

THE BLACK SUN OF OUR BELOVED BROTHERHOOD

Have you also

a human heart,
dark night?
What do you keep
under your mantle,
that, invisibly powerful,
reaches my soul?

Novalis

The Black Sun of Polar midnight is the emblem of the Pilgrims of Great Yearning and is also the origin of our Brotherhood, the hallucinating emptiness that names and creates our Circle of the Faithful of A-Mor. The Black Sun is the supreme symbol of the suppression of the visible order, of victory over Demiurgic reality, “luminous,” deceiving: Gateway of departure from and entrance into this heavy universe. In the “Prayer to the Morning Star,” our Maestro Miguel Serrano invokes the arcane sign:

Oh, Black Sun!
Draw me into your maelstrom
Hallucinatory,
In your mystic death...

The Black Sun absorbs, kills, inverts and reintegrates the visible universe to its beginning, therefore, releases the subtle bodies trapped in dead matter, saves the Gods imprisoned in the space-time universe of the Lord of Darkness. Nocturnal sun of the travelers, visible only to the “magic formula,” the enchantment of the night, giving life to realities unknown to the light of the golden sun, the world terrestrial and profane. The night is sacred, feared by the weak hiding before its mysteries in dreams. For us it is the hour of the Secret Rite, Revelation of the Mysteries, Initiation, Loyalty. The night has her own bright sun whose “non-existent existence,” like the Flower of the Maestro, is more real than the sun of gold. The beloved is there waiting with her ritual gesture, invisible, in the center of the Black Sun, where we find “the eternity of the worlds,” where space and time dissolves. Novalis would say the “secret sacrifice of Love” burns in this eternal center, eternally consumed, “alive” forever. Symbol of initiatory death, death and resurrection, the “dark” way of A-Mor, deathless love, timeless, perpetual ecstasy, the path of immortality. And from that point there gazes an eye, a glance...

You come, beloved...
The night is here...
Rapt away is my soul...
There far away the earthly day
And you are mine again.

Novalis

Beyond the symbolism, descriptions of illusory reason, the Black Sun is above all Nostalgia, the Nostalgia of A-Mor, because “perhaps the lovers also yearn for us as well and send us a breath of nostalgia,” and that Sun of a thousand lightning bolts, Wotan’s Mill, inspires us and calls us to return, to meet her again, with him.

The golden sun seems to reveal another reality beyond his suffering daily transit. Helios in his circular shape, also a prisoner, wants to point out to us the contours of the Other Reality. An error from our view gazing directly at the setting sun, showing us the contours of the Other Sun, as could be seen through the hole drilled in the rock of the Externsteine, in that strange chapel in the midst of Germany’s most sacred place.

This essential Sun of Hitlerism is shown in the whirling cross, axial, which is the Swastika, *bringing good to the Aryans*, the only symbol of protection, combat and transformation, redemption and liberation. The Black Sun has appeared to us in the form of the Cross, understood as a crack, a chance to reintegrate what was dispersed into the light, in the ecstatic and silent confluence of the male and female, sky and earth; the four elements in the aether, subtle, sublime, uncreated, the horizontal and vertical and all visible oppositions against the light of the sun of gold. Also the absence of a colour never seen by the eyes of flesh.

The representation that we have received from the SS Castle of Initiation, in Westphalia, no doubt revealed to the high guides of the Black Order and drawn on the marble of our ancestral Swastika in an infinite irrepressible movement, elusive, impossible to understand, only felt and taken into unknown areas of our being. The visible Swastika has accompanied men since the remotest times, now decomposes into the double Sieg rune of the Black Order, the most powerful of the runes, the bolt of Victory over the “natural” order, the bolt of Shiva that destroys the demons and also the “Asuras,” the “godless.” And the double Sieg rune of each initiate forms to the end of their path the UR Swastika, with help from Isis, an

absolute I, the undivided egg. The concentrated multiplication of Sieg runes forms this mysterious symbol, as the sum of several Absolute I's, several reunited eggs, He-She and She-He, Gods and Goddesses converging in the unnamed center, absolute silence.

From this we can distinguish through these subtleties a difference between the Swastika in its traditional representation of four arms projected from a still center, ecstatic, and the symbol shown on the SS initiate castle, not seeking to express the movement or the speed of the Swastika, but the confluence of infinite possibilities returned to the origin, as absolute being, absolute men and women, the mystery as such of SS initiation, with the 12 initiates, the polished stones guarding the center, central fire, Shiva and Parvati, Frater and Soror and high atop the dome the symbol of the black sun, broken at its ends as four Sieg runes or their reverse. He-She and She-He.

Everything is intuited, because we know nothing of what happened in the secret crypt, underground, stony, nocturnal. Above, the marble floor reveals to the light of the sun the symbol without light with its 12 Sieg runes forming 6 full swastikas focused on the Void, Black Hole beyond every Pole. Six Initiates and Six initiators and at the center the "secret sacrifice of A-Mor."

This symbol can nevertheless trace in antiquity in a manner very similar to that used by the Black Order, though doubtless already split from its possible origin. We see this as a duplicate swastika, in a bell-shaped feminine figure, decorative or ritual. Surely there must be other archeological expressions of the symbol for now unknown, but its existence in antiquity is attested by this figurine.

We know the Black Sun refers to a reality beyond the visible, and therefore difficult to assimilate through our reason, but we know and believe it is in the darkness of the night, when we are guided only by instinct and the innermost impulses, that it is possible to glimpse this reality that remains hidden from the sun of gold and then the symbol left in the North Tower of Wewelsburg reveals to us as an offering of our Hidden Guides.

We descend down into the altar of night,
To the soft bed...
The veil falls,
And lit with warm pressure,
Burns the sweet offering:
The pure fire.

Novalis

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