimed Snorre had planned his alibi by giving his ATM card (credit card) to the other guy, who would use it in the middle of the night in Bergen, and thus leave electronic evidence suggesting he was in Bergen and not in Oslo at the time. The only problem was that he never gave him any ATM card, so the other guy obviously never left any electronic fingerprints in Bergen, so what was the point in even claiming this? They claimed we had rented video films we had seen before, so that if anybody asked us about them we could still tell what they were about. They also claimed that the guy in my apartment had stayed there to make noises and make the neighbours believe I was home. He had further even left the apartment wearing my jacket, to make people

he met in the street believe he was me, and to use Snorre's bankcard to leave electronic evidence. He never had Snorre's ATM card, though, and nobody ever said they had seen him posing as me, so... Snorre had accompanied me to trick Euronymous to let us into the apartment, they claimed, although I was the one who called the doorbell and talked to him. Finally, they claimed I had handed Snorre a knife in the car, so that he was armed too, in cases I needed his help. That of course was the knife and belt I had told him to put in the gloves department, because I didn't want a knife lying about in the back of the car. Naturally I didn't put on the belt because walking around in Oslo with a large knife in the belt is not legal and would get me arrested had I been seen by the police. They twisted everything into the unrecognizable and made it look as if I had planned to kill him.

I don't know if this is embarrassing or just stupid, but the guy in the apartment actually used to claim he was me, when he was out. He actually used «Hi, I'm the Count» as a pick-up line when hitting on girls (?!). I know this because some girls came up to me and told me about it. So if he indeed wore my jacket and walked around in Bergen trying to make people think he was me, it doesn't necessarily mean he tried to give me an alibi. It is rather a testimony to how incredibly pathetic he was – and just how low some human beings can sink to get laid. I may add that I don't think this pick-up line was particularly effective, not least considering that it was very easy for the girls to know that he *wasn't* «the Count». Bergen is a very small town of only 130.000 (or 250.000 if you include the whole municipality) people and pretty much everybody there and at that time knew how I looked, so what on Earth was he thinking about?! He wasn't even from Bergen (but from Lillehammer in Eastern Norway), and everybody could hear that the moment he opened his mouth.

I am actually a bit embarrassed by the fact that I socialized with these people, with both this guy and Snorre – and for some time with Euronymous too. There is a saying: «*Show me Your friends, and I can tell You who You are.*» If that is the case I most certainly and obviously was a *complete* idiot... ☺ But in my defense, I must stress that I had other and good friends too. (Phew!)

They never managed to explain why on Earth Snorre would want Euronymous dead though. He just joined Mayhem as a guitarist, the dream of many heavy metal guitarists, I am sure, and was a childhood friend of Euronymous, so it doesn't make sense at all. Further, they claimed I had planned to «cut his throat» (probably because that made me sound very cruel), but if that was the case, why on Earth would I bring a *blunt* knife that was only pointy? I could just as well have tried to cut his throat with a spoon. That doesn't make any sense either – and we further know perfectly well that I *didn't* cut his throat.

They and the police were so eager in making up things to get me convicted that in the end Snorre too was convicted, for assisting me in planning a murder and for aiding me psychologically. (Yeah, «sure».) The other guy though, who claimed he actively participated in planning the «murder» and getting me an alibi, spent a total of *one single night* in a holding cell. He was never charged, something that is kind of odd. If the police had seriously believed in this mad theory he presented he would surely have been convicted too, but they knew it was a load of crap made up to get me, so they let him go. And I may add that we don't have a reward-system for informers in Norway, like they have in the USA and possibly in other countries too. There is no way you can bargain a way out of prison if you have committed a crime in Norway. The fact is that they simply didn't want to convict *him* for something he had not done. He was lying, and they knew it. They had told him to come up with these lies!

Snorre's own (Freemason) defense lawyer even witnessing against his own client, in his eagerness to «get» me, and when Snorre was convicted even the jury looked sad («*I am sorry, but we have to convict You too*»), and I don't think anybody had expected that. It was an unexpected turn of events of all of us.

In court I told them that Snorre had nothing to do with any of this and that he was in the wrong place at the wrong time, but the next day Snorre was witnessing and claimed that I was wrong. I had planned everything, and he knew it because he was a part of it. His whole defense plan was to make sure I couldn't blame him, but I actually had never even thought about that (and it took me quite some time to even understand that this was his worry). Had he told the truth he would have been released from prison, but instead he stuck to his lie – because his defense lawyer bullied him into sticking to it – and he got 8 years for doing absolutely nothing.

The media claimed the killing was a result of a «power-struggle» in a «Satanic movement», and that I had killed him to take his place as a leader (?). Now, that doesn't make sense. I mean, is that how it works? You *kill* somebody to take their place? If You want to be appointed director of a firm You don't achieve that by

killing the current director. What kind of world do these journalists live in? Are they living in animal pack or what? It just doesn't make sense at all. Yet, that was their theory, their *only* theory. The «Alpha male» journalist (Michael Grundt Spang) writing for Norway's biggest newspaper, even spent time writing about my *hair* and generally how I looked. According to him I «threw» my «mouse-brown pigtails» around «like a girl», and I didn't have an «evil glow» surrounding me at all, as could be expected from an «evil Satanist» like me, and so forth. He was obviously very disappointed by the fact that I didn't look «evil». It never seemed to occur to him that I might not look like an «evil Satanist», simply because *I wasn't* an «evil Satanist»... Snorre was described as just «a smaller, thinner and paler version of the Count». The journalist surely didn't intend for it to be funny, but it certainly was, because it was just so incredibly foolish.

The other guys in the scene were naturally furious at me, as they eventually began to believe in the newspaper-theory about a power-struggle, so they too – with a few exceptions (like Fenris and the guys in Mayhem) – did everything to nail me, and in the process they snitched on each other too, and finally, because of them, the police solved almost all the crimes committed by black metallers in Norway from 1991 to 1993. I have spoken to some of them later on, and they told me that if they had known the truth they would never have attacked me (and in the process each other) like they did. They were manipulated by the media, and of course by the police. They were lied to just like everybody else, and unfortunately they weren't able to see through the lies.

When I was convicted I got 21 years, the maximum penalty in Norway, and the judge claimed I had «an incomprehensible motive» for killing him. It is really that hard to understand that I killed him when I knew he had plans to torture me to death and then attacked me in the apartment? What part of this is it the judge didn't understand? Initially it was self-defense, but when he started to flee I was no longer in a life-threatening situation, so at that point it was no longer self-defense, but voluntary manslaughter, and as I saw it a pre-emptive strike, to prevent him from getting a second chance to kill me. That should have given me only 8-10 years! Instead I got 21 years, and Snorre got 8 years for doing absolutely nothing!

They also tried to present the killing as so very brutal, and claimed he had died because both his lungs had been punctured. They further claimed I had stabbed him 23 times. First of all I knew very well that he had died when I stabbed him in the head. Secondly he had fallen into a pile of glass fragments in his underwear. Naturally this gave him a lot of cuts – even under one of his heels as he got back up in his feet after falling. They knew this too, but instead claimed I had stabbed him 23 times, just to make people think I was so very cruel, bestial and brutal. In court they showed pictures from the autopsy to a terrified jury. The pictures showed Euronymous naked in a table, with all his hair shaved off and his eyes still open, and all the cuts numbered with a pen in his skin. I know it was humiliating for him to get killed, but when they showed pictures from the autopsy in court that was surely much worse. Killing scumbags is one thing, but I would never humiliate anybody like that.

Oh, and of course the judge included in the sentence that: «Varg Vikernes believes in Satan», although I had repeatedly told in court that I *didn't* believe in neither «Satan» not «God». They ignored the truth, and made up their own reality, for political reasons.

Mentioning the jury, I had the «privilege» of having the only Christian «healer» in Norway in my jury. He apparently had even been on TV, claiming to «pull the evil from the body with the help of Jesus», and thus «heal» people. Now, is that a coincidence? Is it a coincidence that the only Christian «healer» in Norway (at the time, anyhow) ends up in *my* jury? He was listed as a «secretary», and I only got to know that he was a Christian «healer» much later, in 1995, when a journalist told me about it – and he also told that at least two other jurors were Freemasons. The rest of them were all pensioners, with the exception of one or two women. My «peers» all of them, no doubt... Snorre's defense attorney too was a Freemason, as I have already mentioned, one of the court psychiatrists was a Freemason and a Jewish Auschwitz «survivor» (one of a total of three in Norway, at the time) and the other psychiatrist a left-wing extremist, my defense lawyer was 100% incapable of paid employment (because of a heart condition) and according to the journalist I talked to at least one of the three judges were Freemasons too.

The church burnings were hardly mentioned in the court. They presented one witness in each case who claimed I had burned this or that church, and that was it. «Guilty». Just like that. This process was repeated four times, and I was found guilty of kindling four churches, three of them having burned to the ground. There was not a single piece of physical evidence in any of these cases. I was convicted solely because of the testimony of one single person in each case. *All* of these witnesses were friends of Euronymous!

Even my incompetent lawyer didn't bother talking about the church fires, as it was «not important» he claimed. «You don't get much for that anyhow», he figured. Interestingly no fingerprints or any other technical evidence were presented in court either. When I was arrested I had some 3.000 rounds of ammo (mostly .22LR, 38 Special, 7,52N, 7.92 mm and 12Gauge) in my apartment, but most of it wasn't even included in the list of confiscated objects. The policemen simply took what they wanted. To them it was «free ammo». They even stole my SS steel helmet, although I can only guess why.

Finally I was convicted of stealing and storing some 150 kg of explosives (mostly dynamite and some glynite) and three bags of electronic detonators, and for breaking into some cabins in the mountains – where I had, according to them, stolen a Norwegian flag (!?) and a book, while looking for guns. I was never convicted for grave desecration, as many seems to believe, or for kindling the Fantoft Stave Church. They had no dumb metal head who could lie and tell them that he had joined me in burning that church, like in the other cases, so they had absolutely no evidence against me in that context whatsoever, and I even had an alibi, as a girl from Oslo had spent the night with me. (Yet my «defense» lawyer didn't even bother to ask her to testify in my defense!) The charge was all based in hearsay. Still, when the jury didn't find me guilty of burning down the Fantoft Stave Church the main judge was so angry she claimed that it was «obvious» that I had done that too, but it wouldn't really matter, as I would get maximum penalty anyway – and amazingly she said that *before* the three judges and jury members had even begun discussing the penalty, so obviously they had decided on forehand that I should get 21 years no matter what. They wanted to use me as an example, to show the youth in Norway that you don't mess with «the Mother-Pig».

The killing of Euronymous was a blessing to them. Finally they had an excuse to get rid of me (or so they believed anyhow: people tend to think of even a year in prison as «the end» of everything). I don't think it would have happened if the media had not written so many lies about me, because that was what made Euronymous want to get rid of me in the first place: I got so much attention that he became envious. Then the justice system gave me 21 years because the media had given me so much attention that I had become more important and influential than I was originally, and because they were just so incredibly provoked by the church burnings that they lost their minds completely.

In short I was attacked by a convicted criminal, I defended myself and got 21 years for that. As if that isn't enough, they changed the rules after I was convicted, meaning I officially have to serve 2 more years than I was initially sentenced to. 21 years meant that I would be released after 12 years, but a few years ago (in 2000 or 2001) they changed the rules, so according to them I have to serve 14 years instead now, because the new law is made retroactive! It is illegal to make laws retroactive like that, according to the Norwegian constitution *and* international law, but who cares? In 1945, when the war was over, we didn't even have death penalty *in war-time* in Norway, so the same justice system we have today made a new law, made it retroactive, and executed dozens of people anyhow (in peace-time!). I am neither a «poor» Afro-Asian immigrant nor a left-wing extremist, or a Christian weakling begging for mercy, so there is no way the media will ever give me any support. I am simply too much a *persona non grata* in Norway, a country many Western Europeans know as «the last Soviet state». I can still apply for a release after only 12 years, but given my experience with the justice system in Norway, I am not very optimistic about it. There is a difference between Þórr and Loki, as we say in Scandinavia.

I am angry because all of this, but I know that I will come out on top in the end, and I guess that is what really matters. I don't even hate them, I just pity them. Above all I am just thankful that I am not like them. I'll regain my freedom one day, but they will probably never become any better. It's like the fat versus the ugly: the fat can always lose weight, but the ugly will always be ugly.

Thank You for the attention.

Varg «the Villain» Vikernes
December 2004

**Corruptissima re publica plurimae leges (Cornelius Tacitus)
(The more corrupt state, the more laws)**

**Hodie mihi, cras tibi
(Me today, You tomorrow)**

Part III – The Lie-Propaganda

It is very hard for me to write about the Burzum biographies, articles and interviews, because there is so much to say about them. There are basically two categories: those written by people who are pre-Burzum and those written by people who are anti-Burzum. I have never really seen any objective biographies, articles or interviews, although most of the anti-Burzum biographies, writers and interviewers tend to portray themselves as so very objective, while the pro-Burzum biographies never try to hide the fact that they are pro-Burzum.

It is a bit odd to see that some journalists and writers ask for information about me from people in *Antifa* (some «anti-fascist» terror organization), *Monitor* (a private intelligence service dedicated to monitoring all so-called right-wing activity and dissidents in Norway) or *Antirasistisk Senter* (Anti-Racist Centre). They could just ask *me* for information about me or my ideas, but instead they ask these people, and still pretend to be writing «objective» and «reliable» articles about me. It's like asking the *Gestapo* for information about dissidents in Hitler's Germany and expect to get fair and objective information.

What surprise me the most, though, are all the *forged* interviews out there. Instead of actually interviewing me, some people have simply *pretended* to interview me and published it, making up answers to their own questions. The best known false interview is probably the one included in the book «Lucifer Rising», but unfortunately it is not the only one.

Another very peculiar type of «interviews» are the interviews that are *based* on an actual interview, but apart from that are pure nonsense. One of these is (partly?) included in an article called «Music, Murder And Fire – Black Metal The Scandinavian Way». The whole article is basically just fiction, but I recognize *parts* of it from an interview I gave in 1994 or 1995, to a small German fellow, working for «Tempo», apparently a German popular magazine of some sort, possibly based in Hamburg. But at the end of the article titled «Music, Murder And Fire – Black Metal The Scandinavian Way» the author is listed as some «Ilde» (a pseudonym?), and it was apparently published in «Nieuwe Revu» magazine, something that sounds pretty Dutch to me – and I have never heard of it before.

The guy from «Tempo» described me as looking *ein Bisschen wie ein Engel* (a bit like an angel), like the Ilde person does, only in English, but Ilde adds that: «[Vikernes] *looks out the window, through the trees he has a view on a high wall with watchtowers and search lights*», and this alone is proof that this is a *forged* interview. First of all, I spoke with the German fellow from «Tempo» in Bergen prison in 1994 or 1995, and as far as I remember there were no windows in that room, but if I am wrong and there were actually windows there the only thing you can see through them is another prison block anyhow (and certainly no trees). Also, there is not a single watchtower with search lights in *any* of the prisons in Norway. The Norwegian prisons are simply not built that way (and I may add, in response to a silly article from 2003, claiming I had been shot by a prison guard, that the prison guards don't carry guns either). So what on Earth is this Ilde talking about? The whole interview is obviously another forgery. He has never spoken to me! I don't even know who he is – or who she is, for that sake!

So there are people out there who actually forge interviews and then publish them in magazines and on the Internet. They base their fake interviews on other fake interviews and of course on real interview as well, adding some flavour of their own, to make it look like they want it to, regardless of the truth.

The original interview in «Tempo» was, by the way, also a load of crap, and the ridicules and utterly false information that my father used to beat my mother and me comes from this magazine. He – the German guy – probably made this story up by himself, for some unknown reason.

Where do people like this German get this bullshit from? When it has no roots in reality whatsoever, they must be making it up all by themselves. *Why?* Why make up stories when you can just ask me to get the truth?

The rest of the «Music, Murder And Fire – Black Metal The Scandinavian Way» article/interview is in the same vein. It is all a load of crap. Some of it is pure fiction, and some is based on other interviews, that are published by people who only wanted to demonize me. If I smiled to the journalists they described it as «sneers» and if I didn't smile to them I was «cold as ice». No matter what I did or said it was all wrong, and they twisted everything. In court I told them that I wasn't a Satanist and that I regarded Satanism a Judeo-Christian idiocy, I talked about Óðinn and Þórr, and yet the judge wrote that «Varg Vikernes believes in

Satan» and the media headlines told us that I was a Satanist. Even in 2001 the director of the department of justice in Norway (amazingly) wrote the same in a letter to a psychiatrist and a psychologist, who were supposed to write a report about whether I was a psychopath or not (and they meant that I wasn't, by the way). So the director of the department of justice too claimed I was a Satanist and that «Varg Vikernes believes in Satan». Even people working in the prison I was in at the time were shocked by the ignorance (or rather *malice*) of the director of the department of justice. The psychiatrist and the psychologist too reacted negatively to her statement, and naturally wondered why on Earth she did that.

So what can we expect from morons writing for the Internet or some pointless magazine? How can we believe in the different biographies, articles and «interviews» out there, when even judges in the justice system and the director of the department of justice in Norway make up or reiterate lies like that?

In short all the biographies, articles and most of the interviews are full of lies. Instead of telling You about all the lies, in an endless stream of articles like this one, I will simply tell You not to trust *anything* You can read about me, unless it is written by me.

Sadly, we cannot trust anything that has been said and written about other dissidents either. The dissidents are always demonized, and supporters of the rulers are always glorified. History is nothing but a tool used by the rulers to make the masses adore and follow them, and to make sure they spurn and work against their enemies or adversaries.

Even in (junior high) school today innocent children/teenagers in Norway learn about the «devil worshipping» and «satanic» Varg Vikernes. If a different system or at least honesty prevails I will perhaps be described more like I see myself, as a person who rejected the temptation of a comfortable life in a wealthy country, because I would rather do what is right. I refused to participate in the rape of Mother Earth, and revolted against the modern world.

Today I am seen as nothing but a criminal, so I cannot expect that the minions of this rotten system tell people the *truth* about me, and of course I am not the only one being subjected to this kind of lie-propaganda. *Everybody* who revolts against the modern world and this sick system experiences more or less the same as I do. They are demonized, ignored, slandered and so forth. Even the average teenager will experience this in the local community, if he or she does something that is seen as anti-social or politically incorrect (or only wear special clothes). Everybody who revolts against the modern world must be prepared to face the consequences, but that does not mean we should just accept that they are spreading lies, ignoring us or slandering us. We must always fight back, never give up. No matter what.

When the «Western» powers support dissidents in other countries, whether it is in Burma, China, Zimbabwe or somewhere else, they call them dissidents or oppositionals, but all the dissidents in the «Western» world are called either criminals or simply terrorists. They don't even acknowledge that there is a legitimate reason to revolt against the «Western» world, because they want to establish it as an *indisputable fact* that their so-called «democracy» is the best way to rule a country. To argue against that is like arguing against the theory of macroevolution with scientists, or even worse, question the veracity of the Holocaust theory in front of your history lecturer. No matter what you say they will see you as a complete idiot and refuse to even listen to what you have to say.

A fanatic is simply an idealist you disagree with, and an idealist is simply a fanatic you agree with. So the «idealists» rule the «Western» world, and the «fanatics» like me are persecuted. That is how it works, and You should always keep that in mind when You read about people like me. It's still *their* game. You should also keep this in mind when You *don't* hear about people like me at all.

Thank You for the attention.

Varg «Tenacious of Life» Vikernes
(Written in December 2004, updated in April 2005)

Fama crescit eundo!
(The rumour grows as it goes)

Part IV – Burzum In Norway

Quite often I have met Black Metal fans in prison, or I have received letters from Black Metal fans in Norway, who complained to me about the fact they cannot find any Burzum albums in any record shops anywhere in Norway. The explanation to this is that Burzum is not distributed in Norway, and has not been since 1993, because nobody in the Norwegian music business will distribute or sell Burzum albums, often out of fear they too will be persecuted by left-wing extremists if they do, but more often because they are left-wing extremists themselves (or they are Judeo-Christians). So in order to buy Burzum albums Norwegians have to order them from abroad, or they must go to another country and buy the albums in record shops there. Oddly enough, the albums of the Norwegian Burzum is not easily available to Black Metal fans in Norway.

About a year ago they started up a weekly metal music SMS-TV in Norway, where people could call in to vote for different music videos to be played and where they could chat, using SMS. At the time I was locked up 24 hours in the cell, but every day I had to leave my cell for a minute or two to get dinner and bread for the rest of the day, and doing so I walked past other prisoners in the corridor. Every day I walked past a guy, René from Bergen, who used to watch this metal show, and in one of our daily 10 second conversations he told me that there was always an argument regarding Burzum on the chat board, so I decided to watch some of the shows myself. It turned out many metal fans wanted them to play Burzum, but the chat host claimed that «Burzum has no video», and when the metal fans told her about the «Burzum» video (German title: «Dunkelheit». English title: «Darkness». Original title: «Burzum»)) she told them that «We pretend that it doesn't exist» or «We have intentionally forgotten about that one». So even a TV program dedicated to playing metal music boycotted Burzum, just like the radio shows in Norway have been doing the last twelve years. The reason they boycott me on TV and radio is apparently that I have «the wrong» political ideas.

Recently there was a series on Norwegian TV about the history of rock music in Norway, and one program was dedicated to the special genres of rock, including Black Metal. They interviewed Sigurd Wongraven of Satyricon, Jørn Stubberud of Mayhem and very briefly Fenris of Darkthrone. Apart from these bands they briefly mentioned Dimmu Borgir too, but for some odd reason mentioned neither Immortal nor Burzum with a single word. Apparently Burzum (and Immortal) played no part in the Black Metal scene, not even in the early years. Yet again Burzum had ceased to exist, this time in a documentary about the «first» Black Metal bands in Norway.

This is Burzum in Norway: officially it doesn't exist and has never existed either, and if it once did exist it surely played no important part in any context. Burzum has been erased from the history of metal music in Norway, by the left-wing extremists who control the Norwegian media. On one side this is fascinating, as we are actually witnessing a falsification of history as it happens.

I certainly know that I have been a *persona non grata* for a long time, but I don't know it was this band. I didn't imagine that I would have to spend time convincing people that I am still alive, or that I have to witness that the media in Norway pretends Burzum doesn't exist and has never existed, or that Burzum fans would have to face obstacles like the ones described above.

They are obviously trying to remove the memory of Burzum and me, and only time will tell if they succeed or not. My advice to them would be to wait with trying to do this at least until I am gone, and no longer can defend myself... I am still here, You know! You shouldn't try to remove the scar until after the wound has healed, and *Your wound is still bleeding!*

Varg «Fenrir» Vikernes
(December 2004)

**«History is the fable favoured by the victor»
(Napoleon)**

Part V – Satanism

If people in Norway hear my name they normally think of Satanism and church fires. The press very successfully managed to do what the Judeo-Christians have routinely been doing since the early Middle Ages, and convinced people that the persecuted dissident in question (in this case me) was a mad and dangerous devil worshipper.

I could argue that I never was a devil worshipper, but I think it is better to simply prove that devil worship is a product of the imagination of the Judeo-Christians. When you know that there has never been devil worship in any form in Europe, then you must also understand that there has never been any devil worshippers. When you know that, it should become clear that I cannot possibly have been a devil worshipper either.

An English writer, Margareth Murray, published a book in 1921 called «The Witch-Cult In Western Europe». She claimed the devil worship was indeed not devil worship at all, but a Pagan cult, and although criticized her book has been used by pretend-witches (especially in the United Kingdom) in a feminist attempt to revive the cult of the witches. Although her book is pretty useless as a source, she has a point. The devil worshippers were indeed Pagans practicing the ancient religion. The whole «devil worship» idea as we know it is made up by the Judeo-Christians of the Middle Ages, most notably by people like the authors of «Malleus Maleficarum» («The Witch Hammer»), Jakob Sprengler and Heinrich Kramer, both of them being Catholic priests and one of them being a Messianic Jew.

Just like we don't really know what Pagan means, nobody really knows why they called these particular people «witches» – or (German) *Hexen* or (Norwegian) *hekser*. What we do know is that this too is a Judeo-Christian term and that it was never used by the Pagans. The Sabbath is a Jewish holiday and has nothing to do with our European culture whatsoever.

That is the whole problem with this subject; everything people know about this cult is what the rotten Judeo-Christians have told us about it. They have demonized this cult to such a degree that we think of the so-called «Black Sabbath» as some crazy and disgusting scene, with the «evil witches» going to Blokkbeg or some other mountain to worship Satan. According to the Judeo-Christians they did this on Friday 13th to mock Jesus Christ, because there were 13 people present during the Last Supper; Satan himself was a demon with horns growing from his forehead and he walked with a limp, because his one foot was a goat's or horse's foot; «witches» were accused of sacrificing infants to the devil and having sex with him. So, because of this the Judeo-Christians hanged and burned the «witches», or executed them in some other manner, and until the XVIIIth century murdered hundreds of thousands of «witches» and other people they didn't like in Europe.

Instead of expressing what I think about all of this, I will tell You what this cult, and in particular the Friday 13th mystery, *really* was all about. It might surprise many, but we actually know perfectly well what these rituals were all about, *why* they practiced them and even *who* practiced them. Naturally I cannot describe all the mysteries of the ancient religion in an article like this one, but I can give You a brief and hopefully comprehensible explanation to the most demonized of all the mysteries, the so-called «Black Sabbath», that originally is a festival of fertility, celebrated the Friday 13th every month of the ancient calendar (consisting of a New Year's Day and 13 months, each made up of 4 weeks exactly).

The four phases of life are those of reincarnation, birth, life and death; night, morning, day and evening; winter, spring, summer and autumn, *et cetera*. The weeks in each month is divided into four phases too: the first week is the week of reincarnation, the second the week of birth, the third the week of life and the fourth the week of death. Each weekday has special meaning as well; the Sunday is the day of the Solar deities, the Monday the day of the Lunar deities, the Tuesday the day of the sky deities, the Wednesday the day of the deities of magic, the Thursday the day of the agricultural deities, the Friday the day of the deities of love and fertility and the Saturday the day of the deities of reflection (*id est* it was a day when they summed up the events of the week, before the next week began). The first Friday in each month of the ancient calendar is always Friday 6th, the second is always Friday 13th, the third always Friday 20th and the fourth always Friday 27th. So the second Friday of each month, Friday 13th, is a special day of love, fertility and birth. In other words it is the year's most important day of human fertility. That is what the «witches» celebrated on this day, and it naturally has *absolutely nothing* to do with Jesus or the number of people present at the last supper. Judeo-Christianity and its symbols have nothing to do with this ancient celebration *what-so-ever!*

The holiday known as (German) Walpurgisnacht, (Norwegian) Valborgsnatt, (Gaelic) Beltane, *et cetera*, is the Friday 13th of the 7th month of the year, when (the 6 months of) Winter meets and marries (the 6 months of) Summer in the middle (7th) month of the ancient 13-month calendar. According to the Judeo-Christians this is the night the «witches» go to the mountains to have sex with «Satan». This night is

therefore called «the night of the witches», but it was originally the traditional day for *weddings* in the Pagan era. It was the day when people married on Earth, just like the gods (like Njörðr) and the goddesses (like Skaði) married in Heaven, and we therefore call this night the Honeymoon – the night when the gods united with the goddesses in heaven. (NB! Honey is a symbol of the *æsir* and *ásynjur* [the Scandinavian names of the gods and goddesses respectively].) Now, most people know that it is perfectly normal for married people to have sex on the night they marry, so there is nothing special about that.

The Catholic nuns are said to marry their deity, and this practice has its origin in the Pagan cult, where the Pagan priestesses married their deity. The big difference was that the Pagan deity was represented on Earth by a Pagan priest. The Pagan priestesses could in other words still produce children and be really useful to the kin and community, unlike the Catholic nuns, who reject life, by not having children. To be a Pagan priest you had to be chosen by the priestesses (in Scandinavia often called *valkyries* [«selectors of the chosen»]) to be their Freyr priest, and therefore they organized different types of competitions to find the man best suited for this task. The best known of these events is of course the Olympic games in Greece, that was *originally* a «meat market» for virgins (unmarried women), who demanded that the men competed against each other sky-clad (naked), so that they could see all their physical qualities before they decided whom to marry. It served no purpose for the women to participate in these games, as the purpose of the games was for the women to find the best man, or at least the man they liked the most. The games were organized every 4th year, two times for every perfect pentagram (*the symbol of love*) drawn on the sky by (the planet we know as) Venus (in ancient Scandinavia known as Freyja). Similar races were organized all over Europe, and the purpose was always the same; to separate the strong from the weak.

The winners of the different races were seen as the best men, and they were often given the role of the Freyr priest by different groups of women («covens»). Because of this we, in Norway, still call weddings *bryllup*, that derives from Norse *bruðhlaup* and translates as «bride's race» – and I may add that «bride» is in Norway also the title of the groom (id est «bride-groom» [«bride» means «the promised one», «groom» means «man»]). He also had to be a *Freyr priest*, though, and had to go through different initiation rituals that I will not discuss here, to prove his spiritual strength as well (because physical strength alone was not enough to be chosen by the priestesses). He also had to participate in the spiritual battle that we know as Ragnarök, that took place every year on the 7th day of the 13 days of Yule – when the forces of Hel meet the forces of Ásgarðr (Heaven) on the battlefield (and because of that we still celebrate this day, today with *fireworks*, as a symbolic war, on what is the New Year's Eve of the Julian calendar).

In this battle the initiates have to, like the god Víðarr, kill the Fenrir wolf, and as we know this was done by placing one foot in the lower jaw of the wolf and then take its upper jaw and tear it apart. Víðarr had a special shoe for this purpose, to protect his foot from the teeth and fire of Fenrir's mouth. Now, when the priests did this – every year – they naturally hurt their feet, and the result of this was that they often started to walk with a limp, or they walked with a limp because they wore one special shoe. In other words, the Freyr priest who had sex with the Freyja priestesses on Friday 13th had no goat's or horse's foot or anything like that, but he simply was a Freyr priest with a limp or with a special shoe on one of his feet, causing him to walk with a limp!

The Freyja priestesses didn't really marry a man, but like I said they married a man who *represented* the god Freyr. We really know perfectly well that the Greek Pagans performed and impersonated their gods by putting on a mask, in the different plays and mysteries, but they did this in the rest of Europe too. When they put on a mask representing a deity they changed and *became* that deity. We know Freyr from Gaelic sources as Cernunnos, called «the horned god», and rock carvings from Scandinavia portray this deity as a man with a stag's horns. Contrary to popular belief, the Scandinavian warriors (like the Vikings) *never* wore helmets with horns, but the Freyr priests did, or they wore masks with horns, and therefore the «Satan» having sex with the Freyja priestesses on Friday 13th is described by the Judeo-Christians as a «horned demon».

The Freyja priestesses too represented a deity, and therefore they had special titles. A priestess named (for example) Helga would be called (in German) *Frau Helga* or (in Norwegian) *Fru Helga*, because *Frau/Fru* (id est «Mrs.», «madame») is an abbreviation of the name of Freyja (Germanic Frauþō). When married to (a) Freyr (priest) she was no longer just Helga, but Freyja-Helga, and she represented the goddess Freyja on Earth. Today *Frau/Fru* simply means «wife» or «married woman», but I dare say the widespread use of these titles bears witness to the size of this Pagan cult in the past.

The fact that the «witches» kissed the manhood of the Freyr priest, in the particular mystery I am discussing, is explained by their need to show humility in front of their god – just like Catholics today kiss the ring of the pope when they approach him (for the same reason). The Judeo-Christian accusation of child sacrifices is explained by the fact that the Freyja priestesses only wanted quality children, and therefore they removed the children with severe deficiencies, by placing them in the forest to be eaten by wolves, or something like that. They basically did what most pregnant women do today when they – if they find out there is something wrong with their unborn child – (usually) take an abortion. To a Pagan, and to all other healthy and sane human beings, the *quality* is all that matters.

So the covens of «witches» having sex with «Satan» were *cults of love and fertility*. It was an elitist cult, because only the best men were accepted as priests, and therefore the best blood of the different tribes was cultivated, unlike today. These cults were rarely large, and there were naturally many such Freyr priests all over Scandinavia and in the rest of Europe too. They were probably known as Cernunnos (-priests) in the Gaelic-speaking areas, as Veles (-priests) in the Slavonic areas, as Potrimpos (-priests) in the Baltic areas, as Dionysus (-priests) in the Greek areas, as Bacchus (-priests) in the Roman areas, *et cetera*.

Although these Pagan cults seemingly ceased to exist in Southern Europe as early in Antiquity, they survived in Northern Europe well into the XVIIIth century and even into the XIXth century, and because of that people like me¹ can know so much about this. We are not fooled by the lies of the Judeo-Christians, because we know the truth!

So what the Judeo-Christians call «Satanism» or «devil worship» is really our own European religion! My attraction to this must be seen in the light of this. Also my teenage will to briefly use the term «Satanist» to describe myself must be seen in this light. Yet, I have never been a «Satanist», just like our forefathers never were «Satanists» either. I am and have always been a Pagan. «Satanism» or «devil worship» as described by the Judeo-Christians has simply never existed. The belief in the existence of «Satanism» or «devil worship» is just ignorance and a result of lie-propaganda. The «witches» were murdered by the church not because they worshipped «Satan» or any other fictional Hebrew deity, but because they kept practicing our European religion, against the will of the Judeo-Christians. The only reason they *stopped* murdering these noble women and men is the fact that they ran out of people to burn, or they failed to find any more of them. This also explains why so many «witches» were murdered in Northern Europe and in Germany in particular, compared to the numbers murdered in Southern Europe. Southern Europe was generally speaking Christianized as much as five hundred or even a thousand years before Northern Europe and Germany, and naturally there were far more Pagans in the parts of Europe that were Christianized last. More women than men were murdered simply because there were more priestesses than priests. Each coven only had one man, but most often several women – from a few to as much as sixteen.

I don't know much about the persecution of Pagans in Europe, but I know that just like in Northern Europe Paganism remained strong in Eastern Europe for a long time, and the last bands of bards (often consisting of «crippled» people [like men with a limp...]) didn't stop spreading their lore in Russia until the Bolshevik revolution in 1917. They traveled around, often like beggars, telling people stories, giving prophecies or singing songs in return for food and lodging. Many of the traditional Russian holiday songs still used in Russia are actually such songs (!).

In Norway one bard's song was recorded in the XVIIth or XVIIIth century. An old woman traveling around in Telemark came to a farm and offered to sing a song to them in return for food and lodging, as was custom. She sang 52 verses of a song that is known as *Draumkvædet* («the dream song»). The song describes in detail how an initiate, Olav Åsteson (Olav, «the son of love»), travels in the spirit world in the 13 days of Yule, and meets the deities in Heaven. The song is somewhat Christianized, something the bards had to do in the Judeo-Christian era in order not to be persecuted or even murdered by the church, but it is still very interesting and descriptive. The old woman was one of the last known bards in Norway.

¹ As a curiosity I can add that my great-great-grandmother's family name was Quisling (often spelled Quisling or Qvisling), that derives from Norse *Kvislingr* and translates as «branch of Ingr». Ingr (Proto-Norse InguR, Germanic Inguz) is a name of Freyr (and both «Freyr» and «Ingr» translates as «love», but it also means «lord» and «chieftain»). Naturally I do not descend from the god Freyr, but from a priest impersonating the god Freyr. (My great-great-grandmother's whole name was Susanne Malene Qisling, by the way. She was from Telemark in Norway and was born in 1811 and died in 1882).

Paganism is not dead and we don't even need to reconstruct it. It never really died. It survived underground, in Norway and in other corners of Europe too. Like the Sun rises in the East, every morning, Paganism will rise again. The European light will inevitably banish the Asian darkness we know as Judeo-Christianity, and the pure amongst us will find the runes (*id est* secrets) of Óðinn. – but only if they choose to walk on the overgrown paths of our forefathers.

Varg Vikernes
«Picketed and Pilloried»
(June 2005)

A verse from *Draumkvædet*:

**Bikkja bit, og ormen sting,
og stuten stend og stangar –
de slepp ingjen ivi Gjallarbrui
som feller domane vrang.
For månen skin'e,
og vegjine falle so vie.**

(The dog [Garmr] bites, and the worm [Jörmungandr] stings,
and the ox [Himinbrjótr] gores –
they don't let anybody who convicts wrongly
across the Gjallarbru [the bride that leads to Hel].
Because the Moon shines
and the roads [to Hel] are so wide.)

PS. Anybody understanding Norwegian (or rather the rustic Telemark's dialect) can get their hands on *Draumkvædet* in any decent library, and I think it would be worthwhile for Russian-speaking people interested in the subject to read books like Vladimir Propp's «Istoritjeskie korni velsjebnoj skazki» (Исторические корни волшебной сказки), published in Leningrad 1946, and perhaps even Olga Frejdenberg's «Poëtika sjuzjeta i zjanra: period antitsjnoj literatury» (Поэтика сюжета и жанра: период античной литературы), published in Leningrad 1936. I haven't read these books myself, so naturally I am not sure if they are any good or even relevant, but they might be. German-speaking people could find some few clues in F.W. Nietzsche's «Die Geburt Der Tragödie Aus Dem Geiste Der Musik» (1872). English-speaking people could perhaps read James Frazer's «The Golden Bough». Don't expect to find any secret Pagan lore, but don't be surprised if You find something in these books that might be interesting anyhow. If You are only interested in the ancient religion and Pagan lore I will simply advice You to read my own book, «The Mysteries And Mythology Of Ancient Scandinavia», when (if?) it is published.

Part VI – The Music

The last eight months I have received a lot of letters from people who are interested in things like what instruments I used when I recorded the Burzum albums. Personally I am not the least interested in these things, and therefore I don't have the motivation to actually reply to such letters. To me this is like an echo from the past, when «everybody» in the Death Metal underground were talking about such things. The focus on instruments, brands, sound studios and «production» is actually one of the things I rebelled against in 1991.

Since the people who never get a reply from me have complained to me about my lacking will to write them back, I will write an article about this subject, that will hopefully answer all their questions.

When I recorded all the Burzum albums I used an old (I think) *Weston* guitar that I bought cheap in 1987 from an acquaintance. The bass I used was the cheapest bass guitar they had in the shop and I don't even know what brand it was. I never checked and I never even thought about it. When it came to drums I simply borrowed a drum kit from the drummer of Old Funeral (later Immortal), or another musician living nearby, and «of course» I have no idea what brand that was either.

When it came to guitar amplifiers all the Death Metal guys told me that the way to get the «right» (trendy) sound was to use *Marshall* amps, and since I didn't like that sound I bought a *Pivee* (*Pivey?*) amp and used that instead. On «Filosofem» I didn't use a guitar amplifier at all, but instead used only the amplifier on my brother's stereo (that of course was not intended for that use) and some old fuzz pedals.

For «singing» I used whatever microphone the sound technician handed me, or – when I recorded «Filosofem» – I asked for the *worst* microphone he had, and ended up using the microphone in a headset.

When I recorded the debut album (in January 1992) I spent only 19 hours all in all, from the moment I arrived in the sound studio with the instruments to the album was mastered (!). The number of hours spent (in April 1992) on «Det Som Engang Var» (DSEV) was 26, a bit more because I had brought nobody to help me out with the transport of the instruments and such, and had to carry and set up everything myself. «Hvis Lyset Tar Oss» (HLTO) was recorded (in September 1992) in something between 20 and 30 hours (I don't remember), but that included two songs that were never included on the album (a very poor version of the «Burzum» [«Dunkelheit»] track and a track I never used). «Filosofem» was recorded (in March 1993) in only 17 hours, but that is largely due to the fact that I used a drum kit that was already there – in the studio, used by some jazz or rock band the day before – so that saved me a lot of time. Besides, at that point I had gone through the process of recording an album a few times already, so all the technical stuff had become routine by then.

The reason I used Grieghallen sound studio was because we had used that studio when we recorded an EP with Old Funeral, in 1990 I think, so I knew the sound technician (a very positive, skilled and great guy from Bergen), and it was located only 1,5 km away from my apartment in Bergen. Had I lived in another town I would obviously used another sound studio.

When I recorded the debut album both Øystein Aarseth («Eurononymous», in Mayhem) and Harald Nævdal («Demonaz», in Immortal) were present much of the time and they helped me carry the instruments – and for fun Aarseth was allowed to play a guitar solo on the «War» track. He also (along with me) «hammered with his fists» on a large gong in Grieghallen to make sound. This was used as background noise on the track called «Dungeons Of Darkness» and on the DSEV intro.

When I recorded the other albums I was usually alone with the sound technician. However, Samoth (Thomas Haugen, in Emperor) was present when I recorded two of the tracks in the «Aske» mini-LP and parts of HLTO. He played the bass on two of the «Aske» tracks, and was present when I recorded the drums on both «Aske» and HLTO. He played the bass on «Aske» because I for a short period in 1992 flirted with the idea of playing live, and therefore rehearsed one or two times as a band (a guy named Erik Lancelot, from outside Oslo, was supposed to play the drums). I quickly woke up from the «playing-live-psychosis» and luckily changed my mind, so I continued like before, as a one-man-band with no need for even session musicians.

With the exception of a song on HLTO and a song on «Filosofem» I recorded everything on the first take. The problem with the song on HLTO was technical, and I had to record the drums on the title track twice, and on the «Jesu Død» track on «Filosofem» I had to do a bass line over again simply because I was tired after just having recorded both the guitar tracks (my «bourgeois fingers» weren't used to all that work...).

The mistakes made on some of the tracks during the recording could easily have been avoided had I only bothered to rerecord certain parts, but the point at that time was to rebel against the streamlined (Death) Metal music. The whole point with the musical rebellion was to *not* make «perfect» albums, to *not* make music with «this or that» brand of instruments, it was to *not* go to a particular sound studio to get «this or that sound», and it was to *not* sound like other bands. A few mistakes makes the music more alive and personal, it simply gives the music some «soul» and originality, so I never bothered to correct anything. The music on the Burzum albums is simply an honest and sincere, unvarnished and clear representation of *me*. Certainly I am not flawless or without mistakes, so neither is my music.

There was an ideology behind this; it was an embrace of honesty and an appreciation of the pure and natural. If the sound is not defined as good by some stuffed shirt (failed) musician working for a music magazine it matters no whit to me. The *natural* is always the best, whether we are talking about music or something else. The natural and best music is (as I see it) music with «soul», and not music that has been polished for months in a studio to remove even the tiniest mistakes (peculiarities).

Even as early as in 1990 most of the Death Metal bands followed the current, were incorporated into the commercial music business and had lost all their «soul». The so-called Black Metal bands shortly followed, and (*as far as I know*) with the exception Fenris of Darkthrone they all sold out and failed to live up to *any* of the original Black Metal ideas. The younger bands from Norway, that came in 1993 or later, as a result of the media coverage of our tiny milieu, never even knew about these ideas, so they ironically never actually sold out. However, it is a bit silly that they do all these things and look a certain way and don't even know why. They just joined a herd and never even knew where the herd originally came from or where it had been before they joined in. In short we can say that the so-called Black Metal bands became commercialized too.

At this point I should remind You of what I wrote about in the start of this article; people asking me about things like what instruments I used when I recorded the Burzum albums. Such questions are as irrelevant and uninteresting to me as questions about what brand of pants or underwear I wore when I recorded all albums would be. Does it really matter what instruments I used? I don't think so, and I think it is a point to *not* care about such things. I used *my* guitar, and if I had had another guitar I would have used that one instead. As simple as that. I used whatever was the most handy and my main priority was to make honest and original music – and I could have achieved that with just about *any* instruments, regardless of their age, price and brand. As simple as that.

I appreciate Your interest in Burzum, and thank You for Your attention, but please don't expect me to give priority to letters with questions about instruments, technical details or other things in which I have no interest whatsoever. If You find these things interesting that is fine by me, but don't expect me to share Your interests.

Varg «Волк» Vikernes
(July 2005)

Aurum nostrum non est aurum vulgi!
(Our gold is not like the gold of the ordinary man)

Part VII – The Nazi Ghost

As many people might know I have been condemned a lot because I have used a number of «political incorrect» terms to describe my own ideological foundation. I have used terms such as Satanism, nationalism, racism or racialism, Paganism or Heathendom/Heathenism and even «nazism».

Some of the terms I have used have been rather inaccurate, and I realize that people react to the different terms differently, depending on where they come from or who they are. A Scandinavian, for instance, has no good reasons to emotionally react negatively to «nazism», but I understand that a Slav has a perfectly good reason to do so. While the German «nazis» behaved exemplary in Denmark and Norway during WWII, they certainly didn't behave exemplary in Poland or the former Soviet Union. In Norway only about 0,03% of the population was killed in WWII (and the vast majority was actually killed *by the Allies*), while for example in Byelorussia as much as 25% of the population was killed – and had a lot to do with the Germans' incredibly lowbrow and surprisingly ignorant view on the Slavs and their culture.

You might think the German's stupid view on the Slavs is a «nazi» thing, but (unfortunately?) it seems to be more like a German view, and its roots go back at least to the middle ages – when some German crusader veterans, the Maria Knights and the Swordbrother Knights, joined forces (and formed the Teutonic Order) and went to Christianize the «primitive» heathens (Balts and Slavs) in Prussia, Memel, Kurland, Livland, Estland, Polotsk, Pskov, Ingermanland, *et cetera*.

However, the *Norwegian* «nazis» never had a negative view on the Slavs, and even the Norwegian SS-volunteers reacted negatively to the Germans' behaviour in the Soviet Union, so as a Norwegian I never really thought about the fact that it might offend Slavs when I – *a Norwegian* – occasionally used the term «nazism» to describe my ideological foundation. Naturally I never had the intention to offend or alienate *Slavs*. Personally I have a very *positive* view on Slavs and Slavonic culture, and I think it is sad if people think otherwise.

The reason *I* have been drawn to and occasionally have expressed support for «nazism» is mainly because many of the Norwegian (and German) «nazis» embraced our Pagan religion as our blood-religion and they

rejected Judeo-Christianity as Jewish heresy – and they were the first to do so in a long, long time! I have also experienced that most of the people supporting *me* or what I stand for are so-called «nazis» – while almost everybody else has just condemned me and then boycotted me and everything I have done. What makes me *different* from the «nazis» are basically three things; unlike them I am not socialistic (not even on a national level), I am not materialistic and I believe in (*the ancient Scandinavian!*) democracy.

So, since I am not a «nazi» I began to use another term, in the late 90ies. I did it not just to avoid confusion, but also to find a term more suitable and accurate than the other terms I had used. This new term was odalism, from Norse *óðal* («homeland», «allodium», «allodial law», «nobility», «noble», «inherited goods», «fatherland», «land property», «distinguished family», «distinguished», «splendid», «kin» and «the nation»). This term replaces everything positive about all the other –isms I have ever used, and in it lies Paganism, traditional nationalism, racialism *and* environmentalism. It is not only a more accurate but also a more inclusive term that can be used by *all* Europeans (and others too for that sake). Finally, and perhaps most importantly, it is not a term tainted by history.

If we have a positive relationship to our homeland, to our blood, to our race, to our religion and to our culture we will not destroy any of this with modern «civilization» (*id est* capitalism, materialism, Judeo-Christianity, pollution, urbanization, race mixing, Americanization, socialism, globalization, *et cetera*). The «nazi ghost» has scared millions of Europeans from caring about their blood and homeland for sixty years now, and it is about time we banish this ghost and again start to think and care about the things that (whether we like it or not) *are* important to us.

Varg Vikernes
(July 2005)

Blóð ok Óðal!
(Blood and Allodium)