The ultimate revelation of Esoteric Hitlerism is given within the Green Thunderbolt.

The Ancients did not need physical records such as writing when they had a direct access to the astral world in which they found themselves registered and where every knowledge is made available.

But in this study we make use of writing to convey precisely how to guide and teach us to recover this ability, these abilities the divine men of already forgotten Antiquity already had.

Miguel Serrano, in his book *Manu: For the Man to Come*, attempts to approach the mystery of the Green Thunderbolt. He says: “Beyond the Black Sun (the ‘Black Holes’) appears the Green Thunderbolt, situation impossible to explain and non-existent for us here where we are, though more real than any reality. In ‘this world’ reside the highest Guides, inspirers and sustainers of Esoteric Hitlerism. At times Adolf Hitler is also there, able to return without our seeing or knowing. From there he will come as the Ultimate Avatar with his Last Battalion to fight the ultimate battle and defeat his enemies. The Green Thunderbolt is beyond everything. For those who are able with the Leftwards Swastika to cross through the implosion of the Black Sun ‘this’ (what appears before them) is seen to resemble a Green Thunderbolt.”

Within the Green Thunderbolt, as we see, live the Divyas, the divinities who can promptly penetrate the atmosphere of this lower earth. They are the divas of Hinduism. Their blood is igneous (burning, fire) covered with a blue colour given off by the flame. Thus the colour of the body and blood of the Hyperboreans is blue, like Krishna and Shiva. Thus they are seen here. Their hair is golden, almost white, like strands of wool or silk.

Nearer to the earthly world, hidden inside mountains or in the Hollow Earth we know as Agarthi or Agartha. The Tantric initiation that transforms, transmutes and transfigures matter, the world, is given within them. Its inhabitants are the Siddhas, divine beings who have attained the conquest of death after passing through terrestrial incarnation. From there they project their influence to awaken
and assist the heroes. Heroes are the mixed divine vîras who fight to regain immortality.

From the Hollow Earth, from Agartha, the divine ones invoke the blood memory of the descendants of the Aryans so that they awake and fight for freedom from the chains and tyranny of this world. Destiny speaks to the heroes and whispers the divine language in their ears…and the hero who hears these ancient words in the secret of his heart, remembers, awakening within him the need, the great thirst of the Pilgrims of the Dawn.

As we have explained, when the Golden Age was lost the rotational movement of the earth is broken, sinking Hyperborea. The Second Earth appeared and the Age of Iron and the involution of Kali-Yuga. The world deconstructs, degenerates and chaos sheds itself everywhere, spreading death, crime and suffering. Through the tragic events and enmeshed in the nets of Maya and her illusory world, the heroes awaken. They begin to sense they do not belong to this fallen world of misery and death, but that instead their nature links them to another world “beyond the stars”.

Then, having awakened from the demonic illusion of the world in which they have been trapped, is when guided by their own nature and by destiny the hero realises that he has to reverse the process unleashed at the beginning of demiurgic time. This is the Leftwards Swastika which guides them on the path back to Hyperborea and to Venus, the Star of Origin of the semi-divine.

The hero becomes a troubadour seeking to rediscover what was lost. The path of deification makes the pilgrimage through the outer world coincide fully with the realization within. “What is below is above; what is within is outside.” It is the synchronicity in which two worlds come to reunite.

In Hyperborea, in the shadow of the Irminsul, the Maga priestesses initiate heroes into the cult of Magic Love and Sacred Marriage. The Garden of the Hesperides is there, the garden of golden apples of which Homeros spoke. In Celtic legend this is Avallon, the island of apples where the tree with the golden apples grows. Hercules, the Greek hero of indomitable will, finds them. They are the apples of eternal life and resurrection and moreover they are the Grail. Apples symbolise the Morning Star, Venus, from whence the divine ancestors come, and the knowledge with which one must be synchronised to resurrect. The woman Maga hands the apple (the Grail) to the hero. The tree is the column of the sky, Irminsul, and the Serpent of Eternal Life and eternal youth coils around its trunk.
The hero, when he awakens to the nostalgia for Hyperborea, becomes conscious and must reach Venus to eat the fruit that gives immortality. But for this he must overstep the limits of death, as the Garden of the Hesperides is still to be found beyond… “Beyond the North, the ice of death, our life, our good fortune… We have discovered felicity, we know the way, we have found the escape from entire millennia of labyrinths.” (‘The Anti-Christ’, Frederick Nietzsche).

To reach beyond death and “steal” the fruit of eternal life.

The hero presents himself face to face with death. He knows he can not cede and that the power of his virile will, his Shaivite first principle, depends on crossing the void without disintegrating.

This is the emptiness that lies beyond the ultimate chakra. A leap into the void through a Black Sun, a Black Hole where the light of the Golden Sun (the one of this material world) dies.

Beyond the Black Sun the hero reaches the Green Thunderbolt. There his nature transmutes into the body of vajra, an immortal red material, hard as diamonds, resurrecting as a divine being.

He is Wotan (Odin) crucified for nine nights on the Tree of Terror, Iggdrasil, (or the Irminsul). The Germanic God is delivered to a shamanic test in which he must pierce through the boundaries of death, arriving in the other world, the world of the Gods from which he recovers the runes, the lost power. From thenceforth he is a true Ehrean, a Lord of the Two Worlds. Wotan says this in the Hávamál, Song of the High One:

“I know that I hung from the windswept tree
nine full nights
pierced by the lance delivered to Wotan
Myself to Myself.
No man knows from what roots this tree was born.
They did not give me bread or drinking horn
I looked down
I picked up the runes, the roaring wind brought them up to me,
I gave them anew on earth.”

We see how Wotan realises initiatory death to reach the other world. There, in that “other world”, is Anticton, the other earth of the Ancient Greeks, Pythagoras and
Plato. “This is the First Earth before this one which is the Second,” says Miguel Serrano, “there everything happens backwards to this world and there the Nazis won the war.”

In the other world the Gods use orichalcum, mysterious metal with the power to neutralise gravity. By this the magic vimanas rise through the skies defying all rational logic, emitting a sound like melodious music and that, according to Homeros, “captures the thought and feeling of humans.”

The time and realizations of the world of the Gods is different from that of the world of men, yet both are interrelated. The link between the divine and profane worlds is maintained over the centuries in various ways, In this context the Avatars are sent by the divine. According to Esoteric Hitlerism, Hitler is the incarnation of the Avatar. From birth a unique personality always manifests that faithfully marks His destiny. Through the Führer the Avatar, the Tulku, incarnates and manifests, in the soul of the entire White Race and in the Third Reich.

For a brief but intense period of time a Magic Reich took form on earth whose realizations were incredibly audacious in every field of science, society, culture and human development. The manifestation of the Avatar was so luminous and radiant that the demon of the world, the Demiurge Jehovah, jealous and afraid had to gather and mobilize all its agents to prevent the Triumph of the Will of Aryan Man.

When the Soviets entered the vicinity of the Chancellery Bunker in Berlin fourteen corpses, completely charred beyond recognition, were scattered, every one of them in the remains of uniforms identical to those of the Führer. Stalin, informed at first hand, always believed Hitler was not dead. The Avatar had not one but fourteen Ka (according to Egyptian tradition, the Ka is the energy double of a man and is located between the body and the spirit itself.)

Miguel Serrano said that Hitler departed Berlin in a vimana or a Chariot of Fire towards Antarctica. Finally, like a Cathar Perfecti, he went to the home of the Ancient Hyperboreans, across and through the door of the Morning Star, Venus, through the Black Sun.

The Avatar has returned to the Green Thunderbolt where this world sometimes comes to find her children.
To do this he crossed over the Black Sun that is the door that connects the world of the Gods and this material or demiurgic world. The Black Sun is the astral tube the soul finds when projected out from the physical body. Its form and representation is that of a swastika, the sacred sign of the Lords, the Hyperborean divine ones, who can cross in one or the other direction at will. They are the Lords of the Two Worlds.

For in truth the real world, the world that has its own identity, is the world of the Gods, while the material world is but a defective and cruel copy of the true world. The material world does not exist in itself, but is the plagiary of an “other world” in which dwell the forces of spirit.

In the end, when the cycle closes, the boundary between the worlds disappears. Then the Wildes Heer, the Order of Warriors of Odin Wotan, the Einherier (the resurrected heroes), leaving Walhalla, come to wage the Final Combat to free the world from the Evil One.

“The children of the Golden Age wander far away,  
Through the land of their fathers, forgetting the  
Days of Destiny  
somewhere else.  
And no longing can make them return?  
Shall my eyes never see them?  
O! Shall I never find them on the thousand paths  
Of the verdant earth on which they are sought,  
Their faces equal to the Gods?  
And I understand, by luck, their language,  
Their legend, only for my soul to seek their shadows?  
I want to get close to them, wherever they dwell  
Yet through their forests  
Where their peak is hidden among the clouds.  
Solitary the Holy Mountain.  
There I want to go, when shining  
in the shade of the Holm Oak,  
I shall meet the Fountain of Origin.  
O, thou sleepers!  
O, holy shades!  
With you I want to live!

(Hölderlin)