

THE REVELATION OF THE SUN
or
THE REVIVAL OF TRUTH IN THE MODERN
WORLD

WRITTEN BY *HIS* DISCIPLE IN ANNO HITLERI 131

INVOCATION

HAIL, Unconquerable Sun! Thou illuminating sphere, who brings the Light of Life upon the World, guide my hand through this duty done in your noble and unspeakable name! Set alight the burning fire of Truth in my eyes and fill my soul with the Heat of the Sun Disc so that this task is made sanctified and holy, blessed by your radiant beams. To you, Immortal One, all awakened Men turn their heads towards, and seek in your effulgence self-actualization and total completeness.

For you are the God of the Dawn, heralding the Day with the first ambassadors of Light that flow from your Hallowed Sphere! Just as men are awakened from slumber by the morntide light, they are likewise illuminated from ignorant darkness into truthful transcendence. You are the God of the Midday Sun, when your power is in zenith and all of Creation feels the incomparable Heat of Truth radiate from the Disc. Can any man hide from Truth, or from you? God of the Nightfall, you are still present even when your Heavenly Body disappears from sight, for the Light yet still reflected in darkness. No man, nor heavenly body, can escape your total existence.

You, Holy Sun, are the Creator, Sustainer, and Destroyer! With your iron-will, all life emanates, flows, and are nourished from your blessed brightness, and with that same will, all souls will find its conclusion in death, and rebirth. You are the totality of existence, manifested within the material Sol, and you are transcendent of it. For you are the Absolute, you are the One, the Well of All.

And so I act as your vessel, Great Sun, as I dedicate this work in your name, so that all men will know the Heat of the Solar Beams, and so that all men will feel the Radiance of Truth.

AN ACCOUNTING

IN the seventy-four years since the defeat of the National Socialist Revolution and the temporary triumph of Darkness over the Forces of Light, we have witnessed catastrophic decay on all levels of existence. The last vestiges of Truth and Tradition that had survived millennia of entropy were torn down in the dawn of the Age of Aquarius and in their place altars to the Chaos God and to the Lord of Darkness were erected.

On a grand scale, things that were once taken for granted have been swept aside and destroyed in an instant. Within one generation, the United States of America has undergone total demographic replacement. The country that the so-called “Greatest Generation” marched off to defend from the National Socialists is now unrecognizable. The Germanic racial stock, that comprised the American folk since the European seed was first planted on the foreign soil, has been replaced by mulattoed Latins from south of the Rio Grande, Orientals rushing over the Pacific in search of money, and the Negroes who have swarmed the once productive cities of the heartland. Our culture has been perverted into a sick and twisted parody of itself, negroified to the core, then packaged, air-sealed, and turned into a commodity to be traded on the global marketplace.

The phenomenon of racial replacement is not limited to the Americas, as in just five short years a horde of 1.6 million North Africans and Semitic Arabs descended upon the country that had once been the birthplace of the National Socialist Revolution. That number will grow exponentially as they settle and have children. They are cancer cells metastasizing into a malignant and ultimately fatal tumor upon Europe. Throughout the Continent, from the snowy streets of Stockholm, to the rainy lanes of Birmingham, and the sultry beaches of Iberia, one will see the vilest examples of the darkest races, foreigners who while may carry the “citizenship” will never belong to the Aryan folk.

And the one question that echoes throughout any Man of the West is this: Was it worth it?

Was it worth it to snuff out the greatest man of our Race, Adolf Hitler? Was it worth it to mobilize under the Star of David, under the Cross, under the Hammer-and-Sickle and the Undivisible Dollar, to defeat the Swastika? This is the future that the “Greatest Generation” fought for, and were slain for. It lies on the feet of the traitors, and their failure to recognize the Banner of Truth that the National Socialists erected in defiance of the assembled slave revolt of falsehood and lies before them.

The answer, of course, is a resounding and emphatic ***NO***.

We have witnessed a corruption of family virtue. The once proud and strong institution of the Family, the rock-hard foundation of our Society, has been shattered and destroyed. Divorce rates have skyrocketed, and with it, families have been split apart with careless abandon. Children in the Western World, more often than now, grow up in fractured houses, with absent parental figures, and are all the worse for it. How can we have a sustainable society, if the most basic building block is slandered and cast down?

In the wake of the Sexual Revolution, there has been, in tandem with the destruction of the family, increasing growth and acceptance of degenerate sexual practices. Homosexuals openly and brazenly flaunt their debased 'sexual identity' for all to see, much to the detriment of our once-noble society. But even women and men together become sexual miscreants in this day and age, losing themselves in the dissolution of the ages.

And with the pseudo-religious frenzied desire for progress, Modern Man consumes at a rate wholly unsustainable. His desire to gorge himself upon the fruits of the Natural World has led to the irreversible path of ecocatastrophe. It is no longer a question of *if* this will happen, but *how* catastrophic will it be? We lament with heavy and somber hearts at the burning forests of the Amazon, stripped bare by dollar-eyed merchants possessed with the desire to bend Nature to his Will. We shake our heads in sorrow as biodiversity, the only diversity worth defending and triumphing, is destroyed and only vermin and invasive pest remains. This is the future Modern Man, in his pursuit of infinite luxury, has created for himself.

Millions of our racial brethren have come to the conclusion that there is *something* wrong with the state of the world today, but only a portion of those will draw the line to the dark day in 1945 when the Third Reich was dismembered and destroyed by Darkness. Fewer still will recognize the cosmic machinations behind the forces of Light, the forces of Darkness, and the weight that lays upon our shoulders. But even these millions, who on some level or another recognize the decay, are all too little compared to the mass tidal wave of animal-men who do not even consider for a moment that the pigpen that they exist in is a prison of the soul.

For every one of the awakened Aryan aristocrats of the soul, who have awakened themselves to their potential, there are perhaps ten thousand men who, although they share all racial qualities with the Aristocrat, are totally opposite to the awakened Man. Concerned with material pursuits of flesh and of quenching an ever-growing and insatiable hunger, they are driven to consume at an exponential, and ultimately unsustainable, rate. And in their frenzied consumption, they condemn themselves to a life of ignorant slavery, putting a blindfold over their own eyes and go on to immerse themselves in increasingly debauched and degenerate displays of materialism.

And so the Aryan Man with yearning for Truth and knowing eyes can only look upon the Post-War World with disgust, and reject the Post-War Dream as a facade. But that same man will recognize that the decline *did not start in 1945*. He will recognize that, on the dark day in May of 1945, the forces of Entropy merely pushed Man further down the dark hallway of his own demise. And, ironically, closer to Restoration.

For the events of the dawn of the Age of Aquarius do not represent a break from an otherwise untarnished tradition, but rather a continuation and in some ways a culmination of the previous Age, and the Ages before it. Time has been, since the Aryans were forced from their Arctic home of Hyperborea, steadily dragging us towards the completion of this cycle. Entropy, the natural course of Time to pull itself down to dissolution, is reaching its climax.

And so we, the men who are in the Modern World but not of it, true Aryans who stand above the filth and degrading influences of this perverse age, seek to walk that backwards path back to our roots. Our yearning hearts turn towards Hyperborea, our home shrouded in the mystics of time, and inside those burning hearts a fire is lit. In that fire the Aryan Man will forge the sword of righteous rebellion, with which he will conquer himself, and then the world.

We, the enlightened men of our Race, stand at a crossroads. Do we remain content with what we feel in our hearts, forever straying at the bottom of what seems to be a great insurmountable mountain? Do we give in to doubt and weakness in the crucial hour, and ultimately fail the test? Or do we seize the opportunity with both hands, and with a righteous spirit consuming our very beings make the first steps up to climb that unclimbable mountain? Do we laugh in the joy of struggle, smiling with bright-beamed faces with every slip and every gust of wind that nearly blows us off of our course?

The true Aryan, every single time, will pick the path up the Mountain. He will, with joyful eyes, look ever upwards to the Summit. He does not look back down, in lamenting for greener pastures left behind in the lowland, nor does he look for a comfortable place to pitch his tent. No, the Warrior, with iron-bound soul, reaches the summit and rests on his sword, first staring down in the lowland that he left behind in the same way a man looks upon toys from his childhood. He then looks up into the great blue sky, and into the Orb of Light that hangs above him, and above All. There, he is adorned by the blessed radiant beams that emanate from that Holy Disc, and he is initiated into the Truth of the Sun.

This is the path of the Aryan Man seeking union with God. Those with yearning hearts will, and must, make that leap into the unknown, and set course up that mountain too. His destiny lies with the Sun, and with Truth. There is no other home for him, except Hyperborea.

UNCONQUERABLE

FOR all of our Race's history, the Sun has been the object of the yearning Man's worship. He has, under its radiant beams, toiled and struggled, and sought reunification with the Gods and with the noble ancestors in the Vast Sky. When the Aryans charged forth from the steppes, their banners and shields were adorned with the Sun Wheel, and were blessed by the Thunderer and the Sky Father in the heroic conquest of lesser races. Pharaoh Akhenaten, with eyes turned upward, wrote hymns to Aten the Creator, the giver of Life. The Emperor Julian, who saw the tentacles of the Corruptor ensnaring his Empire, resurrected Solar Worship with Sol Invictus. And in the latest clash of the Aryan Man against Darkness, the National Socialists carried the eternal Swastika once more into battle.

So we see, throughout the millennia of recorded history, that our Race has nobly sought reincorporation with the Solar Disc. Our ancestors, with hearts that beat for Truth, looked into the blinding Sun for answers to the Great Question. We are no different, and so we must likewise focus our yearning hearts to follow the reaching rays of light towards the Sun.

What is the Sun? Materialist atheists and those who have been deceived and misled by the Corruptor, who has in this latest stage of decay exchanged his cassock with a scientist's lab coat, will shrug their shoulders and say that it is a ball of hydrogen gas, floating millions of miles away and will eventually burn out and die with the rest of the Solar System some billions of years into the Future. They laugh, with cold and stone-hard hearts, at the insinuation of the greater spiritual reality. They say, yes, it is all very good, but Man has grown up away from these superstitions, and that the real world says that, quite simply, the Sun is just another star in the vast cosmic fabric of the universe. And not even a very unique one, at that. They simply cannot see the true nature of reality, as their eyes have been blindfolded by the Corruptor and their hearts imprisoned by him.

But we, men of true knowledge of God, dismiss these reason-religionists with a wave of the hand. When we feel the radiant beams from the Sun, we know that this is the life-sustaining energy that not only enables all of Life to survive and life, but it is nourishment that feeds the hungry soul. We know that the orb that hangs high in the Great Blue Sky is, in fact, the manifestation of God in this material realm. The Blinding Light of the Sun Disc, which illuminates the world, is Truth given form. For Darkness, Falsehood and lies, cannot thrive in Light.

The true nature of the Sun is that of God. God, as in, the One, the All, the Absolute. God is that which *is*. There is simply no other way to talk of the One, which is both in and out of reality, transcendent of it. The One is the totality of existence, and nonexistence. The One is present in the Universe through essence, in that everything is of God. He is both the head of the pyramid, and the pyramid itself. It blends together into Reality, and is given form and personality in the physical and aethereal with the Sun. And it is this Personality that we worship and sing praises to, and it is the object of our yearning.

The Vedics hold that God exists of three parts: The Creator, the Sustainer, and the Destroyer. While some will believe that God takes on a specific role, and that role is paramount to all others, we hold that the Sun is a fusion of this divine triad. The Sun is, simultaneously, the Creator of Life, the Sustainer of Life, and in the end will be the Destroyer of Life. For its golden rays can do all three, transcendence of the supposed separation of the three roles.

We do not see the Sun as simply a ball of gas, but rather God given form in this physical realm. It is simultaneously the material form of the hydrogen ball, and God. For the Godhead can only be embodied by the effulgence of Truth, the Heat of Life, and the Destructive Nature of Fire that is all incorporated into the Sun. And just as the Sun is manifested in the physical, so too does the Black Sun shine over the Gods in the aethereal. The Sun God is not merely another God in the pantheon, but rather the Personality of the Godhead.

The Sun-King Akhenaten, that brave Pharaoh of Aryan blood, dared to oppose the decadent and corrupt priestly class and single-handedly led a resurrection of Solar Tradition in the lands of his Kingdom. He broke the backs of the Truth-deniers and sought to bring about the worship of the Sun. His hymns to the Great Aten are beautiful representations of Solar Worship, and show his yearning and striving towards the Sun. He acknowledges the Sun as above all, But it was not meant to be, for his Empire dissolved around him and he himself was slain by the animal devil-worshippers.

The Romans, in their resurrection of Truth-Worship, emphasized the Sun's unconquerability, and as a symbol of strength. They carried the banner of the Sun and the icon of the Eagle into trials of warfare and struggle. Upon the head of the Divine Emperor was the crowning Sun, a symbol of incorruptibility and power. But they too were assailed by the forces of Darkness, struck down by decadence and corruption. Just as the Sun rises, it also sets.

But we know that every day it sets in the west, but it will triumph over darkness in the next glorious dawn in the east. This gives us hope for our struggle, and an example to follow. For that the struggle in Darkness, no matter how hopeless it may seem in the twilight hour before dawn, will in the end succeed as the unconquerable soul rises triumphant into the sky.

It is in this unconquerable spirit that the Sun is given Personality and form, and it is in this Personality that we must emulate as true Aryans. We must strive to make our souls unconquerable, hard as stone, so that we can never be defeated. As we make our way up the Mountain of the Soul, the Sun blesses our struggle and desires for us to make contact with its truth-bearing ambassadors on the Summit

The Sun is worshiped and honored by the Aryan Aristocrat who struggles against Time in the futile but ever-so-sweet battle against Darkness. It is here, on the battlefields of the soul, that the Aristocrat fights with the unconquerable spirit of the Sun to overcome his primal self, and to bring unison to his soul. It is here that he wields the weapons of his Will and becomes indomitable and ultimately as unconquerable as the Sun.

For this is the true nature of Solar Worship. It is not enough to fall down on one's knees in the noontide sun and whisper hollow words to the Sun Disc. It is not enough to simply acknowledge the Sun as the Godhead. The Aryan Man who feels the yearning of the Sun must rise to meet it, and must allow his heart to be forged in its burning fires so that his Will grows to be unbreakable.

The Solar Cultist, the man who feels the radiance of the Sun, will awake with the Dawn to greet its golden band of Light, and from that momentous beginning he will strive to follow the sun's course of triumph, doing great deeds in struggle and self-conquest. He will then meet it in the noontide to meditate under it, to become one with it. And then he will strive once more to conquer himself, struggling ever harder against the twilight, for the man who fights against the inevitable dying of the light purifies his soul. For one last time, he will meet the sun as the sky turns purple and orange, sending it off with a joyful smile, knowing well in his heart that it will rise once more victorious the next morning.

We, the men who feel compelled to worship the Sun, seek the completion of our souls, and we wish to answer the yearning of our hearts that pull us closer and closer to union with the Sun. Some of us even worship the Gods alongside the Sun, but our hearts remain intertwined with the unconquerable spirit of the Sun, and it is in that example that we rise every day refreshed and ready for action. The Gods bless us, and give us strength for the coming fight, but only we can conquer ourselves. Only we, with an indomitable spirit, can struggle in the self-purification act of winning the Golden Age.

We seek, simply, total completion and union with Truth. We seek to embody the solar virtues and to wield them as one holds the fighting sword in combat. It is in our nature to strive for completion, which can only be found with the Sun. Our hungry hearts demand it, they yearn for

it, and call upon us to make the next step up that mountain. We do not seek to destroy the others paths to the Gods, but simply to walk our own in the radiance of Light. For we know in our hearts that this path along the mountain's rocky ridges will lead us to the Summit, and there we will find that it was where our souls had called to us the whole time.

For the Mountain is the mysteries of Reality, the mystery of God. The route up the mountain is Man's struggle to find God, to experience the mysteries, and to become one with them. There are many parallel paths up this mountain, but we must stick by our own, in order to bask in the Light of Truth at the Summit.

We can do no other.

WAR IN HEAVEN

IN the Heavens above us, in the planes of existence that exist beyond our material senses, there is a War raging. It is the same War that is being fought here, and elsewhere throughout the Cosmos. It is the eternal War, of Light and Darkness. It is the struggle between Truth and the many Falsehoods, and between the Sun and the Corruptor. It has taken on many forms, most recently manifesting with the Third Reich's Crusade against the Darkness, and will continue to do so until the Sun rises once more triumphant in a Golden Dawn.

In the realm of the Gods, they are struggling against each other and against the forces of Darkness arrayed against them. The situation is paralleled by the struggle of the Aryan Race on the physical realm, beset on all sides by like-blooded traitors, mongrel races, and the demonic race called the Jews. As the thrice-great Hermes once spoke, 'as above, so below.' And this phenomenon is no different.

Illusion and material blindness has consumed not only the most virile and virtuous of the Aryan folks, but also the Gods. One needs to look no further than the preserved mythos of the Greeks, who saw clearly not only the illusion of the Gods in the decadent last age, but also the path to the Sun with heroic struggle in Heracles.

The Gods of the last cycle, known to the Greeks as the Titans, are usurped in the Titanomachy by the Olympians who refresh the Golden Age but in turn grow decadent and illusioned, going so far as to prevent Man from knowing Truth. Prometheus, who did not fall into illusion and was imbued with Truth, shows man the burning Fire of Truth, and is punished for it by eternal

binding and torture. He is only redeemed by the heroic figure of Heracles, who slays the Eagle tormenting him and breaks his chains of bondage.

One can see echoes of this Tradition throughout all of Aryan mythology. The War between the Aesir and the Vanir in Germanic pantheon, and in the story of Lucifer in Catharism. After the end of the last cycle, the Golden Age is restored and both Man and the Gods live in total communion with the Sun. They live in the radiance of Truth, walking freely in the Light of the Disc. But entropic Time marches on, and both Man and the Gods lose sight of the Sun as they are consumed by bounty and materiality. The eldritch Octopus - the Corruptor - ensnares the World in his tentacles and begins to enact his eternal plan of World Domination.

But it is never meant to be. For every time he gets close, every time he traps both Man and the Gods in a web of lies, a Truth-Bearer descends from the Heavens with a Crown of Light and a Sword of Fire to cut his way through, so that he may give Man the tools to forge his own sword.

Lucifer, the archetypal Light-Bringer, gave man the Truth of Ages, not only of the Corruptor but of the fate of the Gods themselves, and in return they are punished by the enraged Corruptor, who has ensnared the illusioned World. The Aryan Man is expelled from his home in Hyperborea, which is destroyed by glaciers of ice and snow. He is forced on an eternal migration that leads him to follow the Sun, racing towards Atlantis, the Land of the White Gods, and finding refuge in the steppes of central Asia. But each time he finds solace, he is forced from his land. Atlantis sinks below the waves, invading mongrel races slaughter him in America-Albania, and rapidly changing climate forces him out of the steppes. In successive waves, the Aryan Man flees throughout Europe, into Iran and India, and into the Far East. But illusion has set in, and he forgets his blood. He forgets his own divinity.

And just as the Aryan Man forgets himself in the Game, so too the Gods. They have forgotten that just as they usurped the decadent Elder Gods, so too will they have to be usurped. They have become enamored in the Game, forgetting the rules of it. And so the Gods wish us well, and bring us material benefits and bounty, they do not wish us to transcend on the path of the Sun. But it is the nature of things, for they cannot see past the blinders that have been put over their eyes by the Corruptor, just as most men cannot see beyond the vain material trappings of their everyday lives. They fight against the passage of Time in their own struggle, just as we fight against it in ours.

For just as great men like Heracles and Augustus forced their way into the realm of the Gods and into the effulgence of the Holy Orb in heroic struggle, so too will the men of the Solar Cult. The natural way of Time demands this to be the case, for only true struggle can purify the soul in

order to pass the final test of Death. The Soul at Death will, if purified by the Life-Struggle, ascend to the higher planes of existence.

But just as Man's soul is put to the test by dying, so too are the Gods faced with the prospect of Death. In the Germanic myth of Ragnarok, the Final Destiny of the Gods, most of the Gods will lie slain on the cosmic battlefield, slaughtered by the forces of Time and their souls purified in the struggle. The survivors and those Men who ascend to the Heavens will gather and remember the Truth of the Grail that Woden whispered into Bældæg's ear on the funeral pyre. There, the slain Gods will pass onto the next stage of their souls' development. The survivors will foster the youthful next Generation, virile and ready to start the cycle anew.

But where does this leave the Aryan Aristocrat today? Does he openly reject the Gods? Does he call them demons, useless entities that he is one day destined to destroy? No! The Gods remain above us today, and while they may fear and attempt to delay the inevitable, they are still imbued with tremendous supernatural Will and are capable of bending the World to them, and in essence they are still our Gods.

We must not forget to ask for the blessing of the Gods for our struggle against Darkness on our realm. They are capable of great deeds and with tremendous willpower are able to assist us on our front of this Great War and we should be more than willing to not only take it, but bow our heads in thankfulness that they offer it. Moreover, we should offer them up great sacrifices so that they too may continue to fight against the dying of the Light. For we are like allies fighting against the same enemy although oceans away from each other. And so just as allied nations will send armaments and support to their fighting comrades, so must we see our relationship with the Gods.

It must also be seen that the Gods can still bring good fortune to those who praise them. The farmer should strive to get in the Earth Mother's good graces so that his crops will be bountiful and plenty. The sailor, as his ship readies to depart on a voyage across the waves, should make offerings to the Lord Ocean in order to secure safe passage across his earthly domain. And so thus we may pay obeisance to them, while still struggling to overcome their obstacles and in the end triumph with the Sun in our heads.

It must be remembered that the Gods exist and cannot be ignored. We cannot afford to fall into hubris, to believe that we in our present states are above the Gods in Will or Power. And thus, we must consider them in our Struggle. The Thunderer, with his Iron Hammer, if summoned will stand side-by-side with the Aryan Man with his Rifle and Helmet. The Earth Mother, if invoked, will guide the farmer's hand as he pulls up the year's harvest, blessing the land so that it will be fertile.

The Gods act as intermediaries to the Sun, who guide, assist, and test us in our daily toils. For men who are unable, or unwilling, to commit to the Path of the Sun, they can serve and worship the Gods. This is no secondary path, nor an inferior one, but rather a parallel one. For serving the Gods is serving the Sun, and both serve Truth and the Natural Order. All roads lead to the same Source, and it is up to the Man to decide which path he must follow.

But we must also remember that the Gods will test us, put struggle before us, and in some ways act as our adversary. We must not forget that this is their very nature, and instead of lamenting it, we must take the Struggle in hand and push on forward joyfully. When the Gods put an obstacle in our path that seems almost insurmountable, we must seize the opportunity and pass over it, rejoicing in the opportunity to feel alive! For Struggle makes us alive! It purifies the soul, and ascends us in burning fire to the Godhead!

For this is the true nature of the Gods, who ultimately mean well and mean good even if they are affected by the same illusionary principles of this fallen Cosmic Age. They mean to test us, to purify us, to ensure that we are worthy to pass into the realm of Truth, even if these come from within their beings on a subconscious level. They may consciously attempt to stop us from succeeding, but in their heart of hearts they do it to purify us. For only the Man who has won the Golden Age within himself can be purified by the final test of Death.

The Aryan Man cannot afford to ignore the Gods, as they are waging a like-minded War and can benefit us greatly, but for those who are called to the Sun must recognize that the Gods themselves are embroiled in materiality and illusion and although wish us well do not wish to see us succeed in the fate-appointed destiny of Man. They are allies in this struggle against Darkness, and inadvertently the obstacles that they put in our way purify us and strengthen our resolve, our very souls being forged in the fires of their tests.

And so we must tread carefully but with our eyes glued to the Sun in knowledge of the perpetual struggle against Time.

CORRUPTION

THROUGHOUT the history of the World, Man and the Gods have been locked in a titanic struggle with the Forces of Darkness. Out of the chaos of the Ages comes the eternal War of Truth against Lies, which manifests itself in every era and which each man is called upon to enlist and do his part in.

The Second World War was this latest manifestation of that conflict that boils under the surface of the physical world, and that conflict which rages continuously in the domain of the Gods. The forces of Darkness took their incarnation in not only the Jewish Marxism of the Soviet Union but also the thoroughly kicked Capitalism. Superficially opposite forces, they were spiritually united in the desire to destroy the Golden Symbol of Truth and Order that had been erected in Germany in 1933. The heads of the hydra ceased to bicker and snap at each other, and turned their gaze upon the heroic Aryan man who dared to take up arms against it. When they had dealt the death blow to the Reich, they resumed their squabbling and snipping over the carcass. And when the next Aryan stands up and forges a flaming sword against it, the heads will once more cease their in-fighting and direct their energy at stomping out Truth.

But all of this is a manifestation of the chaotic dark entities and forces of the aethereal. The disjointed, maddening sinister spirits who lurk in the shadows of the astral plane thrive upon the collective worship of the masses, and sacrifices upon the altar. They hunger for chaos, for dissolution, and as our world becomes corrupt they become more emboldened, more ravenous for blood of the virtuous man. And so they spurn onward their worshipers, whipping them into a religious frenzy, to go against the Aryan man.

And these entities are all subservient to a dark master, a virus-like entity that seeks to destroy everything once and for all. His vision sees only blind hatred and rage against Truth and against God. He desires world domination, to forever ensnare the world in his net and to never let it out again. But he cannot destroy anything, for nothing can be destroyed, nor can he create anything, for he can only corrupt that which already exists. He has taken many shapes and many forms, like a changeling he has morphed bodies throughout space and time. But one thing remains constant: he is the force of corruption, and the root of all dissolution.

We stand here today ready to unmask this vile beast once and for all, to shine the lantern of Truth into his trench of perdition. For generations this beast has lurked behind smoke and mirrors, disguising himself with costumes and puppetry, and only a few brave and daring men have seen past the veil and sought to yank it off and behold the beast to those willing to see him. And when we, the triumphant men, pull his dark shroud from his face and smash the mirrors before us, we find none other than the Eternal Corruptor, the scourge of the World. This eldritch horror, this cosmic abomination, shrieks in terror as its named. It can no longer hide behind the facade of a Canaanite War God, nor the Roman Lord of Time. His false and stolen identities are shattered, snatched from his hands, and we see this creature for what it is.

We see the Octopus that ensnares the world, with his tentacles wrapping around the material - both the physical and the aethereal - and his silver-eyed stare single-mindedly focused on

destroying Truth and Natural Order. He is blinded by hatred and rage - the opposite of the Deathless Love of the Sun - and is consumed by the desire to bring down all of the Cosmos to his level, to snuff out the Light for once and forever.

He has taken upon the identities of many Gods, but none more insidious than his manifestation as the Canaanite War God Yahweh. It is with this identity that he has wrought untold horrors upon the world. It is with this identity that he swore a pact with the Jewish Race and doomed them all to damnation. It is with this identity that he has pushed the world ever closer to darkness, and ever closer to redemption.

Somewhere in the Far East, in days now shrouded by the thickening mists of Time, in the Kingdom of the Aryan Tocharians, a weakly and spiritually corrupt Jew by the name of Abraham swore undying loyalty on behalf of his entire race to this Devil, who without any form to take could only answer "I am what I am." In those deserts, he made a pact that sold his race's soul in exchange for material blessings untold, as long as they did exactly what this savage monster instructed.

And so they were banished from the Tocharian realm, a perverted inversion of the Aryan flight from Hyperborea, and forced on a westward trek into unknown lands through hostile climate. A generation passed as their cursed race passed over deserts and mountain plateaus in central Eurasia, their demonic overlord inflicting countless toils and hardships upon them. The thousands of the Hebraic race, dusty and dirtied by their struggle westward, were now poised on the River Jordan and at the borders of a Great Empire, ready to invade what they called the "Land of Milk and Honey."

On the other side of the Jordan was the fracturing and dissolving Empire of the Sun-Pharaoh Akhenaten, rapidly falling apart in the wake of internal strife. The Royal Governor of Canaan, writing frantically to his Lord and King, pleaded for military assistance as the "Habiru" swarmed over the River Jordan like locusts and ravaged his countryside. The letters, found in the ruins of the Royal Capital of Amarna, become increasingly frantic as the "Dusty-Folk" pillage their way through his lands with no end in sight, and no help on the way.

And so the invading Hebrew horde swept in and, as their own holy book can attest, they showed no mercy to the Canaanites occupying the supposed blessed land and put all the sword who opposed them, tearing down the walls of Jericho and slaughtering all those who opposed them. They then set about immersing themselves in the local Phoenician culture, to a point where they seemed almost indistinguishable. The Corruptor, once nameless, now took upon himself the image of the local War God, Yahweh. Thus is the natural way of the Hebrew, who has no culture of his own. He, like the Corruptor, latches upon an alive and thriving culture and decays it, bringing it down to his level.

And so all of the region fell ill to the disease of the Corruptor, and the sickened Phoenicians spread the illness wherever they went. The Sidonians and Tyrians, considered by the Hebrews as part of the Tribe of Asher, sailed across the Mediterranean and brought corruption to new shores as they set up their colony of Carthage. That wicked colony, born from Darkness, spread mercantilism and debauchery throughout the region. Sacrificing its own children to appease their demonic lords and to gain more favor, they drove themselves deeper and deeper into corruption.

They would have driven the entire continent into Darkness then and there, if it hadn't been for the Aryan Romans. For the first time in History, the Aryan Man took up arms against the Semites and their demon worship. The Legions of Rome, marching under the Unconquerable Sun and holding high the banners of the Eagle, drew swords on the Carthaginians and marched against them to uphold Truth and Virtue. The glory-filled Scipii family dealt the death blow to this wicked city and reduced it to ruins, salting the very earth that it was built upon.

War had been declared against the Semite Race, and against their wicked Demon. The Romans would, centuries later, draw swords against the Hebrews again, this time in Judaea. Titus, son of Vespasian, brought down the walls of their Holy City and sacked it. The instrument of divine wrath, Titus was the hand of the Gods as he tore down the Temple to the Corruptor and reduced it to a mere wall in which the Hebrews to this day wail and moan. But this victory came with a fatal price; just as rats flee a sinking ship, so too did the Hebrews scatter when Jerusalem fell. Bringing their decadence and their corruption, they spread throughout the Empire, and orchestrated its downfall from within.

The Corruptor followed them, and took on the image of the Lord God that Jesus of Nazareth, that Hermetic magi, spoke of. He perverted his teachings, and infected all of Europe with this virus. He brought about the decay and destruction of Europe and Aryan virtue as his chosen people, dressed in prelates' robes, told the Aryan Man to forsake his strong and virile warriorhood in favor of more "Godly" meek and weak martyrdom. When the infection was complete, and those deluded men of our folk, brainwashed by the Cross, destroyed the last vestiges of our ancient ways, he called upon the Jews to exchange their priestly uniforms for the merchants' garb. Instead of preaching the Gospel of False Love, they preached the Gospel of the Almighty Coin, which has infected all levels of our once great society and destroyed the last vestiges of honor and nobility. Gentry and commonfolk alike are possessed with the desire for the cash-grab, cutting the throats of their folk, kith, and kin to get it. They would torch a whole continent, rich with biodiversity and natural beauty, if only it would yield them more money.

He has most recently demanded his race exchange these merchants' garbs with that of the scientists' lab coat and the philosopher's smoking jacket. The Jew, spurned on by the Corruptor,

makes a mockery of our science and our religious habits, and then calls upon us to believe utter nonsense. They say we should feel ashamed, that we should hate ourselves, and the scientist backs him up by saying our lives are inherently worthless, and meaningless.

We reject this! We reject all of this! We resent the very words! And we know that those preachers who stand on their modernist pulpits are merely puppets of this demon, so we go right to the source when we say, to Hell with you! The Aryan Man will never be ashamed for who he is! He stands upright in the blazing Sun and knows his life is given meaning by Struggle and by the Gods. He knows that he is a link in the chain of Life, tying him to the most ancient of ancestors and most distant of descendents. And with an iron fist, he strikes back at the dark enemy who lurks in the shadows. He shines the Torch of Truth upon his hiding hole, and like van Helsing against the Vampire Lord, he burns him with the radiant Daylight.

RESURRECTION

TODAY, we stand in the twilight before the morntide at the edge of a misty wood. The world turns underfoot as we must make the choice between staying in complacency, in the well-trodden paths of the meadow, or pushing through with heroic spirit through the dense forest to reach the Golden Plains of the other side. If these pages, these words put to paper, have spoken to you at all, then you will know that we, the sons of the Sun, have no choice other than to take up sword and shield and charge headlong into the thicket.

And that means that we must push onward into the resurrection and the revival of Truth and Tradition in the Modern World. We must take it upon ourselves to be the torch-bearers of this Age, to shed Light into Darkness, and to be the stone wall that holds back the tide of ravenous Time. We must be conscious of the parts we are playing, the roles that the Gods call us to fulfill, and we must live up to our role in History.

But before we play our role, we must realize what our role is. And that is the vanguard, the thrusting spear-tip, of the revival of Tradition. There is no one else who will hold our hand in this endeavor, and we must realize that no one can walk this path except ourselves. We have seen organizations and spontaneous circles spring up dedicated to returning to our “Pagan roots” but they fail to see within themselves any greater struggle, nor do they feel inclined to bother. They content themselves with sitting around a campfire and pouring store-bought piss beer into the flames for Thor, so that he’ll give them better gains at the gym. They shun the idea of embracing the National Socialists, and they shun any idea of pushing forward into the dawn.

What horseshit!

It is an utter joke, an insult to the Gods, to defile worship and bring it down to such a base and degenerate level. There is no reverence in those circles, no true belief. It is, at its core, a mere dress. It is an aesthetic, a garment to wear. It is not so much a genuine belief in the Gods and a dedication to a lifetime of Struggle than it is an outward rejection of Christianity and all its trappings. It is enough for them to reject Christianity, but they fail to make the leap out material attachment. The charge of LARPing is valid for them, for most are assured to have no genuine belief in the Gods. And since their belief is founded upon mere reaction, instead of revolution, and is devoid of the blessings of the Gods, it is destined to fail.

Equally dangerous are the false ideals of those who would reduce Gods to mere metaphors, to twist the Gods and all of our myths and spirituality into a man-centered fertility cult focused upon how Woden and the World-Tree are *merely* representations of the birth cycle! What utter drivel! This inversion, this egocentric, view of the world is just as materialistic as the pelt-eating “ALLfather, not SOMEfather” camp. And in some ways, it is more insidious, as the founders and advocates of this false dogma are the standard entry points into the Pagan revival for most folk. We must, in no uncertain terms, reject this completely. This has no basis in any tradition, extant or extinct, and is the product of a hermit and his autistic wife. We can disregard it entirely.

We must not fall into the trap of going to the other end of this spectrum, to stray away from the placenta cult and flee into the safety of heavy textbooks. There is a tendency to react to unbridled hubris with falling back to only what is contained within a book. This leads to an ultimately futile attempt to pull the Gods out of the book, a vain pursuit to find God in printed text. This approach will not lead us to truly opening up the Gods, nor will it help us in actively resurrecting worship. It is the equivalent of straying at the bottom of a mountain, content to read the signposts but unwilling to actually begin the ascent.

As the thrusting spear of the revival, we cannot afford to be academic. We cannot afford to simply be scholars. We must be mystics and warriors. Our path demands it, and we must seize the opportunity to charge forward. The Path of the Sun demands that we wage inner war, a Holy War, to win the Golden Age within ourselves. Only then, when we have won that War within ourselves, can we hope to win the Golden Age outside of us.

For how can we fight for something that we ourselves do not know, do not experience, do not feel? We must first forge the New Age within us in order to do it in the world. Our souls must first be purified before we can hope to bring the purification of the world. This must happen through intense spiritual and physical struggle. We must pass the Acid Test, to ensure that our

souls are truly made of gold, and we must purge out all of the poor qualities that drag our souls to the depths of Darkness so that we may rise out of it like a phoenix.

To do this we must constantly test ourselves, both physically and mentally. Every second of every day, from the moment we rise until that time when our heads hit the pillow, we must constantly be pushing ourselves beyond our present capabilities. We cannot afford, especially in this day and age, to become complacent and to fall asleep in the assurance that we are enlightened enough. We can never, so long as we draw a breath, allow ourselves to fall into this trap.

For it is only through Struggle that we can ever hope to achieve the goals we want to see in the world. If we wish to see change affected in the world, if we wish to see Truth triumph over the lies and falsehoods that are tearing apart our folk, then we must be constantly strive to conquer ourselves. There can never be a moment of respite in this war of the Will.

It is this idea that separates us from the weak-willed fools of the rest of this counterculture. It is this ideal that drives us past the contented valley herdsmen and into the dream of the man on the mountain's summit. Our message is of total spiritual empowerment, and of the forging of iron will into a hammer that will break down the Wall of Illusion.

Through Hitlerian will, we will forge the swords that will strike at the demons inside of us, and when we have routed them and sent them scurrying to the darkest planes of the Cosmos, we will march to the beat of the drums of the New Age, joyfully laughing as though we have already won the War.

We must embody the spirit of the Warrior who fights against the dying of the light. The struggle, no matter how futile, is an act of purification. The true Warrior will fight to the very last round and to the very last man for Fatherland and Truth, even if all is already lost and the Light has already gone out around the world. It makes the struggle all the more sweeter, and his soul will upon death rise up to the Godhead on golden wings.

And when we conquer ourselves, win the Golden Age inside, we will be able to fully embrace Solar Worship and we will, with frank faces, be able to open yourselves to the Gods and fight alongside them against the Darkness. We must be able to open ourselves to God, and to the spirits around us. We cannot simply know them academically; we must *experience* them. We must be able to walk outside and feel the radiant beams and know the true Source of them. We must be able to walk by the riverside and hear the singing of the stream spirits. We must feel ourselves humbled before the vast watery dominion of the Lord Ocean. These cannot simply be

things we know of, but do not feel. They must be felt, and experienced, and only then, when we have felt and experienced then, can we pass it on to others.

This is where the true nature of where we must push this awakening. We cannot simply be contented with knowing the folk myths. We must actively and without any reservations push forward into experiencing the Gods. The awakening of the folkish spirit will not be accomplished by reading a book. It will only be accomplished by brave and daring men who will stand up with the blazing sun behind their heads and a burning fire in the hearts, driving ever onwards towards that final victory when our folk are once again in touch with the Divine.

SHAPE OF QUESTIONS

AS the Age of Aquarius drags on, pushing the Time Wheel closer and closer to the nadir and the rebirth of the Golden Age, we must begin to wonder what a true awakening of the folkish spirit would take. We can not help but wonder and consider what path we, and our descendants, will take. And we must lay in a course down the route that will lead us towards the Sun, and away from Darkness.

Because of this, we must consider what form our folk revival will take. This is something that each of us must consider separately. We come from many different shores, and many different races. One of us may be a Slav in his homeland of Poland, while another may be of Germanic stock in the far-flung continent of America. Our revival must be organic, and what works for the men of the Great Southern Land will not work for the same hardy folk that exist in the fjords of the far north.

But, there will be generalities that will take the same shape, and speaking from my perspective, one cannot help but see the beauty in one's own folk taking the leap of faith into opening themselves to the Gods. And so I can do nothing else than to speak on how I would wish that my people will return to the path of Truth, and to walk in the Sun's radiant beams.

We would want to see a return, first and foremost, to the veneration and honoring of our ancestors. Shrines will be built in every household to the noble men and women who have gone before us, and libations will be offered every day so that they may guide us with their aged wisdom and bless us with good luck. We are simply another link in the long chain that connects us to the distant past and the far future, and we must constantly polish and strengthen this chain for the future, so that we can use it to climb back to our blood.

In addition to this, we would also ideally see the veneration of the household spirits as well. It would be the first and most outward sign of acknowledgement of the divine nature of our world, and how the spirits float in between and through the aethereal to here. Those spirits can help us, guide us, and bring us good fortune. A meal should not be eaten from a table that is not blessed with the statue of one of these kind spirits, for that meal would surely bring bad luck to the partakers.

These two rituals, while they may seem small and insignificant, will form the first foundation of a life of practice and worship. We must first conceptualize these things as real, to live them, to have the ritual breath through us. The household spirits and the ancestors, while not as powerful as the Gods nor as effervescent as the Sun, are tangible and have immediate results. And so for those who are not in tune with true practice, it would represent the best way to begin it.

We would also wish to see the return to folk festivals and holidays built on the spirit not of Virgin Birth and capitalist consumerism but on familial ties and the connection to the Gods and the soil. Instead of venerating the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, we should return to the month-long festival of the Yuletide, coming together as kith and kin under the Gods. We must outwardly reject the consumeristic festivals, taken shape as Halloween with its prepackaged sugary goods, and return to the true meaning of these times - for the family and for the Gods.

When we think of the Gods, we cannot think of them as abstract beings, as things that exist but are not tangible here. We must return to the sense of awe, to the mystical and poetic view of the world. When we hear thunder echo in our ears, we must feel the power of the Thunderer and know his presence. When we look into the deep blue sky above us, we must feel the immense depth of the Sky Father. We cannot simply know what these Gods are, but we must feel their presence.

We must actively think differently. This could sum up our whole view of the world. We must dare to change our thought patterns, to completely detach from this wicked society and to live parallel to it, outside of it. When we hold our festivals, our family celebrations, we will show our neighbors and our friends and our family members who have not yet come to open themselves and to know the Gods what our worldview is. We will welcome them, those of our own blood and our own folk, with open arms and invite them to walk the path back to the Sun.

For our path is not simply a religious one, nor is it an ideological one. It is a full and comprehensive worldview, and it is not one for compromises. We have to immerse ourselves totally in it, and allow no weaknesses nor corruption to take hold within our souls. Strengthened

by this fire, we can push onward to conquer the world. Our worldview is that of Truth, and anything that stands against it is falsehood, lies, and must be eradicated from this world.

We must think of ourselves not as the cultivators of a dying campfire, but the bearers of shining lanterns, stepping into the darkness to set alight the forges of our folk once more. We are not worshiping ashes, but rather starting the fire again and making it grow to the Heavens with our spirit.

This revival will take many shapes and forms throughout our people. There will be no simple cookie-cutter solutions to the problems that we face as Aryans. We exist as different folk, separated by land and sea, and thus our revival will take different forms. I could write ten books worth of this, of what each race should do and shouldn't do, but it would amount to nothing for only through their own willpower and desire to return to the Gods will they come to walk the path of the Sun.

A German will not walk the same path as the Slav, who will not walk the same path as the American. As different people, we see things in different lights. We must not see these as falsehood, but rather as the blossoming of the fruits of our race. Instead of looking at the differences, we should relish in the idea that we will, in our own ways, be worshipping the Gods. And that we are all turning to face the Sun with proud hearts and steely eyes.

But if we all march towards Truth, the Sun shining high above us, we will all reach the same destination. The mountain will be climbed, no matter if we take the route that leads up the north face or the west face. We will all stand proud and tall, at the cusp of our people's revival.

Take this, kind stranger, as a call to action. No more should we be contented with lurking in the shadows, with speaking in hushed tones of our peoples' traditions. No more should we, with hushed voices, offer to the Gods in the darkest nights when no one may see us. We must embrace the sneers and the jeers that are thrown toward us by those who have had their hearts corrupted. We must laugh at them and openly honor the Gods in the brightness of day. We must proudly and defiantly honor our noble ancestors and live up to their lives with heroic deeds. We must offer ourselves, our entire beings, to the Sun so that it may turn to gold. And when the Golden Age burns bright inside of us, the illumination will pour out of our hearts and brighten the world with Truth and Love.

Hail to the Honored Ancestors!

Hail to the Mighty Gods!

Hail to the Unconquerable Sun!