

THE PERFECT RELIGION

or

THE HITLERIAN WAY

WRITTEN BY *HIS* DISCIPLE IN ANNO HITLERI 132



HEIL HITLER

I

"It is necessary that I should die for my people, for my spirit shall rise from its grave and the world will know I was right."

- The Führer, Adolf Hitler

The greatest Man of our Race, the Führer Adolf Hitler, was struck down nearly 80 years ago, and in that time we have seen the acceleration of the Decline of Ages like never before. It seems that, with the Downfall of the Reich, the forces of Darkness sped up their misanthropic plans to dismantle Truth and Light in the World.

Perhaps they know, deep down, that the End is coming.

For out of the Sun, the Bright Orb of the Godhead, ten thousand warriors of the Wild Army will ride forth with Woden at the helm. That brave One-Eyed God, with the rest of the Gods of the Aryans, will charge into the ranks of Darkness and cut them down without mercy and without hesitation. Then, and only then, will Order be restored to the World. The Unconquerable Light will shine once more across the Cosmos, and Truth will Triumph as it always does.

In the meantime, however, we face an increasing level of debauchery and degeneracy at a scale unseen in our known history. But we know that this has happened before; we know that this is inevitable, and has happened countless times throughout Time, and will certainly happen again in the next Cycle. Just as this horrific turn towards decay is inevitable, the heroic restoration of Truth is likewise just as unavoidable. Neither the forces of Evil, nor the inaction of weak men, will stop the triumph of the Aryans.

In this darkest of Ages, known to the ancient Indians as the Kali Yuga, one feels inclined to ask what way should the Upright Man go? Should he isolate himself, and seek inner salvation? Should he turn towards rebellious and increasingly frantic actions of righteous violence? Should he give up, and give in to the World that decays around him?

The Aryan Man should strive to follow the way of Truth, the way of the Gods, the Hitlerian Way. It is a path that is eternal, for it has never disappeared and never will disappear, and finds basis and support within every belief system of the Aryans. It is also a young path, given new meaning and refreshed with the blood of the martyrs of the Pan-Aryan Crusade of 1939-1945.

The Hitlerian Way is that of Struggle, of conversion of Will to Action. It is the path that forces Man to traverse the daunting mountain before him, to climb to its highest peak, so that he may bask in the sunlight of God. It is also the path of the Warrior, who will take up arms in righteous violence against the Darkness of the World, which is becoming all too unbearable and the end drawing ever closer.

Adolf Hitler and the National Socialists, and indeed all of Aryan Europe, gave their lives in holy sacrifice so that we may pick up the mantle thrown down by them. The brave Germanic men of Europe, who dared to take up arms against the Devil and his despicable agents of Evil, did not die in vain. Their sacrifices on the battlegrounds of Europe and across the World ensured that our Cause is Holy, that their blood sanctified our very struggle for Truth and Light.

And so we march with them, their spirits in lock-step with our physical bodies, as we move towards the final Confrontation on the battleground of Earth. When the time is right, those brave soldiers who perished in service of Führer and Fatherland will descend from the Heavens and with burning-bright eyes and blazing-hot hearts will strike down the Ancient Enemies of Man and the Gods.

May the Unconquerable Sun and all the Gods of our Ever-Victorious and Blessed Race guide my hand as I write this work, and may they see it fit that Truth shines through these words and into the hearts of whoever is blessed to read it.

II

“At the end of seven hundred years, the laurel will be green once more.”

- Prophecy of the Cathar Troubadour

The Aryan Man’s struggle against Darkness is as old as our Race itself. Imbued by the Gods with Truth-seeing eyes, Love-feeling hearts, and holy hearts, our noble Race has always struggled against the Corruptor and his vast legions of demons and possessed-folks.

Aryan Man first encountered the Corruptor at the end of the Golden Age, in the Gardens of Hyperborea. As the Gods and Man fell into gluttony and slothiness, the Corruptor sought to enact his plan of Universal Domination. He set God against God, and turned towards Man to enslave him forever in a Land of Plenty. He filled his belly with material bounty, corrupting his soul as he perverted Hyperborea from a Land of Truth to a Wasteland of Lies.

But from the Godhead came Lucifer, the Light-Bringer, who brought to Man the gift of Gnosis - of Godly Knowledge. Initiating the Aryans into Truth, that Holy Agent of the Sun set forth the chain of events that led to today. For the Corruptor, knowing he was thwarted by the Godhead, turned to rage and destroyed Hyperborea in a flood of Ice and Snow.

Forced from their home forever, the Aryans fled throughout the World, bringing with them the knowledge that Lucifer had gifted. From Atlantis, to America, to the Kingdom of the Tocharians, the Aryans set up their bastions of Hope against the Darkness that began to seep into the world and infect the lesser races.

And of these lesser races, none were more cursed than the Jew.

Originally a lower-caste in the Kingdom of the Tocharians, the Jew Abram pledged his entire race in service to the Devil-King Corruptor, and cursed them forever in exchange for a promise to rule over the entire world. The Aryans, seeing this darkness fester in their Kingdom, expelled the whole Race from their borders and forced them Westward.

As their Race moved towards the West, they became more dissolute, more bastardized, and more corrupted with every generation. By the time they reached the borders of the Egyptian Empire, they became nothing more than a Dusty-Folk of bastard children and devil-corrupted hearts.

The Egyptian Empire that they encountered was one weakened by internal strife. The Holy Aryan Pharaoh Akhenaten was reorganizing his social order to be more in tune with the virtue of the Holy Sun and the Aryan Way, and facing tremendous blowback by the decadent priestly class and their brainwashed agents of half-breeds.

The Jew always festers and thrives in decadence and chaos, and so he invaded Canaan and took it for himself. Taking the myths of the Sumerians and the local Canannites, he turned his banishment from Tocharia into a myth about fleeing the dying Egypt, and inserted himself into ancient stories from Babylonia.

This could sum up the Jew. He lacks all originality, for he has no ethnic background of his own. A race bastardized, a race cursed by the Gods, he finds an ally only with the Devil himself. And so is his history, forever and ever. His mind is totally about the pursuit of material bounty, and none of this can be seen more than in the Carthaginian Empire.

Carthage, founded by Semitic merchants, formed a mercantile empire across the Mediterranean, and came into contact with the Aryan Romans, who found their barbaric practices to be an affront to all that was holy. Barbaric child sacrifices, despicable obsession with barter and trade, and overconsumption saw the two Races collide for the first time in known history.

Three times the Aryan Romans fought against the Jew, and three times they destroyed them with holy vengeance. But all was not meant to be, for Rome soon fell into the trap of the Corruptor. They themselves became decadent, corrupt, only briefly restored a few times by brave men who were blessed by the Sun. The Romans, at the height of their temporal power, even went to Jerusalem, and destroyed the very heart of the Jews. Titus, that great man of our Race, was the hand of divine vengeance upon their sickening mongrel-race.

But for their brave victory, they earned only long-term defeat, for the Jews were forced out throughout the Empire, infecting it like a malignant tumor. They brought with them their evil ways and their corrupted mindset. They even corrupted the doctrine of the Gnostic Jesus, who like men of old raised his banner in rebellion against the materialism and sought a path to the Godhead.

With the corrupted message of Jesus, turned into a universalist slave religion, they ate away at the foundation of Roman society until it was unrecognizable from the glory-bound nation of Horatius and Scipio Africanus.

The Empire grew decadent, and soon fell away to the forces of the Germanic Race, who were imbued with the youthful struggle of their Aryan blood. They restored, however temporarily,

Truth and Order through righteous violence. The Germans overthrew the old masters and the dying traditions, ushering in a grand restoration across Western Europe.

But it was not meant to be.

For these Germans too fell victim to the same mind virus that plagued the Romans. One by one, from the Franks to the Anglo-Saxons, they converted to the same sickening disease that had so ensnared the Romans. And thus began the true Dark Age, trapped in the Christian mindset that still refuses to shake itself from the European consciousness.

Occasionally, however brief they may have been, the Aryan Man attempted to find the Holy Grail. The Cathars of the Languedoc are one of these, and perhaps one of the last. They sought their path, following the true teachings of the Christ, to the Godhead and were struck down by the decadent Roma - the perverse opposite of Love. The Roman Catholics, led by the butcher-baron Crusaders, set Occitania ablaze in Holy War.

And as Christianity gave way to the Renaissance, the Jew exchanged his cassock for the merchant's embroidered suit. He once more took on the visage of the mercantilist, and plunged Europe deeper into the abyss. This next stage of the Corruption would lead Europeans across the World in pursuit of Land-Conquest, not for restoration of Truth and Order but for the vain quest for money.

Britain, France, the Netherlands, even Germany - proud Aryan nations - gave way one by one to this sickening disease which still plagues their nations. Young sons of their Fatherlands marched into the Darkest continents, in their minds for adventure and serving their glorious homelands, but in reality serving the most demonic of masters.

In the latest incarnation, the Jew has become a Scientist, preaching the brotherhood of Man linked by false pseudoscience that decries the reality of Race in favor of a universal Race of Mankind. In this incarnation, the Jew has sought to destroy what thousands of Aryans fought and died for. The Empires that they conquered were fought for in vain, as one by one the colonies disappeared from direct rule - and into the more insidious rule-by-corporation.

And so we have caught up to the modern day. In the wake of the Second World War, we see that the disease which began all those years ago in the Far East, begun by Abram's pact with the Devil, has plunged the World into Darkness. The brave men who dared to rise up against it - Akhenaten, Augustus, Jesus, King Arthur, the Cathars, and finally Adolf Hitler and the National Socialists - were one by one destroyed and their life's achievements ground into the dust.

But all is not lost, so long as an Aryan draws the breath of life and so long as the Gods still rule in the Heavens. For defeat is not possible, and victory is all but assured. The Cathar Prophecy at the beginning of this chapter says it all, for seven hundred years after their destruction at the hands of the forces of Anti-Love arose a movement of Deathless Love, of Order, of Truth. And even though the forces of Goodness and Light were temporarily defeated in 1945, the flower of Life will still bloom again.

III

“We today live on a planet of ‘robots,’ directed and managed by the Jews towards a tragic fatal end, towards the abyss and chaos.”

- Miguel Serrano

The state of the World today is a dire one.

We live in an age of material plenty, just as the Corruptor had hoped and wished for in those dying days of the Golden Age. Whatever one may ask for, he will certainly receive. Man wants for nothing in this most decadent of age. The most perverse things he may think of are at his fingertips, only a web search away. The most gluttonous desires he may have may be satisfied by a trip down the road.

Throughout what was once Aryandom, throughout the Western World, we see the decline of Tradition and the loss of Truth throughout our Realm. Men have forgotten the truth of their Race, the nobility of their Blood, and that has given way to self-hatred and the dissolution of the purity of our spirit and Folk.

At an accelerating rate, our lands are becoming perverted not only by the influx of foreign and inferior blood, but by the destruction which sits upon the hands of men who carry the same blood as us. Consumed by the same mercantile spirit of the Jew, he leads onward the destruction of our Land and our Spirit for the pursuit of Gold.

Scientists and ecologists throughout the world have made grim predictions upon the fate of the World if we continue our destructive tendencies, bred by the Jewish desire for ever-increasing consumption and consumerism. We will destroy the World, and then ourselves. There can be no escape from this, so long as they are allowed to continue.

It is a sickening, and sobering, reality.

We are uniquely gifted in this regard to be able to see the Decline before us. No other time in history was it able to be seen so clearly, so obviously. Even those who are not of our persuasion, who have not yet realized the Truth of Hitlerism, can see firsthand and acknowledge that we are living in the Darkest of Ages.

We, the awakened men, can see before us the chaos before the abyss. Our eyes cannot help but cast their gaze upon the self-destruction that has consumed our Race and our Land. Everywhere we turn, the urbanite pushes forward in his quest for annihilation at all costs. Everywhere our eyes look towards, we see the Corruptor's handiwork.

But as grim as it looks, it provides us with the tools to win the War. For we can see it clearly, we see the decline as clear as day itself. And armed with Knowledge, God-given Knowledge, we will triumph in this War to the Finish.

As disease rips across the interconnected and global world, as the economy plunges into chaos, we can only turn towards the Jew and his brainwashed slaves and cackle with joyous laughter. For we knew this would be their fate, we knew that this would be the final result of their so-called 'triumph' over Hitler and the Germans. What else did they expect would happen? The Jew cannot help, like his slave-master, to destroy whatever he touches.

But the Jew knows this, and so he continues his quest forward to dissolution. He believes that when the World falls into the abyss for the last time, when it can no longer be recovered, then his Messiah will come down from the skies and destroy us all. Then, and only then, will they rule unchallenged. Their Jerusalem will be built upon the ashes of Europa and Aryandom, and they will never again live in fear of the Aryan Man and his Truth-Bearing Gods.

But we know the Truth.

We know that there will be no salvation for the Jew. We know that his visions of the Messiah are only a perversion of the Aryan Truth, and that at the end of Time the Wild Army will spare no Jew nor Jew-Lover as they storm across the World, led by the Eternal King.

But, in the meantime, what shall we do? What is there to do, except wait? Many men who have realized Truth, and realized the Absolute State of the World, have fallen into a great depression from which it seems unlikely they shall ever awaken from. They have lost all hope, and have been set adrift in the sea of troubles.

They have forsaken the right of Action, and have forsaken themselves at the altar of the Gods.

We have no time for them, we men of the Hitlerian Way. They are already lost, and so we must leave them behind and hope that they *get* it in this life, or perhaps the next. We cannot force anything to them, except to laugh joyfully and embrace them as brothers when they finally realize what is smacking them in the face.

For us, the men of the Last Battalion, our duty is to fight. To struggle. To win the great Victory for us, our children, and our Race. The War we are fighting is a war on multiple fronts, from the streets to the bar-room tables. Not one aspect of the Modern World is exempt from this Total Culture War. We are fighting not simply to destroy the enemy and beat his face in; we are fighting to destroy the very culture that he festers within.

We are an Army of Poets and of Warriors, of Minnesingers and of Mystics. Our weapons range from the rifle, to the guitar, to the pen, and to the sacrificial fire to the Gods. It is not enough to fight the enemy on the streets, to charge against their protest lines and to steal their flags and their banners and burn them before their eyes. No, no, we must destroy their very ideology. We must usurp it.

There is no other option for us, we men of the final days. Our cause demands that we use the same techniques that they used to usurp us. We must undermine them through word, through action, through bloody fighting and through glorious poems.

Many men will see this, and will laugh, and say that all of this is good and well, but you cannot win a war by writing or by singing. I say that we are fighting much more than just a material struggle. We are fighting a Cosmic War, against the forces of Darkness which have arrayed not only men-of-arms against us, but the entire weight of the Culture against us as well.

To win, we must destroy it from within. We must bury a mine underneath their walls, and detonate it as our soldiers pour deep into the breach. The rule of the Jews has gone unquestioned for more than seventy-years, and so to usurp them we must provide a clear alternative.

The men of the Modern World are foolish, and have lost their bearing and the knowledge of their Race and their Blood, lost in the deepest recesses of their consciousness. To that end, we must fight a Culture-War to wrench whatever little bit still remains out of them. In short, we must awaken them through any and all means.

We must teach them to embrace the Gods, we must teach them to love their Race. In fact, we must do more than just teach them. We must show them, we must show them how Divine our Race is, and how Godly our mission is. There is no other option for us left today, for our temporal armies have been routed and destroyed on the battlefield and our last material Kingdom destroyed in hellfire and drowned in the legions of mongrels.

The men of the Last Battalion must take up arms in pursuit of the Resurrection of Truth. Those who are awakened must not falter in their commitment to Action, for we are few and the enemy is many. The Gods have ordained and blessed us in our action, and we must see it through.

IV

“It is the legacy of our age that we sink - submerge unto the deepest depths - so that the highest can be elevated into the Light.”

- Alfred Rosenberg

The question now remains, what is the Hitlerian Way? For we know that we must take Action - any Action - against the forces of Darkness arrayed against us. But what is it that we are fighting for? What is it that we are to give our strength, our souls, our very lives in pursuit of?

The Hitlerian Way is the Eternal Truth of the Ages. It was never not in the World, for it comes directly from the Godhead. It is, in essence, the purest form of the Worship. It is the Religion of the Strong, of the Courageous, of the Honorable and of the Prideful. It is the true Path of the Aryan. But what does this all mean, in real terms?

The Hitlerian Way is the veneration and the obedience towards Truth and Natural Order in all its forms. One needs only to look towards the texts of our ancestors - to the Eddas and to the Epics and to the countless Vedic scriptures - to see it in action. But it is more than just the continuation of our ancestors' practices. It is the true Resurrection of Truth in this modern age, begun by Adolf Hitler and the National Socialists and made holy by their sacrifice of 1939-1945.

There is no moral relativism welcome within the Way of the Aryans, nor is there room for cowardice or half-hearted schizophrenic public-and-private worship. The Hitlerian Way must possess the adherent with a divine frenzy. He must allow it to take hold of himself, to seize him and to possess him entirely. There must be no room within the Hitlerian for weakness, for second-guessing, for he must know entirely that he is obeying God and Truth in everything he does.

The Hitlerian Way calls Man to Struggle for Perfection. It is a never-ending inner Holy War, to win within the Adherent the Final Victory that will come in the outside world. In some ways, it parallels the Islamic concept of Greater Jihad. The Hitlerian must be prepared to wage untold struggle against himself, against his animalistic desires, against his lower nature in order to purify himself so he may be worthy to sit amongst the Gods.

The Hitlerian must be ready to fight and to die for his Race and for God. His path is one of the Warrior-Priest, of the sword-bearing prophet. He must be ready to face down the enemy with

sword in hand and strike him down, knowing that if he dies in battle then his soul will ascend on the wings of fire to the Godhead and return at the end of time to destroy those who slew his material body - but purified his spirit.

The Struggle never ends, so long as the Aryan draws breath. He must not allow himself to fall victim to the perverted world around him, but rather he must allow those sickening sights to possess him with the ever-growing desire to destroy it all so that it can be rebuilt in the Golden Age of Truth and Love.

The Aryan who adheres to Hitlerism is one who recognizes the Eternal Truth within Hitler and the National Socialists, who sees Hitler as the latest and greatest in the glorious men of our Race who have come imbued with Divine Truth to set us free from the chains of the Slavers and to lead us into the Golden Age once more. It is with the Swastika Flag of Hitler that the Aryan will triumph over Darkness in the last Battle of the Kali Yuga, and it is with that same flag that he will proclaim the Golden Age from the highest mountaintops.

For the Aryan will climb that mountain, the Mountain of the Godhead, in pursuit of the Holy Sun. He will struggle, as he does every day in his life, to assail the obstacles laid before him to test his patience and his virtue and his purity. When he reaches that Mountaintop, he will look down upon the foggy valley and smile as he feels the radiance of Truth pour down from the Unconquerable Sun, the very manifestation of God.

However, it is not an easy path to walk, and it is one that has no room for compromise with weak men or weak religions. It casts aside the old and tired paths of Christianity, of so-called "neopaganism," and all the other useless traditions that hold no relevance to us today. The Hitlerian Way is one all by itself, that seeks to destroy the wicked and dying "religions" which have lost their sway except in the most pernicious of ways.

And though we live in the most decadent of ages, it provides us with a means to purify our souls. For every day is a struggle for a man who wishes to be pure, and so with every temptation to fall into weakness, he grows stronger with each rejection until his soul resembles the diamond rock. And when his heart is armored in the shield of Love, he will bravely face the world with no doubts in his soul and joyfully take pleasure in the Struggle of his People.

Those brave Aryan men who take it upon themselves to walk down this road must be prepared to wade through the utter depths of deprivation and disease that have come upon this society and this world. He must be ready, at all times, to wage total war against the World in defense of everything that is good and true and holy in his heart. For the true test of a man's character does

not lie in peaceful and tranquil times, when nothing challenges him, but rather when the Gods are ablaze in the Heavens, waging a war that has paralleled down to us here.

For the Aryan, he cannot accept defeat as an option. There is no recourse for peace either. He can only fight for total victory, or his own death. For the Aryan knows that he will either triumph materially, with the victory of the strength of arms on the battlefield, or his body will fail him and he will ascend to the Godhead, purified by the struggle and return in the final turn of the wheel with the Wild Army of the One-Eyed God.

It is the true Religion of the Latter Days, of Action and of Willpower. It venerates and encourages the Aryan pursuit of union with the Godhead, of communion with the Gods, and of total Victory over Darkness. It is imbued with the youthful spirit of our young Race, to conquer and to throw off the wicked masters that hold us in chains in this modern age.

The Hitlerian Way is the only way for the men who have awakened to the Truth of the World. We can no longer satisfy ourselves with the weak and the dying paths of old. We must forge our path into the future - into the Golden Age - ourselves, knowing that the Gods have ordained us to Final Victory wherever we go.

V

*“Beside the forest in the vale,
Táandaradéi!
Sweetly sang the nightingale.”
- Walter von der Vogelweide*

Music was and remains one of the most effective means of culture-change. In the 1960s, the Psychedelic Revolution swept through Britain and the Americas to the tune of a thousand acid-addled bands playing the tunes of the Pied Piper. In this far more decadent age of the new 20s, we face Nigger Music more pernicious than the Degenerate-Music of a century ago decried by the National Socialists.

But at the same time, music remains an avenue to us. How many of us were first exposed to National Socialism through the grand music of the Third Reich, with its majestic pomp and glory-filled lyrics? How many of us were first brought to embracing the Old Gods through discordant black metal?

The tradition of spreading Truth through music is one as old as time. The Minnesingers of the Mediaeval Era sang in hushed voices and cryptic lyrics a cipher for those who knew Truth, offering their angelic voices to the Godhead in perfect worship. Our ancestors, ancient and wise, knew music to be a powerful tool. It is enough to note how much the Abrahamic mind-viruses sought to crush the spirit of Song from the Races that it infected. They sought to destroy it all! To wipe away all the vestiges of our past, even in our Race’s glorious instruments and its soothing songs.

But they could not fully crush our spirit! The Catholics and the Orthodox point to their divine liturgies, their low-voice chants to the Dead God, their hushed hymns of praise, and say that this is the proof in the pudding of the truthness of their religion. They say that no other religion can compare, because of the beauty that emanates from their church’s choirs.

We say, there is nothing further from the truth. We say, that every song that was ever produced from those wicked religions originates not in their perverted dogma of a bygone age, but rather from the Unconquerable soul of the Aryan. Do they pretend as though our Race was a bunch of uncultured, untamed bandits before their Jewish priests showed us the Light? Nothing could be more ridiculous, or more insidious.

The blossoming of our shared cultures can be found in the innumerable folk traditions which have persisted, in spite of Christian dominance, to this day. From the misty isles of Britain to the sun-swept coasts of Greece, we find that they could not crush us entirely. And so long as one of our folk still plays his ancestral instruments, so long as he sings in his own tongue, he can never be conquered.

Music is the fire of life, the blossoming of beauty. It encapsulates our Race's desire for splendor and love in the World and our conception of the Godhead. When we hear the triumphant symphonies, we feel a surge of pride and a swelling in our chest. When we hear the lone guitar and the wistful singing, our hearts are spellbound by the melancholy and the lonesome allure. Our Race, and our Race alone, is uniquely gifted to appreciate its wondrous and magical abilities. And it is uniquely gifted to create it.

Therefore the new-age minnesingers among us, those of us who in place of a sword carry a guitar, must take up their own arms on their front of this Culture War. To not do so, would be denying their very nature. We must not fall into the trap of deriding this, or considering it a "side-venture" but rather as an equal part to the grand and all-together total Struggle on this plane of existence.

Why is this so? Why do we hold that the singer has just as much role to play in this war as the rifleman? We say this for the simple fact that the singer is able to reach into the souls of untold millions, and with the unique ability, he is able to spread Truth-in-cipher. He will be able to sing to those unknowing ears the Truths of God, and in that pursuit he may bring enlightenment and Truth to them, just as it was brought to us.

Great men of our Race has taken part in the defense of Truth and the campaign for God on the musical front. We need only to open our eyes, and to look to our Race's ancient past to see countless examples of this.

Orpheus, the blessed messenger of Apollo, took up the harp and sang the divine songs of the Gods. The Gods whispered into his ears and blessed his mouth as the holy music flowed from the Heavens and out into the world. He was torn asunder by animal-men, demon-worshipers, but his head continued to sing the song of the Gods - a sign of the futility of our enemies.

Walter von der Vogelweide, in days long-spaced, sang of the Eternal Truth as the forces of Darkness and Hatred destroyed the Love-filled Cathar Kingdom in the Languedoc. His songs speak of the two-fold desire of man, for love of the Woman, and for the love of God.

At the dawn of the Age of Aquarius, Syd Barrett took up the mantle of the minnesingers and of Orpheus, singing the song of the Gods and spreading the myth of the Grail through his own vehicle. He, too, like the past singers-of-God, was struck down by animal-men and driven into insanity. But yet his head still sings to this day, preserved forever on vinyl and remains a source for us to hear the wistful chords of the Divine.

We must not forget the words that Syd spoke in his seminal work, 'Action brings good fortune.' And so, the bards of our Movement must awaken to their potential and set about to instill within our own ranks and greater still within the entirety of our proud Race the martial music of our Culture War.

They must provide the songs of which our fighters will joyfully sing as they fight to the Final Victory. They must provide the marching music that our soldiers will storm the Palace of Darkness with. Their godly music will be the trumpets that herald in the New World. That music must be triumphant, it must be proud, and it must be made holy with the sacrifice of our foot-soldiers.

Beauty will not suffer under ugliness for much longer. Those of us who read this, knowing their skill in the artform, must take up their chosen weapons and forge glorious music in the name of God. They must allow the Gods of our Folk to enter into their bodies, and in that allow them speak from their fingers and their mouths. By surrendering themselves to the Will of the Divine, their duty will be made pure and holy.

No more will our people suffer under the indignity of false and degenerate music. Our spirits will be nourished by the new-age minnesingers, singing of the same content that those bygone bards and waits played in the taverns and the street corners of our hereditary villages. No more will our people lack the music that supplicates their soul with inspiration and pride, for they will have the songs of the Gods to bring them comfort and drive them forward in ever-greater action for the goal of achieving the Golden Age.

For this is the true duty of all men, to seize the Golden Age with grasping hands and stretched-out arms. But men cannot do that without inspiration, without pride within their hearts. Our noble Race is the only one in the World which has been blessed by the Gods to create and to appreciate true Beauty.

And so to the music-makers of our Movement, we call upon you to rise up in revolt against modernity! Take up your guitars, your lyres, your hands and your mouths, and play the song of the Gods!

VI

“Somebody once asked me what had attracted me to National Socialism. I replied without a shadow of hesitation: 'Its beauty.'”

- Savitri Devi

In the world of literature, our Race has been growing increasingly on the backfoot.

Every day, new filth is put out by publishing houses that seek not to create wonderful stories for our Folk - to challenge their minds and to nourish their souls with yearning - but to continue the dismantlement of our Race's achievements and the impeachment of everything that we hold dear and consider Holy.

The ever-growing dissolution throughout our societies can be seen no further than the kind of drivel that ends up being put into print. Everywhere one turns, we see stories proudly triumphing the decadent and degenerate Modern World, we see literature written to further discredit and dismiss our Race's glorious victories and achievements. It is not only demoralizing, but it is corrupting to our people who read these books in a futile yearning to have their souls fed by the desire to feel Truth.

The Greatest Man of our Race, Adolf Hitler, penned the seminal work on National Socialism that continues to inspire Aryans to action. Our Holy Priestess, Savitri Devi, who lends this chapter its introductory quote, wrote many pieces in celebration and in invocation of Esoteric Hitlerism. Looking even deeper into the mystics of our heritage, we find notable names like Kurt Eggers, Ernst Jünger, Julius Evola, Yukio Mishima, and countless others who took up the fight not only on the field of combat but in the realm of the pen and the book.

While we must not pretend that this war can only be fought through literary pieces thrown back and forth over No-Man's-Land, we likewise cannot ignore the critical impact that the written word has upon the People. We cannot understate its impact upon people, and its impact upon our Movement.

The people who flutter in and around our Nations, those aimless men who have been misled by Modernity, look in vain high and low for purpose in their lives. They find it within the cultural productions of our decadent age, and celebrate and revel within the disease that it spreads. They, the animal-men who cannot think for themselves, believe themselves to be enlightened by the

destructive nature of the media they consume. Their minds, led astray by promises of wealth, of ever-growing appetites for substances, of women, fall into degenerated corruption. Then, they are lost to us and lost to the Race. Worthless creatures, not benefiting to carry the noble Blood that surges through their veins.

But we have it within our power to stop this. We, the Hitlerists, are capable of turning the tide on this front. We are gifted with the power of Godly sight, of Holy Vision, and we must endeavor to break the chains of Darkness and free the animal-men who have fallen into blindness by their unfortunate nature. Not only must we do this, but we must provide our own people a source of wholesome entertainment and enjoyment, that satisfies their desire for joy and beauty in the world but also builds within them an idea of the mystical Golden Age - for which they must fight to attain.

Our work must take on the images of soldiers fighting bravely against the forces of the Devil. How many of us were inspired as children by the noble knights of our past? We must foster within the next generation the same idyllic look upon the Third Reich - the modern Knights on a Crusade against Evil - that we were fostered by our parents.

It must honor love, show it in its pure and wholesome visage. We must inspire women not to fall into decadence and debauchery, but bring them up into motherhood and virtue. They must be taught, through the words we craft, of the responsibility that sits within them as bearers of the Womb of the Race.

We must inspire our boys into great action, spin them into a frenzy of devotion to the Race so that they carry the torch of Rebellion into adulthood. Show the youth the glowing fire-embers of the Golden Age, which has almost been snuffed out, and they will search in earnest of fuel to start the bonfire once more. And that bonfire will consume the world in glory and victory.

How should we go about this? The men who are the poets, the scribes, the writers of our Movement must break the chains of slavery and inspire our people into bold action. Just as our enemies have created a whole culture of wicked decayment, degeneracy, and debauchery, we must create a counterculture of devotion, duty, and daring deeds.

Our youth must not be indoctrinated with lies spread by wishy-washy "historians." They must read the true history of our Race. Where they once learned to hate themselves, we must teach them pride through learning of the deeds of brave Aryans since we first descended from Hyperborea. We must teach them, through our own skillcraft and our own work, the accounts of the Aryan Crusaders against Darkness in 1939-1945. They must learn to love themselves, and in the process, learn to hate the enemy.

They must also be inspired to appreciate beauty, to seek it out and to love it with open arms. They mustn't read stories that are doom-and-gloom, that revel in the dying of the Ages. They cannot be allowed to have their minds destroyed before they have a chance to rise to meet the Sun. We must teach them the beauty of the Race, of the World, and of God. Their minds must be molded to appreciate it in its best forms - in the forms of our Race. We must shine light onto the Darkness, to illuminate our beautiful past, and to inspire the youth into ever-growing struggle.

We must also, likewise, give our fighting-men a hope for the future. Through the works we create, we must illustrate the world they are fighting for. We must speak of the Golden Age, of communion with the Gods, of transcendence to God. We must write of duty to Truth, to devotion of Man, and of brave deeds done in the name of the Race.

And so to the writers of our Movement, we call upon you to rise up in revolt against modernity! Take up your pens, your papers, your instruments of language, and fight against the dying of the Light!

VII

“The Legionary spirit is that fire of one who will choose the hardest road, who will fight to the death even when all is already lost.”

- Julius Evola

Those artists of our Movement will provide us with ample ammunition to wage the Cultural War, to fight alongside each other in brave revolt against the Modern World. But of all the men who will fight, it is the Warrior who in the end will play the largest and most prominent role. It is the Soldier who will carry the Swastika into the dark halls of power and destroy the Devil’s grasp upon the World once and for all. The brave knights of the Godhead will come not armed with harps or pens, but spears and swords.

We must, however, know what true action entails here in the ninety-fourth year of Dark Rule. We cannot delude ourselves into thinking that our men will mobilize into readily-armed militias to rise up in armed rebellion against the governments that rule our Nations. We cannot pretend as though the insidious control that the police states wield over us can be something ignored.

Instead, we must work to prepare for the Final Crash.

Our Warriors must take this time, this calm before the Storm, to sharpen their swords and to ready their minds and souls for battle. The Time has not yet come where the Culture War will spill into open conflict, although the hour is drawing ever closer as the days tick by. The Pestilence that has befallen our land in this 131st Year of Hitler has brought the Post-War World Order to its knees, and we must be ready to seize the opportunity when it comes to us.

But we must not go off half-cocked, or else we risk losing everything we have struggled to perfect and toiled to achieve.

As the hour of Action draws nearer, we risk running into the fray without arms ready. We risk engaging in a battle that we simply are not ready for. It is not enough for our soldiers to know what they are fighting for. It is not enough for our men to feel the power of the Sun, to know the Truth of Hitlerism.

They must be ready to wage war, a total war that will spare nothing they hold dear. They must know proper battle tactics in order to combat the enemy effectively. Their minds and souls must be committed totally to waging war.

As the day draws closer, we must grow ever more urgent in our preparations for War. It is not enough anymore to talk in chatrooms and on imageboards about the potentials of combat and of theoretical strategies. It is simply not acceptable anymore to share graphics of how to construct this-or-that.

We must begin to foster Männerbunds, of like-minded individuals ready to leap to action when the time comes for them. These groups of men, their hearts hardened for battle, must take it upon themselves to organize and to prepare. Their souls must intertwine in drill and practice, so that when the Hammer falls and the battle comes upon them, they act in one consciousness to win the day.

In this lull before the coming War, we must take it upon ourselves to organize properly. We have the resources before us to fight the battle, to win the war, but we must find the men and drill them properly so they are able to fight without any shred of doubt in their minds. The soldiers cannot have any reservations in their minds, any deficiencies in their training, if we are to win this total war.

For how many of us can, truly, say that they are ready for armed conflict? Do they know any tactics, besides what they've learned from playing video games or watching footage from the modern wars in Ukraine and the Afghan? Simply knowing the theoretics does not prepare anyone for war.

The soldiers must organize, and they must prepare. These groups of honor-bound men must take it upon themselves to separate from society and begin their preparations for waging war. They can no longer delay themselves, waiting for the opportune time which will never come. They cannot grow further contented and illusioned in a safe comfort of stability. The time for Action is now!

If we are caught unprepared, if our soldiers are not relentlessly drilled in the art of warfare, then we will be caught off-guard and stormed at by people who were ready. We will be overwhelmed in a torrential hail of bullets and shot, and any hopes of material Resurrection will be destroyed for another generation.

There is not enough time left in the clock to continue to push this back. The able-bodied warriors of our Movement, who already know that their fate is intertwined with the battlefield, must seek

out their comrades and set off into the wilderness. They must commit themselves to practical training, to drill, and for relentless preparation of action.

Action can no longer mean standing on street corners, passing out pamphlets to boomers. Action can no longer mean running an Instagram page, posting deep-fried memes. Action can no longer mean protesting with a flag in hand, shouting 'Sieg Heil!' at leftists who stand against us. Action must embody the true sense of the word. But before we can commit ourselves to Holy War, we must prepare our bodies and soul for that brave undertaking.

Our Warriors must wield Thunor's hammer against the evil forces of the Corruptor, smashing aside all the weak decadence of this Age and whatever masses of animal-men the Jews and their slaves can muster against them. They must embody the spirit of the Gods in Fight.

And so to the warriors of our Movement, we call upon you to rise up in revolt against modernity! Take up your swords, your spears, your rifles, and deal the final decisive blow against the Devil himself!

VIII

“The purpose of life is to struggle as hard as you can for what you believe in, and enjoy the struggle. ”

- George Lincoln Rockwell

The call to arms has been sounded. The dark clouds ahead are beginning to thunder and crash with the anger of the Gods, as their own war with Evil begins to seep into the material world. The Era of Devastation is coming to an end, and already on the Horizon the awakened Aryans can see the Sun beginning to crest over the mountains.

But the War is not yet won.

There are many of you who, when you read these words, will wonder “well, so what?” You will say, that is all very well and good, but what practical purpose does this serve? What is your point here? If this is a plan of action, then why are there no carefully guided steps for us to follow?

I can do nothing except shrug my shoulders at you. The path before us is one that precludes all “step-by-step guides.” No book can tell you how to wage war, nor can it tell you how to take your own culture back from disease-ridden destroyers, nor can it help you take back your Nation against rabid occupiers. It can only add fuel to the fire of your heart, so that you press onward down the tunnel towards Restoration. It can only set alight within a dormant soul the fire of the Gods, so that the Man is inspired to glorious deeds.

The Hitlerian Way, at the end of the day, is a worldview - nay, a religion - of total action and total struggle. It is, first and foremost, dedicated to the Inner Struggle for the Soul. Too many of those who profess to be National Socialists forget this.

The Inner Struggle, the Greater War for the Heart, is the most important aspect of our path.

We are not men of half-measures. We are not men of compromises. We are not men of weakness. We are soldiers who give our all for the last full measure, to utterly destroy the enemy, who laud strength and glory and dismiss weakness and cowardice. There is no room within our Movement for cowards and traitors, for men with weak spines. And there is no greater Fight in the World than the battle for one's own soul.

If our souls are not purified by the iron forges of inner battle, if our hearts do not shine forth the glorious radiant beams of the Unconquerable Sun, then what is the point? What is the point of anything we do, if our hearts are still corrupted and weakened? If our souls are still tarnished?

If the Aryan Aristocrat is victorious in his war for the Soul, then he will surely be victorious on the battlefield. But if his soul is still weak, if he is still unable to transform base metal into gold, then he is useless! He will never triumph, and he will not win the war!

Our war on the Material, the Outer War, is nothing short of a religious crusade. We are not fighting for a place in the sun, nor are we fighting for simply self-preservation. No, we are fighting for total victory. There can be no conditional peace in the coming conflict, only complete and final victory over the multitude of enemies that stand against us.

We must submit ourselves to the will of God, to become Soldiers of God, and in this action purify our hearts and sanctify our bold action. We must charge forth with the banner of the Sun high above our heads, with the sword of God within our hands, and with the knowledge that we are fighting for Truth and Righteousness bless our every blow and every fight.

This is the true meaning of our religious path. We must align ourselves with God, to purify ourselves in the fires of the Sun, and become holy in the act of Inner Struggle. Only the bravest of men can take upon this duty, and thus our ranks only have room for the bravest of soldiers. If one can win the most terrible war against corruption and decay in their own hearts, then the war for the external - against the material agents of Darkness - will be simply lightwork. We will handily win a glorious and final victory.

For the true victory is the winning of one's Soul from the pits of Darkness. The true victory is the union of the Soul with God, submitting to the Divine, and allowing the Divine's Will to become your Will. The only way we can truly win is if our victory is one blessed with Truth. If it is not a Victory of Truth, then it is not a victory at all.

This Path, this Perfect Religion, is not for everyone. Most of our Race lacks the capability to pursue this. But those of you who come across this work must be aware of the basic facts of our situation, and moreover must be knowledgeable on the Divine nature of our Movement. If you are able to read this work, then you will surely be able to reach into your soul and pull out the Sword of Rebellion that you will wield against the Enemy on the battlefield.

You must, brave Aryan, lead from the front. You must charge forward into the depths of your soul, right down to the nadir, and purify your heart for Action. You must allow God into your soul, to bless you and to guide you.

And when you have purified your soul, when you have won the Golden Age within your heart, then you will march with the knowledge that if the War is won on the Material, then the Golden Age will be ushered in and we will all bask in the glory of the Sun. But even if the War is lost, and your body lays slain on the field, then your soul will be rendered rock-hard and you shall ascend to the Godhead, to return with the Wild Army at the end of Time.

There can be no defeat for the Aryan Aristocrat whose soul is purified. Either he wins and achieves glory on the material world, or he ascends to the Godhead and continues the glorious fight. Therefore, the only thing that the Aryan must do is his duty. He is compelled to do so by his very blood, which cries out for him to fight for it.

As we enter the 132nd Year of Hitler, we must remember to grow ever bolder in our action, to grow ever stronger in our inner War, so that we may have our souls and our spears sharpened for the coming crash. The Gods will bring down the curtain on their terms, and we must be ready for it at any time. We must follow the example of Adolf Hitler and the National Socialists, and be prepared to fight until the bitter end against the Enemy, to challenge him everywhere he is, and send him running back to the depths of the abyss.

Take these words, brave Aryan, and wage constant and unending war. Let hate be your prayer, let revenge be your battlecry, and let you never cease, and never surrender. Fight for the Golden Age within yourself, and without yourself. For the War has already been won, so long as you do your duty!

Hail to the Aryan Race!

Hail to the Honor-Bound Gods!

Hail to the Unconquerable Sun!

Hail Victory!