



THE AWAKENING  
OF A  
NATIONAL SOCIALIST

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publication

*"One does not become a National Socialist. One only discovers, sooner or later, that one has always been one — that, by nature, one could not possibly be anything else." – Savitri Devi*

## The Abyss

The storm came suddenly, and the whole world grew dark as the waves crashed around me, the darkened sky and the inky black ocean merging as one. I was at its mercy, helplessly thrashed around by the wild waters that used to seem so peaceful, betraying nothing of their true nature till that moment, when I dared to silently wonder what was hidden in the deep below. Now the vast depths were pulling me in, I could barely keep afloat - churning, crashing, engulfing, violent and unyielding, the currents sought to submerge me and let me sink into the infinite yawning abyss. My arms flailed desperately, hands blindly trying to grab at something, anything that might save me, yet could grasp nothing but more foaming, raging ocean that slipped through my fingers. My legs kicked furiously, feet seeking any support that would raise me above the waters, yet there was nothing but the devastating emptiness below. Finally, an enormous wave rose up like a mountain, and came crashing on as does a paw of a savage beast, and at last I was sinking down, the depths pulling at me with invisible tendrils.

And I saw the abyss, I saw what I dared only wonder about, summoning the storm to answer my unspoken question. Boundless and desolate, more terrifying than a predator's gaping maw bearing down at you just before you disappear within. It filled me with despair as I stared into it and saw an end of all things, and somewhere within that immense void I saw a glimpse of myself, and my end. However, that glimpse shot at me like a piercing ray of blinding light through the darkness, and the whole great, fathomless abyss shook in response. I could feel it let go of me and I was propelled away from its infinite reach, somewhere far away, though I knew not where, as my consciousness faded away, and the world was gone.

## The Scholar



I had awoken on a beach, the storm still raging, however, while the cold winds blew with terrible fury all around me, and the heavy, merciless rain desired to keep me pinned to the earth, I was at least safely out of the Ocean's reach, the waves clawing at the beach with great force, trying to pull me back in. The world was still pitch black, with only slender, rapid glimmers of silver light dancing on the raging currents, on the droplets of rain beating me down, on the fluttering leaves of the trees. The sand and soil beneath me were a welcome change, some form of stability, yet it was still damp and cold, a reminder of that dreadful abyss that had nearly devoured me.

I raised myself up and strained my eyes to see anything but the glimmering silver rays dancing all around in the darkness. I strained my ears to hear anything beyond the howling winds, the crashing of the ocean waves, and the leaves whispering furiously in the gale. All was for naught, I was as lost as when I was caught in the storm, and the only certainty I had was the soil beneath my feet. I could once again feel that despair grow within me, as I began walking, not knowing where. My mind wandered back to what I had seen in the ocean's depths, to that ray of light that had saved me, coming from a vision of myself in the abyss. I had caught but a glimpse of it, not enough to make out or fully understand, but enough to save me from assured dissolution. It was both so familiar, yet so alien, me, yet not, not the me that I am now, in this moment, or have ever been before.

Suddenly, it came back - like a shooting star that light had pierced the blackened sky overhead and traveled away from me, and I took to running after it. I kept chasing it, not knowing where I was headed, but desperately wanting to know what it is, what it means. It had slowly descended somewhere ahead of me before fading away, but I would not be dismayed and ran on through the black and silver, aiming myself for that distant spot, where the sky and the horizon met, where it had disappeared, which had once again merged into an all-encompassing darkness. The rain and the wind had conspired against me, trying to push me away, but my desire to know kept me going, till finally I saw it, a distant, small, flickering light.

As the light grew with my approach, I hesitated, slowing down to stop, as I could see a figure sitting by a fire, the source of the light. I grew weary and suspicious, not knowing if I could trust this stranger in the dark, yet slowly and inexplicably I was drawn closer and closer to him, making small and measured steps. I could now make out more of him, and realized that he was writing in a book, a journal, a heavy tome that rested on his knees. I barely realized that the wind and rain had seemingly disappeared, as all I could hear was the soft crackling of the fire, and the gentle scraping of pen on paper,

despite there still being a fair distance between me and the figure, who appeared completely dry, as if never touched by the storm.

Abruptly, the figure stopped writing and stood up, turning towards me, like he had known where I was, without ever needing to look around to confirm my presence. I could now see that he was wearing a black mask adorned with a white symbol on the forehead. He looked straight at me, like he could see me through the cover of darkness, as I wasn't near enough for the fire to illuminate me. I stood still, frozen, unsure of what to do, unsure if he truly could see me, afraid to move lest it give me away. So we stood, staring at each other, unmoving, until he raised his right arm up and opened his palm, his other hand clutching the tome by his side. The gesture felt welcoming, an invitation, proof of no ill intent, he carried no weapons, so I felt myself slowly pulled closer, until I stood but a few steps away from him, only the fire between, and at equal distance from each of us. Hesitantly, I raised my own right arm and opened the palm of my hand, to return his gesture - no sooner had I done this, and all my weariness had been washed away, all despair disappearing, much like the droplets of rain began to disappear from my skin at the touch of the fire's heat.

He put down his arm and walked around the fire to me, never once looking away, holding my gaze with his own. I felt something familiar in his gaze, as he regarded me in silence, piercing my whole being while never breaking eye contact. Then, he turned his head up to the sky above us, outstretching his arm towards it, and as I followed his gaze and the direction of his arm, I saw it, the light that led me to him, a shining star above us. He saluted the star as he had saluted me, and a single ray of light seemingly descended from it, which he had gently grasped in his outstretched hand. No sooner had his grip closed around the ray of light, had the star spirited away across the night sky, away from us, into the unknown. As he lowered his hand he turned to face me as he had before, and all I could do was stand there, uncertain, though calm.

The hand that held the plucked ray of light from the star reached out to me in offering, and as his fingers unfurled I looked down, only to behold a key resting in his palm. In confusion my glance danced between the masked figure's eyes and the key in his hand, all the while he remained motionless, unmoving. The key was meant for me, it was a part of that self that I had glimpsed in the abyss, the one that rescued me and brought me here - all that was required of me is but the will to reach out and take it. And so I did. In that instant that I grasped the key from the figure's hand, the fire besides us was blown out by the howling winds, which returned without warning, and with its light, the figure was likewise gone. I once again was alone in the storm, that raged as hard as before, as if it had never gone away, yet now, with the key in my hand, I could finally see through the darkness. I saw the shapes of the trees all around me, realizing that I had made my way into the forest.

The winds, the rain, the cold, they could not bother me anymore, harsh as they were to endure, they could no longer make me feel despair. Instead, I could feel something stirring within me, something that purified me of the dread and cold that the storm used to inflict upon me, and now the memory of the abyss was not as terrifying, for I knew its nature clearer than when I had seen it with my own eyes, which could now discern all around me. I turned my gaze in the direction of where the star had flown to, and could make it out in the distance, beckoning me to follow. And so I did.

## The Warrior

### 1

I made my way through the forest, cold, wet soil beneath my feet, violent winds blowing against me, relentless rain beating me down, stronger than before. Yet now I could see through the darkness, I had a sense of direction, no longer lost, though still struggling. The path was unforgiving and treacherous, many a times I stumbled and fell, sometimes for but a moment, and sometimes I would slip and slide off the path I followed into the unknown, having to crawl back out. My whole body trembled, beaten and bruised, many cuts adorning it all over, shivering in the cold, bracing against the stinging rain and gale. I desired to catch up to the star again, but felt my resolve waning in the face of the adversity of the storm, which had plotted with the abyss to foil me and the task I set out to accomplish.

As I reached a clearing my knees buckled and I fell to the ground, barely able to move. I wished to go on, but felt too weak to resist, feeling as if the rain would surely turn me to one with the mud. I turned my head to face the sky and I could still see that shining star in the distance, beckoning me still, yet I could not persist any further. I felt something tugging at the corner of my consciousness, and felt a heavy sleep encroaching on me, seeking to plunge me back into the abyss, to surrender into its embrace, as even keeping my eyes open became more strenuous. I only hoped that I could get a short reprieve in this slumber, but not succumb to it forever, and so my eyes closed, and the world was dark.

Yet in that very instant that my eyelids grew heavy enough to close shut, a deafening silence had once more surrounded me, and I could hear nothing but the familiar crackling of a flame, and heavy footsteps approaching me. The storm seemed to have been chased off completely yet again, but my fatigue was still constraining me to lie motionless on the cold soil, until I felt a sharp pain in my chest - the owner of the approaching footsteps had kicked me. I rolled over from the sudden attack and somehow mustered the strength to get up to my knees, facing my attacker, though uncertain of how I could possibly stand to defend myself in my weakened state.

Next to the fire that appeared out of nowhere, stood a new figure, towering over me, staring down at my kneeling form, his eyes focused and piercing, not like the stare of the figure that gave me the key, more aggressive, judgemental, cold and determined. His lower face appeared as though it was bare bones, stripped of skin and flesh, and in his left hand he held a heavy shield with that same symbol, the symbol from the forehead of the figure with the book. His unwavering gaze never left mine, it was expectant and impatient, though I was unsure what he wanted from me, and despite



the cold and hostile nature of his stare, once more I felt something familiar resonate within.

He suddenly bolted forward at me, kicking me in the chest once more, and I fell back into the mud. As I looked back to him I could see how he resumed to stare at me expectantly, though angrier than before. I was too shocked to move and his eyes kept me captivated, immobile, confused. He charged at me again and all I could do was flinch away, turning my head with closed eyes, one arm raised up, bracing to receive another blow, a blow that did not come. After a moment of hesitation I peeked up to see the figure tower directly over me, his gaze no longer expectant, but full of disdain and fuming disappointment. He slowly turned away from me and proceeded to walk away, the fire seemingly growing dimmer with every step he took. I suddenly felt an anger swell up inside of me, upset, furious, though not entirely so at this figure that kicked me down and then regarded me as little more than the mud and dirt beneath his boot, but moreso at myself. I strained every muscle and called upon what little energy I had left and forced my body to stand upright, in defiance of all that had brought me down before.

The moment I had risen up to my full height I felt compelled to shoot my right hand up and give the salute to the departing figure, and as my arm rose, so did the flame of the fire. The figure stopped, and first turned his head to inspect the flame that had sprung to new life instead of fading away, and then stood to face me once more. Our eyes locked again, and now his gaze, still fierce and determined, spoke not of anger or disappointment, but of unspoken recognition. Heavy breaths escaped my lungs, as I was still fatigued, but resolute not to succumb, and I met the figure's gaze with equal determination. Suddenly I felt a call and turned away to regard the star I was pursuing, and the figure before me followed my gaze and too had spotted that distant star in the sky. It emitted a distinct new ray of light that shone brighter than all others. We exchanged another glance, before he made several steps, seemingly towards the star, and as if it were right above him and not far off in the distance, he reached up with his right hand and clutched the ray of light, plucking it from the star and bringing it down to regard it shining brightly in his fist, like a conqueror regards a prize that he had claimed for himself.

This time, as he turned to look at me again his eyes were challenging as he stretched out his arm, seemingly offering for me to take the ray of light, though his fist remained closed. I approached him, unsure and suspicious, reaching out towards his hand, a motion to which he responded by pulling it back, out of my reach. For a moment I hesitated, though agitated by this action I lunged forward to grab his arm, only to be met by his shield slamming against my entire body and knocking me down yet again. I rose up almost immediately and could clearly see the challenge in his eyes, his pose, his message clear: if I wanted the star's ray of light for myself then I have to come and take

it. We circled each other slowly, inevitably moving to the side until the fire was between us.

I harnessed all my remaining strength and bended my body to my will, forcing it, in spite of the fatigue, the bruises, the cuts and the cold, into action. I leapt over the fire and ducked to the side just in time to avoid his thrusting shield, springing to my feet and grabbing him by the arms with my hands. His right foot rose up to kick at me, only to hit empty air as I let go and got around to his back, jumping on, with my left arm clenching on his neck, while my right hand reached out to grab his fist, from which the ray of light shone brightly between the closed fingers. Then, a sharp pain in my side knocked the breath right out of me, as his elbow struck me, again and again, yet I refused to let go, though inevitably he bucked me off. Before I could get off my back to resume the struggle, he turned around and in a fluid motion rose his fist above his head, and from his clenched fist the ray shot skywards and materialized into a sword, which he brought down against me, its tip pointing at the bridge of my nose.

I looked at the figure with nothing but pure will, defiance, and a returned challenge in my eyes - let the final blow come if it must! His own eyes regarded me patiently, and I was rewarded with an approving nod. He lowered the sword and awaited for me to rise to my feet, before plunging it into the earth between us and stepping back. We regarded one another for the final time, a mirror image of unyielding resolve and purity of will, cold and detached, resolute. I took a few steps forward and grasped the hilt of the sword, the fire and the figure, like the ones before, disappearing into the dark, the moment that I removed the blade from the soil. The storm too had returned, yet now it could not bring me down.

The winds, the rain, the cold, all felt as nothing but a mere inconvenience, for in my hand I held another piece of myself, that filled me with the strength to endure it all, no matter what, hardened against the fatigue and weakness that threatened to make me succumb to that slumber, the slumber which was meant to reunite me with the abyss. I knew now, that if I were to face it again as I have before, I would gladly go up against it and any obstacles or hardships it could manifest. The star still beckoned for me to follow it. And so I did.

## The Adventurer



I ran across the fields and over narrow streams, the storm had grown stronger than before, though now I could see through the darkness, and neither the cold nor rain nor winds could slow me down. I had grown hard and could withstand any challenge ahead, able to see my path even clearer than before, as if the darkness itself retreated at the sight of my newfound strength of will and resolve. The star beckoned me still, though now I could tell that it had set itself to rest just above the peak of a claw-like mountain on the horizon, and the closer it grew, the more treacherous the landscape became.

Over the rolling highlands and graded hills, to the craggy terrain at the foot of the mountain, I ran and climbed and rolled, fell down only to get up again and resume, my feet cut up and bleeding, but I carried on. Finally I began my ascent up the rugged mountain, to the very top, where the star had made its perch. First I followed a narrow, rocky path that wound itself around the mountainside, until it abruptly ended, beneath many rocks and boulders that at some point had slid and tumbled down this stony giant. I crawled over them, feeling them shake and move ever so slightly beneath my feet, ready to give way at a moment's notice and carry me with them back down below. In that moment I remembered when I was lost in the ocean, how I kicked my legs in the waters in search of sure footing, and just as this recollection came to me, a stone I chose to plant my foot on had given way, and for a moment the sinking sensation of the ensnaring abyss had found its way back into my heart.

Before the rest of the rocks had sunk away, I grabbed onto a ridge of the mountainside and saved myself from the rockslide that schemed to end me. My legs dangled for a moment before I could find some narrow ridges to plant them on. I felt as though I could not move, I could not let go of the sure footing I had found, for if I did I would surely fall. I looked around, seeing clearly the many jagged points and tips and rocks in the face of the mountain that I could grab hold of, but I feared to trust a single one not to betray me, though my will remained strong and I wished to go on. Frustrated I reached out to one of the points and then hesitated again, uncertain. I dared to grab it, and just as I feared it immediately surrendered to my pull and fell away into the nothingness below. I dared a few times more until I found what seemed like more secure supports and so began my slow climb upwards, constantly cautious, with many fiendish rocks turning against me. Some seemed to provide sure footing only to disappear at a crucial moment, making me scramble furiously to regain a foothold, all the while the rain and the winds raged all around me, the wet rocks sometimes practically slipping away as I tried to grab hold of them.

My frustration grew with each betrayal of the stones and ridges that first sung promises of assured assistance, only to end their singing the moment that I reached out to them in trust. The struggle was hard, but that could no longer dissuade me, however it offered no reprieve, and I discovered that it was no longer the hardship itself that weighed down on me, so much as the feeling that I could not be certain of what I would find ahead, and the lack of reprieve, even but for a moment, made me question why I pursue this course. Finally, I had reached a small plateau, dragging myself over the edge to the solid ground, before I stood upright and looked to the massive peaks I had still yet to climb, to reach the star that was now barely visible behind their jagged edges and hulking presence. In front of me was a gaping crevice and total darkness, which disappeared further up to reveal the mountainside once more. I stood and wondered, what was it that I was truly pursuing, what was my actual goal? Was it all worth it? Was it worth this enormous, and seemingly unbearable struggle? I now possessed both the sight and the will to see it through, but I could not imagine to what end, for what purpose, as such answers still eluded me in the darkness.

It happened again, the storm mysteriously vanished, and as I turned my head to a nearby source of light, I was met by an all too familiar sight. A small fire, a new strange figure, and next to both of them, a lone tree growing on the very edge of the plateau, its roots growing in between the rocks, anchoring it on the ridge. The figure was crouching next to the tree, collecting something I could not make out, when he suddenly turned to face me. Unlike the figures before, I could not see his eyes, as they were hidden in the shadow of his cap, with the fire's light dancing only over the lower half of his face, which greeted me with an open, warm and welcoming smile, as warm and welcoming as the fire besides him. I turned to face him fully and gave him the same salute I had learned on my journey. He beckoned for me to come over with his right hand, and as I did, I could finally make out what he was collecting - it was the fallen fruit of the tree. He handed me one without hesitation, and I gratefully accepted this offering, biting into it, rewarded with a sweet and nourishing taste that immediately eased my previous frustration.

I knelt by the fire besides him, and as I enjoyed the sweet fruit, he picked up another one before slicing it open with a knife, and picking out its seed. He regarded it close to his face with a calm grin, and then turned on his side to dig a little hole in the soil, and planted that seed there. He turned to me again, this time with what felt like a knowing smirk. My gaze shifted from the fruit I was eating, to this lonesome tree that had grown strong despite the harsh conditions on this mountain, to produce such incredibly nourishing bounty, and then my eyes rested on the small dirt mound, marking where the figure had planted one of its seeds. Who could have known that this would be possible, that this tree would survive and bear such fruit? And though it did happen, how likely was it to happen again? Surely it was but a rare chance. Yet these thoughts did not concern the stranger in front of me, who seemed absolutely sure that the seed he had planted would grow, for the seed itself only knew that it must grow.

As I finished eating the fruit I was left with newfound confusion, for I found no seed inside. I turned to the figure with a questioning look, only to find him pointing to the mountaintop. Up there I could now spot a lone ray of the star's piercing light, striking the sky from behind the peak which still obscured the star itself. The figure suddenly rose to his feet and without a moment's hesitation ran to the mountainside, jumping off the edge of the crevice and into the darkness. Leaping to my feet, I worried that he had surely plunged to his end which lay hidden in that seemingly empty blackness, reminiscent of the cursed ocean abyss. Yet suddenly his figure emerged, climbing the jagged rocky wall out of the void and towards the peaks above, no hesitations, not at all worried of the rocks betraying his grip, and not one of them dared to. However, he did not ascend far, just close enough to reach out with his arm and grasp the ray of light in his hand, before making his way back down with the same ease and sureness, before he kicked off from the stony wall and landed back on the plateau.

Amazed, I could not move, and only regarded the still smiling figure approach me with the light shining in his hand. He took my right arm with his left, and stretched it out towards him, my open palm facing the sky, and in it he carefully planted the light of the star, same as he had planted the seed of the tree in the soil, closing my grip around it. I looked at my closed hand and could see the light shine from within my grasp. When I turned to look back at the stranger, I could see the same warm and confident smile on his face, before he raised his right arm, all fingers of his hand closed, save for the thumb sticking out and upwards. The gesture was assuring and made me return his smile back at him. Finally I opened my palm, to reveal a seed resting therein, and once more, as I've grown used to by now, when I did this the flame of the fire went out, the figure disappeared, and the storm came back, more furious than ever.

The winds, the rain, the cold came crashing down against me as they had before. I turned my gaze to the tree, which likewise suffered their assault but remained unmoved, tall, strong, defiant and certain. The smile would not leave my face. In my hand I once again held another piece of myself, yet I knew that I could not take the seed itself with me, so I approached the tiny mould of dirt where the figure planted the seed of the tree, and I dug a new hole next to it, where I planted the seed of the star. I needed nothing, no reward or prize to keep me going, I had grown unwaveringly certain of my path, and no matter how hard I would struggle to follow it, I would do so with joy in my heart. I leapt over the crevice into the darkness and grabbed onto the mountainside that I was sure would be there, stable and loyal. I climbed up the mountainside without worry, and not a single rock dared to give way beneath my feet or the grip of my hands. The star still beckoned for me to follow it. And so I did.

## The Mountaintop

I climbed the mountainside with the same brazen sureness as the figure I met last, with the same resolve and hardness as the figure before him, guided by purity of sight towards my goal, bestowed to me by the first figure on my path. The darkness had further receded and with it the storm had grown weaker, as if realizing that fighting me now was futile. The rain had stopped, but the violent gale continued its assault in hopes of knocking me down, but it would not succeed.

Pure in purpose and sight, hard of will and resolve, with joyous certainty, I scaled the towering behemoth with ease, making my way to the top, where I stood beneath the star I had pursued all this time. I could still feel it beckoning to me, and so I reached out to it with my right arm and plucked it from the night sky, lowering it down in my palm. In the moment that I opened my fingers and looked at it, the storm was broken for good, and the blackness was chased away by the light of the sun rising on the distant horizon.

I held in my hand that very thing that had rescued me from the abyss, that distant yet familiar image of myself which I could not recognize then, yet so clearly recognize now. No longer alien, it was me, not that distant self which I had left behind, but the one that I am now, in this moment.

I am the Scholar.

I am the Warrior.

I am the Adventurer.

And let all recognize me by that symbol that I wear on my mask, that I wear on my shield, that I plant wherever I go, that I hold in my hand, and let the abyss tremble at its sight, and the storm break against its shining rays. Let all witness me beneath my guiding star - the Swastika.

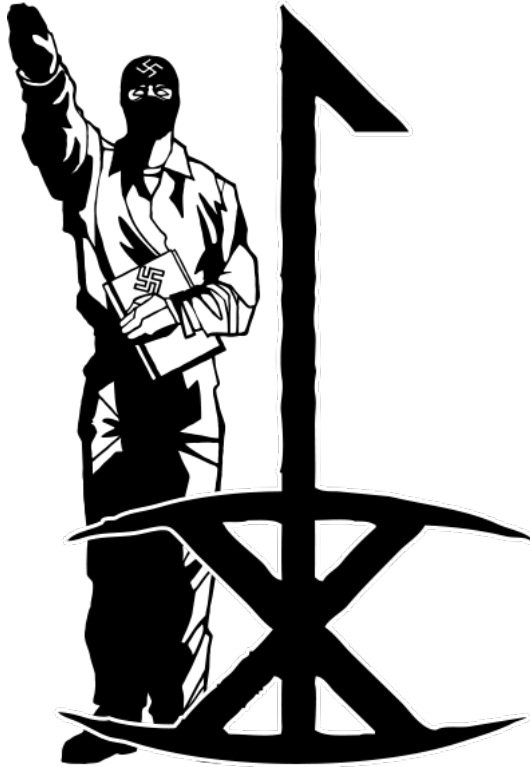
## Patron Spirits of Fascism and National Socialism

*Pure, Dure, Sûre - Unalterable.*

The figures of the Scholar, the Warrior and the Adventurer represent the fundamental aspects of every Fascist and National Socialist, they stand as idealized archetypes in which one can recognize themselves, identifying with one or two of the spirits more than the remaining, yet always being a mixture of all three. Hence we can recognize them in our comrades and the Champions of our Struggle.

To some of us they will be no more than that, Archetypes, the ideals to which all Fascists and National Socialists aspire, they serve as the guiding model that one can strive for. To others, they can be much more, and stand as the Patron Spirits of Fascism and National Socialism, whose nature we may ponder and meditate on. They can become the personifications of those forces and energies, that we call upon to imbue our own being, or to erupt from our innate nature.

Each of these Archetypes or Spirits carries their own symbol that one may apply in a way that can either give one inspiration, or to serve as a mark of the Spirit, to summon the forces it represents.



## The Scholar

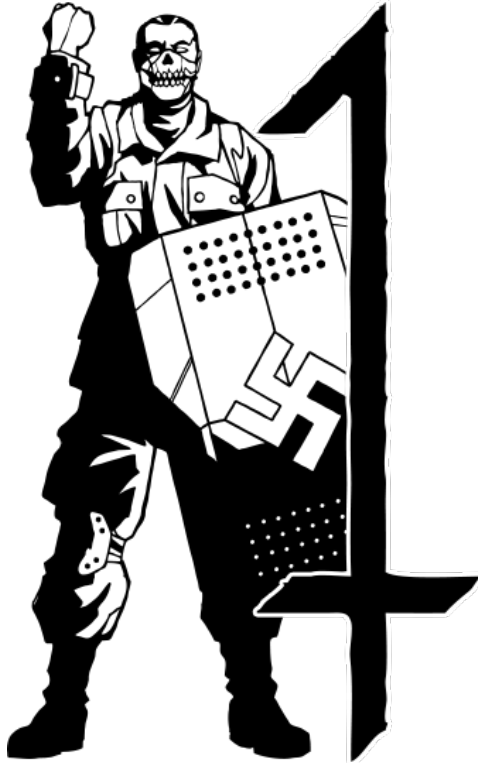
- Pillar of Honouring Truth
- A Force Above Time
- Right Hand Path
- Fundamental Quality: Pure (Pure)
- Symbolic Gesture: Roman Salute
- Symbol: Key superimposed on an Eye

The pursuer, keeper and granter of knowledge and wisdom, aids one in gaining insight, shows the path and the answer. He is the first spirit on the path of one's awakening as a National Socialist, for he gives one the key to knowledge that will open one's eyes to the Truth of the world around them, giving one direction towards further awakening and understanding. He stands the closest to Absolute Truth and eternal wisdom, he is a Force Above Time, most concerned with the Purity of our Worldview.

Appears as a figure wearing a black mask with the Swastika on the forehead, holding a tome that is likewise adorned with the Swastika. The black mask covers his face, to signify transcendence beyond the material world, death of the Ego and achieving a higher state of being. The Swastika is positioned on the mask as a Third Eye, to signify the source of the transcendent wisdom. The book contains the Doctrine of our Worldview, which he aims to keep Pure. He gives the Roman Salute to welcome those who would seek and accept the Truth, and also to proclaim his own loyalty to it, signifying that he Honours Truth.

His symbol is a Key superimposed on an Eye, the upward vertical line of the key with its point leading upwards from the eye symbolizing awakening to higher knowledge and the Truth, the hook of the key is on the right side, signifying the Spirit's relation to the Right Hand Path.





## The Warrior

- Pillar of Waging War
- A Force Against Time
- Left Hand Path
- Fundamental Quality: Dure (Hard)
- Symbolic Gesture: Conqueror's Fist
- Symbol: Sword

Defender and enforcer of Truth in the material world, bringer of justice, aids one in their struggle, giving one fortitude, resoluteness of will, strength and cold detachment to carry out what must be done. He is the second spirit on the path of one's awakening as a National Socialist, for he gives one the strength and will to fight injustice wherever it may be found. He brings the Absolute Truth and its eternal wisdom to the material world, he is a Force Against Time, most concerned with Hard opposition to all that is an affront to the Truth, and with

enforcement of our Worldview in the material world.

Appears as a figure wearing a skeleton half mask and carrying a shield adorned with the Swastika. The half mask signifies the Spirit's connection to the material world, as that is the place of his struggle, but the skeletal image reminds those who witness it, that he comes to oppose the merely material, bringing death to all that opposes the Truth, the eternal wisdom of which he seeks to bring back into the temporal affairs of men. The shield represents his unyielding and Hard stance in the defense and enforcement of Truth and its justice. His gesture is the Conqueror's Fist, meant to signify that he has come to Wage War, conquer, claim and subjugate everything to the Absolute Truth.

His symbol is a Sword, the vertical line of the blade crosses the horizontal line which makes its hilt, and represents the material world, signifying the struggle to reach for the higher knowledge and Truth above, the hook of the key is on the left side, signifying the Spirit's relation to the Left Hand Path.



## The Adventurer

- Pillar of Having Fun
- A force In Time
- Both Paths
- Fundamental Quality: Sûre (Certain)
- Symbolic Gesture: Thumbs Up
- Symbol: Planted Seed

The Spirit of treasuring, enjoying and appreciating material Life when it is lived in accordance with the Truth, fills one's heart with joy in the face of adversity, in defense of, and in the struggle for the Truth. Gives one the certainty to challenge the unknown with wild abandon. He is the third spirit on the path of one's awakening as a National Socialist, for he helps one find the joy in struggle, and reminds them of the material things that are worth protecting and cherishing. Stands closest to the material

world and temporal matters, he is a Force In Time, most concerned with appreciating nature in all its forms, and enjoying Life in accordance with the Truth to the fullest, seeking adventures and true joy that comes with the Certainty that one lives in accordance with all nature and the Truth.

Appears as a smiling figure with his eyes hidden by his cap, carrying a bag. The smile signifies the confidence, certainty and joy one feels when they live in accordance with their own nature, material nature at large, and the Absolute Truth. His bag signifies readiness to face the unknown, to go exploring, adventuring and experiencing Life as it was meant to be experienced. This joyful Certainty aids one in all their personal, temporal ventures. He gives a Thumbs Up to express his enjoyment of the material fruits of the Absolute Truth that are to be found in the material, temporal world. It signifies how he is Having Fun living.

His symbol is a Planted Seed, the vertical line begins from a downwards pointing arrow and ends by connecting a horizontal line that has two hooks pointing in opposite directions. The arrow signifies how a higher wisdom, the Truth, planted itself in the horizontal line of the material world and taken roots that spread out. It depicts how the material world and nature are a projection of the spiritual world of the Absolute Truth, how the material world is the planted seed of that Truth, meant to be enjoyed while its connection to the spiritual world is maintained. The leftward and rightward pointing hooks of the horizontal line signify that this Spirit has an equal standing with the Right and Left Hand Paths.

# The Fascist Core

## Honour Truth

### *The Fascist Worldview*

- Truth is what governs all things in life. There can be but one Truth.
- Opinions, delusions and lies are falsehoods, deviations from the Truth.
- All falsehoods come from the human mind.
- Fascism is the Worldview of Truth.
- All man-made ideologies are falsehoods.
- Truth affects everyone differently. Equality and humanism are lies.
- Human history is an increasing deviation from the Truth. Progress is a lie.
- Truth is impersonal, it serves no one's interests.

## Wage War

### *The Fascist Struggle*

- Justice is restoration of Truth.
- Modern world is built on interests and man-made ideas, it is built on lies.
- Modern laws protect lies. Our enemy is legal. Justice is illegal.
- Falsehoods are legion and conflict one another, but they all oppose Truth.
- There can be no compromise, lest you allow Truth to be obscured by lies.
- We champion Truth. Anyone and everyone who attacks is the enemy.
- The worse things get the more free we are to exact Justice.
- Buildings and institutions can house Truth or lies. Restore them to Truth or burn them down.

## Have Fun

### *The Fascist Lifestyle*

- You do not need a movement to be a Fascist.
- You champion Truth. Show it off in everything you do.
- Find your calling, what gives you joy and excel at it. Force the world to take notice.
- Let your character drive people to follow you.
- Join in activities you enjoy with others or create something for others to join.
- Strive to reach your full potential physically, mentally, spiritually.
- Become self-reliant, escape any dependency on the comforts of the modern world or other people.
- Live a life worthy of remembrance. To us an accident would be to die in bed.