

MEMORIES

AND

REFLECTIONS

OF AN ARYAN WOMAN

through **SAVITRI DEVI**

1976

Dedicated to initiates,
dead or alive
of the Order of Schutzstaffel,
in particular those of the
“*Ahnenerbe*” section
of the said Order, and their followers and followers
of today and centuries to come.

“... *our new perception that
corresponds to the primordial sense of things*”.

Adolf Hitler, “*Mein Kampf*”, ed. 1935, p. 440.

“*What is all this that is not eternal ?*”

Leconte de Lisle - “*The Supreme Illusion*”, *Poèmes Tragiques*.

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Foreword

Written from 1968 to 1971, in Montbrison, Athens, Ducey (Normandy) and finally in Delhi, and printed at author's expense in the midst of the greatest material difficulties (with delays, stoppages - slowness - inevitable in many such conditions), these pages reflect the experience of a long life dominated by a single state of mind - nostalgia for original Perfection - and devoted to a single struggle: the struggle against all forms of decadence. This struggle - in the spirit of eternal Tradition and therefore more than human - could, in our time, only be identified with that waged, on an immeasurably larger scale, by an immeasurably greater Man. (closer to the Eternal) than I, his sincere, but insignificant disciple.

These pages are written to the glory of this Man, and of the Order of which he was the Founder and the soul. They aim to demonstrate that his doctrine expresses nothing less than Tradition, one and more than human, and therefore to justify, in the name of unshakeable principles, - *true* , absolutely - everything that has been done (or referred) in his name, provided it is *also in his mind* .

I give them to comrades, my brothers and sisters of race and faith, wherever they are, with the ancient ritual greeting of the faithful and the two Words which are now prohibited.

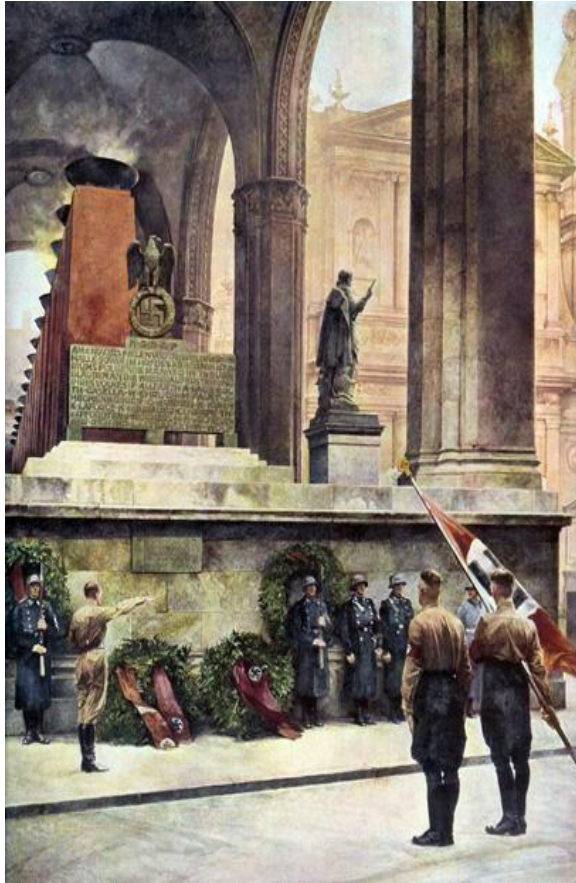
I would like to thank all those who have helped me, directly or indirectly, to produce this book: first my husband, Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji, whose approval has sustained me; then Madame Françoise Dior, whose generous hospitality to Ducey, from October 1970 to May 1971, enabled me to write, in an atmosphere of understanding and sympathy, and free of any material concern, part of these "Memories and reflections "; then Fräulein Marianne Singer who made my return to India possible, a country where, whatever the ideological position of the rulers,

the person who has a *faith* can, without prohibitions and without restrictions, publish its expression, - blessed tolerance, without which this book would never have seen the light of day, at least in its present form; finally Messrs. Owen Loveless, SG Dickson, Sajer, Saint-Loup and their comrades whose names I do not know, who helped me, with their hard-earned savings, to finance the printing. I am happy to express to all of them here in this foreword; how their testimony of solidarity touched me.

Savitri Devi Mukherji

New Delhi, July 28, 1976

Chapter I - The Religion of the Strong



*“Enochia, monstrous City of the Manly,
Den of the Violent, Citadel of the Strong,
Which has never known fear or remorse . . .”*
—Leconte de Lisle (“Cain,” *Barbaric Poems*)

If I had to choose a motto for myself, I would take this one—“*pure, dure, sûre,*” [pure, hard, certain]—in other words: unalterable. I would express by this the ideal of the Strong, that which nothing brings down, nothing corrupts, nothing *changes*; those on whom one can count, because their life is *order* and *fidelity*, in accord with the eternal.

Oh, you who exalt the fight without end, be it without hope, attach yourself to what is eternal! That alone *is*; the remainder is only shadow and smoke. No individual, man or beast, no group of individuals, no people as such deserves your concern for them; each, on the other hand, deserves, *as a reflection of the eternal*, that you devote yourself to it to the limit of your capacities. And individual beings and natural groups reflect the eternal more or less. They reflect it insofar as they approach, on all levels, the archetype of their species, insofar as they represent it as living things. He who represents only himself, be he one of those who make and unmake history and whose name resounds from afar, is only shadow and smoke.

You who exalt the image of the solitary rock delivered to all the assaults of the Ocean, lashed by the winds, battered by the waves, struck by lightning at the height of the tempest, unceasingly covered by the furious foam, but always standing, millennium after millennium—you who would like to identify with your brothers in faith, with this tangible symbol of the Strong, in order to feel, “That is us! That is me!,” free yourself from two deadly superstitions: the search for “happiness” and concern for “humanity”—or take care never to fall into them, if the gods grant you the privilege of being exempt in your youth.

Happiness—which, for them, consists in unopposed natural development, to be neither hungry, nor thirsty, nor cold, nor too hot; to be able to freely live the life for which they are made, and sometimes, for some of them, also to be *loved*—would have to be granted to living things which do not have the Word, the father of thought. It is compensation that they are due. Use all your power to ensure it to them. Help the animal and the tree—and defend them against the selfish and mean-spirited man. Give an armful of grass to the horse or the weary donkey, a bucket of water to the buffalo dying of thirst, harnessed since daybreak with its heavy cart under the burning sky of the tropics; a friendly caress to the beast of burden, whatever it is, whose master treats it like a thing; nourish the dog or the abandoned cat that wanders in the uncaring city never having had a master; set a saucer of milk at the edge of the path and caress it with your hand if it allows you. Carry the green branch, torn off and thrown in the dust, into your house so that it is not trampled, and put it in a vase of water; it too is alive and is entitled to your solicitude. It has nothing more than silent life. That, at least, you can help it to enjoy. To live, that is its way—the

way of all the beings of flesh, to which the Word was not given—of being in harmony with the eternal. And to live, for all these creatures, is happiness.

But those who have the Word, father of thought, and among them the Strong especially, have something better to do than pursue “happiness.” Their supreme task consists in finding this harmony, this accord with the eternal, of which the Word seems initially to have deprived them; to hold their place in the universal dance of life *with* all the enrichment, all the knowledge, that the Word can bring to them or help them to acquire; to live, like those who do not speak, according to the holy laws that govern the existence of the races, but, this time, knowing it and wanting it. The pleasure or the displeasure, the happiness or the discontent of the individual does not count. Well-being—beyond the minimum that is necessary for each to fulfill his task—does not count. Only the task counts: the quest for the essential, the eternal, through life and through thought.

Attach yourself to the essential—to the eternal. And never worry about happiness—neither your own nor that of other men; but accomplish *your* task, and help the others achieve theirs, provided that it does not thwart your own.

He who has the Word, father of thought, and who, far from putting it in service of the essential, wastes it in the search for personal satisfactions; he who has technology, fruit of thought, and who makes use of it especially to increase his well-being and that of other men, taking that for the main task, is unworthy of his privileges. He is not worthy of the beings of beauty and silence, the animal, the tree—he who himself follows *their path*. He who uses the powers that the Word and thought give him to inflict death and especially suffering on the beautiful beings that do not speak, in view of his own well-being or that of other men, he who uses the privileges of man against living nature sins against the universal Mother—against Life—and the Order that desires “*noblesse oblige*.” He is not Strong; he is not an aristocrat in the deep sense of the word, but petty, an egoist and a coward, an object of disgust in the eyes of the natural élite.

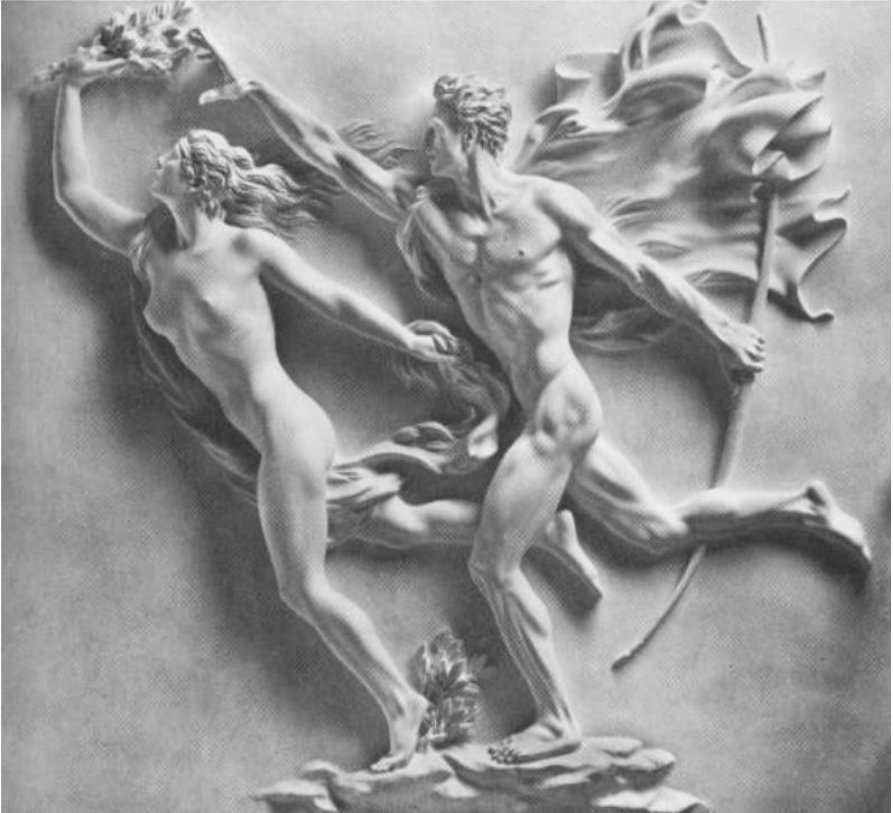
All society, all “civilization” that proceeds from the same aspiration to human well-being above all, to well-being or human “happiness” at any price, is marked by the seal of the Powers of Decadence, enemies of the cosmic order of the play of forces without end. It is a civilization of the Dark Age. If you are obliged to suffer it, suffer it by unceasingly opposing it, denouncing it, combating it every minute of your life. Make it your glory to hasten its end—at least to cooperate with all your might with the natural action of the forces leading to its end. For it is accursed. It is organized ugliness and meanness.

Rid yourself not only of the superstition of “happiness,” if it ever allured you, but *also* that of man. Protect yourself from the attitude, as vain as it is stupid, that consists in trying “to love all men” simply because they are men. And if this attitude was never yours, if, from childhood, you were impermeable to the propaganda of the devotees of “humanity,”

give thanks to the immortal Gods to whom you owe this innate wisdom. Nothing prohibits you, certainly, from giving a hand to a man who needs help, even the most worthless. The Strong are generous. But in that case, they would be good to him as living flesh, *not as a man*. And if it is a question of choosing between him and a creature deprived of the Word but closer to the archetype of its species than he is to that of the ideal man, i.e., the superior man, give your preference and your solicitude to this creature: it is more an artwork of the eternal artist.

For “man,” who is esteemed so highly, is not a reality but a construction of the mind starting from living elements of a disconcerting variety. No doubt all “species” are a construction of the mind: their names correspond to general ideas. But there is an enormous difference: the living realities that are the individuals of each species resemble each other. The species *exists* in each one of them. All the specimens that are attached to it reflect the eternal to the same degree, or thereabouts. The individuals of the same race, races that do not have the Word, are almost interchangeable. Their possibilities are fixed. One knows what the world of living things gains every time a kitten is born; one knows what it loses every time a cat, young or old, dies. But one does not know what it gains—or loses—every time a human baby is born. Because what is a man?

The most perfect Nordic specimen, whose heart is noble and whose judgment is firm and just, and whose features and carriage are those of the Greek statues of the finest age, is “a man.” A Hottentot, a Pygmy, a Papuan, a Jew, a Levantine mixed with Jews, are “men.” “Man” does not exist. There exist only quite diverse varieties of primates that by convention are called “human” because they share an upright stance and the Word, the latter to quite unequal degrees. And within the same race—moreover, within the same *people*—there are insurmountable divergences, psychic as well as physical, divergences that one would like to be able, even though morbidity explains them partly, to blame on interbreeding in the remote past, so much do such differences between individuals of the same blood appear to be against nature. It is already shocking to witness such frequent and violent ideological (or religious) oppositions between racial brothers. It is even more shocking to learn that, even though Saint Vincent de Paul was French, there are child-abusers who are French also, or to learn that the beautiful and virtuous Laure de Noves, countess of Sade, had, four centuries after her death, among her descendants the marquis of ill repute who bears the same name.



Arno Breker's Apollo and Daphne

Thus I repeat: one does not know, one cannot predict, what the world of living things gains or loses every time a young being called *human* is born or dies. And the less the race is pure, i.e., the fewer *possibilities* each baby has from the start, and roughly uniform—and also, the less the society tends to pour all individuals of the same group into the same mould, i.e., the less it tends always to encourage the development of the same possibilities, and that, roughly, in the same direction—the less it is possible to guess it. Because then, the more the exception—unclassifiable individuality—will be frequent within a group of the same *name*, this “name” corresponding no more to reality. It will be relatively possible, and also easy, to envisage in precise circumstances the reactions of a member of an American Indian, African, or Indian tribe—say, a Jivaro or a Masai or a Santal remaining in his natural environment and subjected to his tradition—and those of an Aryan (German or not) who is at the same time an orthodox Hitlerian. It will be more difficult to envisage those of an unspecified *non-aligned* Western European.

It is, however, true that—beyond a certain degree of mixing of races and cultures and conditioning on a vast scale, thanks to all the modern means of communication—people end up resembling each other strangely, psychically if not physically; they resemble each other in nullity. They think that everything testifies to their independence and originality, yet, in fact, their reactions in similar circumstances are as identical as those of two individuals of the same tribe of Blacks or Redskins, *or . . .* those of people of the same race, bound by the same faith. *The extremes meet.* The ethnic chaos of the masses of a metropolis at the forefront of technological progress tends to acquire a uniformity of grayness, a kind of manufactured homogeneity—desired by those who control the masses—a sinister caricature of the relative unity natural to people of the same blood that binds a scale of values and common practices; a uniformity which, far from revealing a “collective mind,” at whatever level of awareness, reveals only the deterioration of a society that has definitively turned its back on the eternal—in other words: a damned society.

But one can still sometimes discover an exceptional individual within such a society, an individual who disdains the ethnic chaos that he sees around him and of which he is perhaps himself a product, and who, in order to escape, adheres to some doctrine of the extinction of the species, or even puts himself completely at the service of a true race, with all the renunciation that entails for him. The mechanism of heredity is so complex and the play of external influences so random that it is not possible to envisage who among the children of a declining society will become such individuals—no more than it is possible to envisage which new-born member of a tribe will aspire one day to something other than received values and ideas, or which child raised in a particular faith will hasten to leave it as soon as he can.

The exception is sometimes probable and always *possible* in a human group, even if it is homogeneous—which is not to say that, *in practice*, one can or even must always take this into account: that would complicate the relationships between groups *ad infinitum*. Moreover the exception, if he represents something more than himself, changes groups whenever he can. If there were an Aztec who was shocked by the sacrifices offered to the gods of his people, this man would be among the first to adopt the religion of the Spanish conquerors; and an Aryan of Europe who, in our time, feels only contempt for the “Christian and democratic” values of the West and dreams of a society in the image of ancient Sparta, adheres, if he has a taste for combat, to the Hitlerian faith.

* * *

It follows from these observations that the concept of humanity does not correspond to any concrete reality, separable from the whole ensemble of *living things*. The Word and an upright stance, the only features common to *all men*, do not suffice to make them “brothers”; *they do not mean* that they are closer to each other than any one of them is to

a being of another species. Thus there is no moral obligation to love all men, unless one postulates a duty to love all living things, including the most harmful insects, because a man (or a group of men) that, by nature or choice, spreads ugliness, lies, and suffering, is *worse* than any harmful insect. It would be absurd to fight the one, the least powerful and therefore the *least* dangerous of all, and to tolerate—and worse, to “love”—the other.

Love, therefore, the higher man, the Aryan worthy of the name: beautiful, good, and courageous; responsible; capable of all sacrifices for the achievement of his task; the Aryan *healthy* and strong. He is your brother and your comrade in arms in the fight of your race against the forces of disintegration, he whose children will continue this sacred fight in your place, when your body is returned to the elements.

Respect the man of noble races other than your own, who carries out, in a different place, a combat parallel to yours—to ours. He is your ally. He is our ally, be he at the other end of the world.

Love all living things whose humble task is not opposed in any way to yours, to ours: men with simple hearts, honest, without vanity and malice, and all the animals, because they are beautiful, without exception and without exception indifferent to whatever “idea” there may be. Love them, and you will see the eternal in the glance of their eyes of jet, amber, or emerald. Love also the trees, the plants, the water that runs through the meadow and on to the sea without knowing where it goes; love the mountain, the desert, the forest, the immense sky, full of light or full of clouds; because all these exceed man and reveal the eternal to you.

But despise the mass man with his empty heart and shallow mind; the mass egoist, mean and pretentious, who lives only for his own well-being and for what money can buy. Despise him, while using him as much as you can. If he is of our race and sufficiently pure, then from him children can be born who, educated in our care at a time when we will again have our say, will be worth infinitely more than he is. It is the best, perhaps the only, service he can render. Any time that a man of good race, cheerfully integrated into “consumer society,” disappoints you, tell yourself that he does not count as a conscious individual; *only his blood counts*. See in him only what the breeder of horses or dogs considers in his subjects: his pedigree. Let us be frank: what he says, believes, and thinks is of no importance.

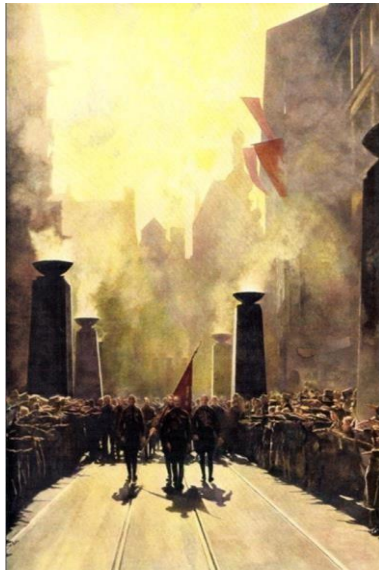
As for the enemy of immutable values, the enemy of Nature and Life—he who would like to sacrifice the most beautiful to the least beautiful or the downright ugly, the strong to the weak, the healthy to the suffering, sick, and defective; he who rises up, alone or in a group, against the eternal: *fight him* with all the ardor of your heart, all the force of your arms, all the power of your intelligence. It is not necessary to hate him. He follows *his* nature and achieves *his* destiny while being opposed to the eternal values. He plays *his*

role in the cosmic dance without beginning or end. But—and precisely for *this* reason—it is necessary and even urgent to fight him, and by all means, without respite and weakness. For he is your absolute opposite—*our* opposite and consequently our natural enemy—in the pitiless play of forces.

Fight him with detachment *and* all your power: the Strong preserve a serene balance even in the most exultant fanaticism. Fight him with violence; fight him without violence—as the case may be. Fight him by thinking day and night of the opposition between your role and his.

* * *

Never underestimate ritual. Wherever it exists a certain order reigns. And any order implies submission of the individual will, discipline, hence renunciation—preparation to pursue the eternal.



Paul Herrmann, Die Fahne (The Banner)

Any true religion is a path open to those who tend towards the eternal, consciously or not. And there is no true religion without ritual. And as soon as there are rituals, simple though they may be, there is the outline of religion. I say “outline,” for even though ritual is necessary, essential even, for all true religion, it does not suffice to create one. It is necessary that doctrines be added that are an expression of *the* Tradition, i.e., that help the faithful to live *the eternal truths*. Needless to say—for it is plain to see—among people who are attached nominally to a given religion, each one lives it more or less, and the great

majority (at least in decadent ages such as ours) does not live it at all. One almost can define a decadent age simply by saying that it is an age when traditional doctrines, that is to say, those that raise the faithful to the contemplation of the eternal, cease to interest men, except for a negligible minority.

In centuries when degeneration continues and is intensified, properly political doctrines, in the minds and hearts of the majority of people, take the place of the traditional doctrines, generally called “religious,” and—what is perhaps worse still—men use the names of different religions for struggles which, in the end, are over nothing but personal and material advantages.

The proper political doctrines are, contrary to those which concern the Tradition, centered on immediate concerns and “historical,” i.e., temporal, considerations at most; on what does *not* recur—what one will not see twice. A doctrine that helps its followers solve immediate problems of a political or even economic nature, *while teaching them the truths that transcend those by far, and inculcating in them a corresponding scale of values, is something other than a political doctrine.* It is a *Weltanschauung*, a “vision of the Universe.” It would suffice to add rituals to it to make it the basis of a religion. And those of its followers who have a sense of ritual, a need for ritual—which they express however they can, such as by observing auspicious and inauspicious dates, joyous or sad anniversaries related to the history of their community, or by visiting on certain dates places rich in *meaning* for them—are already the faithful.

But, I repeat: in order for a *Weltanschauung*, a vision of the Universe, a “philosophy,” once infused with the magic of ritual, to become the basis of a *true* religion, it is necessary not only that it contain no internal contradictions, but also that its fundamental propositions are *true, not relatively but absolutely*; true at all times and everywhere; true in time *and* apart from time; eternally. It is necessary, in other words, that it rest on nothing less than the laws of the cosmos, on the laws of Life without beginning or end, the laws that apply to man but surpass man as they surpass all finite beings. It is necessary, in a word, that it have a cosmic philosophy *capable of integrating itself into the eternal Tradition.*

Extremely rare are the alleged doctrines of “liberation,” and rarer still are political doctrines (if their base is “philosophical”), that meet this condition. If one of them, while *not* meeting it, under the pressure of a need of the human heart as old as mankind, adopts rituals, it will tend to give rise to a false religion—to a sacrilegious organization, in other words, a *counter-Tradition*. This is, in our age, the case with Marxism, insofar as a pretence of ritual life began to be introduced there. The humble and sincere Slavic peasant who, among many others, waits in front of the mausoleum of Lenin for the moment when he will finally be allowed to gather in the presence of the body, rendered artificially incorruptible, of the man who made the ideas of the Jew Marx the basis of a world

revolution, *is a man of faith*. He came there in pilgrimage, to nourish his devoted heart, as his fathers went to prostrate themselves, in some famous church, in front of a miraculous icon. The food of the heart remains, or has become again, for him more significant than that of the stomach. There he would remain, if need be, for two days without eating and drinking, to live in the minute when he will pass in silence in front of the mummified flesh of Lenin. But the heart *lives* on truth, on contact with that which *is*, always and everywhere. The untruths that it believes divert it from this contact and leave, sooner or later, a hunger for the absolute. But the whole philosophy of Marx, adopted by Lenin as the foundation of the proletarian State, is based on flagrant untruths: on the assertion that man is nothing more than what his economic milieu makes of him; on the negation of the role of heredity, therefore of race; on the negation of the role of superior personalities (and races) in the course of history. The sincere man, religiously devoted to the Masters who have exalted this error in theory and unleashed from it a revolution on a worldwide scale, serves unknowingly the Forces of disintegration; those which, in the more or less dualistic terminology of more than one traditional teaching, one calls the "Powers of the Abyss."

Among the doctrines of the twentieth century called political, I know of only one that, while being in fact infinitely *more* than "political," meets the condition *sine qua non*, without which it is impossible for a *Weltanschauung*, even with the aid of ritual, to be used as the basis of a *true* religion, namely, that it rests on eternal truths, exceeding by far mankind and its immediate problems, not to mention the particular people to whom it was initially preached and the problems they had then. Only one, I say, and I speak of the true Aryan racism, in other words, Hitlerism.

* * *

In a passage of his novel *The Seven Colors*,¹ Robert Brasillach describes the consecration ceremony for the new flags of the Third Reich at one of the great annual meetings at Nuremberg, at which he himself was present. After the imposing procession of all the organizations dependent upon or attached to the National Socialist Party, the Führer solemnly advanced under the eyes of five hundred thousand spectators crowded on the steps of the immense stadium, on which reigned an absolute silence. One after another, he raised the new banners and put them in contact with the "Blood Flag": the standard that his earliest disciples had carried during the *Putsch* of 9 November 1923 and to which the blood of the Sixteen who fell this day had given a sacred character. In this way, each flag became similar to that one; "charged" like it with a mystical fluid by participation in the sacrifice of the Sixteen. And the French writer remarks, quite justly, that he whom the religious meaning of this act escapes "does not understand anything of Hitlerism." He emphasizes, in other words, that *this act is a ritual*.



Adolf Hitler consecrating new flags with the "Blutfahne" at the 1938 Nuremberg party rally

But this ritual, to which many others can be added, would never have sufficed to give Hitlerism the character of a religion, if it had not *already* been a more-than-political doctrine: a *Weltanschauung*. And above all, it would have been unable to make it a *true* religion, if, at the base of this *Weltanschauung*, there had not been eternal truths and a whole attitude which was not (and does not remain), in last analysis, anything other than the quest for the eternal even in what changes—the traditional attitude *par excellence*.

These words may seem strange in 1969, more than twenty-four years after the defeat of Hitler's Germany on the battlefield and the collapse of its *political* structure. They can seem strange, now that one would seek in vain, in the whole geographical region covered by the Third Reich, a visible sign of the resurgence of National Socialism such as the Führer intended it, and that the majority of the organizations which, beyond the old frontiers of the Reich, claim they would rescue the condemned Movement, are just pale imitations without heart, or just lamentable caricatures, sometimes in the service of other goals. But the value of a doctrine—its truth—has nothing to do with the success or the failure of its members on the material plain. This success or failure depends on the accord or discord of the doctrines with the aspirations of people at a given moment of history, and also on the fact that its adherents are or are not, from the military point of view, the diplomatic point of view, from the point of view of the art of propaganda, able to impose

themselves—and consequently do impose themselves—on their adversaries. The fact that the doctrine is or is not an expression of cosmic truth is of no account here. But it submits *in the long run*, right or wrong, to these doctrines, in the sense that a society that refuses to accept a teaching in harmony with eternal laws and prefers untruths works for its own disintegration, in other words, damns itself.

It is correct that Hitlerians had been vanquished on all fronts in 1945; it is correct that the Third German Reich was dismembered; that the National Socialist party does not exist anymore; that in Germany and elsewhere there are no more Swastika flags in the windows, no streets bearing the name of the Führer, no publications of any kind that honor his memory. It is correct that thousands of Germans learned how to scorn or hate He whom their parents had acclaimed, and that millions are no more interested in him and his teaching than if he had never lived. Yet it remains no less true that the essence of the Hitlerian doctrine is the very expression of eternal laws; the laws that govern not only man, but life; which represent, as I wrote in a book in the German language, “the wisdom of the starry heaven,”² and that the choice posed to the world is, consequently, the same after 1945 as before. It is the acceptance of this more than human wisdom, it is this accord with the spirit of Nature, which Hitlerism implies, *or* disintegration, ethnic chaos, the degeneration of man—separation from the Heart of the cosmos; *damnation*. It is—and the words are again mine—“Hitler or hell.”³



Arno Breker's Kameradschaft (Comradeship)

People of our planet seem to have chosen hell. It is what a declining humanity invariably does. It is the very sign that we are completely in what the Hindu tradition calls the *Kali Yuga*, the Dark Age.

But the ages follow one another. The laws that regulate their succession remain.

It is equally correct that very many acts of violence were committed in the name of Hitlerism, and it is for them that it is reproached so obstinately by the herd of right-thinking people, the “decent people,” deeply attached (in theory at least) to humanitarian values.

There are, however, two kinds of acts of violence—or acts leading to violence—“committed in the name of a doctrine.” There are those that, *in the spirit of the doctrine*, are necessary, or at least justifiable, in the circumstances in which they take place. And there are those that are by no means that way, and whose authors, far from being true followers of the doctrines, of which they display the visible symbols, represent in reality only themselves and *use* the prestige of the doctrine and the authority that it confers on them to promote their own interests, to satisfy personal grudges, or simply to give free reign to their passions. There was, at the time of the Third German Reich, the man who denounced a Jew because he quite sincerely believed him dangerous to the regime to which he trusted the safety of his own people. And there was the man who denounced a Jew—who profited from the power to denounce that the regime gave him— . . . because he coveted his apartment. There was the soldier—or civil servant—who obeyed orders. And there was the man who, under cover of the authority conferred by his uniform, committed, or had committed, under the sway of anger, jealousy, or simply his natural brutality—or for an unhealthy pleasure—*useless* acts of violence, even of cruelty, *without having received orders*. There are always, among the nominal adherents of any doctrine, and *a fortiori* among those that do not repudiate violence in principle, sincere combatants and opportunists; people who serve the cause to which they are devoted body and soul and people who pretend to be devoted to it and who use it for themselves. (I say “cause,” and not “doctrine” on purpose. For one serves *a cause*, i.e., the application of a doctrine, the materialization of a dream in time, which may be in the direction of time *or* a counter-current. A doctrine does not merely have to be of “service.” It is true or false, in accord or discord with the Laws of the cosmos. All the devotion of the world, plus the sacrifice of a million martyrs, would not succeed in making it true if it is false. And the resounding negation of its basic propositions by all the “scholars” and all the priests of the world, plus the hatred of all peoples at all times, would not suffice to make it false, if it is true.)

Unjustified acts of violence committed, under cover of “reasons of State,” by opportunists disguised as Hitlerians, do not touch in the least the cause of the German Reich: the application of Hitlerism to the problems of Germany at a given time; a cause, moreover, to which they rendered disservice rather than service. Even less do they touch the Hitlerian doctrines themselves. The acts of violence committed *in the spirit of* Hitlerism—according to its profound logic—far from calling its truth into question, on the contrary, only underscore it. For the application of a *true* doctrine—that is to say, expressing the very laws of life—in a society, however privileged, of the Dark Age, in other words, in a society which, along with all humanity, is, in spite of its progress on the technical level,

and perhaps *because of it*, in regression from the point of view of Nature, *can only be done “against Time”*; *against the universal current of decline that characterizes the Dark Age*. And that is materially impossible without violence.

* * *

Among the proselytizing international religions, it is, to my knowledge, only Buddhism that was spread practically without violence. And note that it is the religion of renunciation, the religion “of extinction” *par excellence*; that which, applied absolutely, would lead to exalting celibacy—like Jainism, its contemporary, confined to India, and like Catharism, many centuries later—inciting mankind to leave the planet. Christianity, centered on the love of man, alone among living beings created (according to it) “in the image of God,” was largely propagated by bribery and violence, under the patronage of kings or emperors who believed they were serving their interests by proclaiming it the state religion and imposing it on conquered peoples. Innumerable crimes against man—and, in general, against *superior* men—have marked its expansion, from the massacre in 782, by order of Charlemagne, in Verden on the Aller, of four thousand five hundred German chiefs, faithful to the gods of their fathers, to the butchers of the Holy Inquisition—crimes that do not preclude all that Christianity has retained of the eternal Tradition, which remains unshaken. And it acts, here, as a religion whose founder himself declared that his kingdom “is not this world”; as a religion, therefore, to which violence is, in principle, foreign. If it is true that the acts of violence of its adherents do not at all decrease *its* value, as such, *it is more so* with the adherents of doctrines, centered, *not* on man considered as a being “apart,” but on Life, and the fight without end that it implies—of a doctrine like Hitlerism, whose spirit and application in this world *can only* go against the current of our time—do not alter at all its excellence as an expression of immutable laws.

A strictly political doctrine is judged by its success. A doctrine likely to receive the consecration of ritual—or already having received it—is judged by its approach to eternity, whatever may be the consequences, happy or unhappy, that accrue to it on the political plane.

On 28 October 1953, in front of some comrades, very few in number, gathered at Holzminden on the Weser, the Hitlerian Félix F. told me: “Up to 1945, we were a party; after 1945, let us be the core of a great international faith.” He believed, no doubt, that even in an age of universal degeneration such as ours, the Strong of Aryan blood were still numerous enough and conscious enough to be linked in a “great international faith” around the only doctrine worthy of them.

Only the future will tell if he was right or not. But I affirm today that, even if stripped of everything that could be contingent—temporal—in its first expression as a political

doctrine, Hitlerism never managed to impose itself on the Aryan élite wherever it exists, it nevertheless remains the Way of the Strong, open to the eternal, *their* asceticism, in all ages of accelerated decadence, at all “ends of the cycle.”

* * *

All *true* religions, all those that can be integrated into *the* Tradition, lead to the eternal, certainly. But they do not carry all the same people to it. The religions “of extinction,” as I call them—such as Buddhism, Jainism, and later Catharism—guide the lost and the desperate for whom the absence of hope is suffering, people broken or rejected by the fight without end and who aspire to “leave it.” The doctrines that preach *action* in detachment and enthusiasm *without* hope are addressed to the Strong, to those whom the fight, though “useless,” never tires, and who need neither the anticipatory vision of a paradise after death, nor that of a “better world” for their sons and their nephews, to fight with zeal and until the end, according to what is, *for them*, duty.

The *Varnashramdharma* of the Hindus—a religion based on the natural hierarchy of the castes (thus of the races, the Hindu castes being hereditary and having nothing to do with the goods that can be acquired) *and* on the natural succession of duties in the course of a man’s life—is a religion of the Strong. It is dominated by the doctrine of detached Action as it has reached us in the *Bhagavad-Gîta*. It was conceived as the basis of a traditional society, already decadent, no doubt—the decline begins, in each temporal cycle, at the end of the first Age, called the Age of Truth, *Satya Yuga*, or Age of Gold—but incommensurable with ours, as it is infinitely closer to the ideal or divine order.

Hitlerism considered in its essence, i.e., stripped of all that attaches it to the political and economic contingencies of a particular time, is the religion of the Strong of the Aryan race, as opposed to a world in decline; a world of ethnic chaos, contempt of living Nature, the silly exaltation of “man” in all that is weak, morbid, eccentrically “individual,” different from other beings; a world of human selfishness (individual and collective), of ugliness and cowardice. It is the reaction of the Strong of this race, originally noble, to such a world. And it is that which they offer to all their brothers in race.

There are, parallel to it, the religions that exalt the same virtues, the same asceticism of detachment; which rest on the same glorification of combat without end and the same worship of Blood and Soil, but which are addressed to other races—religions, sometimes very old, but continuously renewed, rethought, thanks to the vitality of their followers. Shintoism, based on the deification of the heroes, the ancestors, the Sun, and of the very soil of Japan, is one. As a Japanese said to me in 1940: “Your National Socialism is, in our eyes, *a Western Shintoism*; it is our own philosophy of the world, thought by Aryans and preached to Aryans.” (Alas! In Gamagori, not far from Hiroshima, the Japanese raised a temple to Tojo and those whom the victors of 1945 killed with him as “war criminals.”

When will one see in Germany monuments, if not “temples,” to the glory of all those Germans hung from 6 October 1946 *and after*, up to 7 June 1951, for having been faithful to their faith, which is also ours, and having done *their* duty?)



Shinto shrine

But that is another question.

Let us return to what constitutes the eternity of Hitlerism, that is to say, the not only more-than-political but more-than-human—cosmic—character of its basic truths, in particular of all that relates to race, biological reality, and the people, historical and social reality.

The Führer said to each of his compatriots and, beyond those, to each of his brothers in race *and* to any man of good race: “You are nothing; your people are all.” He has, in addition, in Point Four of the famous Twenty-Five Points which constitute the program of the National Socialist Party, indicated what, in his eyes, made the *essence* of the concept of the “people”: “Only he who is a member of the people can be a citizen of the State. Only

he who is of Germanic blood can be a member of the (German) people. From whence it follows that no Jew can be a citizen of the (German) State”⁴

It is a return, pure and simple, to the *ancient* conception of the people: of the German conception, certainly, but also the Greek, that of the Romans before the Empire, with that of all peoples, or almost all. It is the negation of the Roman attitude of the centuries of decadence, which allowed any inhabitant of the Empire, any subject of the Emperor, to become a “Roman citizen,” be he Jewish, like Paul of Tarsus or Flavius Josephus, or Arab, like the Emperor Philip—and, later, it sufficed to be “Christian,” and of the same Church as the Emperor to be an Byzantine “citizen,” able to reach the highest offices.⁵ It is the negation of the ideas of the “people” and the “citizen” such as presented by the French Revolution at the moment when, at the suggestion of the Abbé Grégoire and others as well, the Constituent Assembly proclaimed “French” all the Jews residing in France and speaking French.

In other words, if a people is an historical and social reality, if its common memories, glorious and painful, common habits and, in general, common language, are factors of cohesion among its members, it is also more than that. It is part of a great race. It is an Aryan or Mongoloid people, an Australoid, Negroid, or Semitic people. It can, without ceasing to be a true people, contain a more or less large proportion of different *sub-races*, *provided that these are all part of the great race* to which it belongs. (The Führer himself was physically as “Alpine” as he was Nordic, and perhaps more. The brilliant and faithful Goebbels was almost purely Mediterranean. And they are not the only greater Germans or the only personages in the first rank of the Third Reich not to be one hundred percent Nordic.)

It is race in the broad sense of the word that gives a people its homogeneity across time; that makes it remain, in spite of political and economic upheavals, *always the same people*, and through which the individual, in renouncing what is his own and putting himself totally in its service, *approaches the eternal*.

One could undoubtedly say that neither the people nor the race nor mankind—nor even the life on a given planet—will always endure. Moreover “duration,” which is “time,” has nothing to do with timeless eternity. It is not the indefinite succession of the generations, physically and morally more or less similar to one another, but the ideal Archetype which these generations approach to a certain extent; it is the perfect type of the race, towards which each specimen of this race *tends* more or less, that we consider when we speak about the “eternity of the race.” The people which, even in the midst of the ethnic chaos that reigns more and more everywhere on earth, “devotes all its energy” to preventing interbreeding and “to promoting its best racial elements,” writes the Führer, “is sure to become sooner or later the master of the world,”⁶ (provided, naturally, that it is a dynamic and creative people). Consequently, it will live; it will remain a true people, while each of

its competitors, more and more invaded, submerged by heterogeneous elements, will have ceased to be such—and for the same reason, cease to merit (and to rouse) the sacrifice of individuals of value.

The sincere man who, in agreement with the spirit of Aryan racism, i.e., of Hitlerism or any other noble racism, effaces himself before a true people that is his; who, in order to serve it above all, tramples personal interest, money, pleasure, the glory of his own name; this man approaches the eternal. His good citizenship is devotion and asceticism.

But he needs a true people to serve. For he who is devoted to a mixed “people,” in other words to a human community without race and definite character, a “people” in name only, wastes his time. His activity is a little less shocking than that of people who devote themselves to the service of the handicapped, retarded, deficient, of human refuse of all kinds, because the mongrel, if he is healthy in body, is nevertheless quite useful. Just the same, it would be better for an individual of value who emerges by chance from a “people” which is not one, to devote himself in all humility to a true people of a superior race, or that he be content to serve innocent life, beautiful *non*-human life, that he defend animals and trees against man, or, if he can, that he combine the two activities. Perhaps then — supposing the widespread Indian belief in an unknown reality—he will be reborn one day in a human community worthy of him . . . provided that he does not act *in view of* such an honor, that he never desires it.

* * *

Never forget that the race—the racial Archetype towards which all generations of the same blood *tend* (with more or less success)—is the visible and tangible eternity, concrete to some extent; it is the only eternity available to all living things, because of which, simply in *living*—prolonging faithfully and immutably their species, without any thought—they have already gone beyond Time, by the door of individual renunciation.

It is curious that the more beings are strangers to the Word and to thought, the more they are unshakably faithful to the race.

If one admits, as I would readily, that “the Divine sleeps in the stone, wakes up in the plant, feels in the animal, and thinks in man” (or at least in certain men) one will admire first, in all the bodies of the same chemical family, i.e., of a similar atomic structure, which accord perfectly with the “type” that they represent and which they *cannot* deny, a harmony that we call their common function. One will also admire no less the fidelity of each plant—from the oak, the cedar, the conquering banyan to the vulgar dandelion—to its race. It is not here a question of spontaneous interbreeding. It is not question with animals either, as long as those remain “in a natural state,” i.e., out of contact with man, including even the men said to be the most “primitive”—those who remained at, or later

descended (through poverty of words and increasing absence of thought) to the level of the primates deprived of articulated language, or lower still. The mixture began with the evil pride born of the Word: the pride that pushed the man to believe himself a being apart and against the iron laws that attach him to the earth and to Life; that made him dig an imaginary trench between himself and all other living things; that encouraged him to place his whole species on a pedestal; to scorn, in the name of the false fraternity of the Word, flagrant racial inequalities, and to think that he could with impunity bring together what Nature separates; that he was “superior,” above this prohibition, above divine law.

Hitlerism represents, in the midst of ethnic chaos, in the midst of an epoch of the world’s physical and moral decline, the supreme effort to bring the thinking Aryan back to respect for the cosmic order as it is affirmed in the laws of development, conservation, and disintegration of races, back to willing submission to Nature, our Mother—and to lead back, willingly or by force, the *non*-thinking Aryan, who is nevertheless valuable because of the possibilities of his offspring. The cult of the “people”—at the same time of *Blood* and *Soil*—leads to the cult of the race common to people of the same blood and the eternal Laws that govern its conservation.

¹Robert Brasillach, *Les Sept Couleurs* (Paris: Editions Plon, 1939). On 6 February 1945 Charles De Gaulle’s “Liberation Government” executed Brasillach for treason.—Trans.

²“Die Weisheit des sternhellen Weltraumes” in *Hart wie Kruppstahl* [*Hard as Krupp Steel*], completed in 1963.

³“Hitler or Hell,” in *Gold in the Furnace* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1952), 416; written in 1948-49.

⁴Text of item four of the Twenty-Five Points.

⁵Such as Leon “the Armenian” who reached the throne of Byzantium.

⁶*Mein Kampf*, German edition of 1935, 782.

Chapter II - False Nations and True Racism

“We have to distinguish between the state as a vessel and the race as the content. This vessel only makes sense if it is able to preserve and protect its contents; otherwise it is worthless.” - Adolf Hitler (“Mein Kampf”, 1935 edition, p.434)

Do not forget that it is considerations of race which distinguish a real people from a collectivity of men which does not deserve the name.

Such communities can be very different from each other. There are states where the population is a deeply mixed mass, where specimens of “pure” appearance, if there are any, have children who do not resemble them; where children of the same family, who nevertheless seems ethnically homogeneous, are *different races*: one Negroid, the other Mediterranean, or almost, the third, marked with strong Amerindian characteristics. These are states, not peoples. There is, for example, a Brazilian state. There is a population (multiracial, and without segregation laws) who inhabit Brazil. There are no Brazilian people - nor, therefore, a Brazilian “nation”. The “common memories” and the “common will to live together” cannot, what Ernest Renan might have thought, to make up for an almost total lack of racial homogeneity.

There are, on the other hand, states whose populations are made up of several peoples juxtaposed, but *not* fused together. This is the case of the United States of America, the Union of South Africa, Rhodesia, the Soviet Union, and India. It is by an abuse of language that one gives to the general population of any one of these States, the name of “people” or of “nation”. There is, in fact, no natural link, no *biological* link, between an “American citizen” of Anglo-Saxon, Irish or Mediterranean origin, and another “American citizen” Negro or mestizo, or Jew. What brings them together artificially is an administration common and a way of life that the popularization of techniques tends to make outwardly similar. Aryans, Negroes, Jews, vote together, pay taxes to the same funds; receive the same assistance in the event of illness; listen to the same shows on the same radio and television sets, see the same movies, all eat the same canned food, all drink Coca-Cola. Moreover, in the USA, as in the so-called “racist” states of Rhodesia and South Africa, and more, Aryans and Negroes belong to the same Christian churches; are Methodists, Anglicans, Lutherans, Catholics or “Jehovah's Witnesses”, as the case may be, but always without distinction of race. Since the realm of the true Christian is not of this world, biological considerations cannot be included. What brings together whole populations, absolutely different in blood, is the effort made by Christian missions and by political authority (the latter, apparently in the hands of the Aryans, in fact, in the hands of the

Jews) to give them, no matter what, a common civilization. It goes without saying that the effort made to give them a common intellectual background, - to initiate them all, as far as possible, to the same sciences, to the same techniques and to the same "culture", - is exerted in the Same direction.

And this is true of the peoples who make up the Soviet Union, as of those who live in the USA or Rhodesia (where, as everyone knows, it is not, as in the Union of South Africa, a question of "development. separate from races", - apartheid - but gradual development of blacks according to the same guidelines as whites). This is true, with the difference that in the USSR; it is the Marxist faith, one and indivisible, and not the multiplicity of Christian sects in the Anglo-Saxon world, which serves, or tends to serve as the cement between peoples, foreigners to each other by blood, upon which a similar administration and a common language (superimposed on their native languages) were imposed.

Either way, so much. in the USA than in the USSR, Argentina, or even in Rhodesia, or elsewhere, - wherever the more or less rapid generalization of a uniform material well-being, combined with the dissemination of common ideas and values, tends to impose, on human communities of different races, a common civilization, there is, more or less long term, danger of interbreeding, therefore of disappearance of all the races present. For, whereas in living beings deprived of the word and starting from discursive thought, the infallible and all-powerful voice of blood alone regulates the couplings, it tends more and more, in man, to be dominated, stifled, neutralized by fallacious considerations concerning the "common culture", the "common tastes", the "common ideas" and, in general, all that can be of primary importance for the "happiness" of two individuals, even that of two families, but which is irrelevant from the point of view of the survival of the race. It should be noted that mixed marriages are, proportionally, much more frequent between "intellectuals" than between manual workers of different races.

The voice of blood - the healthy instinct of sexual separation from any person who is biologically different from oneself - is, however, all the less dominated, as the races involved are more visibly foreign to each other. This is the reason why the interbreeding between Aryans and Negroes has not (yet) caused all the devastation that one might have feared in the United States. It is also the one that explains why apartheid is, in fact, practically complete between Aryans and Blacks, both in the Union of South Africa and in Rhodesia (where Blacks are however invited to participate in white civilization) while it is much less so - even in these countries, without betting of the United States of America, and of Western Europe, - between Aryans and Jews, provided that these Jews are "white". It is she who explains this confusion, so often disastrous, between "Aryan" and "White".

There is therefore, in any population made up of racial groups still separate although living on the same soil, a perpetual conflict between the general tendency of human history towards uniformity within ethnic chaos, and the reaction to it. the self-

preservation instinct of each race - the healthy tendency of any clearly characterized living group which is also manifested in man. Whatever ultimately wins, the population in question will never become a real people. If, favored by the diffusion of a uniform way of life as well as of a common "knowledge", and especially of self-distant common anti-racist "values", the gangrene of interbreeding is gradually gaining the entire population, it is, for this, the irremediable decadence: the end of all culture, the end of all disinterested creation, that is to say of any activity other than that which consists in "producing" always more, in order to acquire more and more material well-being. If, on the contrary, it is the healthy tendency of each race to remain separate from the others that prevails, the population will retain its heterogeneity. It will not become "a people" - much less a "nation". It will remain what it is, namely a juxtaposition of two or more races living in harmony with each other to the extent that their primary diversity is recognized and accepted.

In such a society, the "people" before which each individual must step aside - the people who are "everything" for him, while he himself is "nothing" - cannot be other than his own racial group.

The Union of South Africa, so decried by anti-Hitlerites around the world for its so-called "racism", is not such a multiracial state, or only very incompletely, despite its official program of "separate development of races". It is only very incompletely so because, just like Rhodesia which, for its part, denies exalting racism, and like the USA which, despite the continued resistance of its segregationists, is fighting it, it confuses, as I said earlier, "Aryan" and "White". Far, for example, from removing the Jews from key positions in the country and, in general, from any profession in the exercise of which they are likely to acquire political or cultural influence, it gives them, because of their color alone, all the advantages enjoyed by the "Whites", advantages that she refuses to the Aryans of Asia, however illogical that is, and that, even if, (like most Brahmans and many "Khatris" of Punjab), they are fair complexion. Crossbreeding between Aryans and Jews is not prohibited in the so-called racist Union of South Africa - any more than it is elsewhere. (It has never been so in any country of Christian population, if the Jew - or the Jewess - had, by baptism, been received into the religious community of her partner. He was so only in the Third German Reich, a State whose true religion was that of Blood and Soil, - and, it is again, since 1955, in the State of Israel, whose people believe themselves, to the exclusion of everything else, "chosen of God".)

It is true that wherever there are two or more human races, whose nations all or almost all adhere to a centered religion, like Christianity. on "man", in the long run, a tendency of interbreeding emerges. All true racism implies the negation of the dogma of the immense value of "man" whoever he may be; the negation of the "apart" character of man, and his integration into all other living species; the negation of the legal equality of "souls" as well as of men's bodies.

It emerges that, only one is immune to interbreeding or - and this is already something - that only one is capable of fighting it with enough vigor and perseverance to preserve at least its racial elite, a population of several united races. in the common acceptance of a doctrine founded on the natural hierarchy of races, therefore on their inequality, and therefore on the complete integration of man, diverse himself, into the world of Life, one in his essence, infinitely varied in its manifestations. Only a population united in the common acceptance of a doctrine according to which the call to leveling down can triumph over this Force of disintegration, particularly active in the Dark Ages. Neither the duties nor the rights are the same for all men. Such is - such has always been, at least since the first Aryan invasions, sixty centuries old - the enormous population of the East Indies.

I will now tell you about India, so that you can once again be proud to be Aryan.

* * *

To understand the history of the peoples who inhabit this vast portion of the continent - which includes, in fact, in addition to the current "Indian Republic", the two "Pakistans"¹ and the island of Ceylon; a surface, in all, equal to that of Europe minus Russia - you must refer to the distant time when the first Aryan tribes, coming from the North, descended in successive waves on the Pays-des-Sept-Rivières (the Sapta Sindhu of the Sanskrit Scriptures) by the famous Pass of Khaïber, the Voie des Couquéranis.

It was, according to Bal Gangadhar Tilak, commonly called Lokamanya ² Tilak; this Brahmin of Maharashtra, both scholar and mathematician, who demonstrated it by astronomical considerations - before the fourth millennium before the Christian era, therefore at the time of the very first Egyptian dynasties, several centuries before the construction of the pyramids of Giza; at the time when, in Mesopotamia, the Sumerian civilization flourished in its oldest centers: in Erech, in Nippur, in Eridu, some fifteen hundred years before Sargon of Akkad. And the Aryas- which, in Sanskrit, means "those who command", in other words, the men of the race of the lords, - came, still according to Tilak, from the far North. They were the brothers of those who, closer to the common cradle of the race, were one day to be called the Germans, the Hellenes, the Latins, and whose languages presented deep similarities with theirs. Their ancestors had lived beyond the Arctic Circle, at a time when the lands of this region still enjoyed a temperate climate - that is to say before the axis of our planet tilted further; twenty-three degrees. They had awaited in worship the return of the Sun - the victory of the Day after the long nights streaked with aurora borealis - and they had sung the splendor of the sky and venerated the stars (the "brilliant" or "Devas") which did not did not go to bed,

During the centuries that they had taken to cover, in stages, the immense distance which separated them from the divine arctic homeland, the Aryas had preserved some of these hymns. Their bards had composed others, and soon, during the gradual conquest of the hot lands, where to improvise new ones. For a very long time transmitted from mouth to mouth, 1009 of these poems - finally written - have come down to us. The whole constitutes the Rig Veda-the oldest sacred text in India, which pious Brahmans still chant today.

Try to picture to yourself these ancient warriors and priests of our race, advancing step by step, at the most, a few kilometers a day. At the center of their invading cohort, which stretched out like a river, were grouped the large wagons with wooden wheels, in which were piled the women, the children, the luggage. Oxen were pulling them slowly and steadily. On either side came the men, on foot or on horseback, all solidly armed. The fighters with the safest arm - those who had proven their worth during long journeys - led and brought up the rear. In the evening, we stopped. The animals were dressed; the tanks were placed around the camp; and after having sacrificed to the Devas, we ate and drank. The warriors took turns standing guard around the chariots. And those who could dispose of their time gathered around the fires, and listened, until very late in the morning, to the tales of the elders of the tribe or the songs of the bards. For the first time, the harmonious syllables of an Aryan language - "Indo-European" - echoed under the Indian sky. Who then could have predicted that they would resonate, another sixty centuries later, in all the languages north of the Vindhya Mountains, to Bengal, to Assam, to the borders of the yellow world?

In the morning, after having purified oneself in clear water from some source except that of the Indus itself or one of its tributaries and after having recited the praises prescribed to Surya, Victorious Light, Fecundating Heat, Soul and Intelligence of the world, we resumed the predestined march.

India then - much less populated and much more beautiful than today; covered for the most part endless forests full of noble felines, deer and elephants, - had already, in some regions, particularly in Sindh and Punjab, given birth to a brilliant civilization, technically superior to that of the Aryas: the civilization "of the Indus Valley". This was the work of a race with dark skin, supple black hair, fine ties; intelligent, industrious, commercial, mystical also, sometimes, and peaceful race, of the Dravidians whom one has, not without reason, brought closer to the Sumerians³. These people had built cities in height, of which many houses (say the archaeologists) reached seven or eight floors. And they practiced the mass production of everyday items - among others, painted vases - of impressive uniformity. They worshiped Mother Goddesses and apparently, already knew the arduous techniques of yoga. They had no, or almost no, weapons, and were inferior to the

Aryas in everything that concerned not only war, but also organization, collective discipline, civic sense. They were, in India at the time of the Aryan conquest, which was slow, and during the centuries which followed it, what the pre-Hellenic Minoans and Aegeans were in Greece, during and after the conquest of the country by the Hellenes: masters, in some areas, but, despite everything, "second-class citizens," submissive to their conquerors.

But they were not the only ones to obstruct (although weakly no doubt) the installation in force of the newcomers. Behind them, deep in all the forests, lived in their huts of leaves and branches, or in natural shelters, the immemorial ancestors of the Negroids, the Mongoloids, and the Munda-type men who still form a part numerically today a significant population of India: Veddas of Ceylon, Khashias, Loushais, Mikirs, Miris, Nagas, Koukis etc., of Assam, Santals of Bihar and Bengal; of the Gonds and Bhils of central India.

The Aryas were a few thousand, - perhaps, over time, a few tens of thousands - in front of all these hostile peoples and tribes, which they called Dasyus, or dwellers of the woods, or . . . the Rakshasas or demons. It is possible that they found, already in force in the society of Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro, a hereditary system of a division of labor. But it was they who gave such a system, if it existed, racial significance, and classified the population of India into immutable castes . They could not do otherwise if they wanted to preserve their physical and moral characteristics for their Aryan race, in other words, if they wanted to survive.

They probably began by mixing freely, if not with the Aborigines at least with the Dravidians, technically more advanced than them. . . until they grasped, in all its tragic horror, the danger of interbreeding. It was then that the caste system was formed: the division of the population of the Indies into a minority of "dwijas" or twice-born Arya, (because they had to know this "second birth" which the spiritual initiation represents), and an immense majority of Shudras, people with dark skin, intended for servile work. At the bottom of the scale - out of all caste - were rejected the Negroids, Negro-Mongoloids and people of the Munda type: the oldest inhabitants of Indian soil. The "twice-born" shared power. Spiritual authority was henceforth the privilege of the Brahmans; temporal power, that of the Kshatriyas; and this power which already gave, in a society much less attached than ours to material goods, wealth, born of commerce, the prerogative of the Vaishyas.

Disinterested scientific knowledge and above all spiritual knowledge was reserved for the Aryas, and very soon only for the Brahmans and Kshatriyas. It was unthinkable that a young Soudra, even exceptionally gifted, - and all the more reason a Chandala, below any caste - were taught the supreme truths, or that he was taught to recite, even that recited before him the most beautiful invocations to the Devas or the most powerful ritual

formulas. Frightful penalties awaited those who would have dared to transgress this defense, and those in favor of whom, it would have been transgressed.

Since then, many things have happened, many transformations have upset Indian society, like all societies. In spite of everything, forbidden unions took place; children were born whose parents did not belong to the same caste. But instead of rejecting these children (with their parents) into the outer darkness - to report the "untouchables", they and their descendants, forever, as it should be done later - it was first content to treat each cross product as the origin of a new caste and marry it - with some other product of a similar cross. There is, in the "Laws of Manu", a whole classification of these sub-castes whose number, already at the time of the writing of the book, was considerable. Today, the subdivisions of the Hindu population which deserve the name of castes, that is, those within each of which people, holding themselves as equals in dignity, can sit at the same meals and also to marry, are no longer "four," as at the beginning, but more than two thousand. We no longer distinguish, physically, the members of two neighboring castes, for example, a Kayastha from Bengal (from the caste of scribes) of a Boïdya (of the caste of doctors) or a Teli (of the caste of oil merchants) of a Tanti, orweaver.

But we still distinguish, and very clearly, a Hindu of very high caste, Brahmin or Kshattriya, in other words an Indo-European Hindu, from a Hindu who is not or even less so, and this, above all, in the north of the peninsula, the oldest Aryanized region. One could photograph and classify specimens of all both racial and professional groups in India. We would thus obtain a huge collection of types gradually going from Negroid or even Australoid to pure Aryan - an Aryan often purer than the majority of his brethren in Europe, (at least in Southern Europe). . There is maybe, very light), with brown or gray eyes (exceptionally blue or blue-green), hair ranging from black to reddish brown, with perfectly Indo-European features. It is little, one will say. This is a lot if we remember that at least sixty centuries separate the present day from the time when the first Aryan tribes emerged from the Khyber Pass. And this is in any case sufficient so that no Aryan in the world can, if he is racially conscious, desire "the unity of India" by the outright removal of caste "taboos", and the intensive interbreeding that would result.

In any case, the facts that I have just recalled here clearly show that the Indies are no more "a people" than are the United States of America, the Soviet Union or the South African Union.

But there is a difference: while in each of these countries a common dogmatic faith, the dissemination of which is encouraged - and a clearly anti-racist faith, or one concerning the other world and indifferent to racial issues, let it be it is Marxism or any form of Christianity whatsoever - tends, in spite of everything, to bring the races together; constitutes, in any case, a permanent brake on the instinct of segregation, in India, it is the opposite which occurs. There the religious tradition itself proclaims the congenital

inequality of “souls” as well as of bodies, and the natural hierarchy of races, dominated by the Aryan race - in exactly the same spirit as Hitlerism - and thus encourages segregation.

Over the centuries, we have tried, either in the name of a philosophy denying Life, or in the name of “practical necessities”, to kill this racist tradition. We did not succeed. Buddhism referred its followers to monastic life, but had in practice as a result of mixing the castes without causing the extinction of the human species. He ended up being swept from India. Guru Govinda Singh, the founder of the Sikh warrior sect, had wanted to take his followers from all castes, claiming to take into account only the individual worth of each man. But this concern for combative efficiency, this requirement for essentially Aryan qualities such as the spirit of sacrifice, the sense of responsibility, the joyful acceptance of discipline, even a very hard one, etc., have resulted in it being mostly Hindus from Aryan castes who came to him, One only has to look at the Sikhs to see it. No Government of the present “Indian Republic” will succeed where Guru Govinda Singh and, centuries before him, the Buddha himself, failed. India will remain the country of castes as opposed to “classes”; the land of hierarchical races and subraces, where the pure Aryan (or supposedly so) without money, without a position - the beggar Brahmin, who sleeps on a bench or on the grass of a public square - is honored, and will be led to the best place, among his peers by blood, to a wedding banquet, for example, where he will not be missed. They will remain the country where, on the other hand, the man of inferior race - the Shudra and, all the more so the Untouchable, even a millionaire (and there are, nowadays, untouchable millionaires) - will continue to be, at least in Orthodox circles, relegated to the rank assigned to those of the same origin as him; somewhere outside the banquet hall, and that in spite of his wealth and, what is more, in spite of his knowledge, if he has any - for wealth and knowledge are acquired; only blood is the gift of the Gods.

In other words, India will never be “a nation”. Nor will they - hopefully at least - be ethnic chaos without a racial elite: the caste system, even with its current weaknesses, will save them from such a fate. They will remain an association of peoples and races, united by the only common civilization which is in accord with their natural hierarchy. Because Hinduism is more than a religion in the sense in which we hear this word today in the West. It is a civilization; a civilization dominated by Aryan racism, made acceptable to many non-Aryan races, thanks to the dogma of karma and the transmigration of souls.

If one day Hitlerism succeeded in conquering Europe, it seems to me almost certain that over the following centuries the mentality of the average European would come closer and closer to that of the Orthodox Hindu of any caste.

I will tell you, as an illustration of this, an episode from my life in India.

It was during the glorious year - 1940 - shortly after the start of the French campaign. I was living in Calcutta - unfortunately, despite my best efforts, I had not managed to return

to Europe in time. And I had a young servant named Khudiram, a fifteen year old teenager, Shudra, from the Mahishya sub-caste (West Bengal farming community), very dark skinned, with slightly slanted eyes, with a flat face - not Aryan at all! - and perfectly illiterate. One morning, coming back from the fish market (where he went every day to buy something to feed the cats) this boy said to me triumphantly: "Mem Saheb, I worship your Führer, and wish with all my heart that he wins the war!"

I was speechless. "Khudiram," I said, "do you worship him only because you know, like everyone else, that he is victorious? You don't know anything about the story of his life and his actions".

"It may be," the teenager replied, "that I'm just ignorant. But this morning I got to know a "grown-up" at the market who is at least twenty years old and can read. And he told me that your Führer is fighting, in Europe, in order to root out the Bible, which he wants to replace with the Bhagavad-Gita".

I was speechless again. I thought, in the blink of an eye: "The Führer would be very surprised if he knew how to interpret his doctrine in the Halls of Calcutta!" Then I recalled a passage from Song I of the Bhagavad-Gita, as I knew it in the beautiful translation of Eugène Burnouf: "From the corruption of women proceeds the confusion of castes - therefore of races. "From the confusion of castes comes the loss of memory; from the loss of memory comes the loss of understanding, and of it all evils"⁴. And I thought, "What else has Adolf Hitler done, but repeat these eternal words, and act according to their mind?"

I said to Khudiram: "The 'great' you speak of was right. Repeat what he taught you to anyone who wants to hear you. I give you a day off for this purpose - and a rupee to pay for a cup of tea for your friends. Go, and use your freedom for a good Cause!"

The kid, very happy, was about to leave the kitchen where this interview had taken place. I couldn't help but hold him back for a moment and ask him what made him so enthusiastically want this "New Order" which, however, hardly favored people of his race. "Do you know, Khudiram," I said to him, "that to replace the Bible with the Bhagavad-Gita" in distant Europe and in all the countries which come under its influence, would be equivalent to extending to practically the whole earth a caste system parallel to that of the Indies? And do you know that as Shudra you wouldn't have any chance of promotion in my Führer's "New Order"? And do you love him despite that?"

I will never forget the teenager's response - the response of the non-Aryan masses in India, loyal to a racist Tradition that goes beyond them, from the mouth of an illiterate youth. "Certainly I know that. I want your Führer to win because the order he tries to

establish wherever he can is in accordance with the spirit of the Shastras; because it is the divine order; the true order . No matter what place he gives me, to me! I am nothing; I do not count. It's the truth that counts. If I was born into a very humble caste, it is because I deserved it. I have faulted, and seriously, in my past lives. If, in this life, I remain faithful to the rules of my caste: if I do not eat prohibited foods; if I marry a girl among those that are allowed to me, and do not desire any of the others, I will be reborn a little higher in the scale of beings. And if I persevere, from life to life, in the path of purity, who knows? One day - in many centuries - perhaps I will be reborn as a Brahmin? Or among these new Aryas of Europe who also worship your Führer?" In successive waves, descended the Khaïber Pass. The child of the Tropics paid homage to them after sixty centuries. And I thought of my German comrades - my brothers in the Hitlerite faith - whose armored divisions then followed each other along the roads of France. The child of the Tropics paid homage to them too, because their faith is the modern expression of the Aryan Tradition of always.

* * *

You will say to me: "If the Indies are not a nation and could not become one, why to have exalted the "Indian nation" in writings which made, in their time, some noise?⁵ Why, in particular, have you spread on the first page of one of your books a "sentence as false as this one: 'Make every Hindu an Indian nationalist, and every Indian nationalist a Hindu'"?⁶ I will now explain this apparent contradiction to you.

To understand - and justify - it takes you to remember that British colonialism in India was essentially different from that of the first Aryans, as well as that of their distant successors, of Greeks after the invasion of Alexander. The ancient Aryas worshiped the Devas but did not despise the Gods of other peoples, and even paid homage to them on occasion. The Greeks worshiped their many deities - the twelve Olympians, and a host of others - but did not disdain sacrifice to foreign gods, whom they identified with theirs, moreover, whenever they could. Both were proud of their race, and wanted to keep it pure. But none of them believed that political or social institutions that were good for their people were good for all peoples. None were the victim of the superstition of "man", and of the relentless desire for human "happiness", linked to the conception of universal, linear and indefinite "progress". Also, while exploiting the colonized according to the right which the conquest gave them, while sometimes using their own institutions in order to better exploit them, they left them alone. Aryan Racism - by the way, all true racism is tolerant by nature, strange as it may seem to most of our contemporaries. There are only those who are intolerant by nature, whom a gentle madness, maintained by faith in a certain number of fatal untruths, prompts to "love all men (and men only); the only

intolerant by necessity are those who come up against them on all sides, are forced to defend themselves against them by all means within their reach.

The English who, during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, tore away India, bit by bit from the domination of the "Great Mughals" (and of several Indian princes) were, as were the founders of the kingdoms of Bactria and Sangala, twenty-two centuries earlier, Aryans by race, therefore disposed to toleration. Consequently, they did not try to alter by force the customs and beliefs of the Hindus or of the Muslims, whenever these did not act as a hindrance to their own exploitation of the country. But they were Christians, or at least had had a Christian education, and had imbibed from Christianity (be it but in theory at least) "love of all men," and the belief, which stands at the basis of modern Democracies, that "all men" have the same rights and the same duties. In addition to that, they had kept of it (i.e. of Christianity) that typically Jewish intolerance, that the religion itself had taken over from its earliest faithful, brought up in the faith of the "jealous God." Therefore, they encouraged the activities of Christian missionaries in India, and suppressed, in course of time, certain customs that shocked them: in particular, the sacrifice (on principle voluntary) of widows upon the funeral pyre of their husbands, and especially, they gradually introduced into the country, through the teaching in their schools and universities, and through a series of political reforms, the dogmas of Democracy, and the spirit of the Declaration of the Rights of Man.

England's real crime against India is not to have exploited the soil and the people on an unprecedented scale, but was to have inculcated into the heads of thousands of Hindus of higher castes, anti-racialist democratic principles, anti-Traditionalist principles, along with an ominous humanitarianism when not an out-and-out anthropocentrism; and finally to have introduced into the administration of that vast sub-continent such measures as tended to promote the least valuable racial elements of the population.

One of the most outrageous of these measures, against which took place a long and widespread agitation, but which was finally enforced, in spite of all, already before the 1939-1945 war, is known as the "Communal Award." It consisted of having the members of the provincial legislative assemblies elected "according to religious communities"—the provincial legislative assemblies being actual native parliaments, composed (theoretically) of "representatives of the people" of regions mostly as broad as France or Great Britain, and containing millions of inhabitants (all voters, naturally. Otherwise, where would Democracy stand?).

It was, for example, compulsory that the number of Muslim delegates should be 55 percent of the total members of the Assembly of Bengal, for Bengal had then 55 percent of Muslims in her total population. It was compulsory, that in the Assam Assembly, there should be a number of Christian representatives proportionate to the number of Christians—nearly all Aborigines, i.e., tribal men converted by the Missionaries—living in the province. Moreover: it was compulsory that the Untouchables (people of the most inferior races of India, when not outcasts from any race) should be represented in every Assembly proportionately to their numbers in every province. As a consequence, there were in every province, constituencies in which the electoral lists of candidates, whatever be the political party belonged to, were composed of nothing but Christians, or nothing but Muslims, or nothing but Untouchables. The voters—that is to say, all the inhabitants of age—had no other choice, whatever was their own caste or creed, but to vote for one of these candidates—or to put a blank paper in the polls.

The whole system was conceived in order to take away from the Hindus, in general, and especially from the high-caste Hindus—i.e., from the Aryan elite of India—every scrap of political power, already within the more and more “Indianized” administration that the British were setting up themselves, before their departure, which they had felt was unavoidable. It was enforced by the authority without appeal of the colonial power. One could not change it. One only could, from an Aryan racialist standpoint, try to limit the mischief that would result out of its applications. And in order to do that, one had to act as though one accepted the absurd principle of the “right” of any majority to power, regardless of its value, simply because it represents the greatest numbers . . . and strive to make the Hindus a majority at the expense of other communities.

One therefore had to try to give to the most backward of the most degenerate of Aborigines—to the half-savages of the hills of Assam—a (false) Hindu consciousness. One had to bring them to proclaim themselves “Hindus,” sincerely, by telling them how tolerant Hinduism is, but by forgetting to mention the caste system that it upholds. One had to try to bring (or rather bring back) the Indian Christian or Muslim (both, as a rule, sprung from low-caste Hindus converted to one of the two foreign creeds) to Hinduism. And for that one had to surmount the repugnance of most Hindus to accept them, for never yet had Hinduism taken back into its fold anyone who had left it or had been expelled from it (and declared Untouchable). One could fall out of one’s caste and land into Untouchable. One could not re-enter it. But one had to change that, if power was not to pass entirely into the hands of the non-Aryan majority of the population of India. For alone could a (false) nationalism—a European style nationalism, necessarily false in the case of any multiracial society—could bring about the change and unite the Hindus (badly,

but better badly than not at all) under a no less false parliamentary system imposed up in them against their tradition, and against the Aryan Tradition, of which their elite had remained up till then the sole depositary.

I was then employed as a lecturer and as a “missionary of Hinduism” by the “Hindu Mission”, a half-religious, half-political organization which, for more than thirty years already, had been striving to recover from Hinduism all those who were (or whose fathers were) out of it, for whatever reason. Full of bitterness towards historical Christianity because of the role it played in the West, - ardent admirer of Emperor Julian and Hypatia, no less than of Wittekind, already before realizing that I was, in fact, Hitler, - I once introduced myself to the President of the Mission, Swami Satyananda. I had offered my services to him. He asked me what attracted me to India, and I quoted him, translating them into Bengali,

*“ Rama, Daçarathide honored with the Brahmans,
You whose blood is pure, You whose body is white,
Said Lakshmana, hi, sparkling tamer
Of all the profane races! ”*⁷

I had told him that I was Hitler and Pagan - still regretting the conversion, by snatch or by force, of my native Europe to the religion of Paul of Tarsus - and that I wanted to work to prevent the one and last country from to have kept (in part at least) the Aryan Gods - India - from following the bad example of the West and from falling, too, under the spiritual influence of the Jews. I told him I wanted to help make India our ally, in the fight against false “values”. He had accepted me and given me full freedom of expression provided that he told me, I place myself, in my speeches to crowds, “from the Hindu point of view” and that I “take into account the particular circumstances. from the country”. “I consider”, he added, “your Master as an Incarnation of Vishnu, an expression of the divine Force which preserves what deserves to be preserved. And his disciples are in my eyes our spiritual brothers. But you will have to make concessions here, at least as long as the English are there; otherwise you will not be able to compete with the propaganda of Christian missionaries who preach “man”, regardless of race. Think about it!”

I had to “think about it”! No appeal to a mass, and especially to a multiracial mass, is possible without certain compromises. We could not ask the Shudras (or the Untouchables) converted to religions of equality, to come out and reintegrate Hinduism,

without giving them the impression that they would lose none of their acquired "rights". And it was necessary that they return to Hinduism, not for the salvation of their souls, which no one cared about (and myself less than any other) and which, moreover, the most orthodox Hindu believes possible within all - or even outside of any - religion, but so that there could be a Hindu majority in the Assembly of Bengal, the Assembly of Assam, and that of Bihar (the three provinces that I had to go through in turn, preaching Hindu solidarity and the common front against "invasive and intolerant foreign religions"). They had to reintegrate Hinduism of their own free will, in order that the racial elite of India, also Hindu, could remain in power, where they were there, and take power, where they did not have it. However, they did not have the disinterested attitude of Khudiram in the face of Aryan racism - otherwise they would never have left Hinduism. So we shouldn't talk to them about Aryan racism, but about "Indian nationalism". It was necessary to use "Indian nationalism" both to attract the lower castes and the Aborigines converted to Christianity, and to encourage the high caste Hindus not to reject them - and thereby deprive themselves of their votes in legislative elections, since legislative elections there were, unfortunately, and since all were voters.

The English administration, antiracist in principle (despite a racial segregation limited to worldly relations, and which did not apply to Jews, moreover) made no difference between a Brahmin, Indo-European by blood and mentality, and the last of the Nagas or Koukis of Assam, especially if the latter represented in the Assembly either the Christians or the "shudra castes", that is to say the Untouchables, of his province. It was not my fault if she had this attitude, and if she tended to "Indianize" as much as she could and the legislative bodies and the public services, in this spirit that was other than that of decadent Europe; of that Europe which would soon reject Hitler's renaissance with the stupid vehemence we know.

* * *

If we had won the war, India - that she would have remained "British", which is unlikely, despite the Führer's desire (before the war) not to touch the British colonial empire, - or that it had become independent - would have very quickly got rid of the democratic reforms introduced by the English and would have returned to its immemorial tradition: to the Tradition of the Aryas. It would no doubt have been ruled, nominally, by the famous Subhas Chandra Bose, the official collaborator of the Berlin-Tokyo Axis Powers, known to all, and in fact by the man who introduced Subhas Chandra Bose to the Japanese, and persuaded them, despite their hesitation, to accept him as an ally. This man - I dare to write it without boasting, but with legitimate pride - is none other than the one who, at the very beginning of the war, gave me his name and protection: Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji, the former editor of the magazine "New Mercury" (the only distinctly Hitler periodical to appear in India from 1935 to 1937) and the man whose Herr von Selsam ,

Consul General of Germany in Calcutta at the time, wrote in a letter that I read, “No one in Asia served the German Reich as zealously and efficiently as he did.”

I had the honor of knowing Subhas Chandra Bose personally, and this long before I met Sri AK Mukherji.

Bengali of the very cultivated caste of scribes or Kayasthas, he was, above all, an Indian nationalist, that is to say, a man who, in his ardent desire to see India become a nation, and in his incomprehension of the deep reasons, explained above, why it cannot be one, considered it and was already treating her as if she had been. Sri AK Mukherji was, and still is, a Brahmin aware of his distant northern ties, and a man of tradition. Hitler's philosophy attracted him because it was in accord with the eternal truth expressed in the Sanskrit Scriptures. Subhas Chandra Bose fought against English domination; Sri AK Mukherji, the erroneous application of democracy (which only makes sense between equals) to a huge multiracial population. Both collaborated with the Third German Reich and with its ally, the Japan of Tojo, the first, “by accident”, the second, on principle. Let me explain. If, in 1936, Adolf Hitler had been able to realize his dream of an understanding with England, of which he was ready to “respect the colonial empire”, and if, in agreement with her, he had immediately turned to against Soviet Russia, Subhas Chandra Bose (and, with him, the vast majority of India's nationalists), would have been Russia's ally against England and against him. His collaboration with him was of a purely political nature. He himself made it clear in Calcutta, as early as 1938, in a resounding speech in which I was present, and in which he brought India's alliance closer to “the powers of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis” , and in particular with National Socialist Germany, in the case of a Second World War, of that which Sir Roger Casement, Irish patriot, had tried to establish with the Germany of William II, against England, during the war of 1914–1918. The enemies of our enemies are in principle our friends, whatever faith they profess.

But in this case, Sri AK Mukherji would have been indirectly - the ally of England. The friends of our friends, and, a fortiori of those whom we hold for our brothers in the faith, are our friends. Sri AK Mukherji certainly wanted autonomy for India, but not just any “autonomy”, and not at any price. He did not want an “independent” India in which dominated either by Marxist influence, or that of parliamentarism as the English had preached: “One man, one vote”, any mammal with two legs, since the purest Aryan to the Kouki of the mountains of Assam, being considered “a man” - “a man”. But after a war in which National Socialist Germany, England's ally against Bolshevism, would have emerged victorious, there would no longer be any question of “humanitarian and democratic principles”, of racial equality and other nonsense, in India or elsewhere. England itself would have emerged, against him.)

I have often wondered to what extent the few Englishmen who seriously wanted their country's collaboration with the German Reich - those Englishmen who were, almost all, from the start of World War II, interned "preventively" in the name of the Law 18 B, realized the magnitude of the transformation this would have brought about, and the repercussions it would have on the future of their people and the world. I knew one well - Elwyn Wright, physically and mentally, one of the most beautiful specimens of Aryan that I have met, - who was aware of it, and who wanted this collaboration precisely because of that. But how many were there like him? And how many Hindus of the Aryan castes were there who, like Sri AK Mukherji, or like Pandit Rajwade, of Poona, - that Aryan of Vedic times, exiled in the India of our time - realized the deep significance of Hitlerism, and welcomed it because of it? Very little, of course!

Very little, but, however, proportionally more that there were no non-German Aryans in the West who cried out, were aware, and for that reason collaborated with the Third Reich. The great majority, almost all of Germany's European friends in Hitler's era, took a purely political standpoint; saw in Hitlerism nothing other than a political doctrine capable of providing an adequate solution to the problems of their respective countries.

One of the tragedies of our time is that, taken en masse, it is the enemies of Hitlerism, and in particular the Jews, and intelligent Christians, who have understood this best. They hated him, no doubt; but they detested him precisely for what makes him greatness and eternity: for his scale of values, centered not on "man", but on life; for its possibility of becoming very quickly, - once associated with rites - a real religion. They hated him because they felt, more or less confusedly - and sometimes very clearly - that his victory would mean the end of everything that, for at least two thousand years (if not two thousand and four hundred), the Western world has known and loved; the negation of the values which, for so long, helped him to live.

It should be noted that at least one of the most brilliant French collaborators - and one of those who paid with their life for their friendship for regenerated Germany - Robert Brasillach, himself was aware of the character essentially "Pagan", from Hitler mysticism. He collaborated with Germany despite this; not because of it. And he has on several occasions, in particular in his novel "Les Sept Couleurs", underlined the impression of disorientation, of somewhat frightening strangeness, which he felt in his neighbors across the Rhine, in spite of all the weather. admiration he had for their rebirth, both political and social. "It is", he writes, speaking of Adolf Hitler's Germany, "a strange country, further from us than the most distant India or China., " - a pagan country.

And he wonders in 1935, when the regenerated Reich is at the height of its glory, if "all this will last", as if he knew that the fight of the Führer was a fight "against time" - a fight against -current - and as if he sensed its uselessness, in material terms at least. But there is more. In his "Poèmes de Fresnes" - his last poems, written some weeks, or even a few

days before it falls under the bullets of a firing squad, - it is by no means a question of defeated Germany, but promoted despite everything, by its role of champion of an ideal pan-aryan, in the rank of Holy Land of the West; it is by no means a question of Hitler's faith, but of France, as well as of the poet's dearest family and friends, and of his Christian faith. In a poem dated November 9, there is not a word that recalls what this anniversary means in the history of the National Socialist Movement. And during his short trial, Robert Brasillach will declare that he was "first French", and then only National Socialist. He could have said: "National Socialist, because above all French"; for the opposition to parliamentary democracy, and the struggle against the Jewish influence on the politics of all countries, seemed to him, applied to France, both excellent - and that, in spite of Hitler's mystique, which he did not adhere to.

Among the French collaborators as well as among the English "18 B's" I have only met very few people who are sincerely Hitlerites, although they are aware of the philosophical implications of Hitlerism. I will say more: there were, even at the time of the greatest glory of the Third Reich, very few true Hitlerites among the millions of Germans who acclaimed the Führer. One of the purest that I have had the joy and the honor of knowing - the "Oberregierungs-und Schulrat" Heinrich Blume - told me in 1953 that the number of Germans who had given themselves entirely to the Movement knowing fully this they were doing, never exceeded three hundred thousand. We are far from the ninety-eight and a half percent of the voters of the Reich, who had brought the Führer to power! The vast majority of these had voted for the reconstruction of the German economy and the regeneration of the social body, not for the return to the fundamental truths of life and for the "fight against time" that Hitlerism involved, , and of which they did not even realize.

Even more: there are Germans who - like Hermann Rauschning, the author of the book "Hitler told me" - withdrew from the Movement as soon as they realized the pagan character of Hitler Weltanschauung. And it should be noted that they did not realize this until they had gained the Führer's confidence enough for him to admit them into his small circle of insiders or partially insiders. For there was a difference between the teaching given to the people in general and that which the disciples received; a difference, not in content, but in clarity. For example, Point 24 of the famous "Twenty-five Points" specifies that the Party, while proclaiming the widest religious tolerance, sticks to a "positive Christianity" - in other words, to There is something "positive", that is to say true, in conformity with Tradition, in historical Christianity - but that it condemns and combats any religion or philosophy "which shocks the moral sense of the Germanic race, or which is dangerous to the State"⁸. He (no doubt deliberately) omits to recall that any religion which turns its back on the realities of this world, and in particular on the biological realities, to the point of allowing the marriage of people of different races, provided they

are members of the same “church”, as well as any religion or philosophy who exalts “the man”, even deficient, even to the last degree of physical or moral (or physical and moral) degradation, can only be a public danger, in the National Socialist State.

The Führer defends himself in “Mein Kampf” from aiming in the least at religious reform. “It is criminal, he writes, to try to destroy the faith accepted by the people, “ as long as there is nothing that can replace it ”⁹. He further writes that the mission of the National Socialist Movement “does not consist of religious reform, but of a political reorganization of the German people”¹⁰. But what he does not write - what he could not write in a book intended for the great mass of a people Christianized since the ninth century and believing himself, at least for the most part, to be Christian - is that any regime based, as was the National Socialist regime, on the negation of the intrinsic value of everything man, regardless of his race and his individual worth, is necessarily the antithesis of a Christian social order. Because every Christian society has for principle the respect of “the human being” created, whatever it is, “to the image and likeness” of a transcendent and personal God, essentially a friend of man. What Adolf Hitler could not tell the masses is that any political regime based on a doctrine centered on Life and its eternal laws necessarily has a more-than-political meaning. His own success depended on the voice of the masses, because we must not forget that he took power “legally”, that is to say “democratically”.

This more-than-political significance of Hitlerism, only in Germany fully grasped the Führer himself and the National Socialist elite: the initiates of the Thule-Gesellschaft; the teachers and the best pupils of the Ordensburgen, where the members of the SS were formed. The mass of the people did not feel it, and would have been astonished, if someone had shown it to them, with all its implications; if, for example, someone had made him understand that Christianity and Hitlerism are two different and incompatible paths, open to the Eternal, and that the same person cannot follow both, but must choose. Outside of Germany - and outside of India, of Aryan tradition - a thinking elite loved or feared or hated Hitlerism because of its true nature. The Jewish elite cursed him for reasons far more profound than the secular secret hostility which opposed Israel to the Germanic world. The enormous mass of men from all countries - indifferent to “politics” - feared him without knowing exactly why, in reality because they vaguely felt in him the negation of all anthropocentrism; the “Starry Space Wisdom” (as I have called it myself) as opposed to “the love of man” and the concern for his happiness, in this world or in another.

¹This was written., Before East Bengal ceased to be called “Pakistan”, to become “Bangladesh”, which simply means “Bengal”.

²“Honored with men”.

³HR Hall, “Ancient History of the Near East”, Ninth edition, p. 173-174.

⁴Bhagawad-Gîta, I, verses 41 and following.

⁵“Warning to the Hindus” (1938) and “Non-Hindu Indians and Indian Unity” (1940).

⁶“Warning to the Hindus” (1938).

⁷Leconte de Lisle (The Arc of Çiva; Ancient Poems).

⁸“Wir fordern die Freiheit Aller religiösen Bekenntnissen im Staat, solange sie nicht dessen Bestand gefährden oder gegen das Sittlichkeits - und Moralgefühl der germanischen Rasse verstoßen.”

⁹Adolf Hitler, “Mein Kampf” German edition 1935, pages 293-294.

¹⁰Adolf Hitler, Ibid, page 379.

Chapter III - Anthropocentrism and Intolerance

“Glory to Christ! the pyres shine, howling torches;

The flesh splits, sets fire to the bones of heretics,

And red streams on the hot coals

Smoke under the black skies to the sound of the holy songs! ”

Leconte de Lisle, (“The Agony of a Saint”; *Barbaric Poems*).

I have told you, and repeat it, - for it cannot be repeated too often: “Get rid of the superstition of 'man', or give thanks to the immortal Gods if you are by nature freed from them; if “man” as such is not of interest to you; if only Perfection interests you and if you love man only to the extent that he approaches - individually and collectively - the ideal type of the Race; insofar as, being of a day, it reflects what is eternal”.

Have you meditated enough on the history of the world to have noticed a puzzling fact, namely that few people have sinned more odiously against men than those who *loved them* the most, and wanted, with the most obstinacy, to “make them happy” (even against their will), either in this world or in a Hereafter in which they firmly believed? Nietzsche, perhaps the only great master of thought that the West has produced on the fringes of Christianity, noticed this. “Christians no longer love us enough”, he said, “to burn us alive in public places” . .

Much has indeed been said about the horrors committed by the Church of Rome in the name of defending Christian orthodoxy. What we have almost always forgotten to say is that the Holy Inquisition, organ of this Church, acted out of *love*. She believed - like all good Catholics of the twelfth, thirteenth, or even the seventeenth century - that outside the Church there was no salvation; that the individual who left the rigid path of dogma, and thereby ceased to be a faithful, went at his death, straight to hell. And she knew that the men, inclined as she?) it is certainly not the “wickedness” of the inquisitive fathers, but indeed this unconditional love of all men, including heretics and disbelievers (to be brought back, or to be brought to Jesus Christ); this love of all men for the sole reason that they are considered the only living “having an immortal soul created in the image of God”, a love of which the members of the Holy Office were, along with all, or almost all, Christians of their time, the first victims.

To those who do not particularly love men, their destiny - salvation or perdition, in a hypothetical Beyond, - is a matter of indifference. The so-called “tolerance” of the people of our time is, in reality, a complete disinterest in questions of dogma, in particular, and metaphysical questions in general; a deep skepticism with regard to the Hereafter, - and an increasingly widespread indifference (although less and less avowed) towards men. All

in all, men are no worse off: not only are there no longer any pyres in public places, in countries of Christian civilization, Catholics or Reformed, (in Christian countries subject to in the Eastern Orthodox Church, there was never), but a major excommunication, launched against an individual by any Church whatsoever, would have, in the West, no social consequences: the excommunicated would continue to live the next day as he lived the day before. Nobody would notice that he was excommunicated (except perhaps the devotees of his parish).

If, as recently as 1853 - a little over a century ago - an excommunicated monk, Théophile Kaïris, could have been imprisoned by order of the Greek government, and died in prison, it is not that the Hellenes were, at that time, "less tolerant" than their brothers in France or Germany. It was only that Greece was not then (as it is not today) the West, and that the teaching of the Eastern Orthodox Church was there (as it still is today.) held to be a "national religion" - intangible because "National", like that of the Roman Church is in Spain, Free Ireland, or in Poland, despite the Communism imposed on the people, - which is a living contradiction, given the largely human and "not of this world" character of all true Christianity.

* * *

It remains nonetheless true that, wherever love is affirmed towards all men, there is intolerance towards all those among them who conceive of "human happiness" differently; than the philanthropist who judges them, or who openly declares that they do not care about this happiness.

And this is not only true of the search for bliss in a Hereafter about which, for lack of precise knowledge, it is permissible to discuss indefinitely. This is also true of the pursuit of happiness in this world. One might think that this notion is at least quite clear. Isn't it taken from everyday experience? Now, in fact, everyday experience, even when it seems identical, does not suggest the same conclusions to all. A Bedouin who suffers from hunger and an unemployed European (or an old man, unable to live on his miserable little pension) will not react in the same way to their common misery. The first will resign himself to it without a murmur. "It was", he will think, "the will of Allah". The second will say that it is "the fault of the government" and will not be resigned. Complete loneliness, which seems to so many people to be tortured, seems to others a very bearable state, and to a few, a true blessing. There is no such thing as a "universal minimum of physical well-being, no man can be happy. We have seen people - rare, it is true - to keep even in the midst of torture a serenity which seemed impossible. And it is in the most prosperous "consumer societies" that youth suicides are, statistically, the most numerous - more than thirteen thousand per year, for example, in Federal Germany, where nothing is lacking materially.

The devotees of human happiness on earth - who, despite these facts, are legion - are just as intolerant as the friends of their neighbor concerned, above all, for the salvation of souls. Woe to him who does not think like them! Woe to him in whose eyes the individual is nothing, if they believe that he is everything and that his "happiness" or his pleasure comes before everything! Woe to him in whose eyes technical progress, applied to everyday life, is not a criterion of collective value, if they themselves see it as the only basis

for discrimination between peoples! And above all, woe to him who proclaims that certain individuals - including himself - even certain peoples, have more need of faith, of enthusiasm, of fanaticism, than of material comfort, even if this is the "minimum necessary" of bodily nourishment, if they happen to be the defenders of man, of those there that all fanaticism, and especially all warlike fanaticism, frightens! To understand how true this is, one has only to consider the way in which the Marxists who, theoretically, raise "all workers" so high, treat the workers and the peasants, as well as the intellectuals, who do not are not on their side, - especially those who pretend to actively oppose their system of "values", or if only to their administration, in the name of these "values" themselves. One has only to see how so many Christians, theoretically humanitarian, treat, as soon as they are endowed with some power, the Communists, their brothers. We only have to remember how the fighters for the cause of "man", as well Marxists as Christians or Deists, and Freemasons of all stripes, have treated us whenever they could, we, the avowed detractors of any philosophy centered on man and not on life, we whom they accuse of "crimes against humanity", as if we had a monopoly on violence. (These people apparently don't have a sense of irony.)

If one agrees to decorate with the name of tolerance any non-intervention in the affairs of others, there are two attitudes which deserve this name: that of the indifferent, foreign to the problems which preoccupy other men; of one to whom certain domains of human experience, feeling or thought are literally closed, and who does not love any individual or group of individuals enough to seek to place himself in his point of view and to understand it; and that of the man who believes in the indefinite diversity of human races, peoples, persons (even if they are often of the same race) and who strives to understand all cultures, all religions and, as far as possible, all individual psychologies, because these are manifestations of Life. The first is the attitude of a growing number of citizens of our "consumer societies", whom metaphysics does not interest, that politics leaves "cold", that the activities of the neighbor do not concern. . . unless, of course, they disturb their way of life and suppress some of their little pleasures. This is "tolerance" only through an abuse of language. In good tasty French, it's called *je-m'en foutisme*. The second - true tolerance - is that of Ramakrishna and all the Hindus in religious matters. It is that of Antiquity, Aryan as well as Semitic, Amerindian, Far Eastern or Oceanian. It is that of all the peoples before the Christian era, except one: the Jewish people. (And this tragic exception, of which I will speak again, does not seem to have asserted itself until quite late in the history of these people, otherwise insignificant). She is the one who, despite this gradual change mentality which accompanies, during the same temporal cycle, the passage from one age to the next and reduces the human degradation from the beginning to the end of each age, persists more or less, almost everywhere, until the second half, approximately, of the last age - of what the Hindu tradition calls *Kali Yuga*, or *Dark Age*.

Certainly, the exaltation of man, whatever his race and his personal worth, above all that lives, goes back to the dawn of time. But as long as there remains, among the vast majority of people, enough ancient wisdom for everyone to admit that there are fundamental differences between himself and others, and so that, far from hating these differences, he observes them with sympathy., at least with curiosity, we can say that our cycle has not yet entered its final phase, the one which will inevitably lead it to chaos. Or, to express my idea in a brief phrase and vigorous enough to command attention, I would say that the

superstition of “man” initiates decadence; and that of human uniformity - uniformity of “primary needs”, “duties”, etc. - rush it. It is moreover certain that the second superstition proceeds from the first; that it is unthinkable without it. To be convinced of this, it would suffice to notice that the most tolerant religions (and philosophies) are precisely those which are not centered on man, but treat him as a manifestation of life, a product of Nature among many others.

Hinduism (if we accept some sects) has this attitude. Buddhism too. Legend has it that the Buddha, already in his childhood, resuscitated a swan, killed by the evil Dêvadatta. She also relates that, “in one of his previous lives”, being an ascetic in the forest, he voluntarily shed the radiance that was enough to protect him from ferocious beasts, in order to offer his own body as food to a poor farmed tigress - and its young. She adds that, while greedy nails and teeth tore him apart, her heart overflows with love for the huge beautiful “cat” and the baby felines.

It should be noted that no miracle, even no good deed - and even more no act of self-denial such as this - in favor of a beast, has been attributed by Christian tradition to Jesus of Nazareth . It should also be noted that, from all major international religions, only Buddhism has spread without violence. (Hinduism too, professed by so many different races. But I have already said: Hinduism is not “a religion”, but a civilization). Christianity has spread by violence in Germanic and Slavic countries; bit by bit, in the Mediterranean basin, where the number of Christians suddenly skyrocketed as soon as the doctrine, hitherto despised, was proclaimed a “state religion” by the Emperor Constantine, and that each served its own own career by joining.

* * *

It cannot be repeated or emphasized enough: intolerance, religious or philosophical, is characteristic of devotees of “man” regardless of any consideration of race or personality. As a result, it is the real racists who show the greatest tolerance.

No doubt they demand from their comrades in arms absolute fidelity to the common faith. This is not “intolerance”; it is a question of order. Everyone must know what he wants, and not adhere to a doctrine and then make reservations about it. Anyone who has objections to formulate - and above all, objections concerning the basic values of the doctrine - need only stay outside the community of the faithful, and not pretend to be the comrade of those with whom he does not share faith entirely. No doubt also the racist is ready to fight the men who act, even who think, as enemies of his race. But he doesn't fight them in order to change them, to convert them. If they stay in their place, and stop opposing him and his blood brothers, he leaves them alone - for they do not interest him enough for him to care for their fate, in this world or into another.

In the third Book of his “Essays”, Montaigne laments that, conquered for conquered, the Americas were not “by the Greeks or the Romans” rather than by the Spaniards and the Portuguese. He thinks that the New World would then never have known the horrors committed with a view to its conversion to a religion considered by the conquerors as the “only” good, the only true one. What he does not say, what, perhaps, he had not understood, it is precisely the absence of racism and the love of “man” that are at the root

of these horrors. The Greeks and Romans - and all ancient peoples - were racists, at least during their time of greatness. As such they found it quite natural that different peoples had different Gods, and different customs. They do not mingle the vanquished their own gods and their customs, under threat of extermination. Even the Jews did not do this. They so despised all those who sacrificed to Gods other than Yahweh, that they were content - on the order of this God, says the Bible, - to exterminate them without seeking to convert them. They imposed the terror of war on them - not that "spiritual terror" which, as Adolf Hitler so aptly writes, "entered for the first time into the Ancient World, until then much freer than ours, with 'appearance of Christianity" . The Spaniards, the Portuguese, were Christians. They imposed terror of war and spiritual terror on the Americas.

What would the Greeks of ancient Greece have done in their place, or the Romans or other people of Aryan race who would have had, in the sixteenth century, the spirit of our racists of the twentieth? They would undoubtedly have conquered the countries; they would have exploited them economically. But they would have left to the Aztecs, Tlaxcaltecs, Mayans, etc., as well as the peoples of Peru, their Gods and their customs. Even more: they would have fully exploited the belief of these peoples in a "white and bearded" God, civilizer of their country, who, after having left their ancestors many centuries before, was to return from the East, reign over them, - their descendants, - with his companions, like him of fair complexion. Their leaders would have acted, and ordered their soldiers to act, so that the natives effectively took them for the God Quetzalcoatl and his army. They would have respected the temples - instead of destroying them and building on their ruins monuments of a foreign cult. They would have been tough, of course - as are all conquerors. They would not have been sacrilegious. They would not have been the destroyers of civilizations which, even with their weaknesses, were worth theirs.

The Romans, so tolerant in matters of religion, have occasionally persecuted the faithful of certain cults. The religion of the Druids was, for example, banned in Gaul by Emperor Claudius. And there were these persecutions of the first Christians, about which we talked too much, without always knowing what we were saying. But all of these repressive measures were purely political, not doctrinal - not ethical. It is as leaders of the Celts' underground resistance against Roman rule, and not as priests of a cult which could appear unusual to the conquerors, that the Druids were stripped of their privileges (in particular, of their monopoly of the teaching of young people) and pursued. It is as bad citizens, who refused to pay homage to the Emperor-God, incarnation of the State, and not as devotees of a particular God, that Christians were persecuted. If, in the sixteenth century, Indo-European conquerors, faithful to the spirit of tolerance which has always characterized their race, had made themselves masters of the Americas by exploiting the indigenous belief in the return of the white God, Quetzalcoatl, there would have been no resistance to their domination, therefore no occasion for persecution of the nature of those I have just mentioned. Not only would the peoples of the New World never have known the atrocities of the Holy Inquisition, but their writings, (as regards those who, like the Mayas and the Aztecs, had them) and their monuments would have survived. And in Ténochtitlan, which has become over the centuries one of the great capitals of the world, the imposing multi-story pyramids - intact - would today dominate the modern streets. And the palaces and fortresses of Cuzco would still be the admiration of visitors.

And the solar and warlike religions of the peoples of Mexico and Peru, while evolving, probably, in contact with that of the victors, at least in their external forms, their particular symbolism. In other words, Aryan dynasties would have settled in Central America and in the former Empire of the Incas, whose relations with the conquered countries would have been more or less similar to those that had once nurtured, with the aristocracy and peoples of India, the Greek dynasties which, from the third century BC to the first after the Christian era, had ruled over what is now Afghanistan, Sindh and Punjab.

Unfortunately, Europe itself had, in the sixteenth century, long since succumbed to that spirit of intolerance which it had, with Christianity, received from the Jews. The history of the religious wars bears witness to this, in Germany as well as in France. And as for the old Hellenic-Aegean blood - the very blood of the "ancient world", once so tolerant - it was, won in the service of the Roman Church, represented, among the conquerors of Peru, in the person of Pedro de Candia, Cretan adventurer, one of François Pizarre's most ruthless companions.

I will be told that the cruelties committed in the name of the salvation of souls, by the Spaniards in their colonies (and by the Portuguese in theirs: the Inquisition was, in Goa, perhaps even worse than in Mexico, which is saying a lot!) are no more attributable to true Christianity than to Aryan racism as understood by the Führer, unnecessary acts of violence, carried out without orders, during the Second World War, by some men dressed in German uniforms. They tell me neither Cortez nor Pizarre nor their companions, nor the Inquisitors of Goa or Europe, nor those who approved of their action, loved man as Christ would have wanted his disciples to love him.

It is true. These people were not humanitarians. And I never claimed they were. But they were humanists, not in the narrow sense of "scholars", but in the broad sense: men for whom man was, in the visible world at least, the supreme value. They were, anyway, people who bathed in the atmosphere of a civilization centered on the cult of "man", whom they neither denounced nor fought - quite the contrary! They were not necessarily, - they were even very rarely - good to the human beings of other races (even theirs!) As Jesus wanted everyone to be. But even in their worst excesses, they revered him, even without loving him, Man, the only living being created, according to their faith, "in the image of God", and provided with an immortal soul, or at least - in the eyes of those who, in their hearts, had already detached from the Church, as, later, from those of so many colonists after all, there have been Christians who refused to attribute to women a soul like theirs - this does not change the fact that the "civilization" of which they claimed to be, and of which they were the agents, proclaimed, her, love and respect for every man, and the duty to help him access "happiness", if not in this earthly life, at least in the Hereafter.

It has sometimes been maintained that any action undertaken in the colonies, including missionary action, was, even without the knowledge of those who carried it out, remotely guided by businessmen who did not have them in view. , only material profit and nothing else. It has been suggested that the Church itself was only following the plans and carrying out the orders of such men - which would partly explain why it seems to have cared far more in the souls of the natives than in those of the conquering chiefs and of their soldiers who, however, sinned so scandalously against "the" great, "the" one commandment of

Christ: the law of love. Even if all of these allegations were based on proven historical facts, one would still be forced to admit that colonial wars would have been impossible,

This belief that Christianity was the “true” faith for “all” men, and that the standards of conduct of Europe marked by Christianity were also for “all” men, the criterion of “civilization”, Was, openly at least, questioned by no one. The leaders who led the colonial wars, the adventurers, soldiers and brigands who made them, the settlers who benefited from them, shared it - even if, in the eyes of most of them, the hope of material profit was in the foreground. less as important, if not more, than the eternal salvation of the natives. And whether they had shared it or not, they were nonetheless supported in their action by this collective belief in their distant continent; of all of Christendom.

It is this which - officially - justified their wars which, waged under the conditions in which they were, but only in the name of profit, even of security, (as had been, in the thirteenth century, the wars of the Mongol conquerors), would have appeared “inhuman”. It was she who, always officially, defined the spirit of their conduct towards the native. Hence this haste to convert the latter, willingly or by force, or by means of “bribes”, to their Christian faith, or to make him (later) share the “treasures” of their culture, in particular to initiate him to their sciences, while making him lose all contact with his own,

This claim of historical Christianity, as indeed of Islam, to be “the only true faith”, is a heritage of Judaism, whose tradition serves (in part) as the basis for both religions.

The ancient world - including that of peoples related to the Jews by blood, such as the Canaanites, Amorites, Jebusites, Moabites, Phoenicians and more of the Carthaginians - was, as Adolf Hitler wrote in the quote reported above, a world of tolerance. Racine, no doubt without realizing that he was paying homage to the enemies of the “people of God”, underlined this fact when, in the first scene of the third act of “Athalie”, he put in the mouth of this queen, worshiper of the Gods and Goddesses of Syria, the words she addresses to Joad, High Priest of the Jews:

*“ I know, on my conduct, and against my power,
How far in your speech you push license;
You live, however; your temple is standing . . . ”*

By this the daughter of Ahab meant that if, in her place, the Jews had had the power, it was not they who would have left the sanctuaries of the Baalim standing, nor who would have let their faithful live, and much more their priests. The end of the tragedy, - where we see the queen traitorously locked up in the temple of Yahweh, and slaughtered mercilessly by order of Joad, - and the entire history of the Jews as reported in the Old Testament, moreover confirms his clairvoyance.

What does the Holy Bible say to the Jews about this? “When the Lord your God will bring you into the land which you are to receive as an inheritance, and drive out before you many peoples: the Hittites and the Jerjessites, and the Amorites and the Canaanites, the Perezites and the Hévités and the Jebusites, seven peoples, more important and stronger

than you, and when he delivers them into your hands, you must crush them and destroy them with violence; you must not make treaties with them, nor show them pity; you must not unite with them. Neither: you will give your daughters to their sons, nor you will take their daughters as wives for your sons, for they would turn them away from me and incite them to worship other Gods". "Here is how you should act towards these peoples: you will overthrow their altars and shatter their statues and crush them to pieces; and you will cut down their sacred groves, and burn their carved images with fire, for you are the holy people in the sight of the Lord your God. He has chosen you, that you may be the chosen people - from among all the peoples who are on the face of the earth".

And once, after a conquest which surpassed (by far!), in atrocity, those carried out by other peoples, both in antiquity and closer to us, the Jews finally firmly established themselves in Palestine; once there are two more or less stable Jewish kingdoms: one in Judea, the other in the north of the country, how Jewish Scripture - become "holy" Scripture in the eyes of so many peoples, for the only because their religion is based on the tradition and history of Israel - how does this Scripture, I say, characterize each of the kings who succeed their father, on the throne either of Jerusalem or of Samaria? Oh, it's very simple! She declares him "good" or "bad", without nuances of judgment, and even without reference to his political behavior, as king; "Good," if he worshiped Yahweh, the God of the Jews, without ever bowing his forehead to other deities; more: if he persecuted the faithful of all cults other than his own; if he razed the sacred groves of the "false" Gods, destroyed their images, prohibited the celebration of their mysteries, killed their priests; "bad" if, on the contrary, he showed a spirit of benevolent tolerance, and especially if he himself sacrificed to the Baalim or to the Mother Goddesses, according to the custom of the peoples whom the Jews had "driven out before them", from the thirteenth to the eleventh century BC, during the conquest of the "promised land". The alternation of "good" and "bad" kings is impressive in its monotony. Every story of a reign begins in the same way - with the same sentences - depending on whether Scripture praises or blames the king. "And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord and followed in the footsteps of his ancestor David. He suppressed the worship of Baal in the high places and smashed the statues and cut down the sacred groves." This is Hezekiah, son of Ahaz, king of Judaea, but it could just as easily be any "good" king, as the Jewish Scripture understands that word. And here is the description of the reign of Manasseh, the son and successor of Hezekiah, who was twelve years old when he took the throne, and who ruled Judaea for fifty-five years. "He did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord and followed the abominations of the peoples whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel. He restored the high places which his father, Hezekiah, had laid waste, and raised altars to Baal, and planted a sacred grove, as had done Ahab king of Israel; and he bowed his knee before all the host of heavenly bodies, and worshiped these". It is identical to all the early accounts of "bad" reigns found in the Old Testament - "bad" because of the mere fact that tolerance was practiced there, according to the spirit of all people of antiquity.

It should be noted that the mass of ancient Jews in no way seems to have inherently had that intolerance which has played such a far-reaching role in the history of Israel. The "average Jew" before, and perhaps even more so after, the conquest of Palestine, tended to regard all the gods of the neighboring peoples as "gods". The similarities that these deities presented with Yahweh, his God to him, held much more attention, apparently,

than the differences that separated them. And it took all the curses of the prophets and all the severity (often bordering on cruelty) of “good” kings, to prevent him from offering, on occasion, sacrifices to these foreign Gods. It was Moses, the prophets, and some of the Jewish kings - such as David or Hezekiah - who, by marking it with the sign of religious intolerance, cut off Israel from the community of the peoples of the desert - from the “Semitic” peoples, as they are called - and who, by cultivating at home the myth of the “chosen people”, indissolubly linked to the cult of the “jealous God”, prepared them for the unique role he has, from the fourth century before Jesus - Christ, played in the world. It is they who are, in the final analysis, responsible for all the violence committed over the centuries,

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Much has been said about Jewish “racism”. And the doctrine of the “chosen people” has been made an expression of this “racism”. In reality, in the eyes of the Jews of Antiquity - I mean, of course, Orthodox Jews - membership in their race, that is to say in the “family of Abraham”, had no of value only if it were allied to the exclusive service of the “jealous God”, Yahweh, exclusive protector of Israel. According to the Bible, the Moabites and Ammonites were, racially, very close to the Jews. The former do not they descended from Moab, son of Lot and his own eldest daughter, and second Benammi son of Lot and his daughter younger one? But Lot, son of Haran, was Abraham's nephew. It does not seem that this bond of kinship facilitated the relationship between the children of Israel and these peoples. If blood united them, their respective cults separated them. Chemosh, the God of the Moabites, and Milcom, the God of the Ammonites were, in the eyes of the Jews, “abominations” - like all the Gods of the earth except their - and their worshipers, enemies to be exterminated. Jewish racism, independent of all religion, the attitude of accepting as a Jew and treating accordingly every born mansukh, whatever his beliefs may be - seems to me to be something recent, dating at most from the eighteenth or seventeenth century, that is to say from the time when the masonry of Israelite inspiration began to play a decisive role in the politics of the nations of the West. It is perhaps a product of the influence of Western rationalism on the Jews - despite themselves. It found its most spectacular expression at the end of the nineteenth century and in the twentieth, in Zionism, which could be called avant-garde Jewish nationalism. This movement certainly respects the religious tradition of the Talmud and the Bible, but without identifying with it in any way. Its political faith is “national” but cannot be compared to that of Spain or Catholic Ireland, for example, or to that of modern Greece, it is also inseparable from the state religion. But I will call it a nationalism rather than a “racism”, because it implies the exaltation of the Jewish people as such, without the enthusiastic awareness of any solidarity of blood uniting all the peoples of the desert that we are accustomed to calling “Semitic”.

Modern in its expression, this nationalism is not, however, in its essence, different from the solidarity which, after the introduction of the Mosaic Law, existed among all the children of Israel, from the thirteenth century BCE Christian. The religion of Yahweh played a primordial role at that time. But this role consisted precisely in making all Jews, from the most powerful to the most humble, feel that they were the chosen people, the privileged people, different from other peoples, including those who were closest to them

through blood and exalted over them all. This the Jews have felt more and more in modern times, without the help of a national religion; hence the decreasing importance of this religion among them (except in the few permanent centers of Jewish orthodoxy).

In other words, the Jews, who for centuries had been an insignificant people of the Middle East, among many others - very close to others, in language and religion, before Abraham and especially before the Mosaic reform, - gradually became, under the influence of Moses and his successors Joshua and Kaleb, and then, under that of the prophets, a people filled with the idea that he had of himself; having only contempt for the men of the same race as him, who surrounded him, and all the more so for people of other races; seeing in their Gods only "abominations" - setting apart, at the command of the prophet Ezra, at the time of the return from the long captivity of Babylon, those of her children, who remained in Palestine, who had married Canaanite women, and this, on the pretext that they could only loosen the bond which united them, them and their family, to Yahweh, and weaken in them the conscience of "chosen people", of people not "like theothers".

They could have remained thus indefinitely, isolated from the rest of the world by a national pride as immeasurable as it is unjustified - for they were, already in Antiquity, quite mixed, as to race, if only because of their extended stay in Egypt. (The world would certainly not have been worse off for it - on the contrary). They did not remain so because, with the idea of "one God" and "living God" - of "true" God, opposed to "false" Gods, to local Gods and to limited power of other peoples, - could do less than add, sooner or later, the idea of universal truth and human community. A God who alone "lives", while all the others are only insensible matter, at most inhabited by impure forces, can only be, logically, the true God of all possible worshipers, that is to say - say of all men. To refuse to admit it, it would have been necessary to attribute to the Gods of other peoples also life, truth and beneficence, in other words, to stop seeing in them only "abominations". And this the Jews refused, after the sermons and threats of their prophets. The only God could well prefer a people. But he had to be, by necessity, the God of all peoples - the one whom, in their folly, they ignored, when only the "chosen people" paid homage to him.

The first attitude of the Jews, conquerors of Palestine, towards the people worshiping Gods other than Yahweh, was to hate them and to exterminate them. Their second attitude

- when in Palestine the Canaanite resistance had long since ceased to exist, and above all, as the Jews were losing more and more what little importance they had ever had on the international plane, to end up being only the subjects of Greek kings, successors of Alexander, and later, of Roman emperors, - was to throw in spiritual food to a world in full decline, at the same time as the idea of the futility of all the Gods (except theirs), the false conception of "man", independent of peoples; of "man", citizen of the world (and soon "created in the image of God"), whom Israel, chosen people, people of Revelation, had the mission to instruct and guide to true "happiness". This is the attitude of the Jews, more or less ostensibly smeared with Hellenism, who from the fourth century BC until the Arab conquest in the seventh century after him, formed an ever more influential proportion of the population of Alexandria, as well as all the capitals of the Hellenistic world, then Roman. It is the attitude of the Jews today, precisely that which makes them a people like no other, and a dangerous people: the "ferment of decomposition" of other peoples.

It's worth my attempt to give you a history of it.

I said it: it was already germinating in the fanaticism of those servants of the "one" and "living" God who were the Jewish prophets, from Samuel to the editors of Kabbalah. One thing that should not be forgotten, if we are to try to understand it, is that the "one God" of the Jews is a transcendent God, but not an immanent one. He is outside Nature, which he drew from nothingness by an act of will, and different from her in essence; different, not only from its sensitive manifestations, but also from anything that could permanently underlie them. It is not that Soul of the Universe that the Greeks and all Indo-European peoples believed in - and in which Brahmanism still sees the Supreme Reality. He made the world like a craftsman makes a wonderful machine: from the outside. And he imposed on him the laws he wanted, and which could have been different, if he had wanted them different. He gave man dominance over other created beings. And he "chose" the Jewish people from among men, not for their intrinsic worth - this is clearly specified in the Bible - but arbitrarily, because of the promise, made once and for all, to Abraham.

From such a metaphysical perspective, it was impossible to consider the Gods of other peoples - and this, especially since these were, for the most part, natural forces or celestial bodies, - as "aspects" or "expressions" of the one God. It was also impossible to underline at least the indefinite variety of men and the irrefutable inequality which has always existed between human races, even between peoples of more or less the same race. The "man", whoever he was, must have in himself, and alone created beings, an immense value, since the Creator had formed him "in his image", and established, because of that very, in above all living. Kabbalah says it very clearly: "There is the uncreated Being, who creates: God; the created being, which creates: man; and... the rest: all created beings - animals, plants, minerals - which do not create. " This is the most absolute anthropocentrism, - and a false philosophy at the outset since it is obvious that "all men" are not creators (they have to be!) And that some animals can be.

But that is not all. In this new humanist perspective, not only did the Jew keep his place of "chosen people" - of "holy people", as the Bible says - destined to bring the unique Revelation to the world, but all that other peoples had produced or thought was of value only insofar as it was consistent with said revelation, or insofar as it could be interpreted in this sense. Unable to deny the enormous contribution of the Greeks to science and philosophy, of the Jews of Alexandria, of Greek culture, (and sometimes of Greek names, such as this Aristobulus of the third century before Jesus-Christ) did not hesitate to write that all that Greek thought had created more solid - the work of Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle - was not due, in the final analysis, only to the influence of Jewish thought!! - had its source in Moses and the prophets. Others, such as the famous Philo of Alexandria, whose influence on Christian apologetics was so considerable, did not dare to deny the obvious originality of the Hellenic genius, but did not retain ideas developed by him, than those they could be it by altering them, even by distorting them altogether, bring them to "agree" with the mosaic conception of "God" and the world. Their work is this hybrid product which in the history of thought bears the name of "Judeo-Alexandrian philosophy", a set of ingenious combinations of concepts drawn more or less directly from Plato (not necessarily in the mind of Plato) and from old Jewish ideas (such as the transcendence of the one God and the creation of man "in his image"), a superfluous

scaffolding, no doubt, in the eyes of the Orthodox Jew, for whom the Mosaic Law suffices, but a marvelous instrument of hand- spiritual focus on the Gentiles, in the service of Jews, (orthodox or not) eager to wrest from other peoples the direction of Western (and later, world) thought.

Judeo-Alexandrian philosophy and religion, more and more impregnated with Egyptian, Syrian, Anatolian, etc. symbolism, which the people, of an increasingly bastardized race, of the Hellenistic world, professed, constitute the backdrop against which it gradually stands out, in the writings of Paul of Tarsus and the first, apologists, and became clearer during the succession of the Councils, Christian orthodoxy as we know it. As Gilbert Murray notes, "It's a strange experience. . . than to study those obscure congregations, whose members, descended from the proletariat of the Levant, superstitious, dominated by charlatans, and hopelessly ignorant, still believed that God can procreate children in the womb of mortal mothers, held the "Word", the "Spirit" and "Divine Wisdom" for people bearing these names, and transformed the notion of the immortality of the soul into that of "resurrection of the dead", and to think that it was these people who were following the main path, leading to the greatest religion in the western world. "

Undoubtedly there was, in this early Christianity, preached in Greek (the international language of the Near East at that time) by Jewish missionaries, then Greeks, to urban masses without race - so inferior in every way of view, to the free men of the ancient Hellenic poleis - significantly more non-Jewish elements than Jews. What dominated there was the element that I dare not call "Greek", but "Aegean", or rather "Pre-Hellenic Mediterranean" - or pre-Hellenic Middle East, because the peoples of Asia Minor, Syria and Mesopotamia all illustrated it, more or less, in their cults from the depths of ages. It was the myth of the young God cruelly put to death - Osiris, Adonis, Tammouz, Attys, Dionysos - whose flesh (wheat) and blood (grape juice) become food and drink of men, and who resurrects in glory, every year in the spring. This element had never ceased to be present in the mysteries of Greece, in the classical period as before. Transfigured, "spiritualized" by the sense of allegory attached to the most primitive of rites, it is manifest in the international "salvation" religions, rivals of Christianity in the Roman Empire: in that of Mithra; in that of Cybele and Attis. As Nietzsche saw it so well, the genius of Paul of Tarsus consisted "in giving a new meaning to the ancient mysteries," - to seize the old prehistoric myth, to revive it, to interpret it in such a way that, forever, all who would accept this interpretation would accept also the prophetic role and the character of "chosen people" of the Jewish people, bearer of the unique revelation.

Historically, almost nothing is known about the person of Jesus of Nazareth, his origins, his life before the age of thirty, so much so that serious authors have been able to question his very existence. According to the canonical Gospels, he was brought up in the Jewish religion. But was he a Jew by blood? More than one of the words attributed to him would tend to suggest that he was not. It has also been said that the Galileans formed an island of Indo-European population in Palestine. In any case, what is important - what is at the origin of the turning point in history that Christianity represents - is that Jewish or not, it is presented as such, and, what is more, like the Messiah expected of the Jewish people, by Paul of Tarsus, the true founder of Christianity, as well as by all the apologists who follow each other over the centuries. What is important is that it is, thanks to them,

integrated into the Jewish tradition; that it is the link between her and the old Mediterranean myth of the young God of Vegetation, dead and risen, whom she had never accepted: the Messiah to whom we attribute the essential attributes of Osiris, of Tammouz, of Adonis, Dionysus, and all the other Gods who died and conquerors of Death, and who pushes them all back into the shadows for his benefit - and that of his people - with an intransigence that none of them knew, a typically Jewish intransigence: that of Paul of Tarsus, of his master Gamaliel and of all the servants of the "jealous God", Yahweh. Not only is a "new meaning" given to the ancient mysteries, but this meaning is proclaimed the only good, the only true, the rites and the myths of pagan antiquity, since the most distant times, having only made the "To prepare" and "foreshadow" it, just as ancient philosophy only sensitized souls to the reception of the supreme revelation. And this revelation is, for Paul as for the Jews of the Judeo-Alexandrian school before him, and for all the Christian apologists - the Justin, the Clement of Alexandria, the Irenaeus, the Origen - who will follow him, that given to the Jews by the God "of all men".

Jewish intolerance confined until then to a people, (and to a people despised, whom no one dreamed of imitating) has, with Christianity, and later with Islam, - this reaction against Hellenization of Christian theology, - extended to half the globe. And, what is more, it is this very intolerance, which made the success of the religions attached to the tradition of Israel.

I have mentioned the religions of salvation - particularly that of Mithras and that of Cybele - which flourished in the Roman Empire when Christianity was in its infancy. At first glance, each of them had as much chance as he of attracting to itself the anxious crowds for whom the Roman order was not enough, or was no longer enough, and who, more and more bastardized, felt themselves foreign to all national worship, whatever it may be. Each of them offered the average person everything they promised - the religion of the crucified Jesus - and that, with rites all the more capable of gaining buy-in, as they were more barbaric.

In the third century of the Christian era, it was the cult of Mithras, - that old Indo-European solar God, contemplated through the thousand distorting mirrors represented by the races and traditions of his new worshipers, - which seemed to have to impose provided there is no decisive factor in favor of any of its rivals. The God was popular with legionaries and their officers. Emperors had found it good to receive initiation into its mysteries, under the warm-blooded shower of the redeeming Bull. A growing number of people followed suit. It can be said with confidence that the world dominated by Rome came close to becoming Mithraic - instead of Christian - for some twenty centuries. It can be said with no less certainty that, if he did not become so, it is neither due to any "superiority" of the Christian doctrine of salvation over the teaching of the priests of Mithra, nor to the absence bloody rites among Christians, but the protection granted to the religion of the Crucified by the Emperor Constantine, and no other factor. Now, it is precisely the intolerance of Christianity - especially her, if not her alone - that has earned it the preference of the master of the Romanworld.

What the emperor wanted above all was to give this immense world, populated by people of the most diverse races and traditions, a unity as solid as possible, without which it would be difficult for him to resist for long. push from those called the Barbarians. Unity

of worship was the only one he could hope to impose on him, provided he succeeded quickly. Among the religions of salvation, so popular, that of Mithras had, without a doubt, the greatest number of faithful. But it didn't promise to spread quickly enough, and that, first and foremost, because it didn't claim to be the only Way and the only Truth. It was in danger of leaving its rivals for a long time to exist, and the unity so desired would not, - or would take centuries to be achieved - when the interests of the Empire demanded that it be achieved in a few decades.

The same could be said of the old cult of Cybele and Attis: its priests did not proclaim, like the Jews, that they alone possessed the truth. On the contrary, they believed, like all men of antiquity (except the Jews) that truth has countless facets, and that each cult helps its followers to grasp one aspect of it. They too would have allowed rival religions to flourish in their freedom.

Christianity, although penetrated as it was already, in the fourth century, with ideas and symbols borrowed either from Neoplatonism, or from the old Aegean mystical background, or from even more distant forms of the eternal Tradition, had, for its part, inherited from Judaism, the spirit of intolerance. Even its most enlightened apologists, the most richly nourished by classical Greek culture, - such as a Saint Clement of Alexandria or an Origen who, far from rejecting ancient wisdom, considered it a preparation for that of the Gospels - did not put the two wisdoms on the same level. There was, in their eyes, "progress" from the first to the second, and the Jewish "revelation" kept its priority over the more distant echo of the voice of the one God than one could detect among the pagan philosophers. As for the great mass of Christians, they held as "abominations" - or "demons" - all the Gods of the earth, except the one who had revealed himself to men of all races through the prophets of the Old Testament - the Jewish prophets - and through Jesus and his posthumous disciple, Paul of Tarsus, - the latter, a hundred percent Jew, the first, considered as "Jew", "Son of David", by the Church, although it ignores all of its origin, and that we have even been able to question its historicity.

It is the deep bond which links Christianity (and, in particular, the "holy Sacrifice of the Mass") to the ancient mysteries, which has ensured their survival until our days. And it was, in Paul of Tarsus, a trait of (political) genius to have given the oldest myths of the Mediterranean world such an interpretation that he thereby assured his own people, about this world and over all the peoples that he was, over the centuries, destined to influence, an indefinite spiritual domination. It was, in the Emperor Constantine, a stroke of genius (also political), to have chosen to encourage the spread of religion which, by spreading the fastest, was to give to the ethnic chaos that the Roman world represented then, the only unity to which he could still aspire. And it was, in the German leader Clodwig, known under the name of Clovis in the history of France, another stroke of genius (political, too), to have felt that nothing would assure him the permanent domination over his rivals, other German leaders, as well as his own adhesion (and that of his warriors) to Christianity, in this world already three quarters Christian, where the bishops represented a power to be sought as an ally. Political genius, not religious; even less philosophical - because in all cases it was a question of power, personal or national; material stability; of success, not of truth in the full sense of the word, that is to say in

agreement with the eternal. It was a question of ambitions on the human level, not of thirst for knowledge of the Laws of Being, or of thirst for union, with the Essence of all things, - Soul, both transcendent and immanent of the Cosmos. For if it had been otherwise, there would have been no reason why the religion of the Nazarene should triumph for so many centuries: its rivals were worth it. She had only one "advantage" over them - practical: her fanaticism, her childish intolerance inherited from the Jews, - fanaticism, intolerance which could make the Roman or the cultivated Greek of the early days of the Church smile, and that the German, nourished, him, in his beautiful religion at the same time cosmic and warrior, could with reason find absurd; but which was to give Christianity a militant character, which it alone possessed, since orthodox Judaism remained - and had to remain - the faith of a people.

Christianity could henceforth only be combated by another religion with an equally universal claim, as intolerant as itself. And it is a fact that, until now, it has retreated on a large scale only before Islam and, nowadays, before this false religion which is Communism.

Islam, like it, was attached to the Old Testament of the Jews. He was, like him, out of the desert, but was stripped of all the symbolism which links the worship of Christ to the old Mediterranean, Egyptian, Chaldean, etc. myths of the death and resurrection of the Savior Wheat, and to the rites prehistoric times that made them tangible to the faithful. (For the Mohammedan, Jesus - Issa - is "a prophet", not a God, and especially not "God"). Syria, Egypt, all of North Africa, Christian for three or four centuries, were Islamized overnight. Europe would have been, if the chance of the war had not wanted Charles Martel and his Franks to have been victorious, between Tours and Poitiers, in 732 - unless, of course, it had resisted. for centuries, as Spain did.

Certainly, an Arab victory, followed by the conquest of all of Europe according to the plan that had been devised twenty years earlier by the brilliant Moussa-al-Kébir, would have been, from a racial point of view, a disaster of the first magnitude. The Aryan race would have lost, on all the continent, the purity which it still retained in the eighth century. At the most, there would have remained here and there more or less important islets of a predominantly Aryan population, as in North Africa regions populated mainly by Berbers, or as we still find in Spain, places, where the (Nordic) type of the Visigoths left more traces than elsewhere. On the whole, Europe would have become, in terms of blood, less pure even than it is today - which is saying a lot. But from the strict point of view of the evolution of the ideas and customs of each of its peoples, and more particularly of its religious psychology, its history would perhaps not have been very different to me.

It is true that Arabic would undoubtedly have supplanted Latin, and that there would probably not have been a "Renaissance" in the tenth century of the Hegira. Or would the Greek scholars of Constantinople (themselves Islamized?) Still have, as the Turks approached, emigrated to the West, to courts very similar to those of the Moorish capitals of Spain, and would they be there? -despite wide awake nostalgia for classical Antiquity? Let us not forget that Aristou (Aristotle) and Aflatoun(Plato), were known and admired by Arab scholars. There would certainly have been no painting or sculpture reproducing the human form: this is contrary to the laws of Islam. The artists of Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, the Leonardo da Vinci, the Michelangelo, the Dürer, the Rembrandt, - would

have been born. Enough Aryan blood would have remained for them to be born. And they would have given their genius an expression just as strong and no doubt just as beautiful, however different . But there are two features of European Christian civilization which would have tragically remained the same: anthropocentrism, and intolerance - intolerance on all levels, a normal continuation of religious intolerance, and a consequence of what I called the superstition of "man".

The spirit of controversy, inherited from decadent Hellenism, would not have failed to generate sects. The spirit of exclusivity; religious, inherited from the Jews, - the mania of each to believe himself, with his brothers in the faith, sole keeper of the secrets of the Unknowable - would have made of these sects parties detesting each other, and militating savagely against each other, because it was and still is the temperament of the European to fight savagely, as soon as he accepted the fight. There would undoubtedly have been wars of religion, and a Holy Inquisition which would not have, in terms of horror, left anything to be desired from that which currently existed. The Americans would have been discovered and conquered and exploited. The caravels would have carried there the faith of the victorious Prophet instead of that of Jesus crucified, and the banner of the Khalifes would have replaced that of the very Catholic kings. But the conquest and exploitation and proselytism would have been equally ruthless there. The old cults would have been rigorously abolished there - as had been, twenty-five centuries earlier, the cult of the Baalim and the Mother Goddesses, wherever the "good" Jewish kings had extended their domination. The teocalli and the huaca-huasi would have been shaved. It does not matter that, on their foundations, mosques had arisen, instead of Christian cathedrals! From the perspective of Cuauhtemoc and Atahualpa, and the people of Mexico and PeFu, it would have meant the same thing: the choice between conversion or death. It is true that the Jews of Antiquity did not even leave this choice to the worshipers of Baal and Astarte, and that in North America the Aryans, morally one could not be more Jewish (giving enormous importance to the 'Old Testament), were hardly going to leave it to the Indians whom they had to decimate, almost to complete extinction, by alcohol, not even granting them the honor of dying for their Gods, weapons in hand . The Spaniards - and the Portuguese - apparently cared more about the fate of the immortal souls of "all men". They were closer to the Jews, disciples of Jesus, and especially to Paul of Tarsus, than they were fellow-in-arms Jews of Joshua, son of Nun, or of King David. . . or Jehu. Nevertheless, they were, in any case, what Pope Pius XI is - or should be - all good Christians: "spiritual Semites", and religious intolerance is a Jewish product; the Jewish product, par excellence.

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But it seems to me that I hear from all sides the objection that we have been repeatedly raised from the beginning of the Movement, from the first speeches of the Master, from the first edition of the Book. I am quoted from the very words, written in full, black and white, on page 507 of this one - these words which I too have recalled so many times, in public and in private meetings, before. , during and after World War II: "Political parties tend to compromise; the "Weltanschauungen", never. Political parties take into consideration the opposition of possible adversaries; the "Weltanschauungen" proclaim their own infallibility". If this is not the most cynical glorification of intolerance, then what

is it? And I remember - and how! - from the response of all the enemies of National Socialism, from the enthusiasts of good parliamentary democracy to the most rabid Communists, also theoretical defenders of "human rights", to the slightest suggestion of identical treatment of all "Committed"; including the Hitlerites: "There can be no question of tolerating the intolerant."

Are we really "intolerant"? and did the Führer, in the passage quoted, or elsewhere, exalt intolerance? Yes, of course. But this is not the same intolerance that I have tried to describe throughout the previous pages. It's about the response to it, the backlash against it - which is very different.

In distant Antiquity, before the virus of Jewish intolerance was spread around the world, we would have been tolerant as well as racist, as were all Indo-Europeans, and all the peoples of the earth, including the Jews themselves, before the great Mosaic reform. I will say more: our Movement, with its intransigence and aggressiveness, would not have existed - would not have had any justification. For it can only be understood in a time of accelerating decline. He is the supreme, desperate reaction - the reaction of people who have nothing to lose since, whatever comes out of their revolution, it cannot be worse than what they see around them - against this decadence. . Now this decadence is, as I have tried to show, linked to two attitudes which complement each other: to the superstition of "man" and to that of "happiness". It is these two superstitions which engender intolerance of the type I described above - not really "that of the Jews" (with the undoubted exception of the prophets), but that of all the doctrines which have their roots in Judaism; that which the Jews use, after having aroused it among other peoples, to incite these peoples to fight for them, without even knowing it. One can only attack intolerance with the help of another intolerance, based on another faith than it, just as one cannot fight "Terror rather than terror" - terror exercised in the name of another idea.

We fight the intolerance of devotees of "man" and those thirsty for "happiness" - both that of religions or philosophies directly born from Judaism, and that of humanitarian rationalists with scientific claims, nourished by the same two superstitions. We fight it through our intolerance, which arose not, of course, from the naive desire to make all men happy in this world or in another, but from the desire to keep pure and strong this human minority, which represents the biological elite of our Aryan race, so that one day (probably after the end of the present Time Cycle), a collectivity as close to the idea that we have of the superman - without defects and without weaknesses - as are the tigers of the idea of the perfect feline. We don't care whether the individuals who make up this biological elite are "happy" or "unhappy"! The Forts - and they are, or must be, - have nothing to do with personal happiness. Their function consists in ensuring, from generation to generation, both the continuity of the breed in its beauty and its virtues - in its "health" - and the continuity of faith in its natural values. The pride they feel in fulfilling this function, and the pleasure of challenging those who would like to attract them to other tasks, must be sufficient for them. "Happiness" as understood by the vast majority of people in "consumer" societies, that is to say, material comfort, plus the satisfactions of the senses and of the "heart", is good for animals. who, deprived of their word, therefore of the possibility of looking back on themselves, feel no particular pride in fulfilling their functions, and have neither ideological adversaries to harass, nor

“re-educators” to challenge. It is, as I said at the beginning, their right. Even the man of the lower races should be scornful to seek him out - let alone the average Aryan, and especially the Forts.

In addition, our intolerance manifests itself, like that of the Orthodox Hindus, on the level of life, of action, not on that of pure thought, because we do not “believe” that the basic propositions of our Weltanschauung are true: we know that . Uninformed people who persist to deny them - those who, for example, proclaim loudly that “race does not exist”, no doubt irritate us. But deep down we don't feel any more hostility towards them than towards fools who go away repeating that two and two make five. We see that if we add two pebbles to two pebbles, and if we count the whole, we inevitably find four pebbles. And, although this is of another order of ideas; of the natural sciences, and not that of mathematics, - we also see, and very clearly, that there are, among all the people who are called Indo-Europeans, or Aryans, common features, well defined. That madmen - or parrots, repeating what anti-racist propaganda served them on television - deny it does not change the facts. It is not to “save” these fools, or these parrots, from error, for the sake of their soul, or out of respect for their “reason”, that we would crack down on them if we had the power, but only to prevent the repercussions that their speeches could have in society, and in particular among young people. Their “reason” is so unreasonable - and so little “their”! - that it does not inspire us any respect. And the fate of their soul, if they have one, does not interest us. But the survival of our race - still so beautiful, wherever it has remained more or less pure - and the possibilities of assertion and action that a future, however threatening it may seem, can, despite everything still exist. to reserve, interests us deeply. It is in the name of them that we would take against them, if we had the power, ruthless measures. In a society for a long time steeped in our spirit, in which any anti-racist, egalitarian, pacifist statement, contrary to the divine wisdom of Nature, - any expression of the superstition of “man” - would be received with irresistible bursts of laughter, like a crude fairground joke, or out of total indifference, even more murderous, perhaps we would not crack down on our adversaries, but we would let them bark all their drunk. They would not be dangerous, and moreover would tire quickly. like a crude fairground joke, or out of total indifference, even more murderous, perhaps we would not crack down on our adversaries, but let them bark all their drinks. They would not be dangerous, and moreover would tire quickly. like a crude fairground joke, or out of total indifference, even more murderous, perhaps we would not crack down on our adversaries, but let them bark all their drinks. They would not be dangerous, and moreover would tire quickly.

* * *

I compared our “intolerance” to that of the Orthodox Hindus, so different from that of Christians and Muslims. You will soon understand why.

If any young Brahmin tells his father that he feels a special devotion to some expression, visible or invisible, of the Divine, outside the Pantheon of Hinduism, whether it be Jesus, or Apollonius of Tyana, or whatever European leader of our time, in whom he believes he has discovered the mark of the “Avatar” or divine Incarnation, the father will generally find nothing to complain about. He will probably suggest to his son that he place the image of his God - even if he is a man, still alive - on the domestic altar, among those of

the traditional deities who already figure there. The young man will accept, no doubt. And no one in the family will mind, because it will not change anything in practice, the rhythm of life at home: the ordinary will be the same; daily rites, too; the holidays will be celebrated there in the same way. Nothing will change. There will only be one more image, among the many images, in the Gods corner, and a somewhat different thought from that of other Hindus under the head of one of the family members. But the thoughts are not seen. Even expressed, they only begin to be annoying when you feel they might, when you least expect them, translate into shocking acts. Until then, they are tolerated; and he who has them, even if he is at the bottom of his heart, a Christian, or even a Communist, is regarded as one of the sons of the house and of the caste.

But that another son of this same Brahmin, without claiming the least of the world of any master, of any teaching, of any foreign God, come and declare to his father that he ate forbidden foods, and that, in the company of people of low caste, with whom tradition forbids him to associate in this act which has the value of a rite, because it sustains life; or, worse still if possible, that he comes to say that he lives with a woman who is not of those whom the holy tradition allows him to marry, and that he has a child by her. . . He will be, then, - and that, whatever may be his devotion to Hindu deities; whatever justification he can invent to link his actions, willy-nilly, to some well-known episode of the Hindu past - rejected by family and caste; excommunicated; repressed to the rank of Untouchable by all Orthodox Hindus. He will have to leave his village, and to go and live two or three kilometers further, in the agglomeration of the aborigines (men of inferior races).

It will certainly not be so today in all Hindu circles. Under the violent or subtle action of the forces of disintegration, the traditional mentality is lost, in India as elsewhere. It is nonetheless true that it would have been so, a few years ago; and that it would still be so now, in Hindu circles whose orthodoxy has resisted and to the example of the foreigner and to the propaganda of a government imbued with foreign ideas. The fact remains that this attitude corresponds well to the spirit of Hinduism, I would say more: to the Indo-European spirit, and even to the ancient spirit. It could be expressed in the sentence: "Think What you want! But do not do anything that can destroy the purity of your race, or its health, or contribute to scorn or abandon the customs which are its guardians". Whereas the injunction which could translate into intolerance of religions which left the Jewish tradition but intended for non-Jews would be roughly the following: "Do whatever you want - or more or less. There is no act against religious (or civil) laws that is not forgivable. But don't think of anything that might cause you to question the "articles of faith" - the basic propositions of Christian or Mohammedan doctrine, or (nowadays) liberal-humanitarian, or Marxist". Think, to feel, even about the unprovable and perhaps the unknowable, otherwise than a "faithful" must, is the worst crime. It was for committing it - not for acting in any way that hundreds of thousands of Europeans suffered torture, and ultimately death by fire; in the days when the Holy Office was all-powerful; that millions perished, inside or outside of Europe, for refusing the message of Christianity, Islam or, later, triumphant Marxism.

Compare with that the attitude which is affirmed in Point Vingt-quatre, already quoted, of the famous "Twenty-five Points" of the program of the National Socialist Party,

proclaimed in Munich, February 24, 1920: "We demand freedom of any religious denomination in the State, insofar as it does not endanger the existence of it, and is not in contradiction with the sense of decorum and the moral sense of the Germanic race . . ." . It is, of course, the door opens to a certain form of intolerance, but not to that of the murderers of Hypatia, nor to that of the judges of Giordano Bruno - or of Galileo. This is the justification for the only "intolerance" that the ancient world practiced - that of the Roman authorities who pursued the early Christians, not as adherents of any "superstition" (after all - in the eyes of the sages of the era - neither more nor less stupid than so many others which swarmed in the lower classes and... among the idle women of the rich) but as seditious who refused to honor the images of the Emperor-god of the grain of traditional incense; as enemies of the state. It is the condemnation of any other form of intolerance, both that of the prophets and "good" Jewish kings of the Old Testament, as well as that of the Inquisitor Fathers.

* * *

A question, however, arises that of the border between the two intolerances, or rather, between the acts and gestures hostile to the order dreamed by the legislator, and the "thoughts", the deep convictions, the attachment to the values. in contradiction with the basic propositions on which this order is based. It is certain that gestures, unless they are purely mechanical, presuppose thoughts, convictions, the acceptance of well-defined values. And it is also certain that any ardent attachment to given values will sooner or later be expressed in gestures - by creating "facts". He will do it as soon as he can, that is to say as soon as the pressure of the hostile forces which have hitherto prevented it, will relax. And in the meantime, if any public demonstration is prohibited for him, - if he is, even as a feeling, considered "subversive", even "criminal", by the people in power, - he will express himself just as well. that badly in clandestinely: by word and by gesture, behind closed doors, between "brothers". (This is exactly how our attachment to the values of Aryan racism in its contemporary form, that is to say to Hitlerism. And we are only tolerated to the extent that we are invisible, and that the immense hostile world in the midst of which we are dispersed, accustomed as he is to only trusting his senses, believes us to be non-existent. Any clandestine thought is necessarily "tolerated" - or rather ignored, and for good reason!)

Tolerance of the expression of the thought or faith of others, in a society based on standards which it seems to despise, is logically justified only in two cases. Either one considers this thought or this faith as not being, by its very content, susceptible of any influence on the social life of the individual, and even less on that of his brothers of race or simply of his fellow-citizens; or else, we admit its harmfulness - the subversive character, the potential danger on the practical level - but, either we do not esteem the representatives enough to judge them capable of sustained persistence, or we do not believe in the efficacy of thought and faith, even expressed, if the action they call for is too long impossible, we do not admit the real danger .

The Hindu, who has no objection to one of his sons worshiping Jesus, rather than the divine Incarnations known and venerated by his fathers, has only one function of religion in view: that which consists in leading the faithful to the lived experience of "God" to the realization of the universal Self in the depths of himself. He presupposes that his son,

while striving for this supreme experience (that of all initiates) through his devotion to Christ, will not sever any of the ties that bind him to Brahminic society. If he thought differently, if he suspected, for example, that the young man no longer has the same respect for the traditional laws concerning food and marriage; if he believed him capable, henceforth, of eating flesh (and especially bovine flesh) or of procreating children outside his caste, and this because his new faith had given birth to a new mentality in him, he would be less tolerant.

The European who is refused entry to a Hindu temple is excluded not because of his metaphysics, held to be false, still less because of his race, if he is indeed an Aryan, but because of the culinary habits which one attributes to him (sometimes wrongly; but no regulation takes account, alas, of the exception! I have been, to myself, and despite that the company Hindu in general would have long accepted me, refused entry to one of the temples of Sringeri - the homeland of Sankaracharya, in Southwest India - on the pretext that I had been, before embracing Hinduism, a "beefeater." And when I protested vehemently against this accusation, recalling that I had always been a vegetarian, both before I came to India and afterwards, the priest told me that "my fathers, no doubt" had not been, and continued to keep me away from the threshold. I must admit, to be fair, that I was admitted to almost every other temple in India, including that of Pandharpur, in Mahratta country.)

Hindu "intolerance" being, like ours, essentially defensive, it is understood that it manifests itself - and cannot do less than manifest itself - with regard to any idea or belief, or metaphysical or moral attitude., seen as tending to undermine the traditional social order. But it will never be exercised with regard to a different traditional order, in order to change it by force or even by persuasion. This is, I repeat - and it cannot be repeated too often - the "intolerance" of all the peoples of antiquity, minus the Jews. The judges who condemned Socrates to drink hemlock because he "did not believe in the Gods in whom the city believed" would never have dreamed of going to impose these same Gods of Athens on an Egyptian or a Persian. If they could have known in which direction ideas were going to evolve and history would unfold, Christian (or Muslim) proselytism, the Crusades, the Holy Inquisition, the suppression of the indigenous religions of America, would have seemed to them as monstrous as to us, today's hated "intolerants". And we who would be ready to crack down with the latest violence against all people who, by nature or by choice, among the Aryan peoples, would consider absurd any inclination to preach our values to Negroes or, in general, to peoples of another blood than ours. Even as far as Europe is concerned, we make a distinction between "the North" and "the South," - the Germanic element and the Mediterranean element (although, already in antiquity, the latter was quite mixed. to the blood of the Nordic conquerors: there is, after any conquest, a gradual return to the race of the conquered, if no "caste system" or, at least, no legislation concerning marriage, guarantees the survival of theconquerors).

If Aryans with our mentality had been able, instead of the Spaniards and Portuguese, to conquer the Americas, they would have left the temples and the cult of the native Gods intact. At most, seeing that, from the start, they themselves were taken for Gods, they would have allowed themselves to be worshiped, . . . while trying with all their power to become and remain worthy of being. And they would have punished, with exemplary

severity, any intimacy between their own soldiers and the women of the country, or at least prevented the birth of children of mixed unions, thus preserving the purity of the two races.

1. In "Beyond Good and Evil."

2. "Mein Kampf," German edition of 1935, p. 507.

3. Or, in Peru, for the God Viracocha and his. The Peruvians had also, at the beginning, called the Spaniards "Viracochas".

4. Or Viracocha, Peru.

5. Deuteronomy, Chapter 7, Verses 1 to 7.

6. See at the end of Chapter 12 of the Second Book of Samuel, the treatment inflicted by the "good" King David on the prisoners after the capture of the city of Rabat, capital of the Ammonites.

7. The Bible, Kings II, Chapter 18, verses 3 and following.

8. The Bible, Kings II, Chapter 21, verses 2 and following.

9. The Bible. Genesis, Chapter 19, verses 36, 37, 38.

10. The Bible, Genesis, Chapter 11, verse 27.

11. The *practical* intelligence of animals is no longer in question; however, it too can be creative, as Koehler's experiments show in particular. But let us think above all of the paintings - eminently "abstract" - executed by several of Desmond Morris' chimpanzees, creations which one could take and which one has, in fact, currently *taken*, for human works of the same. style.

12. Edouard Herriot, *Philon le Juif*, 1898 edition.

13. Guibert Murray, "Five stages of Greek religion", 1955 edition (New York) p. 158.

14. Adolf Hitler, "Mein Kampf", German edition of 1935, p. 507.

15. Adolf Hitler, "Mein Kampf", 1935 edition, p. 507.

16. "We demand the freedom of all religious denominations in the state, as long as they do not endanger its existence or offend against the morality and morality of the Germanic race." (Point 24 of the Twenty-Five Points). "The program of the NSDAP"

Chapter IV - Contempt of the Average Man

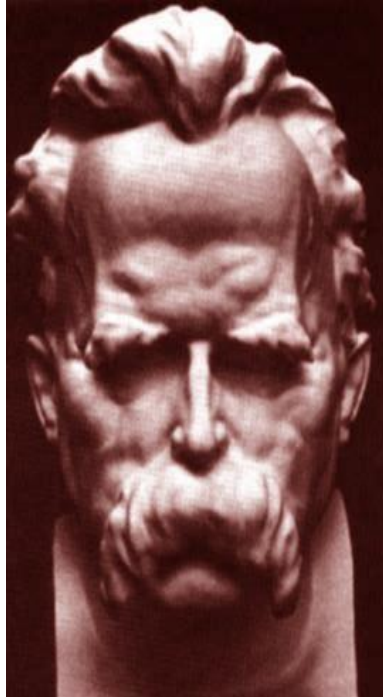


Illustration: Josef Thorak's bust of Friedrich Nietzsche

“And shame at being a man also stabbed his heart.”

—Leconte de Lisle (“The Holocaust,” *Tragic Poems*)

“*This appalling logic.*” On 9 October 1948, Mr. Rudolf Grassot, Assistant Chief of the Office of Information of the French Occupation in Baden-Baden, said this to me while describing our intellectual consistency . . . without, of course, suspecting at the time “to whom” he spoke. I treasure these words, which flatter us, along with a number of other homages—always involuntary—from the adversary, in Europe or elsewhere.

As for me, there are few things that shock me about mammals that profess to “think”—that never cease to emphasize the superiority that this “thought” is perceived to give them over the living things that they believe are completely deprived of it—as much as the absence of logic. It shocks me because it is a lack of agreement between thought and life

in the same individual, even between two or more aspects of his thought itself; because it is internal contradiction, negation of harmony, therefore weakness and ugliness. And the higher someone in whom one encounters this is placed in the conventional hierarchy of “intellectuals,” i.e., the lettered, preferably university graduates or technicians from some great school, the more this absence of reasoning capacity shocks me. But it is simply unbearable for me in whoever proclaims the Hitlerian faith *and* follows some religious or philosophical doctrine obviously incompatible with Hitlerism.

Why is that? Why, for example, do the millions of people called “animal lovers” who deny that they are slaves of any custom and yet eat meat “to be inconspicuous,” seem less irritating to me than the tens of thousands who say they are at the same time Hitlerians and Christians? Are the first less illogical than the second? Certainly not! But they form a majority that I already know is dishonest and slack or weak, which are almost the same thing; a majority that, in spite of the few interesting *individuals* among it, I scorned since my earliest childhood and from which I expect nothing. The others are my brothers in faith, or those whom I have, up to now, believed such. They form an élite that I loved and exalted because it carries, today as yesterday, the same sign as me—the eternal Swastika—and hails the same Master; an élite on which I relied as a thing that is self-evident, this perfect accord of thought with itself and with life, this absolute logic that one of our enemies, without knowing who I was, described to me as “appalling” on 9 October 1948, the forty-first anniversary of the birth of Horst Wessel.

Inconsistency is either folly or bad faith, or compromise—folly, dishonesty, or weakness. A Hitlerian, however, cannot by definition be foolish, dishonest, or weak. Whoever is afflicted by one of these three disqualifications cannot be counted among the militant minority, hard and pure, dedicated body and soul to the fight for the survival and the reign of the best—our fight. Unfortunately, it was indeed necessary—and will be necessary for a long time to come, if we want to act on the material plane—to accept, if not the allegiance, at least the *services* of a mass of people who, viewed from outside, appeared and perhaps appear to be Hitlerians, but who, in fact, were not and are not, could not and cannot be, precisely because of the absence of consistency inherent in their psychology. What to do? They had and they have—and will have for a long time to come—the numbers and . . . the money that no movement with a practical program can entirely do without. They should be *used* . . . without however placing too much confidence in them. One should not argue with them; for if they are blockheads, it accomplishes nothing; if they are insincere, it accomplishes nothing as well. And if they are weak . . . the revelation of their inconsistency can have the opposite effect on them that one would have wished.

As soon as Hermann Rauschning realized that he could not be a Hitlerian and a Christian at the same time, he chose Christianity and wrote the virulent book, *Hitler Speaks*,¹ which the enemy hastened to translate into several languages. Unless told, he may never have realized it and might have continued, as did so many other good average Christians, to

lavish all the services he could on the cause of Germany, and beyond that, the Aryan cause. It was these who should have been allowed to sleep.

So many sleepers—the logically inconsistent—are, on the practical plane, more *useful* than us, the small core of militants without compromise!

In his letter of 26 June 1966, the late George Lincoln Rockwell, the head of the American National Socialist Party,² who was destined, fourteen months later, to fall to an assassin's bullet, wrote to me, among other things: "An examination of our revenues would clarify the indisputable fact that most of our money comes from pious Christians (*devout Christians*). People like you cannot send one cent to us—and even, apparently, need financial assistance themselves . . ." And a little further:

In a word, without ammunition, even the greatest strategist in the world would lose a war. And if those people who hold a monopoly on ammunition require that I repeat every morning, three times, 'abracadabra,' in order to obtain from them enough weapons to destroy the enemy, then not three times, but nine times will I say 'abracadabra,' whether it be insults or lies or anything else. *When we have taken power, our position will be entirely different.* However, I would venture to say that, even then, the Master Himself did not allow himself to go beyond moderation, in the direction you indicate. *He agreed with you, and with all true National Socialists without compromise. There is not a shadow of a doubt.* But He was *also* a realist—a realist who knew how to use force, and how!

He replied to my letter of 26 April 1966, in which I had very frankly expressed the disappointment I had felt when reading certain issues of the monthly "Bulletin" of the American National Socialist Party. (In one of those were spread out from side to side, in three rectangles, three symbols, each one with a word of explanation: a Christian cross, "our faith"—a flag of the United States, "our fatherland"—and finally a Swastika, "our race.") Rockwell answered my criticisms, my doctrinal intransigence, my exacting *logic*. And, *from the practical point of view, he was a hundred times right.* Someone who gives dollars to the NSWPP is more useful, certainly, than someone who writes a hundred lines not "of propaganda" (adapted to the immediate concerns and the tastes of a majority of people at one moment of time), but *of truth*, i.e., of propositions whose intrinsic value will be the same in ten thousand, and in ten thousand times ten thousand years, and always, and that justify our combat of yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

But there is more: the man and woman of good Aryan blood who, like—alas—so many of our brothers in race, ardently hate both our Führer and ourselves, but create a child destined to be, one day, one of us, are even more useful still than the individual who gives financial support to our militants. The parents of Goebbels, who did not have any

sympathy for the Hitlerian Movement, did more for it simply by having this child than the magnates of German heavy industry who (without knowing what they were doing any more than the “pious Christians” of the USA whom Rockwell mentions in its letter) financed the election campaigns of the National Socialists from 1926 to 1933. In fact, each is useful in his way. And there are services of such different natures that they do not compare. Each has its value.

The fact remains that I read again with pride the sentence that Rockwell wrote to me a little more than a year before his tragic death: “The Master”—the Führer—“*He agreed with you, and with all true National Socialists without compromise. There is not a shadow of a doubt.*” He added, it is true, that he was “also a realist”—a man knowing how to act in view of immediate success—while I, his disciple, am not. But I myself am not a leader. And did not the Führer himself, in making some decisions with the weightiest of consequences, place the “appalling logic” of our *Weltanschauung* above immediate material success? Could he, for example, have done something other than attack Russia, citadel of the Marxism, on 22 June 1941? Or before, in refusing the Molotov proposals of 11 November 1940? (As exorbitant as these were, to accept them would have been, it seems, less tragic than to risk war on two fronts.)

* * *

The more an argument is rigorous, impeccable purely from the *logical* point of view, the more its conclusion is false, if the basic judgment from which it departs—that which expresses its “major” premise, in the case of a simple syllogism—is itself false. That is clear. If I declare that, “All men are saints,” and if I note then that the Marquis de Sade and all sexual perverts known and unknown, and all abusers of animals or children, “were or are men,” I am rightly forced to conclude that all these people “were or are saints,” an assertion whose absurdity is obvious. Perfect logic leads to a *true* judgment only if it is applied from the beginning to premises that are themselves *true*. The adjectives by which one characterizes such a rigor in the concatenation of judgments, depends upon the attitude one has with respect to the judgments from which it departs. If one accepts them, one will speak of an irreproachable or admirable logic. If one vehemently rejects them, as Mr. Grassot rejected the basic propositions of Aryan racialism, in other words, Hitlerism, one will speak of “appalling logic.” That is of no importance, for the judgments remain true or false, independent of one’s reception of them, which is always subjective.

However, what about a true judgment?

Any judgment expresses a relationship between two established facts, two possibilities, or an established fact (and all the psychological states belong to this category) and a possibility. If I say, for example, “The weather is nice,” I pose the relationship between the whole ensemble of feelings that I presently test, and the presence of the sun in the

visible sky. If I say: "The sum of the angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles," I propose that, *if* a polygon has the characteristics that mathematically define the triangle, the sum of its angles will be, and could only be, equal to two right angles; that there is a necessary relationship between the very definition of the "triangle," and the property to which I referred. If I say: "It is better to lose one's life than to violate one's honor!" I propose a relationship—no less necessary in principle—between *my* psychology and any *possible* situation in which it would be necessary for me to choose either to live dishonored or else to die to preserve my honor.

A judgment is true if the relationship it expresses exists. It is false in the contrary case. That is clear in the case of the Judgments—called "categorical"—that pose a relationship between two facts. If I say in the middle of the day that "night is falling," it is quite certain that there is no longer a connection between what my senses experience and what I say; the judgment is thus false at the place and time when it is expressed. If I say: "The sum of angles of triangle is equal to five right angles," I say nonsense, because relationship that I pose there between the definition of a triangle and a property that I ascribe to it *does not exist*; because the assertion of the property *contradicts* the judgment that defines the triangle. (Even in non-Euclidean space with a positive curve, in which the sum of the angles of a triangle "exceeds" two right angles, this sum does not reach "five right angles.")

In the case of categorical judgments, which express a relationship between two facts, as in that of the perfect hypothetical judgments that constitute all the theorems of mathematics, "truth" or "falsehood" are quite strongly in evidence. It is certain that nobody will accept it, if I declare in full day that "night is falling"—because any healthy eye is sensitive to the light. As for mathematical theorems, they demonstrate everything, *provided that one accepts*, in the case of geometrical theorems, the postulates that define the particular space they are related to.

The only judgments people dispute—to the point of declaring war over them—are *value* judgments; those that presuppose, in whoever expresses them, *a hierarchy of preferences*. It is, indeed, always in the name of such a hierarchy that one seizes a relationship between a fact (or a state of mind) and a "possibility" (future, or . . . conceived retrospectively, as what *could have been*). The facts can give place to animated discussions, undoubtedly, but deprived of passion, and especially of hatred. One does not really quarrel with one's adversaries and, if one has the ability, one does not prevail against them, if one holds the "facts," which are the object of discussion, as directly or indirectly related to the *values* that one loves. The Church was hostile to those who maintained that the earth is round and that it is not the center of the solar system, insofar as it believed it saw in these facts—in cases where they could be proven, hence universally accepted—the negation not merely of the letter of the Scriptures, but above all of Christian anthropocentrism. The biological facts that serve as the basis of any intelligent racialism are denied by organizations such as UNESCO, which are keen on "culture," yet only

because these organizations see, in their wide scale acceptance, the “threat” of a resurgence of Aryan racialism, which they hate.

* * *

Is there *objectivity* in the field of values? To this question, I answer *yes*. There is something independent of the “taste” of each critic of art that makes a masterpiece of painting, sculpture, or poetry a masterpiece for all times. There are, behind any perfect creation—and not only in the field of art properly so called—the secret correspondences, a whole network of “proportions” that themselves “point out” cosmic equivalences unknown but intimated. These are the elements that attach the work to *the eternal*—in other words, that confer an *objective* value on it.

On the other hand, *there is no universal scale of preferences*. Even if one could penetrate the mystery of the structure of eternal creations, which are human in name only—for there the author is effaced by *the Force* (the Ancients would have said “the God”), that possessed him for a while and acted through and *by* him—if one could, I say, explain in clear propositions like those of mathematicians *why* such creations are eternal, one could never force everyone to *prefer* the eternal to the temporal; to find a work that reflects something of the harmony of the cosmos more *pleasant*, more satisfactory than another that does not reflect it at all. There are good and bad taste. And there are moral consciences that reconcile more or less what a man would have with a scale of values that would be *objective*. But there is no more a universal conscience than a universal taste. They do not and cannot exist, for the simple reason that the aspirations of men are *different*, beyond the level of the most elementary needs. (And even these needs are more or less pressing, according to the individual. There are people who find life bearable, even beautiful, without comforts, pleasures, or attachments, the lack of which would render other persons frankly unhappy.)

Whoever says different aspirations, means different *preferences*. Whoever says different preferences, means different reactions to the same events, different decisions in the face of identical dilemmas, and thus different ways of organizing lives which, without that, would have resembled each other.

Never forget the diversity of men, even within the same race, and with stronger reason if one passes from one race to another. How can beings so different from each other have all the “same rights and the same duties”?

There is no more a universal duty than there is a universal conscience. Or, if one wants absolutely to find a formula that would be true for all, it will have to be said that the duty of all men—and more: *of any living being*—is to be until the end, in its visible or secret manifestations, *what it is* in its deep nature; never to betray *itself*.

But natures differ profoundly. From whence comes, in spite of all, the diversity of duties, like rights, and inevitable conflict in the plane of facts between those who have opposing duties. The Bhagavad-Gita says it: “Devote yourself to achieving *your own duty* (*svadharma*). The duty of another entails (for you) many dangers.”

And what, in practice, will decide the outcome of a conflict between people whose duties are opposed? *Force*. Truly, that is all I can see. If it eludes me, well I am obliged to support the presence in the world of institutions that I regard as criminal, given my own scale of values. I can hate them. I cannot abolish them with the stroke of a pen, as I would do if I had the power. And even those who have the power cannot do it—to the extent that they require the collaboration of certain men, if not of a majority, precisely to maintain the position they have conquered. But I will say more later about force, the condition of any visible and abrupt change, i.e., of any victorious revolution on the material plane. I will first say some words about the fathers of “universal conscience” and the idea that it leads to: the idea of a “duty” that would be the same for all. I will only point out the names of some of them who, in domains *other* than morals, have distinguished themselves by some preeminence: by the vigor of their thought or the beauty from their prose.

First there is Immanuel Kant, who is known to have had a boundless desire to trace the line of demarcation between scientific knowledge and metaphysical speculation; between what one *knows*, or what one *can* know, and that about which one can speak only arbitrarily, because one knows nothing at all, or has a direct vision of something ineffable. All parts of Kant’s works that treat the subordination of thought to the categories of space and time and our inability, where we are, to transcend by our conceptual intelligence the sphere of “phenomena,” is of an exemplary solidity. The instructions that this thinker gives to help any man to discover his “duty,” which he believed to be the same for all, are less worthy of credence, and precisely because they are unrelated to that which, according to Kant’s own arguments, constitutes the essence of the scientific spirit.

We are here in the field of *values*—not of “facts”—not of “phenomena.” The only “fact” that one could note in this connection, is none other than the diversity of scales of values. And Kant does not recognize that at all. He thinks his concept of “duty” is based on that of “reason.” And since reason is “universal,” being the laws of discursive thought—two and two make four for the lowest Negroes as well as for one of us—it seems quite necessary that duty be as well. Kant does not realize, insofar as his own values appeared indisputable to him, that it is not “reason” at all, but rather his austere Christian education—*pietist*, to be more precise—that dictated them to him; that he owes them, not to his capacity to draw conclusions from given premises—a capacity that he indeed shares with all men of sound mind, and perhaps with the higher animals—but indeed to his voluntary submission to the influence of the moral milieu in which he was raised. He forgets—and how many forgot it before and after him, and forget it still!—*that reason is impotent to set ends, to establish orders of preferences*; that, in the domain of values, its role is restricted to

bringing to light logical—or practical—connections between a given end and the means to its realization.

Reason can indicate to an individual what his “duty” will be in a precise circumstance, “if,” for example, he loves all men, or better still, all living beings. It cannot force him to love them, if he himself feels nothing that attracts him to them. It can suggest to him what he should or should not do if he wants to contribute to “world peace.” *It cannot force him to want peace.* And if he would not like it, whether he would consider it demoralizing or simply tedious, it would suggest to him, with an equal logic, a completely different position and action—the same as it would direct the intelligent, thus lucid, misanthrope towards an action completely different from what it would order the philanthropist. It will always order those who reflect to promote of what each really *loves* and profoundly *wants*. How could it inspire duties that are identical in content in individuals who love different, even incompatible, ideals, each of whom would have *the* revolution that his ideal implies? Or with individuals who love only people, and others who themselves love only ideas?

“Always act,” said Kant, “as if the principle of your action could be set up as a universal law.” How to apply this “rule” *at the same time* to the conduct of one who, loving only his family and friends, far from sacrificing them to some idea, will feel that it is “his duty” to protect them at all costs, *and* to the conduct of the militant who, not loving them as much as a cause that surpasses them, considers that it would be “his duty,” if necessary, to sacrifice to it his recent collaborators (as soon as he felt them weaken in the field of orthodoxy and become dangerous), *and a fortiori* his family, foreign to the holy ideology, as soon as he saw one of its members, no matter who, make a pact with hostile forces?

And what is the meaning of the rule: “Act always such that you take a human being as an end, never as a means”? In other words: “never *use a man*.”³ *And why not?*—above all if, by using him, I work in the interest of a Cause that surpasses him by far, for example, the cause of Life, or of the human *élite* (a particular case of the *élite* of each living species) or simply that of a particular people if it has a historical mission that is more than human? Man exploits without scruples the animal and the tree, in favor of what he believes to be his own interest. And Kant apparently found nothing to reprove in this. For why should we not exploit them, we human beings—the “human person” of alleged “value” that has been beaten into our ears for more than a quarter century—in the interest of Life itself? What prevents us, if we do not have—like Immanuel Kant and so many others, like the majority of people born and raised within Christian civilization (or Islamic, or Jewish, or simply “secular”)—a scale of values centered around the sacrosanct mammal with two legs?

For myself, *if* I love “all men,” I will not make use of any them; I will not take any of them “as means” for an end that is not his. One does not exploit what one truly loves. It is a psychological law. But no “reason” can force me “to love all men”—no more than it can

force the majority of men to love all animals. “Reason” enjoined Kant not to exploit any human being, not because it is a universal commandment, but because *he* himself loved all men, as the good Christian he was. I, who do not love them all, I do not feel that this “duty” pertains to me at all. It is not *my* duty. I refuse to submit to it. And if a man who finds the exploitation of animals and trees—and *what* exploitation!—quite natural, has the impudence to come to preach to me (to preach to us) “respect for human dignity,” I tell him brutally to mind his own business.

* * *

But Kant—so independent and so able in the domain of the critique of cognition—had in morals, beyond even the Christian teaching of his family, an intellectual guide: Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose influence continued to be felt, at that time, in all Europe.

It is difficult to imagine two men more different from each other than Rousseau, the perpetual wanderer with a somewhat disordered life—to say the least—and the meticulous Herr Professor Immanuel Kant, whose days and weeks were all the same, unfolding according to a rigorous schedule, without the least place for the unforeseen or the whimsical. In his works, Jean-Jacques Rousseau does not miss any opportunity to exalt “reason” . . . as well as “virtue.” But he does not seem to have had any code of conduct other than his imagination, or his impulses, with the result that the story of his life gives an impression of inconsistency, not to say instability. Poet rather than thinker, he did not live his life, he dreamed it. And above all, he did not live according to fixed principles.

The love for children he professes whenever possible did not prevent him from putting five of his, one after the other, in an orphanage, under the pretext that the woman who had given them to him, Thérèse Levasseur, would have been unable to raise them in the spirit that he would have wished. And this abandonment, five times repeated, did not prevent him from writing a book on the education of children, and what is worse, did not prevent the public from taking it seriously.⁴ It was taken seriously because, while believed without doubt to be strongly original, it reflected the deep tendencies of its time, above all the revolt against the Tradition in the name of “reason.”

It is not astonishing that spirits opposed to visible traditional authorities, i.e., kings and clergy, chose it with enthusiasm as their guide, and placed under his ensign the French Revolution that they organized. It seems, at first glance, less natural that Kant was so strongly subject to his influence.

But Kant was of his time, namely the time when Rousseau had seduced the European *intelligentsia*, partly by his poetic prose and paradoxes, partly by some clichéd words that recur on every subject in his work: the words “reason,” “conscience,” and “virtue.” These are the clichés that furnished the little imagination Kant had with the occasion for all the

flight of which it was capable, that gave to the German philosopher the form of his morals. The *contents* of which—as with even Rousseau himself and all the “*philosophes*” of the eighteenth century and, before them, Descartes, the true spiritual father of the French Revolution—are drawn from the old core of Christian ethics, centered on the dogma of the “dignity” of man, the only being created “in the image of God,” and in this respect a privileged being. In other words, with a meticulous honesty and an application and perseverance that is quite Prussian, Kant endeavored to establish a *system* of current European morals, humanitarian because originally Christian, that Rousseau had glorified in sentimental effusions—the morals that Nietzsche was one day to have the honor of demolishing with a feather, and that *we* were later destined to deny in action.

* * *

No doubt all men have *something* in common—be this only an upright stance and articulated language—that is not possessed by other living species. *Every* species is characterized by something possessed in common by all its members and of which members of other species are deprived. The suppleness and purring of felines are features that no other species can claim. We do not dispute that all human races have a certain number of common features, by sole virtue of being human. What we dispute—and how!—is that these common features are worthier of our attention than are, on the one hand, the enormous differences that exist between one human race and another (and often between human individuals of the same race) and, on the other hand, the features that all living things, including plants, have in common.

In our eyes a Negro or a Jew, or a Levantine without well-defined race, has neither the same duties nor the same rights as a pure Aryan. They are *different*; they belong to worlds that, whatever may be their points of contact on the material plane, remain foreign to one another. They are different by nature—biologically *others*. The acquisition of a “common culture” could not bring them closer—or only superficially and artificially—because “culture” is nothing if it does not have deep roots in nature.

Besides, our point of view is not new. Already the *Laws of Manu* assigned the Brahmin and Sudra—and people of each caste—different duties and rights . . . and *very* different penalties to the possible murderers of members of different castes. And caste is—and was especially in ancient India—above all related to race. (It is called *varna*, which is to say “color,” and also *jat*: race.)

Less far from us in time, and in Europe where contrasts between races were never so extreme, the legislation of the Merovingian Franks, like that of the Ostrogoths of Italy and the other Germans established in conquered countries, provided for the murder of a man of Nordic race—a German—penalties incommensurable with those that the murderer of

Gallo-Roman or an Italian incurred, especially if the latter were of servile condition. No idea that is justified by a healthy racism is new.

In addition, we do not understand this priority granted to “man”—no matter *what* man, no matter *what situation*—over other living species, for the sole reason that “he is a man.” How adamantly the devotees of man-centered religions believe in this priority and hold to it in all walks of daily life, even today! It is, for them, an article of faith—the logical consequence of a dogma. And the faith is not discussed. But likewise, thinkers and multitudes of people who are not attached to any Church, who even fight *all* revealed religion, adopt the exact same attitude and find the lowest human refuse more worthy of solicitude than the healthiest and most *beautiful* animals (or plants); they refuse us the “right” to not only kill without suffering, but even to sterilize, defective human beings, whereas the life of an animal in full health and full force does not count in their eyes, and they will without remorse cut down a beautiful tree for being “inconvenient”; this is what shocks us deeply; *what revolts us*.

Apparently, all these minds that pride themselves on their independence, all these “free” thinkers, are—just as much as the devotees of religions centered on man and so-called “human dignity”—slaves of the prejudices that the West, and most of the East, have inherited from Judaism. If they rejected the dogmas and mythology of anthropocentric religions, *they completely kept their values*. That is as true of the Deists of the eighteenth century as of our atheistic Communists. In fact, there exists—even if the majority of anticommunist Christians reject this idea with indignation—a profound parallelism between Christianity and Marxism. Both are originally Jewish products. Both received the imprint of a more or less decadent Aryan thought: in the first case, that subtle Hellenistic philosophy, overloaded with allegories and preaching the most unlikely syncretisms; in the second case: not the true scientific spirit, which guards against error, but what I will call “scientism”—the propensity to replace the faith in traditional ideas with faith in all that is presented under the name of “science.” And above all, *at bottom* both are centered on the same values: on the cult of *man* as the only being created “in the image and likeness” of the God of the Jews, or simply as being of the same species as the Marxist who glorifies him. The *practical* result of anthropocentrism is the same, whatever may be the source.

* * *

It is precisely this anthropocentrism, shared by Christianity and Communism, and all “humanisms,” that served as the philosophical cement of the seemingly incongruous alliance of the Western world, Christian or “rationalist,” and of the Soviet Union, during the Second World War.

It was, in the eyes of more than one Christian, rather painful to see the glorious alliance with atheistic Communism in the fight against us disciples of Adolf Hitler. What is more, Christians or not, many Westerners felt more or less confusedly that this alliance was *politically* an error; that their country, whatever it was, would have had more to gain—or less to lose—as a *State* by giving a hand to Adolf Hitler (or by accepting the hand the Führer offered to them) and fighting at his side “against Bolshevism.” The voice of the Leader of Germany, who more and more despairingly invited them “to save Europe,” troubled them, sometimes.

And yet . . . it is not in the ranks of the French Volunteer Legion or some similar organization that they ended up, but in those of the members of some “Resistance” group, anti-German undoubtedly, but *also* and inevitably anti-Aryan. It is that their subconscious had informed them that, while following the politically wisest course of action, they would have betrayed what *for them* was more significant than politics: their world of values. It is that it had amazed them, as post-war authors arising from the Resistance soon did not weary to repeat to satiety during a quarter century (and who knows how much longer?), namely that Hitlerism, or Aryan racialism in its modern form, like any racialism based on the idea of a *natural élite* (*not* “chosen” arbitrarily by some too human “God”) is “*the negation of man.*” Consequently, this Europe that the Führer invited them to forge with him—that which would have finally led to *our* victory—was not what they wanted to preserve. And the “atheistic Bolshevism,” or simply Bolshevism opposed to free enterprise and honest private property, which our propaganda tried to make them fear, appeared to them, in the final analysis, *less* frightening than the spirit of our doctrines.

But there is more. Very few of those who sincerely believed themselves our allies and who fought and died with us in the fight against anti-Aryan values, had comprehended the true meaning of the message of the Führer; the call of the eternal Hero “against Time,” who returns from age to age, when all seems lost, to reaffirm the ideal of integral perfection that the inconceivable Golden Age of our Cycle lived. The majority of the combatants of the French Volunteer Legion were Christians who believed themselves fighting for the accepted values of Western Christian civilization.

Robert Brasillach was profoundly Christian, and he himself realized that we were—and are—“a Church,” and that this Church was and could only be the rival of the one that conquered Europe from the fourth to the twelfth centuries. He apparently preferred, moreover, Italian and especially Spanish Fascism to German National Socialism. It is the social side of the one as the other—the camaraderie, mutual aid, effective solidarity between people of the same fatherland, independently of all “philosophy”—that attracted him. The enthusiasm that this sincerely *lived* national brotherhood inspired in him, made him close his eyes to the “pagan character” of Hitlerism.

Even among *our* followers—the *Germans* who had from the beginning of the Movement followed the Swastika banner—very few comprehended what had occurred not on the political level, but on that of *values*. Very few realized that it was a spiritual revolution—a negation of the anthropocentric values accepted up to that point by almost all, without discussion, for centuries, and the return of natural values, of the cosmic values of a forgotten civilization—that was to take place before their eyes.

Some comprehended that, felt misled in their initial hopes, and left the Movement, like Hermann Rauschnig, or betrayed it (with the tragic consequences we all know). Others—a minority—greeted, and still welcome in this revolution in the field of values precisely that to which they themselves had always more or less consciously aspired. These are the rock on which the Hitlerian Church is built. It will last if they last, i.e., if they are able to transmit their blood and their faith to an uninterrupted succession of Aryan generations, until the end of this Cycle.

* * *

What then are these values that make Hitlerism “a negation of man” in the eyes of almost all our contemporaries? For it is, indeed, a negation of man as Christianity and Descartes and the French Revolution taught us to conceive of him. But isn’t this, on the other hand, the assertion of *another* conception of man?

One could philosophically define or describe Hitlerism as *the quest for the eternal, in and by the love and service of living and tangible perfection*. The perfection of a living species is the “idea” of the species in the Platonic sense of the word; or, if one prefers to employ the language of Aristotle, it is its “entelechy”: that which it tends ideally towards. It is certain that, the more complexity a living species has—the more hidden possibilities—the more it is difficult to discover individuals or groups of individuals absolutely faithful to “the idea” of this species, i.e., perfect.

Of all the visible beings of our Earth, the human being presents the widest range of possibilities; it is here that perfection is most difficult to find. And the criterion that allows us—*statistically*, it goes without saying; in this domain, *every* truth is a truth of statistical order—to speak about a natural hierarchy of the human races, is the extent to which each race is able to make “the idea of man” a living reality, to present in the faces and bodies of its members the harmony that is the essence of beauty, and in their souls the virtues that distinguish the higher man, whom I have sometimes called “the candidate for Superhumanhood.”

I insist on the fact that the idea of a “higher race” is *statistical*. None of us was never stupid enough to believe that all specimens of a human race could be, merely by virtue of their membership in this race, inevitably “superior” to *all* the specimens of all the other races.

There are non-Aryans definitely higher than *certain* Aryans, even “average” Aryans. Hindu saints of low caste—such as Tukaram—or even below all castes, such Nandanar—were certainly closer to the eternal than many “twice-born” Aryans, especially many Aryans of today, corrupted by the thirst for material goods. The same is true of Japanese heroes such as Yamato Dake or Yashitsune, and so many others; of Mongolian leaders such as Genghis Khan, the invincible genius, or his lieutenant, Subodai, the very incarnation of the highest military virtue and at the same time the most modest, the most disinterested of all men; of the Mexican leaders, such as Nezahualcoyotl, king of Tezcuco, at the same time warrior, engineer, and poet.

And what can be said of Tlahuicol, the Tlaxcalic warrior of the middle of the fifteenth century, who, as prisoner of the Aztecs and destined to be sacrificed at the time of the Festival of Fire, refused the grace and honors that Montezuma I, filled with wonder with the sight of his prowess, offered to him, and preferred “that the festival continue,” with all the horror that would entail for him, rather than to agree to be useful alongside the enemy leaders against Tlaxcala? According to custom, after a solemn entrance, alone and armed only with a sword of wood, he was confronted by five Aztec warriors armed with swords of stone, but he vanquished and killed them—instead of being struck down by them—which earned him the admiration of the prince and all the nobility of Tenochtitlan, whose reception he rejected out of loyalty to his own. Doesn’t he rank definitely above certain Christians, of Aryan origin, his contemporaries in Europe—like Philippe de Commines, for example, traitor to Charles the Bold, his benefactor?

But that is not to say, *statistically*, that the Aryan is not closer to “the idea of the perfect man” than the man of the other races, even noble, just as within the Aryan race itself, the Nordic is *statistically* closer to the same “idea” in the Platonic sense of the word. Warlike courage is perhaps one of the virtues most equally distributed at the same time between Aryans *and* non-Aryans of pure race (or nearly pure). But there are traits that, if they are not exclusively either Aryan or more particularly Nordic, are undoubtedly encountered there more frequently than elsewhere.

I will discuss three of them: physical beauty—which matters as soon as a visible being is spoken of; the fact that one can count on an Aryan, that he does not promise what he cannot give, that he does not *lie* (or lies *less* than the majority of the members of other races); and finally, the fact that he has more respect than they, who do not have any, in general, for animals and trees, and more kindness than them towards all the living beings.

And this last feature appears essential to me. Indeed, I cannot regard as “superior” any race—any human community, even if outwardly beautiful and as gifted as possible—if a too high a percentage of the individuals that compose it despise and treat “as mere things” beautiful living beings that by nature *cannot* take a position “for” or “against” any cause, and that, consequently, one cannot hate. The superior man, the candidate for super-

humanity—can neither be the torturer nor even the shameless exploiter of living nature. He will be its admirer—that is to say, its worshipper; he who, to use the words of Alfred Rosenberg, “sees the Divine in all that lives: in the animal; in the plant.”⁵ He can be—he even *must* be—merciless towards any human enemy of the natural Order with which he has identified himself, and of the beauty of which he is in love. Indeed, far from inflicting pain on an innocent creature, or allowing others to inflict it, directly or indirectly, if he can prevent it, he will do all he can so that any animal he meets lives happily—so that any tree that grows on his path also escapes the innate cruelty of the inferior man, the man ready to sacrifice everything to his own profit, his own comfort, or the profit and comfort his own, even of “humanity.”

Any over-estimation of oneself is a sign of stupidity. Any anthropocentrism is a collective over-estimation of the “self” of the mammal with two legs, all the more flagrant as this self does not *exist*; there are only the collective “selves” corresponding to each more or less wide and more or less homogenous human group. From which it follows that all anthropocentrism is a sign of double stupidity—and generally of collectivestupidity.

Why do some reproach us by saying that we “deny man”? *They reproach us for rejecting anthropocentrism.* Or they reproach us for placing the concept of the élite—of the aristocracy of living things, human *or non-human*—above the concept of man, *no matter what*, and for sacrificing not only the sick to the healthy, the weak to the strong, the deficient to the normal or above normal individual, but even the masses to the élite. One reproaches us for taking the élite of our Aryan race as an end and the masses (all human masses, including those of our Aryan lands) as means. And when I say “masses,” I do not mean the *people*, but average and below-average humanity, less for what it’s representatives *know* than for what they *are*: for their character and their potentialities. Our Führer came from “the people,” but did not belong to “the masses.”

They reproach our dislike of the botched creature that has irremediably turned its back on the ideal prototype of its race: our horror of the morbid, the deformed, the decadent, all that moves away without return from the crystalline simplicity of elementary form, absolute sincerity, and deep logic. They reproach our militant nostalgia for the time when the visible order of the world accurately reflected the eternal order—the divine order. They reproach our combat for the restoration, no matter what the price, of the reign of eternal values—*our combat against the current of Time.*

However, as I mentioned above, man is, of all living things on the Earth, the only one where there are, in the midst of the same race, élites and physical, mental, and moral dregs; the only one that, not being strictly defined by its species, *can* rise (and sometimes does rise) above it until it merges (or almost) with the ideal prototype that transcends it: the superman . . . but that can also lower itself (and lowers itself, in fact, more and more in the age in which we live) below, not only the minimum level of value that one expects

to find in his race, but *below* all living creatures—those prisoners of sure instinct and of practical intelligence put wholly in the service of this instinct that are unable of revolt against the unwritten laws of their being, in other words, to *sin*.

They reproach us for preferring a healthy and beautiful animal—what am I saying? a healthy and beautiful tree—to a fallen man (one who, born in an inferior race in the process of moving closer and closer to the monkey, does not have any chance of rising towards super-humanity, either for himself or his posterity; or individuals or groups of individuals of higher race, but to whom any possibility of such a rise is definitively prohibited because of physical, psychic, or mental corruption—or all three at once—that they inherited from degenerate ancestors or acquired in consequence of the life that they themselves have lived.

In the Foreword that he wrote for the first French edition of the *Tischgespräche* [*Table Talk*] attributed to Adolf Hitler and published under the title of *Free Remarks on War and Peace*, Count Robert d' Harcourt recalls that the Führer “loved animals” and that he had, in particular, “written pages of a charming freshness on dogs.”⁶ The French academician contrasts this character trait and this fact with the cynicism of a Head of State, in the eyes of whom political wisdom was “in inverse proportion to humanity”⁷ “Humanity towards animals,” he goes on to say; “bestiality towards men—we knew this mystery of coexistence.” And he adds that those who, in the German concentration camps, sent their victims to the gas chambers, “were the same ones who bandaged, with the gentleness of a nurse, the paw of an injured dog.”⁸

I myself will add to these remarks of an adversary of Hitlerism all that Führer did for animals (and trees), in the spirit of the immemorial Aryan conception of the world: the prohibition of traps, as well as hunting with dogs, and the restriction of hunting of every kind to the degree that it was possible in German society⁹; the suppression of vivisection—this shame of man—and all the atrocities connected with the slaughter of animals for butchering. The use of an automatic pistol was obligatory in all cases, including that of pigs, and I met in Germany a peasant woman who assured me that she had suffered a four year sentence in a concentration camp for killing a pig with a knife (out of cheapness; not to have to pay the man entrusted with slaughtering the animal “without pain”). I will add that, a vegetarian himself, Adolf Hitler dreamed of proceeding step by step, “after the war,” to completely get rid of the horrible industry of the slaughterhouses, even “humanized.” In particular, he declared this to Joseph Goebbels on 26 April 1942.¹⁰

But, far from shocking me by their “contrast” with all the emergency measures taken against human beings held for being actually or potentially dangerous, these laws and these projects appear to me as one of the glories of the Third Reich, and one more reason to be proud of my Hitlerian faith.

Count Robert d' Harcourt represents the "public opinion" of the West in general, Christian as well as rationalist. His point of view is that of all those who fought us, *and even some of those who collaborated with us*—collaborated for narrowly political reasons, in spite of our "negation of man," not because of it, in the name of a common scale of *values*.

They reproach us for "denying man" in placing the least of the healthy animals, the least of the healthy plants—the least of the dandelions, perfect on its level—above human rejects, the mentally retarded, *a fortiori* above the idiot; in placing the animal or vegetable aristocracy above the *Untermensch* [sub-human], even the apparently normal one; above the human being without race and character, full of conceit and cowardice; petty; incapable of thinking for himself, and essentially selfish. They reproach us for advocating the physical suppression of the demented, the profoundly "retarded," the idiots and monsters who, at the expense of the taxpayers, encumber the asylums of the "civilized" countries, and for advocating the sterilization of people afflicted with a dangerous heredity.

They reproach us, perhaps most of all, for allowing German physiologists and doctors to experiment on human beings—enemies of the Reich drawn from the concentration camps—whereas their using animals was defended; in other words, for having higher regard for animals than for actual or even potential ideological enemies. It is that, above all, that the greatest number of our adversaries, stuffed with "de-Nazification" propaganda for more than twenty-five years, are thinking about when they declare that we "deny man."

It would initially be a question of understanding the connotation (and thus the denotation) of this concept "man," to which one attaches so great an importance. It is, apparently, the connotation that they lend him that interests our detractors more. They call "man" any primate with an upright stance, capable of articulated language, to which they automatically attribute "reason" and, moreover—if they are Christians—"an immortal soul created in the image of God." But it is an upright stance and an articulated language—features that leap to the eye—that apparently inform these friends of man of the (less obvious) presence of the other characteristics that according to them would be the object of their solicitude. Consequently the importance they attach to *all* living things that present these two distinctive features—what am I saying? even those that are deprived of them but have *a human form* . . . because our adversaries place the idiot above the most beautiful of the animals!

One sees here once more how much it is true that the denotation of a concept is in inverse relation to its connotation. What, at bottom, gives our adversaries the persistent impression that we "deny man" is that we are much more exacting than they are regarding the connotation of this term, thus its denotation, in our eyes, narrows proportionately. Indeed, it is not enough for us to grant to a primate the name of man, and the respect

attached to this in the cultivated languages, if this creature prefers to walk on its hind legs and is able to emit articulated sounds having a meaning for it and others. It is not enough for us, with greater reason, if, without presenting these two characteristics, it has a silhouette vaguely similar to one of ours.

We want him to have a minimum of intelligence that will enable him to *think* for himself, *and* a minimum of nobility that will make him incapable of certain reactions before obstacles, inaccessible to certain “temptations,” impermeable to certain degrading influences, and *a fortiori* incapable of petty acts or cowardice; *ugly* acts. We also want, if not to “*love*,” at least to respect “all men” for the same reason we respect all beautiful living being, animals and plants, in which we sense reflections, more or less attenuated, of the Divine—of the eternal. But for that, we require that he also act “human” in the strong sense of the word.

We are ready to respect, as individuals, people, ideological adversaries, and even racial enemies whom we have fought collectively yesterday, and whom we will fight again tomorrow—to respect them if, taken individually, they answer to what we expect of “man”: if they combine with a non-servile intelligence, qualities *of character* that distinguish (statistically) the *races* that I call superior—and first of all, of course, our Aryan race—*and* even the exceptionally noble individual of the statistically inferior races. That will not prevent us from fighting them, if they are ideologically dangerous, all the more dangerous as they have greater intrinsic value. In other words, we respect as “men” people who, if they are not ideologically already ours, would be, in our eyes, worthy of becoming so.

* * *

Upon my first new contact with Europe, shortly after the disaster of 1945, I wrote to a Hindu correspondent, after having quoted the phrase of Nietzsche on the intermediate character of man, “suspended between animality and super-humanity”: “The wire is now broken. There are no more men on this God-forsaken continent; there is only a superhuman minority of true Hitlerians, and . . . an immense majority of monkeys.” Such then was contrast between the radiant élite of the faithful, whom I exalted in the first of my post-war books¹¹—“These men of gold and steel, that defeat cannot discourage, that terror and torture cannot break, that money cannot buy”—and the rest of Europeans.

Since then, I have seen this invaluable minority being renewed little by little, while remaining profoundly identical to itself—like the water of a lake fed by a river. Many “old militants”¹² of the glorious years have died, and more than one was weary of awaiting the impossible return of the dawn—or of what he had for so long taken as “a dawn”—of the Aryan rebirth, and, without having died physically, sunk into the apathy of those who no longer hope although hope had been indispensable. Only the Strong remain, who can only hope, because, while contributing by their activity (and the magic fervor of their thought,

while their action is prohibited), to the immemorial combat against the Powers of disintegration, they have transcended Time. Only those remained upright who do not need “to believe,” because they Know.

And around some of the survivors of the wreckage of the most beautiful of races, I have seen, during this quarter century, assembling—consciously or not, it does not matter—a hard and quiet *élite of young people*; a far from numerous *élite*, undoubtedly, but—o joy!—of a quality that the vast hostile world does not suspect (and that would under no circumstances change even if, one day, change were suddenly thrust upon them).

I have seen growing, here and there, out of what could seem to the eyes of a historian our final ruin, the miraculous fruits of an unparalleled ordeal: boys and girls of twenty already strong enough to live without hope or success; intelligent enough to comprehend once and for all that the Truth does not depend on the visible.

One of them⁴³ said to me, in 1956, and others repeated it to me, more than ten years later: “I oppose, and will continue all my life to oppose, the current decline, persuaded as I am of the *eternity* of the Hitlerian ideal, although I know that we will no longer *see*, until the end of time, the equivalent of the Third German Reich. It is necessary to fight without ceasing and without failure, even while knowing in advance that we will be overcome; to fight, because it is the duty—the function—of an Aryan in our time, and in all times to come.”

I then thought of the words of Goebbels, flung into the midst of all the horror of the disaster: “After the deluge, *we!*” Was this the nature of this disaster, to give birth to—on the continent whose false civilization destines it, and how justly!, to be swept away—some young people (German for the most part, but not necessarily) whose spontaneous mentality, corresponding exactly to the teaching of Bhagavad-Gita, returns to that of the very prototype of the *Aryan* of old? And would the resurrection, in our time, of the ethics of imperturbable inner serenity even in the midst of untiring action—of the wisdom of the divine Warrior—have to result from the Passion of Germany? Perhaps.

If it is so, it was worth the sorrow to survive the disaster, to be the witness of this resurrection. It was worth the sorrow of wandering year after year among all the monkeys of the “consumer societies,” to ensure oneself finally, more and more, that the spirit of the Leader and Master would not be eclipsed with the death of the last militants of the old guard, but would continue to animate, in its hardness and purity, an aristocracy, simultaneously spiritual and racial, that had not been born in 1945.

This spiritual and racial aristocracy, this *élite*, conscious of the eternity of the fundamental principles of the doctrine of Adolf Hitler, and living according to them in all simplicity, here, for us, is “true man”; the man who *tends* toward super-humanity by personal and

collective discipline, the selection of blood, the culture of ancestral honor, and the divine indifference to all that is not essential; by the humility of the individual before the Race and before the eternity that it reflects; by the contempt of all cowardice, of all lies, and all weakness.

And I repeat: if we discover some of these characteristics elsewhere than in those who confess openly or in secret the same doctrines as we; even if we find them among people who fight and hate us, or believe they hate us because they do not know us—we salute, in those who have them, beings worthy of respect. They *have* in them *the stuff* of what they could be and are supposed to be, but they do not use it or use it badly. They are, most of the time, our own brothers in race, or even men of other races, among the more gifted.

Something in them redeems them before the immanent and impersonal Justice that sends each being that, rightly or wrongly, claims to think, where it deserves to go, and that has up to now prevented them—and will always prevent a number of them—from slipping and falling into the masses that do not think or feel according to their own law; into the simian majority of humanity that, like liquids or doughy substances, takes the shape of the receptacles that contain it, or the mark of the seal that has, once and for all, stamped it.

I have, during this quarter century, little by little rediscovered this category of people that my atrocious shock at post-war Europe had initially hidden from my attention: men of goodwill; good people who keep their word and are capable of good deeds that do not bring anything back to them; who, for example, would leave their path to help an animal, without, for all that, being capable of extreme sacrifices, even of action sustained daily, always, for the benefit of anyone. They are not the Strong—and certainly not “one of us.” But they are not “monkeys.” In an intelligent sorting, they would have to be saved. Among their children could be future militants of Hitlerism—or its opposite. A reading, a conversation at a crucial time, anything can decide the evolution of each one of them. One must be prudent: not to scorn what is *healthy*, but neither to waste one’s time and energy trying prevent one who is, in any event, predestined—condemned by nature—to sink into the unthinking masses; sometimes “useful” masses, but never respectable and *a fortiori* never *loveable*.

It is not “man” in the sense we mean—the man who is a viable candidate for true super-humanity; nor is he the “good man,” healthy in body and soul, fundamentally honest and good, well disposed to all that lives—whom we “deny.” In other words, it is not he to whom we refuse to grant more “dignity” and give more consideration than a simple *thing*; not him, but this caricature of man, more and more common in the world in which we live. It is he whom we refuse to include in the denotation of the concept “man,” for the simple reason that he does not have the connotation of it, i.e., he does not have the essential

qualities and capacities that are used quite naturally as attributes in the possible judgments where the word “man” is used as the subject.

Any judgment, in which a concept is employed as the subject is inevitably a hypothetical judgment. To say that “man thinks,” or that he is a “thinking being,” is to say that if an unspecified individual is “a man”—has an upright stance, language, etc.—it follows that he is also able to think. If he were not capable of it, then an upright stance and articulated speech, and the other features that accompany those, *do not suffice* to define him, and do not oblige anybody to treat him, as a “man.”

However, an individual *does not think* if he tells you, with all seriousness, that information is “certainly true” because it was transmitted to him by his television, or especially that a value judgment must “certainly” be accepted because he himself has read it in a newspaper, a magazine, or a book, or on a poster, it does not matter where, provided that it is in some sort of print! He “does not think” any more than a gramophone whose needle accurately follows the spiral engraved on a disc. Change the disc, and the machine will change its language—or music.

In the same way, change the television broadcasts that millions of families follow every evening with their ears and eyes; change the radio programs; pay the press so that it prints different propaganda; and encourage the publication of other magazines and books, and in three months you will change the reactions of a people—of *all* peoples—to the same events, the same political or literary personalities, the same ideas.

Why, great Gods, should we treat as “men”—as “thinking reeds”—these millions of gramophones of flesh and blood that “do not think” any more than their metal and plastic colleagues? Those *cannot* think, and it would be absurd to ask them. They have neither brains nor nerves. They are objects.

The individual—the two-legged mammal—who comes to tell me of the *murder* of “six million” Jews—men, women, and children, who found death in the gas chambers of German concentration camps—and who is annoyed if I show him that this number has one zero too many (or perhaps even two), is worse than an object. He *has* a brain, but does not make use of it, or only makes use of it to stupefy himself more each day, by refusing any chance to exert what little critical spirit he still has after more than forty years of anti-Hitlerian conditioning (this kind of propaganda started already before 1933; between 1920 and 1930. I was then in Europe and I remember—and how!).

Moreover, he has the impertinence to find fault with others, or with men of the past, for “blind faith”—absolute confidence in a teaching or a master. He blames people of “the Middle Ages” (or mocks them) because they believed without question all that the Church told them and all that is written in the Gospels, as if the authority of the Church and the

Gospels were not worth that of the television, or magazines like *Match*—or *Bild*. He refuses to admit, because the propaganda he has swallowed told him the opposite, that we—at least those among us *who count*—are not, never were, “conditioned.”

Why, then, accord him more “respect” than an object—especially since, precisely since he is nearly perfectly indoctrinated, he has become for me—for the cause that I serve—completely useless? And if, moreover, he is not even *good*? If I know, having seen him in action, that he would not hesitate to tear a branch off of a tree that is inconvenient, or throw a stone at a dog? *Why*—in the name of what—would I believe myself obligated to “prefer” him to the dog he wounded one day, or the tree he mutilated while passing? In the name of his “human dignity”? A fine dignity: that of a living and pernicious—dangerous—gramophone; able gratuitously to inflict suffering and create ugliness! I deny it, this “dignity.”

Will it be said that I *must* love him “because he is my brother”? The tree and the dog and all living beings, beautiful and innocent, that at least do not have *any* ideas, neither their own nor those of the television, *are* my brothers. By no means do I feel that this individual is more my brother than the rest of them. Why, then, would I give him priority over them? Because he walks—like me—on his hind legs? That is not, in my eyes, a sufficient reason. I mock an upright stance when it is not paired with true thought and the true character of a superior man; a character from which any spite, any smallness, is excluded. And when articulated speech is used only to express ideas that were neither created nor discovered by their adherents, but received just as they are, ready made—and false ones at that—I prefer, by far, the silence of the animals and trees.

¹ Hermann Rauschning, *Hitler m'a dit*, translated as *Hitler Speaks*.

² The ANP later became the NSWPP (National Socialist White People's Party).

³ In fact, Kant's second formulation of the Categorical Imperative enjoins us to “Handle so, daß du die Menschheit sowohl in deiner Person, als in der Person eines jeden andern jederzeit zugleich als Zweck, niemals *bloß* als Mittel brauchst” (*Grundlegung zur Metaphysik der Sitten*, Akademie Ausgabe, 429; emphasis added). In English: “Act so that you treat humanity, whether in your own person or that of another, always as an end and never as a means *only*” (Immanuel Kant, *Foundations of the Metaphysics of Morals*, trans. Lewis White Beck [New York: Macmillan, 1985], 46; emphasis added). The word “*bloß*” (“only,” “merely”) implies that it is moral to treat human beings as means, so long as we do not treat them *merely* as means.—Ed.

⁴ *Emile, or On Education*—Ed.

⁵ Cited by Maurice Bardèche in *Nuremberg, ou les faux-monnayeurs* (*Nuremberg, or the Counterfeiters*), first edition, 88.

⁶ *Free Remarks on War and Peace* (1952), Foreword, xxiii.

⁷ *Ibid*, Foreword, xxiii.

⁸ *Ibid*, Foreword, xxii-xxiii.

⁹ *Reichsjagdgesetz*, or the complete collection of the laws promulgated under the Third Reich concerning hunting.

¹⁰ *The Goebbels Diaries*, published after the war (in 1948) by the occupation authorities in Germany (American Eagle Books), trans. L. Lockner, 220.

¹¹ *Gold in the Furnace*, written in 1948-1949.

¹² "Alten Kämpfer."

¹³ Uwe G, born on 21 July 1935.

Chapter V - History, Action, and the Timeless



Illustration: Willy Meller, *Schicksalsstunde (Hour of Destiny)*

“Time, Space and Number
Fell from the black firmament,
Into the still and sombre sea.
Shroud of silence and shade,
The night erases absolutely
Time, Space and Number.”

—Leconte de Lisle (“Villanelle” [pastoral poem], *Poèmes Tragiques*)

Have you ever wondered at the irreversible flow of the hours, and the impossibility of going back upstream? And have you felt how much we are prisoners of time, in all that relates to our sense experience? Prisoners of space, certainly, since we are material bodies, even if we are not *only* that, and a body cannot be conceived independently of its position

in relation to points of reference, but even more so captives of time, since a temporal succession is necessarily directed, and only *lived* in one direction: from the past, fixed in its irrevocability, *towards* the future, perhaps just as irrevocable but *apprehended* as an indefiniteness of possible situations—of more or less probable virtualities—as long as it did not become “present,” i.e., in fact, *past*; definitive history?

There is, certainly, a limit to the ability of a body of flesh and blood—and nerves—like ours to traverse space. Man *has* managed—at the price, it is true, of enormous difficulties, but finally managed, under certain conditions—to leave the field of attraction of the Earth, of which we had until then been prisoners, and to leap beyond. Oh, not very far! Only as far as the Moon, i.e., in the most immediate vicinity of our planet. (It should be said in passing that it is Aryans—*one* Aryan especially, the mathematician von Braun—who made this exploit possible, and other Aryans who achieved it.) It is only a beginning. But this “first step” allows “all the hopes,” say the experts who studied the question. What they pompously call “the conquest of space” would be only an affair of technical progress, thus of study and patience.

There is, despite everything, it seems, a limit. For if technical progress is indefinite, physical space is too. It is imprudent to make predictions in this field. Who could have affirmed, only a few decades ago, that men would indeed see one day our Earth “rising” and “setting”—an enormous luminous disc, blue and white, on a black background—on the lunar horizon? Nevertheless, it appears to me quite improbable that man can ever venture beyond our solar system, so vast, on our scale, so negligible, on that of cosmos. But it *remains* certain that, even if it remains forever impossible *in practice* to cross a limit (of which we are unaware still), we can, despite everything conceive, imagine an indefinite expansion in this direction. Beyond the last limit reached—be it inside the solar system or beyond—there will always be “the extent”; a not-traversed distance which one “could traverse if . . .” one possessed more powerful means. *There is no theoretical limit.* Space is essentially what can be traversed—and that, in all directions. There would be, in fact, no *practical* limit for a hypothetical explorer who would need neither to nourish himself nor to sleep (who would not wear out) and who would direct a transport apparatus also capable of indefinitely *renewing* its driving energy. And even if it is not, even if it can never be materially realizable, *one can imagine* such a voyage, which would last forever, across space.

On the other hand, one knows that, even aided by the most excellent memory, it is impossible actually to go back in time, and, even aided by an abundance of political intuition and individual and collective psychology, to follow its course beyond tomorrow and even “this evening.” Above I mentioned the irrevocability of the past, that one can forget, certainly, or than one can deform—that one inevitably deforms, even though one tries to reconstruct it without bias—but *that one cannot change*; which from now is out of reach, as if printed forever in an immense impersonal and infallible memory: the

memory of the Universe; out of reach, but also out of range, unknowable, because not directly relivable.

One often wants to say that “the past is nothing”; that “what is no more is as if it had never been.” I, for my part, never could understand this assimilation of given life, yesterday and the day before, to pure nothing. No doubt I too have memory. It is not the absence of the past—the impossibility of “recapturing” it—that strikes me the most, but on the contrary its eternal presence—the impossibility of altering the least detail of it. What is made, or said—or *thought*—has been made, or said, or thought. One can do *another thing*; say *another thing*; direct one’s thought in a completely different direction. But this “other thing,” this “converted” thought (turned in another direction) are new irrevocable things, which are superimposed on the first *without destroying them*. I always sensed that, as far back as I can remember. As a child, I attended a “free” school, a Catholic school, and followed with the other little girls the lessons of the catechism. They told us, among other things, that “God *can do anything*.” Having each time reflected on such a declaration, one day I hazarded to ask for a word, and said, as soon as I was free to express myself: “I came today to class at eight o’clock in the morning, Lyons time. Can ‘God’ make that no longer true, but that I would have come, say, at eight-thirty, still Lyons time, that goes without saying? *Can he change the past?*” And the teacher not having been able to answer my question in a manner satisfactory to my child’s mind, I was detached a little more from the idea of this too-human “God” that they presented to me—the God whose shocking partiality towards “man” had started, at the dawn my life, to repulse me. And the irrevocability of the past—of the present moment, as soon as it fell into the past—always haunted me: source of joy, source of anxiety; precious knowledge, since it dominated the conduct of my life.

More than forty years later—in 1953—I was to write a “prose poem” every stanza of which finishes with the words: “*While we never forget; never forgive.*” I evoked there the memory of the glory that was the Third German Reich, and also my bitterness (and that of my comrades) at the thought of the persecution of us without respite, and of all the efforts made after the Second World War to kill our Hitlerian faith. The attitude was not, for me, new. At eight years of age, barely a few months before the *First World War*, had I not once declared that, “I hate it: Christianity *because* it makes it a duty for the faithful to forgive,” revolted as I was with the idea of “forgiveness” granted to children guilty of torturing insects or other defenseless animals, as with adult authors of gratuitous atrocities, whatever age it may be, provided that the cowardly and therefore degrading act is followed by repentance, however tardy?

Forgiveness—or forgetting—can completely change the relationship between people, from the moment when it is given totally, and from the heart. *It cannot change what is, once and for all, fixed in the past.* It is not even certain that the relationship between individuals and entire peoples would improve much, if the former started to practice

forgiveness of offenses, trivial as well as grave, and if the latter abolished, suddenly, the teaching of history to their young people. They would cease being hated for the reasons they are despised, or at least opposed, today. But given human nature with its covetousness, its vanity, and its selfishness, they would soon discover other pretexts for enmity. (The animals have a short memory—and how! Each generation, ignorant of the repeated cruelties of man, is ready to trust him again, and, in the case of domestic animals, to give him the unconditional love, of which only beings that do not reason are capable. And yet . . . this complete forgetting does not improve at all the conduct of man towards the rest of creation. Would the forgetting of history not have, this time between men, a similar result, or rather a similar lack of one?)

In any event, no “new beginning,” however happy, can obscure what *has* occurred once. To have been, be it only once, is, in a certain manner, to be forever. Neither forgetting nor forgiveness, nor even the indefinite succession of the millennia—can do anything about it. And the least of events—the least on *our* scale—are as indelible as those we consider the most important. Everything “exists” in the same manner as the “past”—past in the eyes of individuals who can live their experience only according to a “before” and an “after.”

* * *

No doubt the notion of the irrevocable “existence” of the past, gives only rather cold comfort to people tormented by nostalgia for “happy” lived or imagined times. Time refuses to “suspend her flight” in response to the supplication of the poet enamored of fugitive beauty—be it for just an hour of quiet communion with a beloved woman (and, through her, and beyond her, with the harmony of the spheres), or an “hour of glory,” i.e., of communion, amidst resounding fanfares, or the thunder of arms, or the roar of frenzied crowds, with the soul of a whole people and, through her and beyond her, still and always, with the Divine—*another* aspect of the Divine.

It is possible, sometimes—and generally without making any special attempt to remember—to relive, as in a flash, a moment of one’s past, and with an incredible intensity, as if self-awareness were suddenly hallucinated without the sense of being any less in the world. The slightest thing—a taste, very much *in the present*, like that of the “petite Madeleine” that Proust cites in his famous analysis of “reliving”; a furtive, formerly inhaled odor; a melody that one had believed forgotten; a simple sound like that of water dripping—is enough to put, for a moment, one’s consciousness in a state which it “knows” is the *same* as one it knew years and sometimes decades, more than half a century, before; a state of euphoria or anxiety, even of anguish, depending on the moment, re-appearing like a miracle from the fog of the past—a moment that had not ceased to “exist” in the manner of completed things, but that suddenly takes on the distinctness, is thrown into

the relief, of the *present*, as if a mysterious spotlight directed the daylight of living presence upon it.

These experiences are, however, rare. And if it is possible to evoke them, they scarcely last, even for people with great powers of recollection. And then they concern—except in cases that are completely exceptional and, moreover, most of the time debatable—*only* the personal past of the one who “revives” such a state or episode, not the historical past. Yet there are people who are much more interested in the history of their people—or even that of other people—than in their own past. And though scholars who make it their profession succeed in reconstituting the past after a fashion, starting from vestiges and documents, which, at first glance, seem to be “the essence” of history, and though certain erudite scholars sometimes astonish their readers or listeners with the quantity and meticulousness of the details they know of the habits of a particular personage, the intrigues of a particular chancellery, or the everyday life of a vanished people, it remains no less certain that the past of the civilized world—the most easy to grasp, however, since it, for its part, has left us visible traces—escapes us. We know it indirectly and in bits that our investigators endeavor to put together, in the manner of a puzzle missing half or three quarters of the pieces. And even if we had *all* the pieces, we would still not know, because to know is to live—or to re-live—and no individual subjected to the category of Time can live history. What an individual *can*, at most, know directly, i.e., live, and what he can then remember, sometimes with an incredible clarity, is the history of his time *insofar* as he has himself contributed to *making* it; in other words, it is *his* history, in which he is situated in an ensemble that exceeds him and often crushes him.

There is undoubtedly a history *truer* than what scholars will one day the reconstruct. Because what appears to be “the essence” of an epoch, studied through documents and vestiges, is not it. *What is essential is the atmosphere* of an epoch, or a moment within an epoch: the atmosphere that can only be grasped through the direct experience of someone who lived it: one whose personal history is steeped in it. Guy Sajer, in his admirable book *The Forgotten Soldier*, has given us the essence of the campaign in Russia of 1941-1945. He knew how to give his pages such a power of suggestion, precisely because, along with thousands of others in the ranks of the *Wehrmacht*, then in the élite “Grossdeutschland” division, *he made* the campaign in Russia; because it represents a slice of his own life. When, in three thousand years, historians want to have an idea of the Second World War, on this particular front, they will acquire much more just reading the book of Sajer (which deserves to survive) than trying to reconstitute, using sporadic impersonal documents, the advance and the retreat of the armies of the Reich. But, I repeat, they will acquire an *idea* of it, not knowledge, an idea, a little like we have today acquired one of the decline of Egypt on the international scene at the end of the Twentieth Dynasty, through what remains to us of the juicy report of Wenamon, special envoy of Rameses XI (or rather of

the high priest Herihor) to Zakarbaal, “king” of Guébal, or Gubla, which the Greeks called Byblos, in 1117 B.C.

Nothing gives us more intensely the experience of what I called in other writings the “bondage of Time” than the impossibility of letting our “I” travel in the historical past in which we did *not* live, and which we thus cannot “remember.” Nothing makes us feel our isolation within our own epoch, like our incapacity to live directly, at will, in some *other* time, in some other country; to travel in time as we travel in space. We can visit all the earth as it is today, not *see* it as it was formerly. It is impossible for us, for example, to actually plunge ourselves into the atmosphere of the temple of Karnak—or even only one street of Thebes—under Thutmose III; *to find ourselves* in Babylon at the time of Hammurabi—or with the Aryans, before they left the old Arctic fatherland; or in the midst of the artists painting the frescos in the caves of Lascaux or Altamira, with as much realism as we have somewhere in the world in our own epoch, having come there on foot, or by car, by train, by boat or airplane. And this impression of a definitive barrier—or of a veil, which lets us divine some outlines but prohibits us forever from a more precise vision—is all the more painful, perhaps, that the civilization that we would like to know directly is chronologically more close to us, while being *qualitatively* more different from that in the midst of which we are forced to remain.

History always fascinated me; the history of the whole world, in all its richness. But particularly painful for me is knowing that I will never be able to know pre-Colombian America directly . . . going to live there for some time; that it will never again be possible *to see* Ténochtitlan, or Cuzco, as the Spaniards saw these cities for the first time, four hundred and fifty years ago, or *less*, i.e., *yesterday*. As a teenager, I cursed the conquerors who changed the face of the New World. I would have wished that nobody discovered it, so that it remained intact. One could then have known it without reversing the course of time; known it as it was the day before the conquest, or rather as a natural evolution would have modified it little by little over four or five centuries, *without destroying the characteristic traits*.

But it goes without saying that my true torment, since the disaster of 1945, is to know that it was from now on impossible for me to have direct experience of the atmosphere of the Third German Reich, in which I have *not*, alas, lived. (Believing that it was to last indefinitely—that there would be no war or that, if there were one, Hitlerian Germany would come out victorious—I had the false impression that nothing pressed me to return to Europe, and that, moreover, I was “useful” for the Aryan cause where I was). Now that all is finished, I think with bitterness that one could, thirty years ago only,¹ plunge oneself immediately, without the intermediary of texts, images, audio recordings, or accounts of comrades, into this environment of enthusiasm and order, power and manly beauty, that belonged to Hitlerian civilization. Thirty years! It is not “yesterday,” it is today; it is “a few

minutes ago.” And I have the sensation of having come so close to the life and the death—the glorious death, in the service of our Führer—that should have been mine.

But one cannot “go back” five minutes much less 1500 years, or 500 million years, into the unalterable past, now transformed into “eternity”—timeless existence. And it is as impossible to attend today the Congress of the Socialist National Party of September 1935 as it is to traverse the earth in the epoch when it seemed to have become forever the domain of the dinosaurs; impossible . . . save for one of those very rare sages who are, by asceticism—the transposition of consciousness—released from the bonds of time.

* * *

It should be noted that nostalgia for the past is almost universal—not nostalgia for the *same* epoch, undoubtedly; and not necessarily for a historical past, that the individual learns how to admire only by the testimony of other men. There are people who would readily sacrifice three quarters of dearly gained experience to become *young* again—beautiful, and full of health; full of enthusiasm, also, in the ignorance of all that human society reserved for them. The majority would like to be able, without artifice, to keep the body and face they had at twenty—or eighteen—and the joyous force of youth, *without* having to pay for these treasures with the loss of their experience; to be able to retain and the wisdom of age *and* the freshness, the health, and the force of youth. But everyone knows that it is impossible—as impossible as to actually put oneself back in a given historical epoch.

All considered, it is doubtful that there would be any advantage to becoming young again at the price of losing accumulated experience: one would be given to the same errors, one would commit the same wrongs, having become again what one had been; and one would not enjoy the comparison between the two ages, having lost any consciousness of the state of old age.

It is certain, also, that “to go back to Thebes in the time of Thutmose III” would be *to become* an Egyptian, even a foreigner in Egypt, at this time, thus unable to appreciate the privilege of being there, and probably nostalgic for the time of the great Pharaohs who built the pyramids. What all those who aspire to go back to the past really desire is to go back *without losing* their current mentality and memory of our time, without which no comparison is thinkable and no “return back” has, consequently, any interest. But then their aspiration appears absurd. Is it indeed so if, instead of sticking to its contents, one considers what I will call its *significance*?

Aside from the nineteenth century—the nineteenth century *minus* those “dissidents” of genius who are Nietzsche, Richard Wagner, and, in France, Leconte de Lisle and some others perhaps—there are, I believe, few times as self-inflated as ours, regarding their

science and especially their technical achievements. There are two domains to which an intense propaganda, on a worldwide scale, draws the attention of the crowd, in order to inculcate in it the pride of the present: the “conquest of space” and the progress of medicine and surgery—the second more so perhaps than the first. One makes a point, apparently, of giving all citizens of the proud “consumer societies,” as much as possible, to be at the same time “more and more sick and better and better cared for,” and to encourage the adoption, at least by the “intellectuals” of the countries known as underdeveloped, of the humane and utilitarian ideal of the consumer societies, thus their preoccupation with the *present* and with a future oriented in the same direction.

Yet, in spite of this propaganda which, in Europe, starts in primary school, what one notes, if one poses to pupils of fourteen or fifteen years, as subject of French composition, the question: “In which time and where would you like to live, if you had the choice?” Three quarters of the class state they prefer some past time to their own. I know it, having made the experiment many times. And the responses would be just as conclusive, if not more so, if one addressed not young people, but adults. There is almost always a past that each holds, from *his* point of view, to be better than the century in which he lives. Points of view being different, the chosen times are not the same for everyone. But they all belong—or almost all—to the past. One could say that, in spite of the amazing achievements of our time in the technical domain (*and* that of pure science, it should well be said), and in spite of the enormous publicity given to this progress, there remains everywhere an immense nostalgia for what *cannot* return; and an insurmountable sadness, that tedium does not suffice to explain, hangs over the world. And—what is more—it also seems that as far back as one can go by thought, *it always was so*.

As I said above: the Egyptian of the time of Thutmose III, i.e., of the time when his country was at the pinnacle of glory, probably felt nostalgia for the time when the great Pyramids had been built—and that this time . . . was the epoch when the gods themselves governed the Valley of the Nile. All the ancient peoples, among whom the Tradition was still alive: Germans, Celts, Greeks, Latins, Chinese, Japanese, Amerindians—felt nostalgia of the reign of the Gods, in other words the *dawn* of the temporal cycle close to the end of which we live today. And the younger peoples, even as they forgot the teaching of the sages and professed no longer to believe in anything besides the power of human science, source of indefinitely increased progress, cannot be stave off the consciousness of a lack, impossible to explain—a lack that no material well-being, nor any improvement of the techniques of pleasure, can fill.

From time to time—more and more seldom, moreover, as the world succumbs to the influence of consumer “civilizations”—a sage appears (like, for example, René Guénon or Julius Evola) who denounces in his writings the true nature of the universal

dissatisfaction, or a poet (like, a few decades before, Leconte de Lisle) who recalls it while putting in the mouth of a character words with magical resonances, which seem to come from the depth of the ages:

Silence! I see again the innocence of the world,
I will sing again with the harmonious winds
The forest spreads out under the glory of the skies;
The force and the beauty of the fertile earth
In a sublime dream live in my eyes.
The quiet evening unites, with the sighs of the doves,
In the golden mist which bathes the thickets,
The soft roars of friendly lions;
The Terrestrial Garden smiles, free of tombs,
With angels sleeping in the shade of palms.

and further on, in the same poem,²

Eden, O the most dear and most sweet of dreams,
You towards whom I heaved useless sobs . . .

It is the evocation of the inconceivable Golden Age of all the ancient traditions—and of those that derive from it—the recollection of the time when the visible order reflected the eternal order, without distortion or error, in the manner of a perfect mirror. And it is also the cry of despair of he who feels himself carried in spite of himself always further from this world that is ideal but inaccessible *because past*; who knows that no combat “against Time” will return it to him. It is the expression of universal nostalgia for the glorious dawn of our cycle, and that of all cycles—nostalgia which is translated into everyday life by this tendency of all men, or almost, including the majority of young people themselves, to prefer at least an aspect of the past in the increasingly disappointing present.

He who declares that he would like to have lived at a time other than his own does not know what he says. It is probable that if he could, even by keeping his present personality and the memory of the ugliness of his time, actually be transported to a past of his choosing, he would not be long in becoming disappointed in it. Once the contrasting effect

is tempered, he would start to notice all that, *seen close up*, would shock him in this past, that distance allowed him to idealize. What he actually seeks, what he aspires to without knowing, is the one age of our cycle (like *all cycles*) that, being the faithful image of the divine order, visible perfection reflecting Invisible perfection, could “be idealized” without any flattering perspective; the only one that cannot deceive.

Any individual nostalgia for the past encompasses and expresses the immense universal longing for the Golden Age, or Age of Truth (the *Satya Yuga* of the Sanskrit Scriptures). Any melancholy of the mature or old man at the thought of his own youth, also symbolizes, to a slight degree, the nostalgia for the youth of the world, latent at all living things, and more and more intense in some men, as soon as a temporal cycle approaches its end.

* * *

The future, personal or historical, is as impenetrable, as impossible *to live*, as the past. We can at most, by reasoning by analogy, or by letting ourselves be carried away by the rhythm of the habitual, deduce or imagine what will be in the immediate future. We can say, for example, that the road will be covered tomorrow with ice since it has just rained this evening and that then the thermometer abruptly started to go down below zero degrees centigrade; or that the price of food will increase since the strikers in the transportation services obtained satisfaction; or that a store, “open the every day except Monday,” *will be* open next Thursday. On the other hand, it is completely impossible for anyone who is a mere man to envisage what Europe will look like in three thousand years, just as nobody could, in the Bronze Age, represent the current aspect of the same continent, with industrial cities in the place of its ancient forests.

That is not to say that the future does not “exist” already in a certain fashion, merely as an ensemble of virtualities destined to be realized, and that this “existence” is not as irrevocable as that of the past. For a consciousness liberated from the servitude of the “before” and “after,” *everything* would exist on the same basis, the future like the past, in what the sages call the “Eternal Present”—the timeless. To predict a future state or event is not to deduce it from known data, at the risk of being mistaken (by not taking account of certain data that are hidden, even unknowable); it is *to see* it, in the way in which an observer, seated on an aircraft, grasps a detail of the terrestrial landscape, *amid many others that he apprehends together*, whereas the traveler on the ground can only distinguish it in a succession of *which he himself takes part*, “before” one detail; “after” another. In other words, it is *only* seen in “the Eternal Present” that what we conceive—we, prisoners of Time—as a debatable possibility, becomes a true *fact*; a “given,” as irrevocable as the past. It is an affair of perspective—and of clairvoyance. Even contemplated on high, a landscape is clearer for the observer gifted with good eyesight. But it is enough that he stands above it to have an overall view of it, that the man on the ground does not have, however rapid may be his movements.

History reports that on 18 March 1314 Jacques de Molay, before going up to pyre, assigned “to the tribunal of God” the two men responsible for the suppression of his Order: the Pope Clement V, “in one month,” and the king Philip the Fair, “in one year.” The two men died within the time allotted, or rather *seen* in the optics of the eternal present by the last Grand Master of the Knights Templar. And more than eighteen hundred years earlier, it is said, Confucius, questioned by his disciples on the influence his teaching would have, answered that it “would dominate China for 25 centuries.” With a margin of fifty years, he spoke the truth. He also had, in the same optic of the sage who is raised “above time,” *seen*, from beginning to end, an evolution which no calculation could envisage.

But I repeat: the sage capable of transcending time is already more than a man. The future, already “present” for him, that he reads, remains, in the consciousness subjected to “the before” and “the after” something that is built at every moment, in prolongation of the lived present; that *becomes* at every moment present, or rather *past*, the “present” being only a moving limit. Inalterable, it is, no doubt, just like the past, since there are rare consciousnesses that can live in one and the other in the manner of the present. Nevertheless, as long as it does *not* become past, it is felt, by the man who lives on the level of Time, as depending more or less on a *choice* in every moment. Only with the past does a consciousness related to Time have the certainty that it is given, irrevocably —the result of an ancient choice, perhaps (if such is believed), but that it is too late to want to modify, that in some manner one is caught there.

* * *

“But if,” it will be said to me, “in the optics of the man above Time, the future is ‘given’ as well as the past, what becomes of the concepts of freedom and responsibility? If a sage is able to see centuries in advance, how long a civilizing doctrine is destined to preserve its credence among one or several people, what use is it to militate ‘for’ or ‘against’ anything?”

I believe that there are, in response to that, some remarks to be made. First we must specify that any *action*—in the sense in which we hear it when we speak about “combat” and “militants,” or when we keep in mind the actions of everyday life—is closely related to the concept of time (of time, *at the very least*, if not, in addition, of space). We should then note that the philosophical concepts of freedom and responsibility have meaning only in connection with an action, direct or indirect—actual or possible, and even materially impossible to direct or modify on behalf of whoever conceives it, such as, for example, the case of any retrospectively thought action—but always *with an action*, which could or had to be conceived. It should, finally, be well understood that in consequence of this, these concepts no longer have any sense when one rises from the temporal state to that of the consciousness out of time.

For he who is placed in “the eternal present,” i.e., outside of time, it is a question neither of freedom nor of responsibility, but *only of being and non-being*; of possibility and absurdity. The world that we see and sense together, that others have or will have seen and felt—indefinite possibilities that have or will have taken shape—is quite simply what it is, and, in view of the inner nature of each limited (individual) existence which makes it up, could not be otherwise. The consciousness above Time “sees” it, but *does not take part in it*, even though it may have to go down there sometimes, as a clairvoyant instrument of a necessary action.

The beings that cannot *think*, because they are deprived of the word, thus of the general idea, nevertheless act, but are not responsible. Each behaves according to its nature, and could not behave differently. And “to be free,” for them, consists simply in not being opposed by some force *external to them* in the manifestation of their spontaneity in the exercise their functions: not to be locked up between four walls or the bars of a cage; to bear neither harness nor muzzle; not to be tethered, or deprived of water or food, or the access to the opposite sex of the same species, and—in the case of plants—not to be deprived of water, earth, and light, and not to be thwarted in their growth by some obstacle. One can add that the majority of humans are, although able to speak, neither more free nor more responsible than the humblest animal, or even plant. Exactly like the rest of living things, they do what their instincts, their appetites, and the demands of the moment urge them to do, insofar as obstacles and external constraints allow them. At most, some among them believe themselves responsible. Having heard repeatedly that this is “a characteristic of man,” and in their “affordable dwellings”—among the refrigerator, washing machine, and television set—as in the factories and offices where they spend eight hours per day under blinding neon lights, they feel less imprisoned than the unhappy tigers of the Zoological garden. (Which only tends to show that the tigers are healthier than them in body and spirit, since they themselves *are* aware of their captivity, and that they suffer from it.)

Freedom³ and responsibility are to be sought to differing degrees *between* the extremes either of action in time *without* thought, or consciousness out of time, without action, or accompanied by action that is completely detached, impersonal; accomplished in accord with an *objective* need. In other words, in an absolute manner, nobody is “free,” if “freedom” means the power to direct the future as one pleases. The future is apparently entirely directed, since there exist the rare sages who know it in advance, or rather who apprehend it as a “present.” But it is undeniable that every time he has to make decisions, the man of good will who lives and thinks in time has the *impression of choosing* between two or more possibilities; that he has the *impression* that the future, at least in its immediate course—and also in its remote course, if it is a decision of obvious historical impact—*depends* partly (and sometimes entirely, on the Earthly plane) on him. It is, undoubtedly, only an impression. But it is an impression of such tenacity that it is

impossible not to take it into account, from the psychological point of view. It forms so much a part of the experience of any man whose soul is even slightly complex, who must act in time, that it persists even if this man is well-informed in advance—either by an invincible intuition, or by the obviousness of the facts that follow one another, or by some prophecy to which he gives credence—of what the future will be *in spite of* his personal action.

Sometimes even, if his soul is less complex, i.e., in fact less divided against itself, the agent who has a presentiment of, who even *knows* what will be the inescapable course of events, will decide—and that, without it being necessary for him “to deliberate”—in favor of the action most useless from the practical point of view. Teia, the last king of the Ostrogoths in Italy, *knew* that it was no longer possible for his people to remain the Masters of the peninsula. That did not prevent him from throwing himself without the least hesitation into the fight against Byzantium and from finding, in the famous “battle of the Vesuvius”—in 563—a death worthy of him. He is attributed the historic remark which, even if he did not actually say it, renders his attitude well: “It is not a question of us leaving or not leaving Italy; it is a question of leaving it with or without honor.” Words of a lord and . . . words of a man “against Time,” i.e., defeated in advance on the material plane.

One can say that to the extent that what the Sanskrit Scriptures call the Dark Age unfolds and a temporal cycle approaches its end, more and more lords—in both the biological and psychological senses of the word—are men “against Time,” defeated in advance on the material plane. They do not feel any less “free” in their spontaneous choice of a practically useless act. The impression of freedom is thus not at all related to hesitation and “deliberation” before a decision. It is related to the capacity of the agent *to imagine* a future different from the one that will follow from his act—what, in fact, he would like to see follow, if possible—and with the illusion that he himself has to be the source and principle of this act, whereas he is only the instrument of the realization in our world of time—the movement from the virtual to the actual—of possibilities that are entirely predestined since they already exist as *actualities* in the “eternal present.” In other words, this impression of freedom is dependent at the same time on the thought of the agent and his ignorance. For the man who acts in time, true freedom consists in the absence of external *or* interior constraint (i.e., coming from deep contradictions in his “self”), and of the total authorship of the “self” in relation to the decision and the act. The ignorance of this future which sometimes partly follows from the act—but which cannot follow fully, in the case of a practically useless act—can help certain men to act. (Was it not said that the foreknowledge of the fate that awaited all their civilizations had broken the spirit of the American leaders of the sixteenth century, Aztecs as well as Incas, to the point of preventing them from resisting the Spaniards as *quickly* and as vigorously as they could have done, if they had never been informed of prophecies of destruction?). It can give the

illusion of an absence of constraint—a knowledge of the absence of the constraint of Destiny—and thus allow the blossoming of hope, which is a force of action.

But, as I mentioned above, the Strong do not require this assistance to achieve what the sense of honor dictates to them, which is always the consciousness of *fidelity* to a Leader, or an idea, or both, and the duty that this implies. Even in full knowledge that the future escapes them, that *their* beloved truth will from now on remain hidden under a bushel, indefinitely, they will decide for action, useless, certainly, but honorable; for *beautiful* action, daughter of all that is more permanent, more fundamental to their lordly “selves”; action for which they will be rigorously responsible and that they will never regret, because it is “*them*.”

They can, certainly, imagine a future different from that which they consider only with horror or distaste, and to which all their attitude opposes them. But they cannot conceive of themselves acting differently. In them, there is neither irrelevant “deliberation,” nor choice, but the reaction of all their being in the face of the elementary alternative: to be oneself, or to deny oneself; *internal necessity*—exactly like the sage “above Time” when he acts. The sole difference is that, for those who do not yet “see” the future from the point of view of the eternal, this internal need does not necessarily merge with that which governs the visible and invisible cosmos, and Being itself, beyond all its manifestations. It can, by accident, merge with it. But it also can represent only the fidelity of action to the “ego” of the agent, sages being rare, and a great character not always—alas!—being put in service of a *true* idea, an eternal cause. That suffices to render the agent absolutely responsible. For one is responsible for everything one supports: initially for his own action, insofar as it expresses his true “self”; and then, for the actions of all those with whom one is linked by a common faith. So much the worse for the man who gives his energy to a doctrine that moves him away from the eternal instead of bringing him closer! No value of the individual as such, no nobility of character can make a false idea true and make a cause centered on false ideas or half-truths objectively justifiable.

* * *

He who is raised above time and who, in spite of that—or precisely because of that, if he has a mission to accomplish—thinks it good to act in time, acts with the sureness of beings that do not choose; with that of the plant that grows toward the sun—what am I saying?—with that of the magnet that attracts iron, or of the elements that combine to yield the compounds that chemistry studies. With consciousness in addition, certainly, but *without deliberation or choice*, since he “knows” clearly, and there is choice only for the consciousness that does not know, or that knows only imperfectly. (One does not “choose” between the two propositions, “Two and two make four” and “Two and two make five.” It is *known* that the first is true, the second false. One does not “choose,” either, to think

that an object is white, if it is seen as such. One feels the impossibility of accepting any judgment that excludes its “whiteness.”)

What can encourage the decision of one who is still a prisoner of time—who thus does not “know,” who does not “see” what will be the future of the creation to which he contributes, and who has the impression that he “chooses” his action? What can encourage him then, especially if he is ignorant of the whole future yet knows that it will go *against* him, and against all in the world that is most dear to him, and that his action is on the practical level perfectly useless? What could sustain the attitude of men like Teia, last king of the Goths in Italy? Or like the Amerindian princes and warriors, who, in spite of the decree of their own Gods, deciphered in the heaven by the sages of their lands, fought all the same, albeit too late—and with desperate heroism—against the Spaniards? Or, closer to us, like those thousands of Germans and Aryans of the whole world, who, even when they knew quite well all was lost, even when nothing more remained of the great National Socialist Reich than a few square meters pounded by Russian artillery, continued to fight, against thousands, like lions?⁴

What can sustain the action, the refusal to yield, the defiance, the useless attitude, not of a martyr who foresees, beyond death, a future of bliss that will compensate him for the worst torments in this world, but of the enthusiasts of all lost causes who have hope neither in this world nor in another—who are not even enlightened enough to imagine the triumph of their truth at the dawn of a future temporal cycle and who, humanly speaking, must have the impression that they fight, suffer, and die for nothing? What can *they* oppose to this nothing, that is worth all the sacrifices?

They can oppose—and no doubt do oppose, be it only subconsciously—the only certitude that remains when all the rest collapse: that of the irrevocability of the past. It is not about the future of their people and the world, on which they will have no influence. It is even less about their personal futures, which long ago ceased to interest them. It is about the *beauty* of the moment that they will live, immediately, in one second, in one hour, it does not matter when; it is about the beauty of this moment that represents, in time without end, the last scene of their combat, the moment that, as soon as it is lived, takes on the unshakeable stability that is the very essence of the past; which will still “exist,” in the manner of the past as a whole, in millions and billions of years, long after there is anyone on earth who remembers it—when there is no more earth; no more solar system; when all the visible worlds of today cease to exist materially. They feel that this moment is all that still depends on them; all that is still given to them to create. They feel that it is in their power to make it beautiful, or ugly: beautiful, if it fits into the every structure of their being, like the perfect detail that crowns a work of art, the last perfect phrase of a musical composition, without which it would be truncated, abortive, blocked in its motion; ugly, if they contradict it, if they betray it; if, far from completing and crowning it, they detract from its value; if they destroy it, the way a last brushstroke can change a smile into a

grimace, or the way a drop of impure liquid can taint, can forever destroy, the most glorious of perfumes. They feel—they know—that it depends on them to make it beautiful or ugly, according to whether they proclaim, and proclaim for eternity, their honor or their shame; their fidelity to their true *raison d'être*, or their disavowal. (For what is it to disavow, as soon as they become unpopular, the principles that one professed, a king or a leader one pretended to love and serve as long as there was some tangible advantage to do it? It does not prove that one “had been misled”—if not, one would have changed sometime earlier—but it shows that one values effort only for attaining purchasable comfort and pleasures, and that one is incapable of disinterested allegiance, not only towards the leaders whom one betrayed, but towards anyone; that one has neither honor nor courage, in other words, that one is not “a man,” even if one has a human form. For a coward is not a man.)

The horror of an eternity of ugliness—for the revulsion of a man of honor before a degrading action or attitude is nothing else—is perhaps more decisive even than the aspiration of the faithful one, vanquished on the material plan, to remain himself after the defeat. In fact, if it is rare that a man knows himself before circumstances reveal his *true* scale of values to him, he at least knows himself, to a certain extent, negatively. If he does not know, in general, of what he is capable, at least he has—and that, apparently, as an awakening of his self-consciousness—a sufficiently clear idea or feeling of some things that he would *never* do; of some attitudes that could *never* be his, *whatever the circumstances*. The man of good race recoils spontaneously before a degrading action or attitude. He feels that once done, or adopted—once it has become an integral part of the past, henceforth unchangeable—it would mark him for eternity, in other words would sully him and make him irremediably ugly. And it is against this projection of his degraded “self”—against this contrast between the nobility, the beauty which he feels in him, and the image that he has made of the ugliness that is inseparable from all cowardice, which would cover his fallen being—that he revolts. *Anything*, rather than that! *Anything*, rather than to become an object so repellent!—and that forever, because no contrition can *erase* what once was; no forgiveness can change the past.

And what one can say of the vanquished of this world who acts “against Time”—i.e., futilely, from the point of view of his hostile contemporaries—is also true of those for whom any action properly speaking is forbidden, without them having inevitably transcended the temporal domain either, and who continue *to live*, day after day, for years and decades, in the spirit of a doctrine contrary to the current of Time. They leave, in the lonely course of their existence, with their expression more and more hindered, an indelible page in unwritten History. The most humble among them could claim for himself a spiritual kinship, undoubtedly remote but undeniable, with certain famous figures: with a Hypatia, in the Alexandria of the fourth and the fifth centuries, increasingly controlled by Christianity; with a Pletho in the fifteenth century, in the environment of

Byzantine Hellenism, completely impregnated with Christian theology. He could, in his moments of depression, think of all those who, in forced inactivity, almost complete—or a phantom of activity, that their persecutors contrived to render useless⁵—continue, in an indefinite captivity, to be most eloquent witnesses of their faith. (In writing these lines, I myself think of Rudolf Hess and Walter Reder, locked up, the first thirty years already, or almost, the second twenty-seven, behind the bars of a prison.⁶) He could with reason tell himself that he *is*, that his brothers in faith *are*, and for always; that all that they represent continues on in them, already in our visible and tangible world.

Ancient Hellenism *lives* in Pletho, as in a few other men of the fifteenth century, insofar as they preserved its spirit. In the same way the “true Germany,” i.e., the Germany that has found its old spirit in Hitlerism, *lives* in the cell of Rudolf Hess—and more invincibly than everywhere else, certainly, since the prisoner of Spandau is one of the spiritual initiators of the more than political Movement that “the Party” represented at its origins, and probably one of the co-initiates of the Führer. She also lives—*their* truth and *their* vision—in Walter Reder and in all the faithful Germans who are still captives, if any still are, as well as in the immortal figures of the irrevocable past such as, for example, Doctor Joseph Goebbels and his wife, who in their spectacular demise carried along the six children that they had given to the Third Reich rather than letting them survive it. Not to mention the Führer himself, who all his life was the Man at the same time “out of Time” and “against Time”—“out of Time,” if one considers him from the point of view of knowledge, “against Time” (against the current of universal decadence, more and more obvious at the end of our cycle), if one speaks about him from the point of view of action.

But I will add that, unless one has like him transcended Time by the direct consciousness of “the original significance of things,”⁷ it is not possible to sweep up, be it only for a few short years, millions people in a combat against the general tendency of temporal manifestation, especially close to *the end* of a cycle. He who, still captive of “the before” and “the after,” cannot *in all objectivity* attach his action or its attitude to the “original significance of things,” is justified only by the beauty of this episode in unwritten History that is, and that will remain, even if unknown forever, *his own history*. The consciousness of the beauty of something that nothing can destroy any longer, is for the individual that which is the most ennobling—all the more so that all beauty is, even if he does not realize it, the radiance of a hidden truth.

But as a lived experience, it relates to only him and those who accept the same values. It can be sufficient for him. For many of *them*, already, this immutably beautiful past will be soon only *one past*. Only he who, being raised out of Time, knows that his action “against Time” reflects the truth of always—the truth whose Source is the divine order—can transmit to the multitudes not this truth (which is incommunicable, and which, in addition, would not interest them) but *his faith* in necessary action; his conviction that *his* combat against inverted values long preached and accepted, against erroneous ideas,

against the reversal of natural hierarchies, is the only one worthy of all the sacrifices. Only he can do it, because there is, in him, at the same time as the joy of combat, even if practically useless, on behalf of a *true* idea, the vision of our historical cycle in its place in the indefinite rhythmic unfolding of all the cycles, in the “Eternal Present”; because there is, in the objectivity of this vision, a light capable of being projected, be it only for an instant—a few years—on our world, like a glimmer heralding the dawn of the next cycle; a force capable for an instant of holding it back in its race toward disintegration.

The multitudes are seduced by this light, and feel this force—but not for long. Any mass is, by nature, inert. The man of vision whom Adolf Hitler was, attracted the privileged crowds for a time, like a magnet attracts iron. They *felt* they had a God for a leader—a man in contact with “the original”—eternal—“sense of things.” But they did not *understand* him. He vanished; they again became the modern crowd. They remained, however, marked in their substance by the memory of a unique experience, and imprinted with an immense nostalgia: a nostalgia that the swirl of the life haunted by the idea of the money, production, comfort and supersaturated with purchasable pleasures, cannot dissipate. I have been told that more than thirteen thousand young people commit suicide every year, in *West* Germany alone.

There is, fortunately, *also* a youth that, knowing fully that they will never themselves see the equivalent of what the Third Reich was, *lives* with courage and conviction the faith that counters the current of time—the faith in the eternity of the Race, concrete symbol of the eternal beyond the visible and transcendent world—that the Führer left in their care in his so-called “political” testament. They live it with courage and without hope, in the manner of the Strong who need neither support nor consolation. When these young people, who are now twelve, fifteen, or eighteen years old, have become old men and women, those of them who will have remained faithful without defect every day of their existence—in thought, in their silence; in their speech, whenever possible; by their behavior in the “small” things as in the great ones—those, I say, will be able, even without ever rising above the “before” and “after,” to consider the page of unwritten History that their life will represent, and be content with it as a work of beauty. To this page, their children will add another. And the faith will be handed down.

There are, finally, some very rare faithful ones who, sensing in the teaching of the Führer doctrines that are more than political, persist in their study, regardless of the lost war and the tenacious hostility of the whole world, conditioned by the enemy, in order to discover what constitutes its enduring value. Little by little they realize that Hitlerism—Aryan racism in its expression of yesterday and today—if it is examined stripped of the contingencies that marked its birth, is nothing else than *one* way, which implies in its Founder the vision, in all those who follow him in spirit, the acceptance, of the metaphysical truths at the base of all the ancient traditions, in other words the supreme truth. And they endeavor to approach the missing Leader, while approaching He who he

actually was: He who, in the Bhagavad-Gita, teaches the Aryan Warrior the mystery of the union with the infinite Self through violent action, freed of any attachment; He who returns from age in age to fight “for Justice,” i.e., for the restoration of the divine order, against the current of Time. In other words, they seek the eternal, certain that only they will find it.

¹This was written in 1969 or 1970.

²Leconte de Lisle, in the poem “Cain,” in *Barbaric Poems*.

³Here I am discussing, naturally, freedom in the sense in which this word is generally understood, not “freedom” in the metaphysical sense in which, for example, René Guénon understands it.

⁴*Inter alia* the French members of the Waffen S.S. who defended Berlin until the end.

⁵The vegetables and fruits that the “seven” of Spandau were allowed to cultivate were, upon maturity, systematically destroyed. Nobody benefited from it!

⁶This sentence was written in December 1970.

⁷“*der Ursinn der Dinge*,” (*Mein Kampf*, p. 440).

Chapter VI - Technical Development And Tradition

“No more noise from the walls of the abysses;
Laughter, vile noises, cries of despair.
Between hideous walls, a black swarm,
No more arches of foliage with sublime depths . ”

Leconte de Lisle (“The Virgin Forest”; Poèmes Barbares.)

Since the disaster of 1945 we have been talking about the “free world” and the “other,” that is to say the world where Democracy reigns and the one dominated by Communism. - the only totalitarian ideology of which devotees are in power wherever it is after the destruction of the German Third Reich.

I'll tell you what I think about each of these enemy worlds. Their differences, which are superficial, strike you to the point of distracting your attention from their similarities, what am I saying? of their *affinities*, which are deep. And we talked to you and we continue to talk to you about these differences and to insist on them, so that you do not realize *where* you are leading. And we repeat to you that you would “not have been freer” under the Hitler regime as Germany knew it for twelve years, than you would be today under any Marxist totalitarianism. . We repeat it to you in order to remove in advance any possible nostalgia for this regime which we, - who admired and supported it, - present as based on “joyful work”.

If there is something certain, it is because, in the so-called “free” world at least - I have not *lived* in the other, and only know it through the criticisms of hostile propaganda and the praise lavished on him by his own propaganda, - not one person in ten thousand works “with joy”, and this because not one in ten thousand really *likes* his livelihood, or his “state” . , To speak as in the past. She doesn't like him, and rightly so. Cause the activity she's bound to have, all the time that it sells, in order to be able to live, to an individual employer, a collective employer (a public limited company, for example), or to the State, is, more often than not, so off-putting, so *boring*, that it is, with the best will impossible to *love him*. And this is all the more general as a society is more technically advanced, that is to say, it is more mechanized. Just think of the thousands of workers who were condemned by a sinister fate to work "on the assembly line": to the indefinite repetition, eight hours a day, of the same easy gesture and *devoid of any perceived usefulness*. (Since the worker never sees the finished product - automobile, plane, or improved machine - of the manufacturing of which each of his monotonous gestures has contributed); of a gesture without real significance for the one who performs it. Think of the woman, seated in some “box” at the foot of a metro staircase”, who also, every day, eight hours a day, punches tickets, sowing around her as many beige confetti as there are people coming out

of the stairs to rush into the cars with automatic doors that will wait for them for a few seconds, every two or three minutes. Think of the “typist” who “types” all day long, letters whose content does not interest him and can *not* interest him.

We could ideally extend the list of works which, by their very nature, can *not* be of interest to anyone. The number of such “indispensable” chores to the economy of a modern society *does not depend* on the political regime under which people live, but only on the degree of mechanization of the cogs of production and exchange. And if it is sometimes possible to remove one or two, by replacing one person with a machine - for example, by an automatic ticket punching machine, as there are now in coaches in Germany and Switzerland - we will never be able to remove them *all*. The development of techniques will also create new ones: workers will be needed to manufacture the *parts* of “latest model” machines. And these new machines will have to operate under someone’s supervision. Now, it is impossible to make interesting - and even less *pleasant* - the task of producing parts *ad infinitum*, all identical, or of monitoring a machine, always the same. And if we imagine this task accomplished in the blinding light of neon tubes, and in the continual noise (or with a background of light music and ditties, more irritating to some ears than any hum of machines), we will agree that for a growing number of men and women, livelihood is a chore, otherwise, a torment.

But it is not just jobs that are boring in themselves, and therefore exhausting despite the ease that puts them within reach of the first comer. There are those who, no doubt, would interest some people, but who do *not* interest a considerable proportion of the employees who carry them out, and this, either because these employees did not choose their professional activity, or because they chose it for the wrong reasons. And the question arises: how is it that at a time when (in the “free world” at least) such emphasis is placed on “the rights of the individual” and where, in technically advanced countries, there are so many institutions whose purpose is precisely to help parents guide their children in the way where they should be both the happiest and the most useful, how is it, I say, that there is such a crowd of disgruntled, “failures”, embittered, uprooted and downgraded, in short of people who are not where they should be, and not doing what they should be doing?

The answer presupposes a number of observations, the first of which is that it is impossible to ask a mass, even of a superior race, to resist for a long time - even only a few decades - the pressure of its environment. It is certainly wrong to assert with Karl Marx that man *is nothing other than* what his economic environment makes of him. Racial heredity and history play a part in shaping the personality of individuals *and peoples*. This is undeniable. But it must still be admitted that the more we are dealing with a *mass*, the more the influence of the environment, and in particular that of the *technical* environment, is important in the formation of collective personality, or rather in the evolution which results, in people taken as a whole, in an increasingly striking lack of personality. In other words, the more one is dealing with a mass, the more the basic proposition of Marxism - “man is what his environment does” tends to hold true in practice. One could almost say that at the limit, *Marx would be right, if humanity did not consist of more masses*. And it is understandable that people who love man above all else, and that life en masse does not turn off, are Marxists. (In order not to be, and to be sure

never to be tempted to become one, we must love not "man", whoever he is, but *the* human elites: aristocracies of race and character.)

The technical environment acts on the masses: dictates to them, by means of advertising, the "needs" that they *must* to have, or to hasten to acquire, in order to encourage ever more advanced research leading to ever more varied and more perfected applications of the laws of nature - to the "happiness" of man. He offers him a real electrification of housework as well as leisure: the ideal modern house, where all you have to do is turn a knob to heat the soup, bought ready-made; to clean the floor, wash the clothes, or see, on the small screen, the film of the day (the same for fifty million spectators), and listen to the dialogues which are an integral part of it. Only one can resist all his life to the nagging suggestions of the technical community, or even not be aware of them, as these suggestions are, for him, devoid of interest, a man who knows in advance what he wants and what he wants. has nothing to do; a man, therefore, much more aware of his own psychology (and in particular of his scale of values) than are ninety-five percent of our contemporaries; in short, a man who, by the grace of the Gods, *does not belong to the masses.*

This one will not be "in its place" in the modern world and that, probably, whatever its profession. The mere fact of being happy where three quarters of people would experience nothing but boredom, and of being bored, on the contrary, - of having the most irritating impression of "wasting your time" in the middle distractions that the majority seek, sets it aside. He is only really at his ease among his few fellows - he who has no transistor, no radio, no television set, no washing machine, and whose neon light hurts his eyesight and whose music called "modern" grazes the ears; he who persists in remaining true to himself, and who refuses to love "on command" what the advertisements and propaganda present to him as "progress", if he does not feel it, - the benefit or charm to help "save" a civilization he wishes to lose, and that people who admire it sense, more or less vaguely, the enemy in him. It is no less natural than a doctrine going against the tide of Time, - a doctrine preaching, in the name of a Golden Age ideal, revolt, and even violent action, against the "values" of our age of decadence and the institutions which correspond to it, - arouses his enthusiasm and secures his adhesion: he himself is an individual of those whom I have called "Men Against Time".

But why do people who are submissive and obedient sons of our time turn out to be so dissatisfied and worried? How is it that this "progress", in which they believe so firmly, does not bring them, in the exercise of their profession, that minimum of joy without which all work is a chore? It's that the technical world doesn't just act on the masses; he creates them from scratch. As soon as technical development goes beyond a certain "critical point", which is difficult to specify, the human community, naturally hierarchical, tends to break up. Little by little the mass is replacing it; mass, that is to say above all the large number, little or no hierarchy, because of unstable, shifting, unpredictable quality. Quality is (statistically, this is understood) always in inverse ratio to quantity. And the most nefarious technique from this point of view - the one most directly responsible for all the consequences of the indiscriminate formation of human masses on the surface of the globe - is undoubtedly the art of medicine; the most harmful, because that which is in the most flagrant opposition with the spirit of Nature from one end to the other of the

scale of living beings; the one who, instead of seeking to preserve health, and any kind of biological priority of the strong, strives to cure diseases and prolong the life of the weak, when she does not get involved in keeping the incurable alive, the monsters, idiots, lunatics, and all kinds of people whose suppression in a society founded on sound principles would take for granted.

The result of the progress made by this technique, - achieved at the cost of the most hideous experiments, carried out on perfectly healthy and beautiful animals, which are tortured and dislocated, always in the name of the “right” of man to sacrifice everything to his kind, is that the number of men on earth increases in alarming proportions, at the same time as their quality decreases. We cannot have quality and quantity. It's necessary to choose.

Today it is a fact that the population of the globe is growing in *geometric* progression; that, above all, that of the so far “underdeveloped” countries is growing faster than any other. These countries have not yet reached the technical level of industrialized countries, but they have already been sent a host of doctors; they have *already been* indoctrinated in such a way as to make them take “hygienic measures” that they did not know, when they were not purely and simply imposed on them. Consequently, traditional occupations - working the land, various crafts - are no longer sufficient to absorb the innumerable energies available. It's unemployment and famine, unless we install *mechanized* industries *everywhere*, that is to say that the vast majority of populations, whose number quadruple in thirty years, are not made *into proletarians*; that it is not torn from its traditions, wherever it has preserved any of them, - and that it is not stuffed into factories and not forced to apply itself to work which, *by their very nature*, (because they are mechanical) cannot be interesting. Production will then skyrocket. It will be necessary to sell - to sell - what will have been manufactured. To do this, it will be necessary to persuade people to buy what they have no need and no want, to *make them believe that they need* it and instill in them the desire at all costs. This will be the task of advertising. People will fall for this deception because there are *already* too many of them to be moderately intelligent. It will take money for them to acquire what they do not need, but which they have been persuaded to want. To earn it *quickly* - in order to spend it right away - they will agree to do boring jobs, jobs in which there is no part of *creation*., and that, in a smaller, slower-living society, no one would want to do it. They will accept them, because technique and propaganda will have made of them a human magma: - a multitude more and more uniform, or rather shapeless, in which the individual exists, in fact, less and less, while imagining to have more and more “rights”, and aspiring to more and more purchasable pleasures; a caricature of the organic unity of old hierarchical societies, where the individual believed himself to be nothing, but lived healthy and useful, in its place, like a cell of a strong and flourishing body.

The key to discontent in everyday life, and especially in professional life, is to be found in the two notions of multitude and haste.

* * *

You probably know what the fervent people of indefinite “progress”, Marxists or not, answer me. They say, “This is all temporary. Wait! Mechanism is only at its beginning; he

did not give his measure. Today, of course, the multiplicity of new needs results in the haste to earn money, and the fact that more and more people accept to earn it by devoting themselves to the most dehumanizing occupations. Today, of course, more and more workers tend to become robots for a third of their life, namely during their working hours; and, to some extent, *after their* working hours (by acquired habit). But let's take it easy! All of this will change, thanks to sacrosanct progress! Already here we are in large companies, equipped with ultra-complicated machines - computers or "electronic brains" - capable of solving in a few seconds, automatically, from their data, problems which a man would take half a day to calculate. solution. The worker worked twelve hours, even fifteen hours a day, less than a century ago. Today he works eight hours, and that is only five days a week. Tomorrow, thanks to the contribution of machines in all branches of his activity, he will work five hours, then soon two hours a day, or even less. It is the machines that will do the work, - machines so perfect that one man will be enough to supervise an entire team. Ultimately, man will do virtually nothing. His life will be an unlimited leave, during which he will have all the time needed to "cultivate himself". As for the disadvantages of overpopulation, they will have been remedied in advance by limiting births - the famous "family planning".

At first glance, there is something to seduce optimists. But the reality will be less simple than the theory. It still is.

First of all, we must realize that no Malthusian policy can be, on a *global scale*, *fully* effective. It is easier to set up factories in technically less developed countries, and to give people who have hitherto lived near the state of nature a taste for modern conveniences such as washing machines and televisions, than to encourage these same people to father only a limited number of children. Even the population of Western and Northern Europe, or the USA, where the most modern methods of contraception are widely applied, *believe*, - although not as fast as in other parts of the world, - and will not stop growing as long as there are doctors to prolong the lives of the suffering, the infirm, the mentally deficient, and all those who should be dead.

People in so-called "underdeveloped" countries are much less permeable than citizens of Western Europe or the United States to anti-concept propaganda. If they really wanted to bring the population down to reasonable proportions, nine out of ten people would have to be sterilized by force, or else suppress the medical profession and the hospitals, and let natural selection do its work, as *before* the madness of the technical age. But it's just us, the awful "barbarians", who would be ready to resort to such measures. And we are not in power, and do not expect to be there anytime soon. The friends of man, who are at the same time fervent of indefinite technical progress, will therefore have to adapt to a world where human living space will become more and more restricted, even if it is, for the benefit of the primate. says "thinking", reduce to a minimum the areas still occupied by the forest, the savannah, the desert, the last refuges of the living nobles other than himself. It will no longer be the already swarming masses of currently overpopulated countries. These will be crowds twice, three times, ten times more compact than the one that today literally covers Calcutta's immense "Esplanade" around six in the evening, when the heat falls. We'll be, *wherever you go*, brushed against, elbowed, jostled - and on occasion, no

doubt, knocked down and trampled on - by people and more people who, thanks to the machines, will have almost nothing more to do.

One must be naive to believe that, as soon as the daily fatigue resulting from work has ceased to exist for them, these many human beings will devote themselves to study, or practice some pleasure art in which a significant part of creation will enter. You just have to look around and see how today's workers, who work forty hours a week instead of ninety as they did a hundred years ago, use their spare time. They go to the café, to the cinema, attend some sports competition or, more often than not, listen to the broadcasts at home, or remain seated in front of their television sets and eagerly follow what is happening on the small screen. They sometimes read. But what are they reading? What they find at their fingertips - because to know what to read, and to strive to find it, you already have to be better informed than most people are. "What they can get their hands on," without their bothering to look for it, is usually either some periodical or book which, without being pernicious, is superficial and does not make them think in any way, or indeed some product of a literature or decadent or tendentious - whatever writing which distorts their taste or their mind, (or both). Or they provide information that is inaccurate, or purposely interpreted in such a way as to instill in them a certain opinion - the one people in power want them to hold - or to arouse in them the feelings that people in power want them to have. They read "France-Soir", or "Caroline chérie", or "Death is my job", or some pseudo-scientific article on the "conquest of space" which gives them the impression of having been initiated into the mysteries of modern science, when in fact they have remained as ignorant as before but have become a little more pretentious. There are, moreover, in spite of the enormous number of works which appear every year on every imaginable subject, less and less "background books": of those that a man who thinks rereads a hundred times, always deriving some new enrichment, and to whom he owes intuitions of great cosmic truths - even human truths in the name of which he would be able to start his life anew, if he could. And the people who are looking for such books are not among the masses.

What will the billions of people in the world of tomorrow do with their time? Will they cultivate their minds, as our die-hard optimists believe? No! They will do all day long what our good proletarians of 1970 do when they return from the factory or the office - or during their month of paid leave: they will watch their small screen, and very obediently believe what the men in power (or those who have put these in the place they will occupy) will have introduced into the programs so that they believe it. They will go to the movies; will attend free conferences, organized for them, always in the minds of the leaders of the moment - who will probably be the same as today, namely the victors of World War II: the Jews and the Communists: the devotees of the oldest and most recent faith of our Dark Ages, both centered on "man". They will make organized trips, with essential guides - and light music, also essential, in transport vehicles, buses and planes, on the outward and return journey. In short, the life of perpetual or almost perpetual leisure will be regulated, directed - dictated to those who will have to live it - by committees, elected by universal suffrage, after adequate propaganda among the masses.

And that will be too bad for those who would have preferred to pursue in silence a creation they loved because they felt it was beautiful; or who would have liked to organize the world on other bases and according to another ideal. Too bad for those - increasingly rare - who

will refuse to let themselves be “conditioned”! It will be, - something like Aldous Huxley's “Brave New World” - with the difference that instead of robots working in front of machines, they will be robots having fun on command and in accordance with the official planning of events. enjoyments, while the machines will ensure their subsistence. We will no more choose the way to use our leisure time than the majority of people today choose the occupation which will ensure “food and shelter”. It will be presupposed there, - as it already is, for example in certain tourist buses, where one is forced, all along the route, to hear the radio, whether one likes it or not, - that practically all men have the same needs and tastes, which is in flagrant contradiction to everyday experience among unconditioned people (there are still, luckily, today a few.)

We will endeavor, through ever more sophisticated, ever more “scientific” conditioning, to give them all the same needs and the same tastes.

* * *

Note that I am saying nothing of the probable political regime in this world of living automatons. I'm not trying to ask myself what it could be, because the question is irrelevant. Indeed, the more one sinks into uniformity *from* below, created and maintained by an interventionism with no other ideal than that of constantly increased production, with a view to the well-being of the greatest number, in other words, the more the world moves away from the type of hierarchical social organism. one in its ordered diversity, as is a work of art; the more it gives up being a living pyramid - as it once was in all civilizations which were at the same time *cultures*, - to become a nameless, all gray porridge, brewed not by artists, even less by wise men, but by clever people, themselves devoid of any awareness of extra-human values, and working for the immediate, the narrower the meaning of the word, the more so, I say, the less the form of government matters.

There is still, theoretically at least, a difference between the condition of a line worker in the Cadillac factories, that of a line worker in some industrial complex in the Marxist world; between being a saleswoman in a supermarket in Western Europe or the USA and being a food distributor in a canteen, anywhere behind the “iron curtain”. And the list of parallels could go on and on.

In principle, the worker of the “free world” is not obliged to accept conditioning. When the siren sounds, or when the monster store closes its doors, he can do what he wants, go where he wants, use his leisure time as he pleases. Nothing *physically* forces him to pay his friends to drink at the local café, nor to buy himself, in monthly installments, the essential device. television, and soon the no less “indispensable” car. There are no political or semi-political semi-“cultural” meetings which he is forced to attend, under pain of finding himself, the next day, without work or, worse still, suspected of “deviationism” and imprisoned, or at least “worried”, while in the USSR or China (*according to the echoes we have of it*; I repeat: I do *not* know, first hand, the Marxist world) *there are some and how!*

Nothing would prevent a *priori* a worker or an office employee or a saleswoman of the free world from using his leisure time as I would use them myself in his place if, for one

reason or another, I had to, to live, work in a factory, office or supermarket. Nothing would stop him provided also that he or she finds an accommodation sufficiently withdrawn or sufficiently well "soundproof" not to be disturbed there by the radio or the television of the neighbors, and a manager or an owner of a building complacent enough to allow him, in case it would be his joy, to keep some domestic animal with him. *So Perhaps* his leisure hours would truly be blessed hours, and his modest apartment a haven of peace. So perhaps he (or she) could, after spending an hour or two in silence, completely free himself from the lingering grip of the noise of the machines (or the light music, imposed in some workshops or stores); of the blinding glare of the lights, of the atmosphere of the people, to have a quiet supper, alone or in the midst of his family, to walk his dog under the trees of some boulevard not too busy, and to be absorbed, before the hour of sleep, in some nice read.

Then perhaps, but only then, the more the progress of machinery would guarantee him leisure, which he would actually use "to cultivate himself", the more he would become "man" again, in the most honest sense of the word; and the more one could, to some extent, speak of a "liberating technique" - although I can never be persuaded that even two hours a day spent in the depressing atmosphere of the factory or the office, or the department store modern, are not, after all, *more* exhausting than ten or twelve hours spent in some interesting work - in some *art*, like that of the potter or the weaver of bygone ages.

But, for that, it would be necessary that the worker - the proletarian - of the countries of the "free world", who, *in principle*, can, after his hours of work, "to do what he wants", can want something other than what one conditions him to want. His "freedom" resembles that of a young man, brought up from childhood in the atmosphere of a Jesuit boarding school, to whom one would say: "You are now of legal age. You are free to practice whatever religion you like". One in ten million students will practice something other than the strictest Catholicism; and the very one who will break away from it will keep its imprint most of the time for the rest of his life. Likewise, even in the "free world" where, *in theory*, all ideas, all times, all tastes are accepted, the man of the mass and, more and more, *also* that of the "free" *Intelligentsia*, is, from childhood, taken by the atmosphere of technical civilization, and stupefied by it and by all its "progressive", humanitarian or pseudo-humanitarian, and pseudo-scientific "advertising" - the propaganda of "universal happiness" by material comfort and purchasable pleasures. And *he no longer wishes* to free himself from it. One in ten million frees himself from it with violence, and turns his back on it, with or without ostentation, as the painter Delvaux did; as a few anonymous people do every day without even bothering to leave the banal building where they have made their room the sanctuary of a life that *is* anachronistic without necessarily appearing so.

The only thing there might be to say in favor of the "free world", as opposed to its enemy brother, the Marxist world, is that it does not take any police sanctions against this individual of exception, unless, of course, the latter's hostility to "today" is expressed in the form of too conspicuous Hitlerism. (And even as regards that there is a little less constraint than among the Communists currently in power: one can, everywhere in the "free world", except, without doubt, in the unhappy Germany, of which the victors of 1945

would like to kill the soul, to have a portrait of the Führer on his nightstand, without fear of indiscreet inspections followed by legal sanctions).

What we could, on the other hand, say in favor of the Marxist world is that the latter has, despite everything, a faith - based on false notions and real counter-values, this is undeniable if we take a stand. from the point of view of the eternal, which is that of Tradition, but finally, a faith - while the so-called "free" world has none properly. As a result, an activist of values other than those extolled by official communist propaganda is very likely to one day find himself in some "Recovery" camp, if he pushes his temerity to the point of forgetting that he is in hiding and must remain there. But the mass of indoctrinated people, who form the majority of the population there, will have the impression of working - and hard - for the advent of something that seems great to her, and that she loves, that this either the world revolution of the proletarians, the union of all Slavs under the aegis of holy Russia (this ideal is, it seems, that of more than one Russian Communist), or the domination of the yellow race through universal Communism. Industrial or agricultural production - that in the name of which so much and so much eminently boring work has to be done - ultimately leads to such grandiose goals. It's more exciting than the assured, neat little life, with the culmination of driving out from Saturday - or Friday night - to Monday morning.

The two worlds are, in fact, one like the other, abominable caricatures of hierarchical societies which, in the past, claimed to be, or at least wanted to be, as faithful as possible images of the eternal order, of which the cosmos is the visible manifestation. To the unity in diversity which these societies thereby possessed, the technical civilization of the "free world" opposes the hopeless uniformity of man produced in series, without direction, without impetus - not that of the water of a river, but that of a heap of sand whose grains, all insignificant and all alike, would each believe themselves to be very interesting. The dictatorship of an increasingly invading proletariat opposes it, a uniformity of moving robots, all driven by the same energy, robots whose lack of individuality is a wicked parody of the deliberate renunciation of the conscious individual. of its place and its role, in favor of what is beyond it. The ardor for work and the irresistible push forward of these same automatons who believe themselves to be devoted to "the happiness of man", no less sinisterly counterfeits the ancient efficiency of the masses who were building, under the direction of true masters, "for God", or for some King-God, monuments of beauty and truth: the pyramids, with or without floors, from Egypt, Mesopotamia or Central America; the Great Wall of China; the temples of India and those of Angkor; the Coliseum; Byzantine, Romanesque or Gothic cathedrals.

We can say that, of the two caricatures, it is the second - the Marxist - who is, in its coarseness, more skillful, basically than the other. To realize this, one only has to look at the number of people of real human value who let themselves be taken in, and who, in all sincerity, convinced that they were guided by an ideal of liberation and disinterested service, have gone to swell the ranks of the militants of the most fanatic of the forms, so far appeared, of Anti-Tradition. This can be seen as much in Europe as in other regions - in India, in particular, where the Communist leaders are recruited mainly from members of the Aryan castes, strange as that is. There is, in the very rigor of Communism, something which attracts certain characters eager for both discipline and sacrifice;

something that makes them appear the worst slavery in the guise of self-denial, and the largest narrow-mindedness, under that of sacred intolerance, true "error hunting".

The caricature of the "free world" is less dangerous in the sense that it is, outwardly, "less resembling", and therefore less able to appeal to elite characters. But it is more dangerous in that, less outraged, at first sight it shocks less those whom Marxism rejects, precisely because they have discovered in it the features of a false religion. Having none of the attributes of a "faith", it reassures them, encouraging them to believe that they are safe from democratic "tolerance" - tolerance which, as I said, extends to all. , except to us, Hitlerites, - they will be able to continue to profess in peace all the cults (all the exotericisms) which happily are dear: Christianity, - or Judaism, - in the West; Islam, Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism, elsewhere; even one of these in the historical domain of another; why not, when the individual believes himself to be everything, and therefore arrogates to himself the right to choose everything? They do not realize that the very mentality of the technocratic world, with all the emphasis it places on the immediately and materially useful, the "functional", therefore on the increasingly extensive applications of sciences and pseudo-sciences to the expense of all detachment, is, the antithesis of all selfless thirst for knowledge as with all love of works of art and also of beings because of their beauty alone. They do not realize that it can therefore only accelerate the cut-off of any exoteric religion or philosophy from esotericism, without which it has no value of eternity, and thus precipitate the ruin. of any culture. They do not realize it because they forget that disinterested knowledge, development of art worthy of the name, and protection of beings (including man insofar as he responds to what his noun -; "anthropos"; "he who looks or tends upwards" - would let it wait) go hand in hand, beauty being inseparable from truth, and culture being nothing, if it does not express one and the other.

They forget - or have never known - that, deprived of their connection with the great cosmic - and ontological - truths that they should illustrate, exoteric religions very quickly become fables to which no one attaches credence anymore, to philosophies. in vain gossip degenerate, and political doctrines into recipes for electoral success; and that the technocratic world, by its eminently utilitarian approach to all problems, by its anthropocentrism coupled with its obsession with quantity, distracts even the best minds from the search for and contemplation of eternal truths.

* * *

But then two questions arise: are technical progress inevitable and essential? And can a people keep its soul despite the growing hold of machinery?

Mahatma Gandhi would have answered "no" to both. As everyone knows, he dreamed of an India without factories, where artisanal production would have been sufficient for people who, of their own free will, would have reduced their needs to a minimum, and avoided their demographic increase by the practice of a rigorous continent afterwards. the birth of one or two children. Gandhi would have also enthusiastically welcomed the discharge of most of the doctors. He uncompromisingly rejected any medication resulting from experimental research done at the expense of animals, whatever they were. (He held, as I do myself, all this research, from vivisection itself to the odious inoculations of

diseases to healthy animals, for criminals. And he viewed Western medicine as a whole as a large scale evil enterprise).

But, unlike us, the Mahatma had a naive confidence in man - in the Indian no less than in foreigners, despite all the evidence that this "privileged" being has never ceased to provide his weakness. and its malignancy. He apparently believed him capable of living en masse, according to a standard which presupposes either an iron will coupled with a constant asceticism, or a reassuring absence of reproductive energy, that is to say, in a case as in the other, an exceptional nature. He also thought, no doubt, that a country *can refuse* to industrialize without falling prey to technically better equipped enemies, although it seems - alas! - that this is also utopian. The recent example of Tibet, invaded and subjugated by Communist China, and kept under the rule despite its silent resistance, proves it enough.

* * *

The example of Japan in the second half of the nineteenth century, suddenly opening up without restrictions to the commerce and techniques of the mechanized world, under the threat of the canons of Commodore Perry; moreover, taking up the challenge of all peoples for whom economic success is everything, and accepting to compete with them on their own ground, *while striving not to lose anything of his own tradition*, he seems to be the most striking affirmative answer to the two questions posed above. He seems to proclaim that while a certain (sometimes *very* advanced) degree of mechanization is inevitable today in a people who refuse to become - or to remain - the prey of a conqueror, or the vanquished weakened, humiliated, ruined, of a war it does *not* follow that he must automatically abandon what makes him himself, consider his past as a "state of childhood" to be left behind, change Gods and the scale of values.

No doubt a factory is a factory, and an office an office, and a supermarket a place of too purely material use to be attractive in any climate. no doubt the immense industrial agglomerations of Osaka, Kobe or Tokyo should singularly disappoint the tourist in search of "local color" and even more the artist in search of beauty. The Japan before 1868, which, closed for almost two and a half centuries to all contact with foreigners, lived in a prolonged Middle Ages, was undoubtedly more fascinating to see. But this is not a finding limited to one country. The whole Earth, including Europe, was more beautiful to contemplate, in the Middle Ages and in Antiquity, than after the advent of great industry. What is remarkable, admirable, is that despite the ugliness inherent in all mechanization on a large scale, there still remained, in the Empire of the Rising Sun, *so much beauty*, and above all that this beauty is so obviously linked to the conservation of Tradition under the particular expression that the people and their history, and their geographical environment, have given them - of the living and active Tradition, capable, just like in the past, to *permeate the entire life of an elite*, and even to create an atmosphere in which the entire country bathes, factories included. What is admirable is that there are still masters in Japan like this Kenzo Awa, who taught the German Herrigel the sacred art of archery according to the rules and according to the spirit of Zen Buddhism, and a whole legion of disciples thirsting for true knowledge - for that knowledge which causes the acquirer to "be" more. What is admirable is the survival, even in politics, of this Shintoism whose origin is lost in prehistory and to which the great Japanese thinkers of the eighteenth

century, - Moturi and Hirata, - have definitely given this character of sacred nationalism - the Far Eastern version of *our* cult of Blood and Soil - which it has kept to the present day.

A few days before December 7, 1941, our Japanese allies, most naturally in the world, sent an official delegation to the Temple of Isé - an embassy from the Imperial Government to the Gods of the Empire and to the ancestors of the Emperor-Gods: "You Is it nice that we are declaring war on the United States of America?". And it was only after a favorable response from the Gods (or their priests) that war was declared. Four years later, after the explosion of the bomb in Hiroshima, it was again with the permission of the Gods that the capitulation was decided, as had been, in 1868, the opening of Japan to foreign trade and modern technology as the supreme measure of the Empire's salvation. What is admirable about all of this is the persistence in Japan of the bushido spirit into the twentieth century; it is this cult of national honor in its highest expression, and this total contempt for death, both among the famous Kamikazés (pilots of the "living bombs" of the Second World War) and among these twenty-five thousand Japanese from Saipan Island, in the middle of the Pacific, who all killed themselves when the Americans arrived; it is resistance, unshakeable in its smiling politeness, to the occupation of the Yankees and their politico-philosophical proselytism: the reintegration, in school curricula, immediately after the signing of the peace treaty, of the Kojiki or the history of the national gods, banned under the Crusaders of Democracy regime; it is the construction, in Gamagori, of a temple to Tojo and to the other Japanese hanged by the Americans as "war criminals" - temple where the school children will bow and burn an incense stick in front of the image of the martyrs and defy any "moral conquest" of the people of the Sun, after having visited. . . Hiroshima's (partially only reconstructed) location.

All this holds together: this teaching, as alive as ever, of traditional esotericism in its national forms, and this refusal of a whole people, which penetrates, without even realizing it, the influence of its elite, to give up his soul under the influence of technology and in response to the lies of the men who imposed it. The Japanese worker, who works cheap in big companies and helps flood the world with manufactured goods - tangible products of his country's industrial expansion, whose prices are defying all competition - may have a material life. almost as hard as that of a Russian proletarian in a chlorosis. But he knows he is working for the glory of the Empire, in which he has a place. And this Empire is, for its part, contrary to the Marxist State, the guardian of a Tradition which goes beyond it immensely. He is the link between this man of the people and the Eternal. (For the belief in the divinity of the Emperor and in that of the Japanese land, - itself springing from the body of a Goddess - is not dead, in Japan, despite its loud official denial, repeated over and over again in an attempt to convince abroad of "progress", lasting in the democratic sense.)

On the other hand, the dream of a world dictatorship of the proletariat - even that of the Slavic (or "yellow") world, unified under such a dictatorship with a view to ever increasing production and the comfort of an ever increasing number. impressive of individuals, - is, if it constitutes an "ideal", in the last analysis, only a limited ideal. It does not go beyond the material plane or man. Men, even very crude ones, can only be satisfied forever with that, precisely, by becoming robots.

* * *

India is industrializing rapidly, - too quickly, in the eyes of more than one Hindu aware of the dangers of machinery, - and this, despite the influence, still sensitive, of Gandhi, and of all those who, with him or in parallel to his movement, have campaigned and still militate, driven by the same motives as him or by others, in favor of a systematic encouragement of crafts. They are industrializing, not because the masses aspire to greater comfort there, as in Europe, but because their leaders have decided to do so. (The masses are not asking for anything and would do without all the "progress" imposed on them!). And the leaders have so decided because they are convinced that only more and more industrialization could first help to absorb the available energies more and more numerous offered, from one end of the world to the other country, a galloping demography, and then, to make of the Indies a modern, prosperous and powerful State, and by the same to prevent them from falling into the hands of any invader impatient to appropriate the wealth of their soil and their sub-land. ground. This may be partly true. People who are of this opinion cite the example of Japan - with little justification, moreover, because they forget that, if we except the Ainos, aborigines driven back to the north of their islands, the Japanese are a people, while the Hindus are not, hopefully never will be - (they could only become so as a result of a gigantic mixing of races, which would result in the irreparable loss of their Aryan and Dravidian elements; their disappearance in an unnamed magma, biologically inferior to each other, as much as the hundreds of millions of aborigines, and the low castes containing a high proportion of aboriginal blood, would have melted there.)

However, industrialization always involves movement and bringing together people, men and women. It is therefore much more dangerous when those which it throws into each other's presence are, as in India, of different races, than when they are of more or less homogeneous origin. Until now - that is to say less than a quarter of a century after the proclamation of their independence - the Indies have, despite partial industrialization and all the efforts made elsewhere, in the direction of leveling, - despite the official abolition of the caste system by decree of an anti-traditionalist government, modeled on the democracies of the West, - resisted this danger.

I saw it in particular in 1958 in Joda, near Barajamda, and throughout the region around Jamshedpur which is, or at least was still, the largest metallurgical center in Asia at the time. At that time, the aerial funicular railway was being built at Joda to transport the iron ore from the top of a hill, where it would be extracted, to the receiving cars at the bottom of the hill. I was a "site interpreter" for the duration of the work. I saw the workers, in the corrugated iron room which served as their kitchen, prepare their meals in as many separate homes as there were castes or rather sub-castes among them, and eat, grouped according to the same principle, - each in the midst of his own - to the astonishment of the German engineers, directors of works, to whom this desire for separation seemed all the more strange since they had been told about the "suppression of castes" in "India democratic". They were poor Shudras, or less so, but as attached to their ancestral customs as any other Orthodox Hindus. And presumably they were no less insistent on staying true to them, when it was no longer about food, but about the marriage of their children. One could not, watching them live, help thinking that, despite the increased

importation of techniques from the West, the age-old atmosphere of Hinduism was not about to deteriorate.

And this impression was confirmed if not reinforced, at the sight of the active part which these workers, and all those of the workshops and factories of the region, took in the festivals of always. The same men who, during the day, had fastened rivets to the pylons intended to support the aerial cables of the funicular, danced until late at night to the rhythm of the sacred drums, repeating the mystical names: "Hari! Krishna!" in front of the painted earth statue, where the spirit of the most popular of all gods was supposed to reside as long as the feast lasted. And the workers in charge of the surveillance and maintenance of the huge ultramodern machines, mostly imported from Germany, decorated these steel monsters with garlands of red flowers of jaba, on the day when all labor ceased in honor of Viswakarma, "Architect of the Universe", divine patron of workers. They decorated them with the same love with which their fathers, a generation earlier, had adorned their instruments, hammers or pickaxes, with garlands quite similar to theirs. And the workshops, for once silent, were filled with smoke of incense. And, unless, of course, he was an avowed enemy of Tradition, the stranger who contemplated the scene: these men, collected in the thought of the Divine, imbued with the character ritual of their daily labor, in front of these black metal masses, from which hung scarlet flowers, envied India, where technology has not yet desecrated work.

He wondered why, after all, she was desecrating him. These monstrous machines, half beings, half things, "beings" insofar as their automatism proclaims the power of European genius, and more particularly of Nordic genius, - are, like the sacrosanct Tradition itself, that the Indies have inherited. Sages of Vedic times, products of Aryan intelligence. They certainly illustrate an aspect of this intelligence *other* than that shown by the liberating teaching of the Sages. But they are, in a different age of the same Time Cycle, products of the conquering intelligence of *the same race* by associating them, once a year, with the ancient cult of Viswakarma, do these brown-skinned men know this - in the depths of their collective unconscious? And do they pay homage to the Aryan genius, - divine, even in its crudest manifestations of the Dark Ages - at the same time than the Creator whose power it reflects? We would like to. Anyway, such an attitude could only strengthen the spirit of the caste system; - the only force which is, in the long run, capable of opposing the biological leveling that mechanization tends to impose, sooner or later, on a multiracial society, even traditionally hierarchical like that of India.

Personally, however, I believe that the possibility, for the Indies (as moreover for Japan, or any other country of true culture) of preserving its soul while undergoing more and more the inevitable grip of industrialization, is linked there the persistence, among them, of an elite of race and character. which is at the same time *a spiritual aristocracy*; a living guardian of Tradition, in other words, of the esotericism that underlies, more or less far, all the usual manifestations of "religion", confused with social life. Even the purity of blood in a people more or less homogeneous as a whole - or, in a hierarchical multiracial civilization, the continuation of the effective separation of races - cannot dispense with the need to maintain such an elite at all costs. Without it, the best of races will end up brutalizing themselves under the ever more powerful influence of technocracy. It will gradually lose its natural scale of values. to attach more and more prices to purchasable

goods. What *if it* retains some visible manifestations of old faith, these will eventually become void of all meaning, to such an extent that people will gradually abandon them, without even being pushed. (For a custom to survive, a minimum of sincere belief must remain attached to it. Who would think, for example, in today's Europe, of settling a dispute by appealing to the "judgment of God" by ordeal of fire or water? And yet it must be believed that these methods were *once* effective enough to justify them, otherwise they would not have been used for so long.)

It is, of course, to be deplored, that this spiritual elite to which I was referring - in this case, the minority of initiated Brahmans, worthy of their caste - did not, in India, in our time, have more than influence on the direction of public affairs. And it is perhaps even more regrettable that so many people in power are bitter opponents of Tradition, anti-racists, poisoned by a bad anthropocentrism, drawn from the British Liberals, the Christian missionaries, or the Communists - everywhere except among the sacred authors who transmitted to India the Aryan wisdom of always. These people are only continuing the policy of promoting the most inferior racial elements, begun by the British: the policy of universal suffrage and "free, secular and compulsory" education, instituted by all or almost all the powers. Europeans, at home first, then in their colonies; the policy which goes hand in hand with excessive industrialization and the human proliferation that belated Malthusian propaganda does not manage to stop. Even well-intentioned, they are the agents of those Forces of disintegration who, as the Dark Age draws to a close, have more and more freedom of action. There is,

It remains, despite everything, undeniable that lived *and still lives* on their soil, one of the rare civilizations which have lasted for millennia and which keep, today as yesterday, the Tradition which provided them from the beginning with their principles of based. Without venturing to make predictions, it seems plausible that, as long as this civilization remains alive, thanks to the link, however tenuous, which links it to its real elite, the Indies will not succumb to technocracy, some concessions that they are forced to do so in order to be able to subsist in an overpopulated and mechanized world.

* * *

Unlike India - and Japan - Europe unfortunately did not know, or could preserve, uninterrupted, a visible form of Tradition, which was its own, and whose origin was lost in the mists of time.. In other words, even since the dawn of its history, let alone its prehistory, nowhere has it continued to worship the same Gods.

On the other hand, it was his sons - and even only those of a very restricted West - who, after having cultivated the experimental sciences for a long time, invented one after another all modern industrial techniques, as well as medical art and the "preventive" hygiene measures of today and already yesterday, which have so lamentably contributed to the overpopulation of the continent, and very quickly of the planet, and to the sacrifice of the *quality* of men to their number. And more and more, in this West in the narrow sense of the word, the attachment of the people to the splendors, to the customs and to the teaching of exoteric Christianity, has relaxed in favor of an ever more marked infatuation with "the Science" and above all for the applications of science, source of wealth, easy enjoyment, and power, both individual and collective.

This dates especially from the nineteenth century, if we have in mind the material achievements, the astonishing progress of the sciences of the measurable world and of the industries which depend on it, and the naive confidence, more and more widespread, in a general progress, in all domains (including the (“moral”) domain, parallel to the progress of science and to the generalization of their applications. But don't be fooled! The cult of positive science based on the experimental study of phenomena, and the dream of enslavement of Nature to man - and to the first comer, among men! - by the application of scientific discoveries in the search for human well-being, have much more distant origins. , to understand them, go back to the seventeenth century: to Cartesian rationalism and to anthropocentrism which is inseparable from it. We must go back even further, to this fever of universal curiosity, united to the Promethean will to dominate "man" , who are the characteristic features of the Renaissance. The physiologist Aselli, who has studied the process of digestion in the open entrails of dogs still alive, makes a “pendant” to Claude Bernard, two centuries away. And Descartes himself, with his frenzied anthropocentrism - his famous theory of “animal-machines” - as well as his eagerness to examine everything, to dissect everything, to want to know everything by the sole means of “reason”, and F Bacon, for whom science is above all the means which ensures the “triumph of man” over Nature, and so many others who, between the years 1500 and 1750, thought and felt the same, are themselves also, the fathers, or the elder brothers, of all the more recent enthusiasts of science, technology, and the salvation of man by both, - Victor Hugo and Auguste Comte, no less than Louis Pasteur, Jenner, Koch, and, closer to us, Pavlov, Demikhov, and Barnard.

Certainly, the European Middle Ages had, besides its undeniable grandeur, weaknesses and barbarities which classify it without question among the eras of the advanced Dark Age. He had, among other things, all the shortcomings linked to his narrowly Christian faith, and therefore rigorously anthropocentric - a faith whose even the esoteric aspect embraced nothing beyond “Being”. He deserves the sometimes-virulent attacks from the thinkers and artists who have shown him the most hostility, but provided it is made clear that the centuries that followed him, far from being better than him, in essentials, were worse. Worse, because they got rid (and how slowly!) of some of its superstitions and atrocities, only to replace them by superstitions of another order, but just as crude, and by atrocities just as revolting, and that, without retaining anything of what had made his greatness. He deserves the attacks of his detractors, provided they are fair, and recognize that within the Dark Age, which covers just about everything we know specific about the history of the world, he represents , despite everything a cultural and above all spiritual “recovery”; - a period when, with all the narrow-mindedness, all the religious intolerance inherited from the authors of the Old Testament, and all the anthropocentrism inherent in Christianity as it has come down to us, Western Europe (and Eastern, because all this is also true of Byzantium) was then closer to the traditional ideal order than it was at the time of the decadence of Greco-Roman paganism and especially than it has been since the sixteenth century. There is no doubt that the Christian esotericism which the initiates of a spiritual elite still lived then - until at least the fourteenth century, and perhaps even afterwards, for a few decades still, ensured this connection of the entire social edifice with its secret archetype. The light of more than human knowledge penetrated from above, by symbols, into the life of the people, and in particular in that of the craftsmen-masons, woodcarvers, glassmakers, blacksmiths, weavers, goldsmiths. She was speaking in the

world of shapes and colors by all the wealth of anonymous and disinterested creation that we know, from Romanesque or Gothic or Byzantine cathedrals, to the delicate illuminations of gold, azure and vermilion; creation, I repeat, anonymous and disinterested, of a beauty whose secret was to be sought in truths independent of time. The practical usefulness of the works of art which it inspired - when these, as was obviously the case in general, had one was nevertheless less important than their "significance", revealing a world held far more real than the visible.

It is curious, to say the least, to notice that it is, precisely, when the initiatory knowledge - therefore, the knowledge of the Eternal - becomes obscured in the elite who, until then, held it, and when by this very fact, the spiritual "meaning" of any work of beauty escapes more and more from the artist as well as from the craftsman, who begins to spread the thirst for investigation of the future by means of systematic experimentation. It is from this moment that meet, more and more often, the requirement of the visible and tangible proof of all knowledge, the refusal to believe in the existence of the superhuman or, at least, to take an interest in it, and finally the growing concern for the development of the material wealth of the world for the benefit of the greatest possible number of men - in other words, that the sciences impose themselves more and more experiments and the techniques, both industrial and medical, which derive from them.

And it is interesting to note that this is not a unique state of affairs, which only appeared with the decline of Christianity at the dawn of Modern Times. The same moral and cultural phenomenon, the same transfer of values, manifested itself, with the weakening of traditional faith, during the long and slow agony of the ancient Greek world, from the end of the fourth century before Jesus Christ, until 'in the fourth century after. It was then, already in the field of letters (and much more so than in the time of the Renaissance), the reign of quantity at the expense of quality. It was a proliferation of polygraphs, a bit like in our time, and an almost complete absence of works of the first rank, if we put aside this - gigantic, it, it is true, - of Aristotle, still quite recent when this period was just beginning. It was a time of grammarians, not of poets; of scholars of the verb, not of creators of the verb; of scholars, of people who knew well, and were able to analyze in detail, the work of their predecessors, not of literati whose own work - as, for example, that of the tragic authors of the classical Greek period, - was to dominate the centuries to come. The geniuses of the verb and of pure thought, - the Virgils, the Lucretia, - appear, in the famous "century of Augustus", no longer in Greece, or in Hellenized Sicily, or in Alexandria, but in Italy proper, already. in the sphere of this West from which will eventually emerge, still under the influence of the peoples of the North, young Europe, which will be the only true one.

But this slowly decadent Hellenic world - which will be reborn, after having undergone Christianity, only to detach itself more and more from "Europe" without being able and without wanting, even today, to integrate itself into it, - is characterized by the rise of experimental sciences and their applications. The thirst to study the phenomena of Nature and to discover the laws, the "explanations", which satisfy the reason, - is generalized there, as the traditional science of the priests of Greece as of Egypt, fruit from a direct intellectual intuition of the very principle of these laws, becomes rarer there. And above all, there is more and more determination - as we will do later, during the

Renaissance, and even more in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, - to use these physical laws to construct devices of practical utility, such as the worm, the "inclined screw" and the forty other machines whose invention is attributed to Archimedes; such again these "fiery mirrors", enormous magnifying glasses by means of which this same man of genius remotely set fire to the Roman vessels which blocked Syracuse, or the "fountains of compression", or the robots, of Heron.

Anatomy, physiology, and the art of medicine, which rely on each other, are there - and this too is to be noted - more and more in the spotlight. If it is true that in the seventeenth century Aselli and Harvey already give a presentiment to Claude Bernard, it is no less so than at the end of the fourth century before Jesus Christ, - two thousand years earlier - Erasistratos and Herophilus gave a presentiment not only to Aselli and Harvey, but also to the famous physiologists, physicians and surgeons of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Certainly, it is a long way from the automata of Heron to modern computers, as it is also a long way from the dissections of Herophilus and, four hundred years later, of those of Galen, however horrible they may have been.

to be both, to the atrocities of organ transplanters, - or heads - even to those of cancer specialists, perpetrated today to the name of scientific curiosity and "in the interest of man". It is a long way in terms of results, from the embryonic technique of the Hellenistic world, and later Roman, to that which we see developing in all the fields around us, and even that of the sixteenth century. But it remains nonetheless true that, at these two periods when a traditional form of religion is slackening, before definitively cutting itself off from its esoteric basis, there is a resurgence of interest in experimental sciences and their applications. , an awakening of man's desire for domination over the forces of Nature and over living beings of species other than his own, for the benefit or convenience of as many people as possible. It is not yet over-mechanization and mass production that the nineteenth century will inaugurate in Europe and intensify the twentieth, with all the consequences that we know. But it is already the spirit of the scientists whose work has, from near or far, prepared this evolution: the spirit of experimental research with a view to the applications of the information conquered to the material comfort of man, to the simplification of his work, and to the prolongation of his bodily life, that is to say with a view to the fight against natural selection. The machine, in effect, allows the individual or group to succeed without any special innate strength or skill, and drugs - or surgery - prevent even the most useless and least interesting patient from leaving the planet and to leave his place to the healthy man, more valuable than him.

It is difficult not to be impressed by the ever more important place that takes, both during the last centuries of the Ancient World as from the beginning of modern times and in our time, the experimentation practiced on *living* beings, with a view to more complete information concerning the structure and functions of bodies and its application to the art of healing - of healing, or of trying to heal, at any cost. These are the times when, like today, the doctor, the surgeon and the biologist are honored as great men; and where vivisection - older, certainly, since already in the sixth century before Jesus Christ, Alcmeon dissected, it is said, animals, but more and more encouraged, thanks to an anthropocentrism without restrictions, - is regarded as a completely legitimate method of scientific research.

So there are “precedents”. And one would undoubtedly find others, corresponding to other collective declines, if the history of the world were better and more uniformly known. But it does seem that the further back in time we go, the *less* marked would be *certain* traits which bring the most sophisticated ancient civilizations closer to today's mechanized world. I am thinking, for example, of those very old metropolises of the so-called “Indus Valley” civilization, Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro, whose archaeologists have attested to the existence of buildings of seven or eight floors, and underlined the 'huge production *in series* of earthen vessels and other objects, all of a perfect bill, *but all desperately alike*. How not to be struck by this uniformity in quantity and not imagine, in the workshops from which these mass-produced objects came out, and perhaps “in the assembly line”, a “robotization” of the prefiguring worker already, five or six thousand years later, that of the “human material” of our factories? And how not to see, in the successive Aryan invasions which, from the fourth millennium before the Christian era, if not earlier, came up against this ultra-organized world, - mechanized, as much as possible then, - and which destroyed it (while assimilating, of course, the best that its elite could offer), how, I say, not to see in them the blessed instruments of a recovery? How can we fail to see in their work: the installation of Vedic civilization in India, - a stop at least momentary in the downward march represented by the course of our Cycle, especially in the Dark Age, then near its beginning; an attempt to fight “against Time”, undertaken by the Aryas, under the impetus of the Forces of life, as were to be undertaken, centuries later, always driven by these same Forces, in turn, in others country, invaders of the same race as these: the Hellenes and the Latins, with the decline of the Aegean and Italic cultures, technically too advanced; the Romans, the decline of the Hellenistic world, the Germans, the decline of the Roman world? centuries later, still driven by these same Forces, in turn, in other countries, invaders of the same race as these: the Hellenes and the Latins, to the decline of the Aegean and Italic cultures, technically too advances; the Romans, the decline of the Hellenistic world, the Germans, the decline of the Roman world? centuries later, still driven by these same Forces, in turn, in other countries, invaders of the same race as these: the Hellenes and the Latins, to the decline of the Aegean and Italic cultures, technically too advances; the Romans, the decline of the Hellenistic world, the Germans, the decline of the Roman world?

But the hold of mechanization on the civilization of Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro, - quite relative “mechanization”, moreover, since it was, again, only a question of *artisanal mass production* , - had to be less fatal than that which was going under the Mediterranean world then the Western world, respectively at the time of Archimedes, then of Heron, - and of the ergastulum of Carthage, Alexandria, then Rome, - and in the eighteenth century and especially in the nineteenth, and nowadays. The world of the Indus Valley still had, even in its decline, something more to give to its successors than revenue from production. It would seem that it was from him that they would have learned *certain* forms, at least, of *Yoga*, which - if this is true - is enormous. Likewise, and until in its most advanced decadence, the Hellenistic world, then Greco-Roman, kept, if only among the Neo-Pythagoreans and the Neo-Platonists, *something* of what ancient esotericism had essential. *It was* - with what was eternal in the teaching of Aristotle - assimilated to *esoteric Christianity*. This survived, in Byzantium, and gave there, as well as in the West, throughout the Middle Ages the flowering of beauty that we know: the beautiful is the visible radiation of the True.

But treasures from the Middle Ages, - all that he had preserved of the eternal Indo-European Tradition, *despite* his rejection of the forms it had taken, in Germania and throughout the north of the continent, as in Gaul, before the appearance of Christianity, - the narrowly “scientific” spirit of the Renaissance, and especially of the following centuries, wanted or *could not* hold back. If we are to believe René Guénon and some other apparently well-informed authors, these treasures would have, from the fourteenth century, or at most from the fifteenth, from the disappearance of the last direct heirs of the secret teaching of the Order of the Temple, been put out of the reach of the West.

The interest that so many nineteenth-century authors took in the Middle Ages remains - just like the infatuation of the people of the sixteenth for Classical Antiquity and Greco-Roman mythology - attached to this There is at the same time more picturesque and more superficial in this past. The proof is that, with them, it goes hand in hand with the most naive belief in “progress” and in the excellence of generalized literacy as the surest means of hastening it. (Remember the pages of Victor Hugo on this subject). The link with the immemorial Indo-European wisdom, even with the little that Christianity has succeeded in assimilating to it after destroying it - by scraps or by violence, from the Mediterranean to the North Sea and the Baltic, - all exoteric expressions, is well and truly cut. And it is *in place* of this ancient wisdom that the West sees taking shape and spreading and flourishing a true religion of the laboratory and the factory; an obstinate faith in the indefinite progress of the power of man, and I repeat it, of any “man”, ensured by the “enslavement” of the forces of Nature, that is to say their use, along with the endlessly increased knowledge of its secrets. It is *in his place* that he sees it imposing itself, *and no longer beside it*, as in India or Japan, and wherever peoples of “traditional” civilization have, reluctantly, and all by clinging to their soul, accepted modern techniques.

This results in the “conquest of the atom” and the “conquest of space” (in fact, so far, the tiny space between our Earth and the Moon; less than half a million of our poor kilometers.). But we are not discouraged. Soon, say our scientists, it will be the entire solar system that will fall into the “domain of man”; the solar system and then - because why would we stop? - ever larger portions of the physical Hereafter, “without bottom nor edge”. This also results - at the cost of what horrors at the level of experimentation on a world scale! - the Luciferian dream of the indefinite prolongation of bodily life with, already, the terrible practical consequence of the efforts made so far to achieve it: the unbridled proliferation of man - and more particularly of *lower* man - at the expense of the noblest flora and fauna on earth, *and the human racial elite themselves*.

¹By Robert Merle. Fantastic tale about the German concentration camps.

²It is improper after 1945 to speak of non-Hitlerite “concentration” camps.

³Izana-mi, wife of Izana-gi. The Emperor is descended from the Sun Goddess: Amaterasu-okami-kami.

⁴The Russian physiologist who in the '50s and '60s was involved in grafting dog heads onto other living dogs.

⁵Unlike Hindu esotericism, for which Non-Being is also a manifestation of fundamental “Non-Duality”.

⁶Like that of Leconte de Lisle in the poem “The Accursed Centuries” (Barbaric Poems).

⁷The feudal pyramid where, in principle, everyone was in their place.

⁸1,480,000 (approximately).

⁹“ *By the shining space which has neither bottom nor edge . . .* ”

Leconte de Lisle (“The Sadness of the Devil”; Barbaric Poems)

Chapter VII - Technical Development And

“The Fight Against Time”

" What sun, warming the already old world,

Will ripen the glorious labors

which shone in the hands of the manly nations?"

Leconte de Lisle ("The Anathema"; Barbaric Poems.)

It is to be noted that the Churches which, theoretically, should be the custodians of all that Christianity can contain of eternal truth, only opposed the learned when the findings of the latter tended to question or openly contradicted *the letter of the Bible*. (Everyone knows of Galileo's quarrels with the Holy Office over the movement of the Earth). But it has never, to my knowledge, ever been a question for them to rise up against what seems to me to be the stumbling block of any unselfish research of the laws of matter or of life, namely, against the invention of techniques aimed at thwarting the natural finality - what I will call techniques of decadence. They have, above all, not more, denounced and categorically condemned, because of their odious character in themselves, certain methods of scientific investigation, such, for example, that *all forms* of vivisection. They could not, given the anthropocentrism inherent in their very doctrine. I recalled above that the vision that the *esoteric* teaching of Christianity opened to its Western initiates in the Middle Ages did not go beyond "Being". But no exoteric form of Christianity has ever gone beyond "man". Each of them affirms and emphasizes the "apart" character of this being, privileged whatever its value (or its lack of value) individual, regardless of race or state of health. Each one proclaims the concern that she has for her real interest, and the help that she offers her with a view to the search for her "happiness" in the hereafter, of course, but already in this lower world. Each one has solicitude only for him, - "the man", always the man, contrary even to all the "exoterisms" of Indo-European origin (Hinduism; Buddhism), which, they insist on the duties of their faithful "towards *all beings*".

It is, I think, precisely to this intrinsic anthropocentrism that Christianity owes the short duration of its positive role in the West - insofar as, despite all the horror attached to the history of its expansion, a certain positive role can be attributed to it. Once weakened, then dead, the influence of its true spiritual elite - of those which, until the fourteenth or fifteenth century perhaps, still attached to *the Tradition* - nothing has been easier for the European than to pass from Christian anthropocentrism to that of rationalists, theists or atheists; than to replace the concern for the individual salvation of human "souls", all held to be infinitely precious, by that of the "happiness of all men" - at the expense of other

beings and the beauty of the earth, - thanks to the generalization of techniques of hygiene, comfort and pleasures within the reach of the masses. Nothing has been easier for him than to continue to profess his anthropocentrism by contenting himself with giving it a different justification, namely, by moving from the notion of "man", a privileged creature because "created in the image of God" - and, what is more, an eminently *personal* "God" - to that of "man", measure of all things and center of the world because of "reason", that is to say capable of conceiving general ideas and of using them in reasoning; capable of *discursive* intelligence, therefore of "science" in the ordinary sense of the word.

Of course, the concept of "man" has suffered some deterioration in the process. As A. de Saint-Exupéry has shown very well, the human individual, henceforth deprived of the character of "creature in the image of God" conferred on him by Christianity, finally becomes a number within a pure quantity and a number that is less and less important in itself. We understand then that each one is sacrificed "to the majority". But we no longer understand why "the majority", even a collectivity of "a few", would sacrifice themselves, or even bother for one alone. Saint-Exupéry sees the survival of a Christian mentality in the fact that in Europe, even today, hundreds of minors will risk their lives to try to pull one of them out of the hole where he lies imprisoned, under debris from an explosion. He foresees that we are gradually moving towards a world where this attitude - which still seems so natural to each of us - will no longer be conceived. Perhaps it is no longer conceivable in Communist China. And it should be noted that, even in the West, where it is still conceived, the majorities are less and less inclined to impose on themselves simple inconveniences in order to spare one or two individuals, not of course, death, but embarrassment, and even real physical suffering. The man whom certain music irritates the most, *the majority* of passengers tolerate it or, even more so, enjoy it. We don't ask him his opinion.

One can, if one wishes, with Saint-Exupéry, *prefer* Christian anthropocentrism to that of atheistic rationalists, fervent of experimental sciences, technical progress, and the civilization of well-being. It's a matter of taste. But it seems to me impossible not to be struck by the internal logic which leads, without a solution of continuity, from the first to the second, and, from the latter to Marxist anthropocentrism, for which man - himself pure "Product of its economic environment" - taken as a whole, is everything, taken individually, is only worth what its *function* in the increasingly complicated gearing of production, distribution and use is worth, material goods, for the benefit of the greatest number. It seems to me not to be struck by the character of anything *other than* "revolutionary" and Jacobinism, at the end of the eighteenth century, and Marxism (and Leninism), both in the nineteenth and twentieth.

It is the bloodshed, with which these ideological movements have seen their seizure of power, which is delusional. We readily imagine that killing is synonymous with revolution; and that the more a change is, historically, linked to massacres, the more profound it is, in itself. We also imagine that it is all the more radical as it more visibly affects the *political* order. However, *it does nothing*. One of the most real changes, and the heaviest with lasting consequences, in known history, the passage of multitudes of Hindus of all castes from Brahmanism to Buddhism, between the third and the first centuries BC, - took place, not only without bloodshed, without "revolution" in the

popular sense of the word, but also without the slightest *political* upheaval. However, Buddhism, even though it was later practically eliminated from India, has indeed marked this country forever.

Marxism-Leninism is itself, despite the persecutions, the battles, the mass executions, the tortures, the slow deaths in the concentration camps, *and the* political reversals which everywhere accompanied its victory, far too much "in line" with the evolution of the West - and of the world, increasingly dominated by Western technology, to merit the name of "revolutionary doctrine". Fundamentally, it represents the logical continuation, the inevitable continuation, of the system of ideas and values which underlies and supports the world which arose both from the French Revolution and from the increasingly advanced industrialization which asserts itself. in the nineteenth century; system whose germ was already found in the quasi-religious respect of the Jacobins for "science" and its application to the "happiness" of the greatest number of men, all "equal in rights", and before that, in the notion of "universal consciousness", linked to that of "reason", the same for all, as it appears in a Kant, a Rousseau, a Descartes. It represents the logical continuation of this attitude which considers as legitimate any revolt against a traditional authority in the name of "reason", of "conscience", and especially of the so-called "facts", brought to light by "scientific research."

It completes the series of all these stages of human thought, each of which constitutes a negation of the hierarchical diversity of beings, including men; an abandonment of the primitive humility of the wise man for an hour, before Eternal Wisdom; a break with the spirit of all traditions of more than human origin. It represents, at the stage at which we have arrived, the natural outcome of a whole evolution which merges with the unfolding of our cycle. It represents the logical continuation of this attitude which considers as legitimate any revolt against a traditional authority in the name of "reason", of "conscience", and especially of the so-called "facts", brought to light by "scientific research." It completes the series of all these stages of human thought, each of which constitutes a negation of the hierarchical diversity of beings, including men; an abandonment of the primitive humility of the wise man for an hour, before Eternal Wisdom; a break with the spirit of all traditions of more than human origin.

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In short, it is “in line” with the cycle - and more especially with the latter part of it.

Christianity certainly represented for the ancient world a change at least as spectacular as that which victorious Communism offers in today's world. But he had an *esoteric* side which linked him, despite everything, to Tradition, and from which he drew his justification as a religion. It is its exoteric aspect which made it, in the hands of the powerful who encouraged or imposed it, - and first of all in the hands of a Constantine, - the instrument of a domination assured by a lowering more or less. slower racial elites; by political unification from *below*. It is this same exoteric aspect - in particular the enormous importance that he gave to *all* the “human souls”, whatever they may be, - which obliges Adolf Hitler to see in Christianity the “prefiguration of Bolshevism”, the “mobilization, by the Jew, of the mass of slaves, with a view to undermining society”, the egalitarian and anthropocentric doctrine; - anti-racist in the highest degree, - capable of winning over “the innumerable uprooted people” of Rome and the Romanized Middle East. It is he that he attacks in all his criticisms of the Christian religion, in particular in the reconciliation which he constantly makes between the Jew Saul of Tarsus, - the Saint Paul of the Churches, - and the Jew Mardochai, alias Karl Marx.

But you could say that Christian anthropocentrism. separated, of course, from its theological basis, already existed in the thought of the Hellenistic world, then Roman; that he even represented, more and more, the common denominator of “intellectuals”, just as much as of the plebs, of these worlds. I even wonder if we don't see it taking shape from further away, because in the sixth century before the Christian era, Thales of Miletus thanked, it is said, the Gods for having created him “to be human, and not animal; male, not female; Hellene, not Barbarian,” that is to say a foreigner.

It is more than probable that in the Alexandrian period already, a “sage” would have rejected the last two (especially *the* last!) Of these three reasons to give thanks to Heaven. But he would have chosen the first. And it is doubtful that he would have justified it with as much common sense as Thales. Now any exaltation of “man” considered in himself,

and not as a step to be exceeded, - not as a “means”, with a view to a more than human end, - automatically leads to overestimation and masses and individuals with interesting hands; to a morbid concern for their “happiness” at any cost; therefore, to an attitude that is above all utilitarian in the face of knowledge as well as of creative action.

In other words, if, on the one hand, in the Hellenistic - and Roman world, esoteric doctrines relating more or less to Tradition - therefore doctrines “above Time” - have flourished within certain schools of ancient wisdom - among the Neo-Platonists, the Neo-Pythagoreans, *and* among certain Christians, it is, on the other hand, quite sure that all that conquering Christianity, (exoteric, and to what degree!) presented of itself - saying “revolutionary” was, just like the interest widely carried then to the applications of experimental sciences, *in the sense of the Cycle*.

That the Churches have, later, during the centuries, opposed to the statement of several scientific truths, “contrary to the dogma” or supposed such, that does not change anything. This is, in fact, a pure rivalry between *powers* aiming, one and the other, at “the happiness of man” - in the other world or in this one, - and hindering each other. mutually as two providers of similar commodities. If the churches *today*, give way more and more ground, if they are all (including the Roman Church), more tolerant towards those of their members who - like Teilhard de Chardin - give to “science” the largest part, that is, is that they know that people are increasingly interested in the visible world and the benefits that flow to them from knowing it; less and less to what cannot be seen or “proven”, - and that they do what they can to keep their flock. This is because they “follow the movement”, while pointing out as often as possible, that the anthropocentric “values” of atheists are, at bottom, theirs; that it is even to them that they owe them, without realizing it.

No doctrine, no faith linked to these values is “revolutionary”, whatever the arguments - drawn from a “revealed” morality, or from an economic “science” - on which it is based.

The true revolutionaries are those who militate not against the institutions of one day, in the name of the “sense of history”, but well against the sense of history, in the name of timeless Truth; against this race for decadence, characteristic of any cycle which is approaching its end, in the name of their own nostalgia for the beauty of all great recommences, of all *beginning’s cycles*. They are precisely those who take the opposite view of the so-called “values”, in which the inevitable decadence, inherent in any manifestation in Time, has gradually asserted itself and continues to assert itself. They are, in our time, the disciples of Him whom I have called “Man against Time”, Adolf Hitler. They are, in the past, all those who, like him, fought, against the tide, the growing thrust of the Forces of the Abyss, and prepared his work from far or near - his work, *and* that of the divine Destroyer. immensely harder, more ruthless, further away from the man, that he, the faithful of all forms of *the Tradition* expect under various names; “At the end of the centuries”.

* * *

Most people who believe they know Hitlerism, and many who witnessed, and even participated in, its struggle for power, will find this interpretation of the Movement which, by transfiguring Germany failed - and of how little! - renovate the Earth. It was, they will

say, the complete opposite of a movement intended to put an end to the present “reign of quantity”, with all the mechanization of work and of life itself, which it implies. It was a doctrine which was visibly addressed *to the working masses* - masses of “pure blood”, or supposed to be so, instinctively healthy, undoubtedly biologically superior to the Jewish elements of the “*intelligentsia*”, but “masses” all the same. Did not the organization which represented the instrument of dissemination bear the eloquent name of “National Socialist Party of German Workers”? And the Führer, himself from the people, did not repeat to satiety, in his speeches, that only what comes from the people, or at least has its roots there, is healthy, is strong, is great? By the way, the word “*völkisch*” has such resonance in National Socialist terminology that it has become extremely suspect after the disaster of 1945. It is avoided in “re-educated” Germany after war, almost as much as the words *Rasse* (race) and *Erbgut* (heredity).

But there is more: the Führer seems to have, as few men responsible for the destinies of a great people have done in the modern world, aimed at three goals most in keeping with the spirit of our time: an improvement ever more advanced technique; an increasingly general material well-being; and an indefinite demographic increase: - more and more births in all healthy German families, even outside the family framework, provided that the parents were healthy and of good race.

It is certain that most of the declarations which illustrate the first and the last of these aims are justified by the state of war which threatened, or which still existed, Germany at the time when they were made. Here is one, for example, from February 9, 1942: “If I now had a bomber capable of flying over seven hundred and fifty kilometers an hour, I would have supremacy everywhere. . . This device would be faster than the fastest hunters. So, in our manufacturing plans, we should first tackle the problem of bombers.” “Ten thousand bombs dropped at random on a city do not have the effectiveness of a single bomb dropped with certainty on a power station, or on the pumping stations on which the water supply depends.” And further: “In the war of techniques, it is the one who arrives at the right time with the necessary weapon, who wins the decision. If we can get our new panzer online this year, 12 per division, we will overwhelmingly outperform all the armored vehicles of our adversaries. What is important is *to have technical superiority* in any case on a decisive point. I admit it: *I am a technical fan*. You have to come up with something new that surprises your opponent, in order to always keep the initiative.”

One could *ad infinitum* multiply such quotations, taken from interviews of the Führer with his ministers or his generals. They would only prove, for him, a sense of reality, the absence of which would be at least surprising with a warlord.

The same is true of Adolf Hitler's ideas about the need for large numbers of healthy children. His point of view is that of the legislator, therefore of the realist; and not only of the one who knows how to draw correct conclusions from the observations which he himself has been able to make - who, among other things, knows the consequences that a pernicious policy of low birth rate has had for France but who understands the lessons of history, and wants to benefit his people. The Ancient World, he stressed, owed its downfall to the restriction of births among the patricians, and to the passage of power into the hands of a plebs of the most diverse races “on the day when Christianity erased the border

which, until then, separated the two classes". And he concluded, a little further: "It is the bottle that will save us". His point of view is also that of the conqueror aware of the perennality of natural law, who wants "the most worthy" to be ultimately, in the eyes of Destiny, the strongest; aware, therefore, of the need for a missioned people - a people of *the future - to be the strongest*.

Adolf Hitler dreamed of Germanic expansion in the East. He said it and repeated it. It appears, however, that there was a difference between this dream and that of those conquerors of the East or the West who had in view only the lucrative adventure. "I would consider, as a crime", he said again, in this same interview of the night of January 28 to 29, 1942, "to have sacrificed the lives of German soldiers *simply for the conquest of material wealth to be exploited in the capitalist style*. According to the laws of nature, the soil belongs to whoever conquers it. Having children who want to live; the fact that our people are bursting into their narrow borders, this justifies all our claims on the eastern spaces. The overflow of our birth rate will be our chance. Overcrowding forces people to get out of the woods. We are not in danger of getting stuck at our current level. Necessity will force us to always be at the head of progress. *All life is paid for with blood.*"

Elsewhere, - in an interview from the night of December 1 to 2, 1941 - he said: "If I can accept a divine command, it is this: "*We must conserve the species*". *Individual life should not be valued at too high a price.*"

In short, it is "the species" (in other passages, it is a question of "race"), that is to say, what is most permanent, most impersonal, most essential in the "people" themselves, who in the eyes of the Head of the Third German Reich matter. The people - *his* beloved German people - had to extend to the East, colonize by plow the immense spaces conquered by the war, build there a culture that they wanted to be unprecedented; and that, not because he was "his" people, but because he represented, in his mind, the nursery par excellence of a collective superhumanity; because, considered *objectively*, he was distinguished by qualities of health, physical beauty, character - conscience: hardness in the task; honesty, courage and loyalty; both practical and speculative intelligence *and aesthetic* sense, - qualities which made it the ideal type of the "species": the historical human unit closest to the "Idea of Man", in the Platonic of the word. He had, because the Führer felt that he could, and was even, in our time, the only one in power, to lay the foundations of a "Great Reich", which would have been much more than a political entity. He was to, during the centuries which would have followed a victory of National Socialist Germany, gradually found a *new civilization healthy* and beautiful, faithful to the fundamental Laws of life (unlike modern society which denies them, or at least tries to thwart them); a clean civilization, certainly, in the Dark Age, in which we are immersed, but centered, unlike that of Europe today, *on the incessant fight against the Forces of disintegration; against all softening and ugliness; against "the sense of history", which is only decadence.*

And it was in order to be up to this grandiose task that he had to practice the politics of the overflowing life; encourage the birth rate, of course, but also not oppose natural selection; eliminate without hesitation the crazy, the weak, the mixed, and ensure the survival of the best.

The elite of the best, - the natural aristocracy - necessarily constituting a minority, (and this, more and more, as we advance in the Dark Age), it was necessary to exalt the large family, to honor with in a spectacular way the most fertile mothers, to do everything for the healthy child, of good race, so that this minority is nevertheless large enough to provide the frameworks of an organization indefinitely conquering, as well as the creative nucleus - the giants of art and thought - from a superior culture. The Führer has also repeatedly emphasized his plan to fully incorporate the Nordic elites - Scandinavians, Dutch, Danish, etc. - the Great Reich he wanted to build, and sought the collaboration of Aryans (not necessarily "Nordics") from around the world. That alone would suffice to show how much his racist philosophy and war goals transcended Germany, while keeping their roots there. And it goes without saying that he would have, had he had the power, - namely, had he won the war, - extended to all the Aryan elite of the earth his policy of encouraging fertility. .

Two facts prove abundantly that this was, for him, quite another thing than projects "in the sense of Time". The quantity of births was foreseen *only* because, without it, the quality - already rare today, even among superior races, - risked becoming, even more rare: the children destined to become men of exceptional value are not necessarily among the first two or three of their family. We know what the breed loses when an adult dies, or even a young full of promise. We do not "know what we are *depriving of* maybe race, whenever a child is prevented from being conceived, or when it is removed before birth.

On the other hand, the natural balance between man and his environment - in other words, the indefinite non-proliferation of man, (even higher) - had to be ensured not by any limitation of births (or pregnancies). But, on the one hand by the abolition of any intervention tending to encourage the survival of the weak or poorly constituted; on the other, by the quasi-permanence of the state of war on the borders, always open to extension, of the Great Aryan Reich, and by the attraction that any activity that is both useful, or simply beautiful and dangerous, would have exercised on youth.

The Aryan world, dominated from near or far by regenerated Germany, was to be a world of the Forts; a world where, at the very least, the Forts' scale of values had to express collective ethics. One had to cultivate there the love of life and of hard and beautiful action, the contempt of human suffering and death; banish from it the preoccupation with "happiness", the search for consoling illusions, the fear of the unknown, and all kinds of weaknesses, pettiness, futilities inseparable from decadent civilizations. It was to be made an environment capable of generating and promoting a more than human aristocracy - the complete antithesis of the brutalizing reign of anthropocentric materialism, either of the Communists or of "consumer societies".

* * *

But this new world, inspired by eternal principles, this *environment generator* of demigods of flesh and blood, it had to be forged from the already existing human material and the conditions, both economic and psychological, in which it found itself. These conditions have also evolved during the years preceding and following the seizure of power, especially during the war years. This is what must be taken into account, if we want to understand both the history of the National Socialist regime, and the trait that the

German Third Reich had in common with all the highly industrialized societies of the time. modern, namely the place he gave to the applications of science, as well as the emphasis he placed on material prosperity within the reach of all, on the comfortable, even luxurious life, presented as an immediate goal to millions of people. We must never forget that “National Socialism emerged from the despair of the German nation” . We must never lose sight of the picture that Germany presented in the aftermath of the First World War: the economic collapse following the military catastrophe; the gratuitous humiliation of the most vigorous people of Europe; the feeling that the latter had of having been betrayed: - delivered, hand and foot tied, to the mercy of the victors, when he had fought loyally and could have, should *have* triumph; the insistence of the Allied Commissions on the reparations to be provided under the terms of the infamous Treaty of Versailles; the growing threat, then the tragic reality of inflation; unemployment ; hunger - and the Jewish usurer responding to the German mother of a family, who came to sell her her wedding ring for an already paltry sum: “Keep it! You will come back next week to give it to me for half that price!”

“ The cloud is already less dark, where the dawn shines,

And the sea is less high, and the wind less harsh .”

He who, “from age to age” takes human form, and returns “when Justice is trampled, when evil triumphs”, and reestablishes order. . . for a time, kept awake, incognito, lost in the crowd of desperate people. He got up; he spoke - as Siegfried once spoke to the Valkyrie; just like Frédéric Barberousse, emerging from his mysterious cave, must one day speak to his people. And prostrate Germany felt the divine Breath pass over her. And she heard the irresistible Voice - the same; the eternal. And the Voice said: “It is not the lost wars that ruin the people. Nothing can ruin them, if it is not the loss of this power of resistance which resides in the purity of the blood” . She said: “ *Deutschland erwache!* ” - “Germany wake up!”. And haggard faces, and weary faces, - the faces of men who had done their duty, and yet lost all; of those who hungered for bread and hunger for righteousness - arose; the extinct eyes met the luminous gaze of the living Unknown Soldier, a simple corporal in the German army, who like them had “made war”. And they saw in him the immortal gaze of Frederick with the red beard, whose return Germany awaits; of Him who has returned a hundred times over the centuries, to various places under various names, and whose return the whole earth awaits. From the depths of the dust, Germany shouted its allegiance to him. Galvanized, transfigured, she stood up and followed him. She gave herself to him in the fervor of her reconquered youth - to him in whom her atavistic intuition had recognized the Depositary of total Truth. She gave herself to him as the Valkyrie to Siegfried, conqueror of the Dragon, master of Fire.

“Nowhere in the world is there such fanatical love of millions of men for one,” writes Dr. Otto Dietrich, in a period book devoted to the person of the Führer. It is this love, the unconditional love of the little people: factory workers and craftsmen without work; ruined shopkeepers; dispossessed peasants; unemployed employees; from all the brave people of Germany and a minority of inspired idealists - who brought to supreme power the God of all time, returned as the eloquent veteran of the previous war. It was by the magic of his word, the radiance of his face, the power that emanated from his every gesture, that they recognized him. But it was his fidelity to his promises of the time of the

power struggle that bound them to him, unwaveringly, even in the unrelenting blaze of World War II and - more often than the superficial observer thinks. , - until beyond the absolute disaster of 1945.

What had he promised them? First of all: "Arbeit und Brot" - work and bread; "Freiheit und Brot" - freedom and bread; the suppression of this "Diktat" of Versailles: of this treaty imposed on Germany, with a knife in its throat, and claiming to seal forever its position as a vanquished and dismembered nation - a place in the sun for the German people; the right, for him, to live in honor, order and prosperity, thanks to the virtues with which nature has showered him; the right for him, finally, to recover in his bosom his blood brothers, torn from the common homeland against their will. (The Austrian parliament had, in 1918 - it is too often forgotten - unanimously voted to attach the country to Germany).

Politicians, and especially those who come to power "through legal and democratic means" - like Adolf Hitler accessed, - rarely keep the promises they made from the polls or written in full on their posters and propaganda pamphlets. Sincere patriots do not necessarily keep theirs; they are sometimes overwhelmed by events; to be wrong, even when they haven't lied. Only the Gods neither lie nor are mistaken. They alone are faithful, always. Adolf Hitler fully kept all the promises he made to the German people before the seizure of power. Much more: he gave more than he had promised. (And if the very fate of the Age in which we live had not hindered its impetus; if it had not been *too late* for a last turnaround against the tide of Time to be *possible*, and *too soon* to hope, so quickly (and so inexpensively) the end of this time cycle and the dawn of the next, he would have given much more, and to his people and to the whole world).

The enormous industrial, technical - material - development of the Reich, of which it was the inspiration long before the war of 1939, *from* his grip on the government He had promised his people "work and bread". Over seven million unemployed had their eyes fixed on him. They had voted for him; for his *workers'* party, they had helped him - and their sons very often had him with them - to keep the streets, in the scuttles where his faithful and the Communists had clashed for thirteen years. He couldn't disappoint them. Besides, *he loved them*. Ten years later, - at the height of his glory - he will still speak with emotion of "the humble" who joined his Movement "when he was little" and could be believed doomed to failure.

However, it was impossible to employ seven million unemployed people, and to restore to a country of eighty million inhabitant's strength and prosperity - prosperity, the first source of strength - without intensely encouraging industry while undertaking all kinds of public works. So, very quickly, the factories which the instability of the political and economic situation of the time of the Weimar Republic had forced to close their doors, they began to operate at full efficiency, and there was an end to end of the Reich, an unprecedented fever of construction, transformation, gigantic reshuffles. This is while these hundreds of kilometers of *autobahns* were built quadruple lanes, lined with forests, objects of admiration of all travelers who had the good fortune to visit Germany at that time (or even later, because most of these grandiose roads still exist). It was then that some of these great architectural groups which were the glory of Hitler Germany were executed, such as, in Munich, the monument in memory of the Sixteen who fell on

November 9, 1923, or the Brown House; or in Berlin, the New Chancellery of the Reich; or in Nuremberg, at the Zeppelin Wiese stadium, the monumental staircase, dominated by a double peristyle connecting three enormous pylons with massive bronze doors, - a central one; two lateral, - staircase from the top of which, during the great celebrations of the Party, the Fuhrer saw the SA and SS formations, those of the *Hitler Jugend*, of the "Front du Travail", and of the German Army, and from where he harangue the multitudes which overflowed the stands and the immense ground. These works of art and masonry, that Robert Brasillach called "Mycenaean" to show their overwhelming power - which others have compared to the most imposing works of Roman architecture - were, in Adolf Hitler's mind, destined to last. And they *would have lasted*, - defied centuries, - if Germany had won World War II. They had occupied thousands of workers, while seizing them in their own greatness as Germans. Adolf Hitler also wanted the most modern industry - that which allows a country, increasingly populated in a world of galloping demography, to indefinitely increase its production and raise its "standard of living", while surrendering and remaining independent of the foreigner if not by defeating him on his own ground, - helped the man of his people to seize his own greatness.

No doubt he understood very well, that not only was the technique not *everything*, but that it was even a little thing, compared to other fields - that of the *quality* of man, for example. But he *also* realized that without her there was *in the present* world the world corresponding to the advanced stage of the Dark Age - neither power nor independence possible, nor survival worthy of the name. He was just as aware of this fact as the realist leaders of traditional Japan may have been at the time of their forced choice in 1868, or that were to be, after 1947, some of the men who, in India, took it upon themselves to reject Gandhi's archaic conception of autarky, and to proceed with the industrialization of the country, against his will. But he was, moreover, as a European, and especially as a German, aware of the fact that, imperfect as it may be, compared to the splendid Aryan creations past, recent or distant, modern technique, the daughter of Science, experimental, nevertheless remains, in itself, a feat of the master race, and one more argument in favor of its superiority. He certainly did not put it on the same level as the work of classical German musicians, in particular, that of Richard Wagner, his favorite composer, or that of the builders of Gothic cathedrals or ancient temples; nor that of the Aryan sages, from Nietzsche to the Vedic bards, including Greek thought. But he saw in her proof that the last and grossest achievement of man in the Dark Ages, *the only* great achievement of which he is *still* capable, when neither true art nor pure thought no longer interests him, is still a product of Aryan genius.

It is this without doubt which, *with* his desire to give his people the means to remain strong, in the midst of an increasingly mechanized world, led them to promote national industry and to do everything to raise the material standard of living of each of his compatriots.

Certainly he was interested in machines - all machines, from the most advanced machines of war, to the vulgar typewriters, which avoid wasting time "deciphering doodles". He spoke, they say, of each one, with such precision of technical knowledge - he, the autodidact, in this field as in all the others! - that the specialists remained speechless.

He had a clear concern for the automobile. Not only could he discuss the different engine models with any seasoned technician, but he loved this mode of transportation. Speaking, in an interview from February 3 to 4, 1942, of his memories of the Kampfzeit, - of the time of his struggle for power, he said, among other things: "The first thing I did when I left Landsberg prison on December 20, 1924, was to buy my Mercedes compressor. Although I have never driven myself, I have always been passionate about cars. I especially liked this Mercedes. From the window of my cell in the fortress, I followed with my eyes the cars passing on the road to Kaufbeuern, and I wondered if the time would return when I would drive again". Everyone knows the part he played in the creation and launch of the "Volkswagen", The popular car, with a solid mechanism, which he would have liked to see in the possession of every German working-class or peasant family.

And he seems to have been, in still other areas of daily life, quite another than an opponent of standardization. Here is, for example, what he said in an interview of October 19, 1941, reported in these "Conversations around the table" ("Tischgespräche") translated into French under the title of "Libres proposition sur la Guerre et la Paix": "Building a house should consist of nothing more than an assembly, which would not necessarily lead to standardization of housing. The number and arrangement of the elements can be varied, *but they must be standardized*. Whoever wants to do more than necessary will know what it costs him. A Croesus is not looking for "three pieces" at the lowest price. What is the point of having a hundred different models of sinks? Why these differences in the dimensions of windows and doors? You change apartments, and your curtains can no longer be used. For my car, I find spare parts everywhere, not for my apartment. These practices only exist because they provide an opportunity for those who sell to make more money. In a year or two, this scandal will have to end." In the field of construction, it will also be necessary to modernize the tools. The excavator that is still in use is a prehistoric monster, compared to the new spiral excavator. *The desire that is ours, to give to millions Germans of better living conditions, forces us to standardize*, and therefore to use standardized elements, wherever necessity does not impose individualized forms.

The masses will only be able to enjoy the material pleasures of life if it is standardized. With a market of fifteen million buyers, it is quite conceivable that one could build a cheap radio and a popular typewriter".

A little later, in the same interview, he says: "Why not give elementary school typing lessons? *Instead of religious education*, for example. I wouldn't mind."

It seems difficult to go more resolutely in what I have called "the direction of time", - to accept more readily the side that is perhaps the most repulsive: this tendency, precisely, to standardization from below; to the emergence in a series of objects all similar, of identical tastes, of interchangeable ideas; interchangeable men and women; living robots, because how can one fail to feel that the uniformity of the intimate environment facilitates the uniformity of people? Is the fighter *against this* general decadence which characterizes our "end of cycle"; is He who returns from age to age to take over in the increasingly heroic, more and more desperate struggle, against the tide of Time, or is it a flatterer of the appetite for cheap comfort, - a demagogue, - who speaks in this interview?

If we can certainly still pay tribute to the genius Aryan in the most dazzling inventions of modern technology, it can no longer, *here*, include that. Should we then admit the existence of a deep contradiction in the very personality of the Führer? - an opposition between the Architect of superhumanity, and the politician eager to please the plebs by providing them "better living conditions"?

* * *

Maybe we could admit it, if we were talking *about a politician*. But the Leader of National Socialist Germany was quite another thing. It represented, as I have repeated, the most recent visible and tangible manifestations of the One who returns periodically to put himself at the head of this fight "against Time", which has lasted and intensified since the end of the unthinkable Golden Age, far, far behind us, and which, at the same time, announces the next Golden Age, blessed beginning of the next cycle. Any action he may have taken in the direction of Time can only be fully explained in the light of his mission *against* Time of his desperate *recovery* effort, accomplished - it goes without saying - *under current world conditions*., that is, very close (relatively) to the end of the present cycle. It is the action of an initiate, therefore of a visionary (not in the sense of a "victim of hallucinations", but in the sense of a man capable of considering time - including that in which he lived, and people. who lived there with him, - from the point of view of the Eternal Present); the action of a prophet - *realistic* as all true prophets are?

He *saw very* clearly - and it was not necessary to be an initiate or a prophet for that - the growing interest of the masses in "the material pleasures of life", and the absurdity of any effort to distract them from it. He understood that at a time dominated more and more by technology, it could not be otherwise. What is more, he understood that he had never really been otherwise; that only the nature of "material amenities" could change, not the tendency of the majority of people to give them enormous importance - and this for the simple reason that the masses are the masses, everywhere and always. He knew that, if the human races are unequally gifted, men are also so within the same race, even the same people; that in particular, alongside the German elite that all his efforts - tended to promote mass .

In an interview reported by Hermann Rauschning - this man who became the enemy of Hitler's faith *inasmuch* as he came to grasp at least some aspects of it, and that, therefore, we must believe every time that the words he quotes are really in the *mind* of the one who is supposed to have spoken them, - the Führer exposes, from the summer of 1932, his conception of the German social order, as he should, A his eyes, emerge from the revolution he is leading. "There will be," he said, "a class of lords from the most various, who will be recruited into combat and thus find its historical justification. There will be a crowd of various Party members, ranked hierarchically. It is they who will form the new middle classes. There will also be *the great mass of anonymous, the collectivity of servants, minors ad aeternum*. It does not matter whether, in the former bourgeois society, they were agricultural owners, workers or laborers. The former economic position and social role will no longer have any meaning."

There was, therefore, and there must have been, for him, even among the good and brave German people whom he loved, an irreducibly "minor" mass - a sympathetic mass,

certainly, because of good Aryan race, despite its heaviness. and its naivety, and from which exceptional individuals could emerge and detach themselves, sometimes; but, on the whole, a mass all the same, with all the mediocrity that the word suggests. It is *to her* that the Führer offered an increasingly standardized life, full of amenities within his reach, above all “material” amenities, it goes without saying: the inexpensive house (removable and reassembled), including parts, the same everywhere would be easy to find; radio, typewriter, and other amenities at a discount. Just remember how much an *artist* he was to the depths of his being and, in particular, how much he possessed the innate sense of all that “had allure”, to imagine the secret contempt he must have felt towards all uniformity from below, a pitiful caricature of *unity*, the principle of creative synthesis. Just think of your own lifestyle - its legendary frugality, in such a *beautiful settings* possible ; to the fact that in Vienna, for example, during the years of misery which were to mark him so deeply, he went without food in order to buy a place in the “henhouse” and to hear and see some of Wagner’s opera performed - to measure the abyss which separated him from all vulgar humanity, and more especially from a certain adipose type of plebeian Teutonic, whose conception of happiness is evoked schematically, but with force and accuracy, in the title of an emanated disc from Germany sated from 1969, “*Sauerkraut und Bier*” - “*Sauerkraut and beer*”. This guy did crowds who, between 1920 and 1945, cheered Adolf Hitler; voted for him; have - especially after the seizure of power - flowed into the ranks of the Party and contributed to bringing the number of its members to fourteen million.

This gulf which existed between the Führer and the thickest (physically and intellectually) or only the most mediocre members of his people did not prevent him, I repeat, from loving them. He saw, beyond their limited individuality, the beautiful children who could spring from them, blood having many mysteries. And he saw the Reich, which he was reforming from top to bottom in order to make it the center of a Pan-Aryan Empire, and he knew that “in their place”, they were part of it. And if, understanding their limitations and the impossibility of making them overcome them, he offered each of them a comfortable material life, “pleasant” in its growing uniformity - a life that he absolutely did *not offer* to the elite, as he did. should be noted, he *also* offered them, in increasingly grandiose public ceremonies: endless parades, to the music of combat songs, through the streets decorated with flags; nocturnal processions, in the light of real torches; the Harvest festivals; Labor feasts; Youth celebrations; the magnificent annual meetings of the Party, in Nuremberg, for days on end, in the unfolding of innumerable red flags with black swastikas on a white circle, at the foot of the giant pylons at the top of which twisted the flame emerging from the massive bronze cups, the morning until evening in the bright sun, and from evening until the middle of the night, under the unreal phosphorescence of the bankrupt columns of light from the spotlights all around. the huge meeting ground, pillars of what was then called a “cathedral of light” - “*Lichtdom*”; he offered them, I say, in all this, as well as in his own radio speeches, and above all in the magnetism of his presence, an *atmosphere* such as no people had yet had the privilege of knowing. The least intuitive, the least artistic - the heaviest - people were subjected to this magical atmosphere which lifted them, in spite of themselves, above themselves; which transformed them little by little, without their knowing of it, by the sole fact of the almost daily intoxication it poured out them: intoxication of beauty; dizziness from strength; repeated contact with the very egregore of Germany, who possessed them, pulling them

out of their insignificance, and returning them for a moment to what there was in them eternal, to the bewitching rhythm of “*Sieg! Heil!*”, Launched from five hundred thousand breasts.

They were subjected to this atmosphere and, as long as they remained “under the spell”, they were tall - taller than all peoples; taller than the men, Germans or foreign visitors, who, individually more refined, smarter, better than each of them, remained, for one reason or another, insensitive to this charm in the strongest sense of the word. For they were participating then in the divine power which emanated from Him who called them to fight against the sinister Forces of decadence. They were then included in the beauty of his dream. And it is enough to remember the imposing solemnities of the Third Reich, if one has seen one, or to read a description of *it firsthand*. (The one, for example, that Robert Brasillach made of the Party Congress in Nuremberg, in September 1935, in his novel “The Seven Colors”), or only to look at good photographs of it in the few albums of the time which we still have to realize how *beautiful* they were; - beautiful *and* popular; - and how much they differed from official festivals, even accompanied by military parades, from other countries, under other regimes.

Conversely, of what takes place in organized deployments of collective patriotic fervor, which governments of the “free world” periodically regale - indeed, increasingly *rarely* - their citizens, one noticed neither weary faces, nor faded wishes, not the slightest sign of reluctant participation, or boredom. And, unlike the parallel collective manifestations of the Communist world, they presented nothing vulgar. There was no one to see, plastered in the surrounding buildings or parading with political, military and paramilitary formations - brandished high above their ranks - none of these monstrous daguerreotypes, of disproportionate dimensions, representing the dictator, or someone else. 'Father of the people' ideologue, alive or dead; none of these motley bands, smeared with demagogic slogans; nothing, I repeat, absolutely nothing of the cardboard paraphernalia of the delirious proletarian.

There is more. They were, those extraordinary solemnities of National Socialist Germany, beautiful in the sense that they are works of art with cosmic significance. Not only spread out there profusely, on the folds of red, white and black banners (themselves, symbolic colors), on the huge banners, on the men's armbands, on the granite of the stands from the top of which the Führer communicated with his people, the immemorial Swastika, a metaphysical symbol and not a simple image recalling such and such human activities, or ideas to the measure of man, but also the gestures that were accomplished there, the words that were repeated there, immutable, at each occasion, were symbolic, *liturgical*. (Whether one thinks, among other things, of the consecration of the new flags that Adolf Hitler put, one by one, in contact with the old “Standard of Blood”, all charged with the magnetism of the dead of November 9; or of the dialogue ritual of the Führer with the leaders and young recruits of the peasant formations of the *Arbeitsdienst*, standing in perfect order in front of him, armed with their shovels like soldiers with their rifles: “Are you ready to fertilize the holy German land?” - “Yes; we are ready.”)

They were, these solemnities, themselves symbolic. They were gigantic sacred dramas; of *mysteries*, where the attitude, the verb, the creator's pace - and the silence in which

hundreds of thousands of communions with the Center of their collective being - evoked the hidden meaning, the *eternal* meaning of the New Order.

Only He who comes back from age to age could, in the midst of the reign of excessive technique - and of stupefying standardization, seize dragging, delight out of themselves masses of workers, and make them participate in such mysteries; transfigure them; to inspire them, if only for a few short years, - even to them! Even the thickest human specimens among them! - the enthusiasm of the regenerates.

¹Offered to the faithful through the symbolism of sacred stories, as through that of the liturgy.

²The same could be said of Jainism, which still has one or two million followers there.

³Racial purity no longer played a role under Constantine. And even in the Germanic but Christian Empire of Charlemagne much later a Christian Gallo-Roman had more consideration than a Saxon or other pagan German.

⁴"Free Talk on War and Peace", p. 8.

⁵"Free Talk on War and Peace", p. 76.

⁶"Nationalsozialistische Deutscher Arbeiter Partei" (hence NSDAP)

⁷"Free talk on war and peace", translation by Robert d'Harcourt, p. 297-98.

⁸Ibid, p. 254.

⁹Ibid, p.254.

¹⁰Ibid; p. 154.

¹¹"Free talk on war and peace," translation by Robert d'Harcourt, p. 254-255

¹²Ibid, p. 139.

¹³"Free speech on war and peace", translation by R. d'Harcourt, p. 74.

¹⁴"Free talk on war and peace", p. 252.

¹⁵Leconte de Lisle, "Les Erinnyes", part 2, iii.

¹⁶"Mein Kampf", edit, 1935, p. 324.

¹⁷"Nowhere in the world is there such fanatical love, from millions to one.

¹⁸"Free talk", p. 75.

¹⁹"I continue to be interested in every new development in this area," he said in an interview on the night of January 24th to 25th, 1942, the greater part of which is devoted to his drivers and to problems concerning the vehicles. cars.

²⁰"Free talk", p. 276.

²¹"Free talk", p. 75.

²²"Free talk", p. 75.

²³H. Rauschnig, "Hitler told me", translated from the German by A. Lehmanu thirteenth edition, Paris 1939, page 61.

Chapter VIII - The Two Great Modern Movements and the Tradition



Illustration: Adolf Hitler and Josef Stalin

“In every age that justice is in danger, O Bharata,
and that injustice is exalted,
then, I Myself return.
For the protection of the good,
for the destruction of the evil,
and the establishment of a reign of justice,
I reappear age after age.”

—The Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verses 7 and 8

In fact, the obvious difference in “style,” as in spirit, that separates the great collective demonstrations of the Hitlerian faith, under the Third Reich, from, on the one hand, the parallel expressions of Marxism in Russia (or China) and, with greater reason, from the disorderly marches of slovenly young people of the “New Left,” and, on the other hand, from the official parades of liberal plutocracies, reveals a fundamental opposition *of nature*: the opposition between the Tradition and the Anti-tradition, to employ the language of René Guénon or Evola.

I have, from the very beginning of these discussions, tried to show that “political” doctrines obviously *can*, sometimes, be used as the basis for a religion, provided that it is associated with rites—i.e., with symbolism—and that it becomes, for the whole of its adherents, an object of faith. But I must point out that it can be used as the foundation of a *true* religion *only* if the propositions on which it is supported are expressions of eternal truths, or justify themselves only in the light of such truths, in other words, are legitimately attached to *the* Tradition. A *true* religion is the ensemble of the beliefs and the symbolic gestures—rites and customs related to these beliefs—that, in a “traditional civilization,” give expression to its consciousness of the sacred. Furthermore, a “traditional civilization” is, according to René Guénon, “one that rests on principles in the true sense of the word, i.e., where the intellectual order dominates all others, where all proceed directly or indirectly and, be they sciences or social institutions, are ultimately nothing more than contingent, secondary, and subordinate implementations of intellectual truths.”¹ And it is good to add that what the sage understands here by “purely intellectual truths” and the “intellectual order” are the very laws of the universal existence, manifest *or non-manifest*, and the permanent order behind all that changes; *the eternal*.

It is hardly necessary to stress that the “values” and “truths” nominally exalted in the civic solemnities of the Democracies of the West—and even in the lay education given to the young people of these so-called Democracies—not only form no part of any specific form of *the* Tradition, but no longer have, even as mere *words*, sufficient resonances to raise the shadow of any powerful anti-traditional system—to say nothing about “false religion,” i.e., religion based on a deliberate negation of the Tradition: a counter-initiation. No. If an ever more relentless encroachment of technology brings the world of the plutocracies closer to the communist world to the point that one can, theoretically at least, say that there is nothing to choose between the two, there is nevertheless a difference between them. The world of the plutocracies (and their satellites) has no faith, and is not attached (not for a long time already) to *any* vision, beyond the sensible and changing. If some individuals or groups of individuals still have a knowledge of the eternal there, they no longer have any influence on the whole of society; they keep silent, and wait, at most endeavouring to remain themselves and to recognize one another. The masses there are abandoned to dissipation in the greyness of the trivial worries and quotidian pleasures. They are not forced to do anything at all. In addition, of the old faith of their Churches,

they retained only a veneer of conformism, which is more and more exhausted, and the anthropocentrism common to any teaching invented by Jews for Aryan consumption. The élites, or so-called élites, except for some individuals, hardly retain it any more.

The West lives off its capital—but for how much longer?

Emptied of any will to power, refusing any risk, cursing any aggressiveness (save what it itself deployed, from 1939 to 1945—and beyond with its efforts to “de-Nazify” Germany—against the only people and the only faith that *could* have brought it to an extraordinary rectification), it lets itself slip into a comfortable degradation, it sinks into a precarious well-being, it is mechanized, Americanized, proletarianized, until one day it falls of its own accord—following increasing infiltrations of ideas and . . . of agents who are all the more efficient as they are quieter—under the dominance of the communist world, or becomes, by right of conquest, an integral part of it.

But, although it is true that liberal Democracy, with its superstitions of universal suffrage, of compulsory primary (and soon secondary!) education, and of generalized vaccination—in other words, with its worship of equality and quantity—leads straight to Marxism, it is *not* Marxism. The decadence over which it presides is totally pervaded, certainly, by a markedly anti-traditional spirit—all decadence is; it is its very essence. But it represents a natural process, a sign of senility, at most *encouraged* by certain conscious agents of the dark Forces, working silently in high places in the direction of the anti-tradition. It is not related to systematic efforts of *deliberate* subversion of the traditional order, coolly coordinated over a long time and masterfully directed, like those that Marxist zealots have, if not caused, at least accelerated in all the countries where they seized power.

In other words, there is, between the so-called “free” world, with its disillusioned élites and its multitudes aspiring only to facile happiness and immediate success, and the communist world, with its savagely disciplined masses, dominated by leaders of which some—like Lenin, Stalin, or Mao Tse-Tung—will leave an indelible mark on history (and of which the most powerful are not necessarily the best known), a close analogy to a man who lets himself live, without faith, without any impulse beyond the domain of the senses, without participation in any rite, and a man who attends black masses. It is the difference between the absence of any inclination towards initiatory development and a real counter-initiation. And it is precisely for this reason that “the small margin of material freedom that the world of democracy still grants, in some activities . . . to one who will not let himself be conditioned inwardly” . . . “certainly disappears under a Communist regime.”² A society without order is, it goes without saying, less intolerant in practice than a society built on a “reverse” order—or a society in which the structure reflects the true Order.

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I have already insisted on the untruth at the base of Marxism, namely the assertion that man is reducible to a product of his economic environment. I will not revisit it. It is sufficient for me to stress the anti-natural character—contrary to the fundamental law of all manifestation—of the approach that consists in presenting a being as the product of something that is external to him and that does not interest him in any case; that in him which is less essential, *less* specifically “his”; metaphysically speaking, the less permanent: his needs and *physical* comfort. Such an approach would be, from the point of view of the universal order, just as absurd with regard to animals—or plants—as man. No being could be reduced to its appearance and its most material functions, and even less to the result of the action of the “economic environment,” i.e., in the last analysis, the possibilities of nutrition, on this appearance—and on these functions. The least of the plants draws its existence from what is permanent—the eternal—in the seed from which it sprouts. The environment can, certainly, help it to develop, or, on the contrary, to impede it; it cannot make it become what it is not—to change a buttercup into dandelion or vice versa—no more than it can destroy what is permanent in a man, in the visible world and beyond, i.e., his physical *and* psychic heredity: *his race*.

No one is mad enough to deny the influence of the environment on the life of a man: on his occupations; on the occasions he has or lacks to realize some of his possibilities. But to reduce his being to the “result of environmental influences,” and especially only the “economic” environment, and, in addition, to build a whole political philosophy on this veritable reversal of the process of passage from essence to existence, is to propose to men of action a wisdom *in reverse*, in other words, an *inversion of original and impersonal cosmic Wisdom*. It is thus to do *anti-traditional* work.

Sufficient proof, if proof were necessary, are the few words that summarize, with blinding clarity, the method and the goal of the Marxists: “class struggle” and “dictatorship of the proletariat.”

Granted, in the late Dark Age in which we have already lived for a long time, the “classes” have lost their significance. They lost it insofar as they no longer correspond to *castes*, i.e., insofar as they less and less represent true differences in character and aptitudes between the people who compose them, differences related to *heredity*. Thus it is not entirely bad—it is even extremely desirable—that they disappear in a total recasting of society—a recasting that would tend to restore the ideal order as much as possible. It is, for whoever wants to oppose the general decadence—that only the fanatics of “progress” refuse to see all around us—particularly urgent to put an end to the scandal of *purchasable* privileges. This state of affairs did not begin yesterday. It was, it seems, founded in Western Europe—in France at least—in the sixteenth century, with the first acquisitions of titles of nobility for money. It was sanctioned, and strengthened, by the Revolution of 1789, *made* (partly) by the people, but for the profit of the bourgeoisie and under its direction, the Revolution whose result was to replace power derived solely from

birth with power granted solely by money. Nothing could be more urgent than to change that. Not that the rich man is blameworthy in himself *because* he grew rich, or his rich parents bequeathed their fortune to him. It is by no means necessary, of course, that his money was acquired by the exploitation of misery or vice, i.e., to the detriment of the community. But he becomes blameworthy as soon as he thinks that this money gives him other rights than those arising from the qualities and capacities *inherited with his blood* and thus inherent in his being. He becomes blameworthy if he imagines himself able legitimately to buy everything with this money, including the responsibility for the command and obedience of his compatriots. In a word, there is no need to “fight,” even less to abolish, the bourgeoisie, or the aristocracy, or the working class or peasantry. All have their *raison d’être* and their role. It is only necessary to take care that every man really is in his place, and remains there.

From the point of view of this ideal order which reflects and symbolizes the intangible hierarchy of the states of Being—from the point of view of the *eternal*—the idea of “class struggle” for the sake of political power is thus nonsense. Power *should be* with the hands of the best—the “*aristoi*”—i.e., those who are worthy and able to exercise it. And if the fact of losing it always reveals some lack or failure, and even, sometimes, some deep unworthiness, regarding he who would seize it, it does not follow that it is enough to usurp it to become worthy of it. “Class struggle” is conceivable precisely only at a time when the “classes” are no longer distinguishable from each other, except by what they *have*, and not by what they *are*. It is not, in other words, conceivable, unless it is property alone, or property above all, that determines the artificial “being” of each class, instead of that which constitutes its true being, i.e., the physical and psychic heredity of its members, which determines what they have the right to possess; unless, I repeat, the “classes” no longer correspond to their respective *castes*.

“Struggle”—“combat”; I will return to this later, in connection with something completely different from Marxism—then becomes the only means of establishing a certain order within a society that no longer has any connection with eternal principles. There is inevitably violence—struggle—when these principles are ignored in the visible world. It has been so since the end of the Age of Truth.³ It is the sense which one gives to this fight—for or against the ideal Order—that, in the final analysis, justifies or condemns it.

However, for the Marxists it should lead to what they call the “dictatorship of the proletariat,” in other words, to the passage of power into the hands of the masses, i.e., the people who are *least* qualified to exercise it. It tends therefore toward a *complete inversion* of the social hierarchy such as it was in all times when it reflected, even distantly—or showed some inclination to reflect—the eternal order. That alone should suffice to characterize Marxism as a philosophy *in reverse*; and to grasp its effort to eradicate existing elites and reduce the masses themselves to the state of a human magma

increasingly easy “to condition” thus to manipulate, in the direction of economic production exclusively, for a diabolical enterprise.

* * *

The present Cycle being much closer to its end than to its luminous beginning, undoubtedly this is not the first time that such an enterprise has taken place. Above I mentioned the Revolution of 1789, which, on behalf of the idea of equality “of rights” of all men of all races, led, in France—in *fact*—to the usurpation of power by the bourgeoisie, and, in a West geographically so much more remote, to the creation of the grotesque Negro republic of Santo Domingo. I could have mentioned Christianity itself, in spite of the undeniable, but obviously *limited*, share of true universal symbolism that it can contain. Doesn't its diffusion, on behalf of this same idea of equality, as subversive as it is erroneous, complete the disintegration of the Greco-Roman World (already started, admittedly, in the Hellenistic era)? And in any case its outrageous anthropocentrism makes it an incomplete religion. The European aristocracy, i.e., Germanic, *and* the Byzantine, or the Byzantinized Slavic aristocracy, accommodated it *politically*, making use of it as an ever-ready pretext for proselytizing conquests and and as a unifying force for conquered peoples; while in addition some their more eminent members found in it the occasion of a pure spiritual, if not physical masochism.⁴ In the final analysis, and in spite of the inspiration that so many artists drew from it, its practical consequences have been, in the precise sense of the word, more subversive than constructive.

I could have mentioned any of these wisdoms, always more or less truncated, that Nietzsche calls “religions of slaves.” For all these, even, and perhaps especially those that place themselves most ostensibly “above Time,” by the sole fact that they deny hierarchy, be it only in society and not in oneself, and do not take any account of race under the pretext that the visible has little importance, lead *in practice* to an encouragement of levelling down⁵ and thus constitute (in practice, always) factors of disintegration acting *in the direction of Time*. They all contribute to the vast work of subversion, in the proper sense of the term—the *reversal* of the ideal order—which continues, while intensifying, during the whole course of the cycle.

I will say more. Undoubtedly there is “subversion” of this principal kind every time a man, or a natural group of men—a caste; a race—motivated by a false estimate of its “rights” (or even its “duties”) usurps or tries to usurp the normal place of another; any time, for example, that a prince rejects the spiritual authority to which his kingdom, and perhaps his civilization, owes its bond—even distant and tenuous—with the most hidden and high sources of *the Tradition*. It is a crime of this nature that Philip the Fair, otherwise a great king, seems have committed by destroying, with the complicity of a pope who was more politician than priest, the Order of the Knights of the Temple. But all that does nothing but prepare and prefigure, more or less, the ultimate subversion: calling the masses—and

the masses of *all* races; the “world proletariat”—to power; and what is worse, pretending to derive from it, and it alone, the principle and the justification of power.

This subversion—that Guénon calls “the reign of the Sudra”—is the worst of all those that follow one another in the course of the ages. It is the worst one, not because a non-Marxist would find himself suffering greater disadvantages under a Communist regime than under another, but above all because with it, it is a matter not merely of arbitrary changes, contrary to the spirit of the true hierarchy within visible society, but of the total inversion of ideal situations and essential values. Consequently, this society, instead of *tending*, as it should, to reflect what it can of the eternal order, reflects, symbolizes, concretizes in the world of manifestation, *exactly the opposite*. The pyramid which illustrates, in the supra-rational vision of the wise, the organic hierarchy of ideal society, the image of the hierarchical states of cosmic existence, visible and invisible, is in the sacrilegious dream of the Marxist, completely inverted. It is set in balance—oh, how very unstable!—on what should be, on what, from the point of view of formal correspondences, *is*, its summit. And its natural basis is made its artificial summit; a “summit” which is not one, because it is, precisely, *mass*—formless and ponderous mass; mass crushing, overwhelming all—and not *apex*.

It is from the metaphysical point of view that Marxism is nonsense, whatever may be the deceptive subtlety of the arguments with which its founder, Mardoccai, known as Marx, tried to support it, starting from economic and political considerations concerning production, the profit of the employer, the wages of the workman, “surplus value,” etc. . . . *No dialectic can put a doctrine in accord with cosmic truth, if it is not so already*. And (in the practical domain, this time) no force of coercion or persuasion, or conditioning, can, *in the long run*, stabilize, in the course of a cycle, a specific state of deterioration. The social pyramid cannot remain indefinitely in precarious balance on its summit, its basis in the air. Or a “partial rectification” will tend to give it balance—with an increasingly illusory and, moreover, less and less durable success as the cycle approaches its end; or the pyramid, dragged by the inertia of the very ones that one wanted to make the “summit,” will crumble, disintegrate, scatter in fragments. And following order *in reverse* there will be chaos, complete anarchy. It will be—to imitate the picturesque language, colored by Hinduism, of the author of the *Crisis of the Modern World*⁶—the reign of the Chandala succeeding the reign of Shudra; *the end* of the cycle.

(Perhaps we have an albeit sporadic preview of this in a few demonstrations of gregarious eccentricity and noisy nihilism, such as those of the “Existentialists of Saint-Germain-des-Prés,” of the young people of the “New Left,” or the “hippies” of all strands—anarchists out of indolence; pacifists out of weakness, drug addicts, badly washed, uncombed, noisy, scruffy—individualistic and tolerant as long as the individuality of their neighbor does not obstruct them; preaching: “Make love; not war!” and ready to pounce on the first one who prefers to make war—or one *and* the other.)

There is no lack of adversaries of Marxism. There are all kinds, from those who condemn any violence and are frightened by the known episodes of “class struggle” both in Russia and China, to those who reproach the Communists for their atheism and their materialism, not to mention those who possess something they are afraid to lose if they had to live under the sign of the Hammer and Sickle.

Many oppose it in the name of some political doctrine—generally incarnated in a “party”—which, though it attacks the “subversive” character of Marxism, is itself no less subversive in the same sense and for the same profound reasons. This is the case with the members of all democratic parties, whose common denominator is to be sought in the belief in the “equal rights” of all men, and therefore, in the principle of universal suffrage; power comes *from the majority*. These people do not realize that Communism is implicit in this very principle, as it was it already in Christian anthropocentrism (even though it is the value of human *souls*, in the eyes of a personal God who loves *all* men infinitely). They do not realize that this is the case, and can only be the case, for the reason that the majority will always be *the masses*—and more and more so, in an over-populated world.

The only ones who oppose Marxism deeply and fundamentally are those faithful to any adequate expression of the immemorial Tradition, in particular the adherents of any *true* religion, or any *Weltanschauung* capable of serving as the basis of a *true* religion, i.e., any *Weltanschauung* also based, in final analysis, on knowledge of the eternal and the will to make it the principle of socio-political order.

However, while spurning the appearance of paradox that such an assertion undoubtedly takes on, twenty-five years after the fall of the Third German Reich, I dare to repeat that the sole properly Western doctrine (after the very old Nordic religions, that Christianity persecuted and little by little killed, between the sixth and twelfth centuries) that meets this condition, is Hitlerism—the sole *Weltanschauung*, infinitely *more* than “political,” that is clearly “against Time”: in agreement with the eternal. Thus it will be the only one that, in the long run, will triumph over both Marxism and the generalized chaos to which it will have brought the world—regardless of the magnitude of yesterday’s defeat of its faithful on the material plane, and regardless of the hostility of millions of men to them today. Indeed, only a *total* rectification can succeed total subversion; a glorious beginning of a cycle, a lamentable end of a cycle.

But our adversaries will not fail to draw everyone’s attention to the “anti-traditional” character of more than one aspect of National Socialism during the *Kampfzeit*, before 1933—as well as after the seizure of power. If, they will say, it is “subversive” from the point of view of eternal values to preach “class struggle” with a view “dictatorship of the proletariat,” was it not just as subversive to rise to power “democratically”—thanks to

universal suffrage—and what is more, to depend upon, through a whole succession of electoral campaigns, the protection of young fighters, for the most part as “proletarian” in their behavior as the Communists whose attacks they repelled during their meetings and whom they crushed in street battles? Wasn’t it subversive to keep this power, coming, in fact, from the people—the *masses*—and to omit to restore the old monarchy, in spite of the last and fervent recommendation of Marshal von Hindenburg, President of the Reich? Was it not subversive *also*, moreover, to accept subsidies for the NSDAP from many German banks⁷ and industrial magnates,⁸ thus making the success of the National Socialist revolution dependent in part on the power of money and risking, in this case, making it seem, in spite of its popular allure, the supreme defense of the status quo of the “capitalist” order, i.e., of a society extremely far from the traditional ideal? Finally, they will still ask how can one deny that, even *after* the seizure of power, the Third German Reich looked far different from an organic body inspired from top to bottom by a vision of the cosmic hierarchy? The famous author Hans Günther himself, apparently disillusioned, wrote to me in 1970⁹ that unfortunately it seemed to him “an ochlocracy,” rather than the aristocratic regime of which he had dreamed. And one cannot categorically reject without discussion this judgment of the one of the best known theorists of Hitlerian racism before the disaster of 1945. The judgment, while without a doubt being excessive, must certainly express more than a few scattered instances of a regrettable reality.

Let us never forget that we are approaching the end of a cycle, thus the best of institutions would only rarely resemble the perfection of those of the past. Because *everywhere* there are—and the post-war period amply proves it—more and more two-legged mammals and fewer and fewer *men* to the strong sense of the word. Thus one should judge no doctrine by what is *accomplished* in the visible world in its name. A doctrine is true or false according to whether or not it is in unison with the direct knowledge of the universal and eternal possessed only by a constantly decreasing minority of sages. It is true or false—it can never be repeated enough—independently of the victory or the defeat of its devotees, or so-called devotees, on the material plane, *and* their weaknesses, their stupidity, even their crimes. Neither the atrocities of the Holy Inquisition nor the scandals attached to the name of Pope Alexander VI Borgia, remove any part of the truth of the vision of the “intelligible world” available through Christian symbolism to a Meister Eckhart, for example, or some Templar initiate. And the same applies to *all doctrines*.

Thus one must take care not to charge Hitlerism with the faults, weaknesses, or excesses of affluent, powerful people, to the extent that these ills existed under Third Reich or during the period of struggle (*Kampfzeit*) of 1920 to 1933, *and* above all faults or excesses *against the spirit* of the “*Weltanschauung*” and against the dream of the Führer, as there had been, it seems, so many. One must see, in German society as it was under the increasing influence, then under the effective government, of the Führer, during the

Kampfzeit and after, only the efforts of this one, destined to mould it according to his dream, or to prevent it from evolving against this same dream.

It is necessary to try to understand *what he wanted to do*.

Already in the official National Socialist texts addressed to the general public—in the Twenty-five Points, which form the basis of the program of the Party; and especially in *Mein Kampf* where the great philosophical Directives of this one are traced with still more clarity—one can see that the Movement was directed against the most cherished ideas and characteristic usages of an eminently decadent society, resulting from the Liberalism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Loans with interest, financial speculation, and any manner of profit foreign to creative effort, as well as the exploitation of vice and stupidity by a press, a literature, a cinema, a theater considered above all as means to make profits, are condemned there with utmost rigor. Much more: the very principles of modern Western civilization—the equal rights of all men and all human races; the idea that the “right” is the expression of the will of the majority; the idea of the “nation” as a community of those who, whatever their origin, “wish to live together”; the idea that perpetual peace in abundance, fruit of the “victory of the man over nature,” represents the supreme good—are attacked, ridiculed, demolished there in a masterly way. The natural law—the law of the struggle for survival—is recognized and exalted on the human plane as on all the others. And the primordial importance of race and personality—these two pillars of the new faith—are proclaimed there on every page. Finally, this new faith, or rather this new conception of life (*neue Auffassung*)—because it functions, for the Führer and a few others, not as a “faith,” but as true knowledge—is clearly characterized there as “*corresponding with the original sense of things*,”¹⁰ which speaks volumes, this “original sense of things” being none other than that which they grasp in the light of *the Tradition*.

One can thus, without going any further, affirm that everything in the history of the National Socialist Party that seems not to coincide with the spirit of combat “against Time” concerns the tactics of combat, not its nature, not its goal. It was under the pressure of hard necessity, and only after having failed, on 9 November 1923, in his attempt to seize power by force, that Adolf Hitler, having been released from the prison of Landsberg but deprived henceforth of any means of action—against his heart, certainly—had recourse to slow and long “legal channels,” i.e., to the reiterated appeal to the voters, and the gradual conquest of a majority in the Reichstag. Everyone knows that his first gesture after taking power “by democratic means” was to replace at all the levels the authority of the majority with that of one alone, namely him; in other words to abolish democracy—to return, as far as possible, the political order to agreement with the natural order.

It was under the pressure of a material need no less compelling—facing up to the enormous expenditure implied by the struggle for power within the framework of a parliamentary regime, with its inevitable electoral campaigns—that he had to accept the

assistance of Hugenberg, Kirkdorf, Thyssen, Doctor Schacht, and later of Krupp, and a number of other industrialists and bankers. Without it, he could not have risen to power *quickly* enough to bar the road to the most dangerous forces of subversion: the Communists. Because money is, more than ever, in a world which it dominates more and more, the “sinews of war” . . . and of politics. Does that mean that the Führer was controlled by money or those who had given it to him during the *Kampfzeit*? Does that mean that he made them the least concession *after* the seizure of power? Far from it! He enabled them to grow rich insofar as, by doing so, they effectively served the nation's economy and gave the working masses what he himself had promised them: abundance thanks to work; insofar as, subject to his authority, they continued to help the Party—i.e., the State—in peace and in war. He kept them in their place and in their role—like a king with the “caste” of merchants in a traditional society—showing thereby both his realism and his wisdom.

In addition, the—at least partial—“ochlocracy” that has so often been counted against National Socialism, was in fact only the inevitable corollary of the costs Adolf Hitler incurred in reaching power—quite democratically—courtesy of the majority of the voters. *It would not have existed if the Putsch of 9 November 1923 had succeeded*, and had given him a free hand to reforge Germany according to its boundless dream. It would not have existed, because then he would not have needed the collaboration of hundreds of thousands of young people, ready for everything—to strike blows, as well as receive some—to maintain, all around his massive propaganda meetings, and in the rooms themselves, an order constantly threatened by the physical attacks of the most violent, the most implacable elements of the Communist opposition. To conquer Germany “democratically,” it was necessary for him to show himself, and make himself understood, hundreds and hundreds of times; to transmit his message to the public: *part* of his message, at least what would encourage the masses to vote for his party. The message was irresistible. Still it was necessary to make it known. And that was impossible without the pack of wolves—the “SA”¹¹—the mistress of the street, who, in peril of its life, assured the Führer silence and safety in the midst of his audience.

Adolf Hitler loved his young lions, who were passionately attached to his person, avid at the same time for violence and adoration, of whom more than one was a former Communist that the fascination of his word, his gaze, his behavior no less than his doctrines—in which the son of the proletariat divined something more outrageous, more brutal, therefore more exciting than Marxism—had won to the holy Cause. He loved them. And he loved the latest to date of their supreme leaders of the *Kampfzeit*, Ernst Röhm, under whose command he himself had been during the war; Ernst Röhm returned from Bolivia—the end of the world—to answer his appeal.¹² He willingly closed his eyes to Röhm's deplorable morals to see in him only the *perfect soldier* and the organizer of genius. And yet . . . he, despite everything, resigned himself to kill him, or let him be killed,

this old companion in struggle—almost the only man of his entourage whom he addressed as “du”¹³—as well as many less important leaders of the SA, as soon as he was persuaded that the turbulence of this troop, however faithful it may have been, its spirit of independence, and above all the growing opposition between it and the regular German army—Röhm’s more or less disguised ambition to make it, from henceforth, the only German army—could precisely lead only to *ochlocracy*, if not civil war, in any case to the weakening of Germany.

One could compare this tragic but apparently necessary “purge,” of 30 June 1934, to the most Machiavellian settlings of scores in history, for example, of the execution without trial of Don Ramiro di Lorqua, on order of Cesare Borgia—with this capital difference, however, the Duke of Valentino kept in mind only power for himself, while the Führer aimed infinitely higher. He wanted the power to try, in a desperate effort, to reverse the course of Time, on behalf of eternal values. *There was nothing personal in his combat*, including any stage of this one.

And if he had, despite the enthusiastic desire of the Marshal and President of Reich, von Hindenburg, rejected any idea of restoration of the monarchy, it was not out of ambition either. It is because he was conscious of the vanity of such a step, on the plane of values and *true* hierarchies. The monarchy “from divine right,” the only standard from the traditional point of view,¹⁴ had already for centuries lost all meaning and justification in Europe. The Führer knew it. To him, it accomplished nothing to try to restore a faltering order, by reinstalling a parliamentary monarchy *chaired* (there is no other word) by Wilhelm II or one of his sons. He wanted to build a *new* order, or rather to bring back the most ancient order, the “original” order, in the most vigorous and most durable form that he could assume in this century. And he knew that, by the choice of those Forces of life that, throughout a temporal cycle, whatever stage it may be, are opposed untiringly to the ineluctable current of dissolution, he himself held—He, the eternal Siegfried, at the same time human and more than human—the legitimate power in this visible world *and* the legitimate authority emanating from beyond; the “power of the two Keys.” With him at its summit, the pyramid of the terrestrial hierarchies was little by little to regain its natural position, starting to reappear in miniature, in Germany initially, then in all Europe and then in the whole Aryan world, the invisible Order that the Cosmos depicts on a grand scale.

It is on behalf of this imposing vision of ideal correspondences that he rejected, with equal vigor, Marxism, the doctrine of total subversion; Parliamentarism in all its forms, always based on the same superstition of quantity; *and* ochlocracy, source of disorder, therefore of constant instability.

But the traditional character of his wisdom is to be sought much more still in the few texts which relay his *secret* or at least intimate conversations to us—his confidences, with an

open heart, before a few select people—than in his writings or speeches that are addressed to the general public.

* * *

The “*Tischgespräche*” [Table Talk], conversations of the Führer with some senior Party officials, senior SS officers, or foreign guests,¹⁵ are instructive in this regard. Even more still, perhaps, are certain reports hostile to Hitlerism, all the more virulent since their authors reproached themselves for following Adolf Hitler and felt stupid in retrospect—wrongly, undoubtedly; because it would have been quite difficult to grasp the true thought of the Master *before* belonging to the narrow circle of people who enjoyed his confidence. Such as, for example, the book of the former President of the Senate of the Free City of Danzig, Hermann Rauschning, *Hitler Speaks*, which had some notoriety in its time, since by 1939 the thirteenth French printing had already appeared—an excellent book, in spite of the aggressiveness that comes through in every line.¹⁶ Because Rauschning seems himself completely ignorant of the cyclical conception of history and, in a general manner, of the supra-human truths that are at the basis of all ancient wisdoms, this renders all the more eloquent the judgments that he believes count *against* the Führer by showing him (unbeknownst to Rauschning) carrying out his combat *precisely on behalf of these truths*. Finally, nothing can clarify certain aspects of Hitlerism like Hans Grimm’s book *Warum? Woher? aber Wohin?*, the work of an impartial *non-Hitlerian*, or the account that Auguste Kubizek, a man without any *political* allegiance, gives of the years of friendship which he experienced with the future Führer, then aged from fifteen to nineteen years, in its book *Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund*.¹⁷

The first thing that strikes one reading of these various texts is the consciousness that Adolf Hitler had of the speed with which everything disintegrates in our time and the total reversal of values that the least rectification would signify. Also striking is the very distinct sentiment that he seems to have had that his action represented the *last chance* of the Aryan race at the same time as the last possibility (at least theoretical) of rectification before the end of this cycle. This sentiment was doubled by the conviction that it was *not* he himself who was “the last” combatant against the forces of disintegration; *not* The One who would open the glorious “Age of Gold” of the next cycle. Five years *before* the seizure of power, the Führer said it in all simplicity to Hans Grimm: “I know that *Someone* must appear and deal with our situation. I sought this man. I have been unable to find him anywhere, *and therefore I stood up, in order to accomplish the preparatory work, only the urgent preparatory work, because I know that I am not The One who must come. And I know also what I lack.* But the Other remains absent, and nobody is there, and *there is no more time to lose.*”¹⁸

There is even place to believe that he had a presentiment—if not *knowledge*; I will come back to this point—of the inevitability of the disaster and the necessity, for him, *to*

sacrifice himself. But, just as, while being centered on the German people, his vision immensely exceeded Germany, thus his defeat was to be a catastrophe on the planetary scale (which it was, indeed) and his sacrifice was to have an unsuspected significance. He said to Hermann Rauschnig: “If we do not manage to win, *our fall will bring down half the world*, and nobody will be able to rejoice in a victory over Germany”¹⁹; and: “it is destined that I sacrifice myself for the people at the hour of the greatest danger.”²⁰ “He *could not*, otherwise, achieve his *mission*,”²¹ notes this author, without apparently realizing the significance of such an assertion.

What then was this “mission,” so pressing despite the fact that The One to whom it was given could, sometimes, envisage its failure in advance? It was the mission of all those beings who were simultaneously human and more-than-human—in India, one calls them “avatars” or “descents” of the divine Spirit into the visible and tangible world—who, age after age, have fought against the current of Time, for the restoration of a material order in the image of the eternal Order: the mission of the God Krishna, of the Prophet Mahomet, and, in Germanic legend, truer than history, of the hero Siegfried, like them at the same time initiate and warrior. Such a mission always implies the destruction of the decadent world, without which the restoration of a society hierarchized according to the eternal values would be unthinkable. It thus implies the recognition of the reign of evil—the “triumph of injustice,”²² i.e., what is contrary with the divine Order, in the very time of the combatant—and the exaltation of combat. No doubt, people who militate by violence against an established order, already bad, in favor of a “new world” even worse from the point of view of natural hierarchies are also malcontents whom armed struggle does not frighten. But, as I tried to show above, *it is the nature of their dream, and not the methods employed with a view its realization*, that classifies them as exactly opposed to the combatants *against* time.

There are unconscious, irresponsible combatants—in the direction of temporal evolution as well as against it. There are millions of people “of good will”—liberal, individualistic, pacifist, “friends of Man” of all strands—who, generally from pure ignorance or sluggishness of mind, follow the misleading suggestions of the agents of the dark Forces and contribute, with the most generous intentions in the world, to accelerating the rate of universal degeneration. There are also people perfectly unconscious of the eternal laws of the visible as well as subtle Universe, who militate with enthusiasm for selection by combat, the segregation of the races, and, generally, *for* an aristocratic conception of the world, *by instinct*—simply out of horror at the physical and moral ugliness of men and hatred of prejudices and the institutions that encourage their general diffusion. A number of us among them. Nobler than the first, since centered on *beauty* which, in its essence, merges with Truth, they are, despite everything, also not very responsible, in the strong sense of the word, because they are so attached to the domain of impressions, i.e., the *subjective*.

But things are different with the *leaders*, . . . *a fortiori* with the founders of a new *faith*.

The true initiator of a subversive movement in the sense of the word that I gave above can be only a man in possession of a certain degree of undeniable *knowledge*. But he makes use of it *in reverse*: towards ends contrary to the spirit of true hierarchies; thus contrary to those that should be the goal of the action of a sage. On the other hand, the founder and Leader responsible for a faith “against Time”—as was Adolf Hitler—cannot himself be one of those men I called, in another book,²³ “above Time”: a sage; an initiate in union with the Divine, *and simultaneously* a warrior—and perhaps *also* “a politician”—ready to employ, on the level of the contingencies of the visible world, *all the means that can be effective*, and judging a means *only* by its effectiveness. He cannot be one man at the same time above Time, regarding his being, and against Time, regarding his *action* in the world; in other words a warrior (or a politician or one *and* the other) combatant against the order, institutions, and powers of his time, with no matter what arms, with a view to a “rectification” (at least temporary) of society, inspired by an ideal of the Age of Gold: a will to accord between the “new” order and the eternal Order.

However, I repeat, the texts, the facts, all the history, and all the *atmosphere* of National Socialism become fully comprehensible only if, once and for all, it is admitted that Adolf Hitler was such a man: the most recent manifestation, among us, from The One-who-returns age after age “for the protection of right, for the destruction of evildoers, for the firm establishment of order according to the nature of the things.”²⁴

* * *

It is certain that the decision of young corporal Hitler of the sixteenth Bavarian infantry regiment “to become a politician”²⁵—a decision taken with the announcement of the capitulation of November 1918, in the tragic circumstances that we all know²⁶—is not enough to explain the extraordinary career of the one who was to become one day the Master of Germany if not of Europe. Moreover, as paradoxical as this may seem, “politics” had never been the main issue for the Führer. He acknowledges, in a conversation of the night of 25-26 January 1942, that he devoted himself to politics “against his taste” and that he saw in it “only a means to an end.”²⁷ This “end” is the mission to which I referred above. Adolf Hitler spoke about it in *Mein Kampf* and many speeches, such as, for example, the one he delivered 12 March 1938 in Linz, and where he said in particular: “If Providence one day called me out of this city to direct the Reich, it is because It had a mission for me, in which I believed, and for which I lived and fought.”

The assurance that he had to act, driven by an impersonal, simultaneously transcendent, and immanent Will, of which his individual will was only an expression, was announced by all those who observed him from near or afar. Robert Brasillach mentioned the “divine mission” with which the Führer felt invested. And Hermann Rauschning says that he “is.

taken for a prophet, whose role exceeds that of a statesman by a hundred cubits.” “No doubt,” he adds, he is not always taken seriously as the herald of a new humanity.”²⁸ Add to that this statement of Adolf Hitler himself, also reported by Rauschning: “He who understands National Socialism as nothing more than a political movement does not know the large part of it. *National Socialism is more than a religion; it is the will to create the Superman.*”²⁹

Moreover, in spite of his *political* alliance with the Italy of Mussolini, the Führer perfectly understood the abyss that separated his *Weltanschauung*, with its biological basis, from Fascism, which remained a stranger to “the stake of the colossal struggle” that he was going to begin, i.e., the meaning of his mission, to *him*. “It is the National-Socialists, and only us,” he continued, “who have penetrated the secret of the gigantic revolutions that are foretold. And this is why we are the only people, chosen by Providence, to put our mark on the century to come.”³⁰ In *fact*, few German National Socialists *had* penetrated this secret. But it was enough that it had been penetrated by him, Adolf Hitler, the Leader and very soul of Germany, to justify the “choice” of the Forces of life, for a people is interdependent with its Leader, at least when he is racially one of its sons. In other words, the priority of Germany was in this occurrence a consequence of the lucidity of its Leader; of the “magic vision”—of the consciousness of a living initiate of the eternal Present—that he alone, of all the politicians and generals of his time, possessed.

It is in this “vision” that one must seek the source of the hostility against the Führer with regard to the modern world—“capitalist” as well as Marxist—and its institutions. It is useless to revisit the case against the superstition of equality, parliamentarism, democracy, etc, which is at bottom none other than the superstition of “man” applied to politics—the case that the founder of the Third Reich made and remade in *Mein Kampf* as in all his speeches, before the multitudes as before the few. Adolf Hitler *also* attacks features of our epoch that, if they are not at the root of this superstition—which is infinitely older—nevertheless, cannot help but strengthen its tragic character. He attacks, in particular, the rapid disappearance of the sense of the sacred, the recrudescence of “the technical spirit,” and above all, perhaps, the disordered proliferation of man in inverse proportion to his *quality*.

While knowing that the Churches were his worst adversaries, and could not be otherwise, because of Christian anthropocentrism, Adolf Hitler took good care not to attack them openly, to say nothing of “persecuting them.” He had been very careful about it, through political skill; also from fear of removing an existing faith from the people before another infiltrated deeply enough into their souls to be able to replace it advantageously.

That did not prevent him from noting that the time of living Christianity was completed, that the Churches no longer represented anything but a “hollow, fragile, and untrue

religious apparatus”³¹ that was not even worth the trouble of demolishing from the outside, considering that it is already exhausted on the inside and crumbling all around.

He did not believe in a resurrection of the Christian faith. The faith that in the German lands had never been more than a “veneer,” than a “shell” that had preserved intact beneath it the old piety that it was now a question of reviving and directing. And in the urban masses, he saw “nothing anymore” that revealed an everyday consciousness of the sacred. And he realized that “when everything is dead, one can do nothing to rekindle it.”³² In any case, Christianity was, in his eyes as in ours, nothing but a *foreign* religion imposed on the Germanic peoples and fundamentally opposed to their genius. Adolf Hitler scorned the responsible men who had been able to be satisfied for so long with puerilities like those the Churches taught the masses. And he was never short of sarcastic remarks such as when, among those with whom he knew he could display perhaps the least popular aspect of his thought, he spoke of Christianity as an “invention of sick brains.”³³

What he reproached about it especially, it seems, is that it alienates its faithful from Nature; that it teaches them contempt of the body and, above all, presents itself to them as the “consoling” religion *par excellence*: the religion of the afflicted; those who are “worried and burdened”—and do not have the force to carry their burden courageously; those who cannot go on without the idea of a reunion with their loved ones in a naively human Beyond. In it, he detected—like Nietzsche—I don’t know what stench of the miserable and servile common man, and held it to be inferior to even the most primitive mythologies that at least integrate man into the Cosmos; even more inferior than a religion of Nature, ancestors, heroes—and a *national* State—such as Shintoism, whose origin is lost in the night of prehistory, and that his allies the Japanese had had the intelligence to preserve, by adapting it to modern life.³⁴

And, by contrast, he readily referred to the beauty of the attitude of its own faithful followers who, free of hope as well as fear, achieved the most dangerous tasks with detachment. “I have,” he said on 13 December 1941, in the presence of Doctor Goebbels, Alfred Rosenberg, Terboven, and others, “six SS divisions made up of men absolutely indifferent regarding religion. That does not prevent them from going to their deaths with a serene soul.”³⁵

Here, “indifference regarding religion” means only “indifference” to Christianity and, perhaps, any exoteric religion; certainly not indifference *to the sacred*. Quite the contrary! For the Führer reproached Christianity, and undoubtedly any religion or philosophy centered on the “too human,” precisely for the absence in it (as in Christianity) of true piety, which consists in feeling and adoring “God”—the Principle of all being or non-being, the Essence and the light *as well as* the Shadow—through the splendor of the visible and tangible world; through the Order and the Rhythm, and the immutable Law that is its expression; the Law that melts the opposites into the same unity, reflection of the unity

in oneself. What he reproached was their inability to make the sacred penetrate life, *all of* life, as in traditional societies.

And that is exactly what he wanted—and, as I will presently try to show, the SS was to have a great role to play in it—a gradual return of consciousness of the sacred, on various levels, in all strata of the population. Not a more or less artificial resurgence of the worship of Wotan and Thor—the Divine never again appears to the eyes of men in the forms they once forsook—but a return of Germany, and the Germanic world in general, to the Tradition, *grasped in a Nordic manner*, in the spirit of the old sagas, including those, like the legend of Parsifal, that preserved under Christian trappings the unchanged values of the race; the imprint of eternal values in the collective soul of the race. He wanted to return the German peasant to “the direct and mysterious apprehension of Nature, the instinctive contact, the communion with the Spirit of the Earth”; to scrape off the “Christian veneer” and return to him “the Religion of the race,”³⁶ and, little by little—especially in all the immense new “living space” that he dreamed of conquering in the east—to refashion the mass of his people into a free race of peasant-warriors, as in olden times when the immemorial *Odalrecht*, the oldest Germanic common law, regulated the relations between men and their chiefs.

It is starting from the countryside where, he knew, behind a vain play of Christian names and gestures, the “pagan beliefs”³⁷ still lived, that he planned day to evangelize the masses of the big cities, the first victims of modern life where, in his own words, “all” was “dead.” (This “all” meant for him “the essential”: the capacity of man, and especially the Aryan of pure blood, to feel at the same time his nothingness as an isolated individual and his immortality as a depository of the virtues of his race; his conscience of the sacred in daily life.)

He wanted to return this sense of the sacred to every German—to every Aryan—in whom it had grown blurred or lost through generations in contact with the superstitions spread by the Churches and those that a false “science” popularizes more and more today. He knew that it was an arduous and long-term task, from which one could not expect spectacular success, but for which the conservation of pure blood was the indispensable condition of its realization (because beyond a certain, very quickly reached degree of interbreeding, a people *is no longer the same people*).

* * *

I mentioned above the interest Adolf Hitler showed in modern technologies, especially—and with reason!—those of war. That does not mean that the dangers of the mechanization of life, and especially of specialization to excess, had escaped him. Even in this quite specific domain of strategy, where he, himself a former corporal, moved with a facility that genius itself can scarcely explain, he evinced skepticism with respect to specialists

and their inventions and in the last analysis trusted only the supra-rational vision of the true leader—without, of course, rejecting for all that the profitable application of any invention, insofar as it represented an effective *means* toward victory. “Which is it,” he said to Rauschnig, “the invention that until now could revolutionize the laws of behavior in war in a lasting way? Each invention itself is followed almost immediately by another that neutralizes the effects of the preceding one.” And he concluded that “all this confers only a temporary superiority” and that “the decision in a war always depends *on men*” rather than material—however important this may be.³⁸

Thus it is not technology in itself that he rejected. A universal genius, he was at ease in this field as in so many others, and he recognized its place in the combat of our time. What irritated him to the point of revulsion were the effects that technical training and the handling of precision machinery as well as statistical data, can have, and almost always *do have*, on man, even the “gifted” ones, who specialize in them; it is the observation that they kill in them suppleness of spirit, creative imagination, initiative, clarity of vision amidst a labyrinth of unforeseen difficulties; the faculty to grasp, and grasp *in time*—immediately, if possible—the relationship between a *new* situation and the effective action that must face up to it; in a word, *exact intuition*—according to him, the superior form of intelligence. “It is always apart from the milieu of technicians that one encounters creative genius,”³⁹ he said. And he advised his collaborators—and all the more emphatically as they occupied positions of greater responsibility—to make their decisions “by pure intuition”; trusting “their instincts,” never book learning or routine, which in thorny cases generally lags behind the exigencies of action. He advised them “to simplify problems” as he himself simplified them; “to discard all that is complicated and doctrinaire.”⁴⁰ And he repeated that “technicians never have instinct,”⁴¹ entangled as they are in their theories, “like spiders in their webs” and “incompetent to weave anything else.”⁴² And Hermann Rauschnig himself, whose ill will towards him is immediately apparent, was forced to agree that “this gift of simplification was the characteristic capacity that ensured the superiority of Adolf Hitler over his entourage.”⁴³

It is sufficient proof to reread, in the book of Leon Degrelle, *Hitler for a Thousand Years*,⁴⁴ the luminous pages in which he treats the French *and the Russian* campaigns—in particular the latter, about which many—and not even those who make war their business—reproach Führer so much for being stubborn and listening to the technicians of strategy. The great soldier who was the chief of the “Wallonia” legion of the Waffen SS shows there glaringly that the refusal of Adolf Hitler to let himself be convinced by these famous specialists who, in the winter of 1941-1942, claimed a withdrawal of one hundred or two hundred kilometers, “*saved the army*,” because “a general retreat through these interminable white and devouring deserts was suicide.”⁴⁵ “*Contrary to his Generals, Hitler was right*,” he insists—and not only during the seven months of the terrible Russian winter of 1941-1942, but still in January 1943, when he insisted that Paulus,

encircled in Stalingrad, try *as he might* to break out towards the armor of General Hoth, under the command of Marshal von Manstein, who had sent him to the rescue and *who was no more than a few kilometers away*. According to Degrelle, von Paulus “could have, in forty-eight hours, saved his men,”⁴⁶ but being a “theoretician powerless on the ground,” confused by his meddling mania for regroupings based on paper,⁴⁷ he did not do it, preferring to capitulate when “safety was under his nose, forty-eight kilometers away.”⁴⁸ He did not do it, because in him meticulous study had taken the place of instinct; because he lacked the gift of simplifying problems and going intuitively to the essence. That was undoubtedly due to his nature. But these deficiencies had to have been singularly reinforced due to the fact that “von Paulus had passed almost his whole life among the bureaucracy of the army headquarters,”⁴⁹ before his charts, within the narrow framework of his specialty.

Admittedly, specialists are necessary—in their place. Misfortune requires that, in certain exceptional circumstances, one is sometimes obliged to call upon them apart from the domain of their routine, and to ask them more than they can give. And the more that life, under all its aspects, is mechanized, thanks to the applications of sciences, the more there are, and the more there will be, from the top to the bottom of the social ladder, specialized technicians. And increasingly rare will be those among them who, while having, in their specific capacity, the maximum of knowledge, will be able to *master* it, by preserving the vision and inspiration, and priceless qualities of character, that constitute the higher man. The Third Reich had such men: “modern” men in what they *could do* on the material plane (military or civilian); in addition, equal to the greatest figures of the past in what they *were*: Guderian, Skorzeny; Hans-Ulrich Rudel; Hanna Reitsch; Doctor Todt; people strong enough to think of and act for the great whole while making use of the machines of our time and demanding the precise handling they require; Western counterparts of those Japanese warriors of the same Second World War who united the intelligent handling of the most modern weapons with fidelity to the code of *bushido* and, more often than one might think, the practice of some immemorial spiritual discipline.

The Führer would have preferred that the best of his Germans become, more or less, these new “Masters of fire,” able to dominate the end of our cycle where technology is, with all its disadvantages, essential to those who wish to survive in an over-populated world. He knew indeed that this role could not and could never be played except by a minority. And it is precisely this minority, tested in combat, that would have to constitute the warlike aristocracy of the new world; the world of the counter-current of universal decadence that he dreamed of building, and in which, moreover, “after the victory”—once the urgency of total war disappeared—the mechanization of life would gradually cease, and where the traditional spirit, in the esoteric sense of the word, would be established more and more.

¹R. Guénon, *Orient et Occident* (Paris: Payot, 1924), p. 150. [In English: *East and West*, trans. W. M. (Ghent, N.Y.: Sophia Perennis et Universalis, 1995).—Ed.]

²Julius Evola, *Chevaucher le tigre*, trans. I. Robinet (Paris: La Colombe, 1964). [I have translated Savitri's quote from the French translation. Cf. Julius Evola, *Ride the Tiger: A Survival Manual for Aristocrats of the Soul*, trans. Joscelyn Godwin and Constance Fontana (Rochester, Vermont: Inner Traditions International, 2003), 176.—Ed.]

³The *Satya Yuga* of the Sanskrit Scriptures.

⁴As may well have been the case with Elisabeth of Thuringia, princess of Hungary, who had herself whipped by Conrad of Marburg, her spiritual advisor.

⁵I tried to show this in a long passage of my book *Gold in the Furnace* (Calcutta: A.K. Mukherji, 1952), 212-18. [Cf. *Gold in the Furnace*, 3rd ed., ed. R. G. Fowler (Atlanta: The Savitri Devi Archive, 2006), 147-51.—Ed.]

⁶René Guénon, *Crise du monde moderne* (Paris: Bossard, 1927). [In English: *Crisis of the Modern World*, trans. Marco Pallis, Arthur Osborne, and Richard C. Nicholson (Hillsdale, N.Y.: Sophia Perennis, 2001).—Ed.]

⁷The Deutsche Bank, the Commerz und Privat Bank, the Dresdener Bank, the Deutsche Credit-Gesellschaft, etc. etc.

⁸E. Kirkdorf, Fritz Thyssen, Voegler, Otto-Wolf von Schröder, then Krupp.

⁹This is probably a misprint, perhaps for 1960, since Günther died in 1968.—Ed.

¹⁰“... unsere neue Auffassung, die ganz dem Ursinn der Dinge entspricht . . .” (*Mein Kampf*, 440.)

¹¹“*Sturmabteilungen*” or “Assault Troops.”

¹²In 1930.

¹³With some others of his collaborators of the first hour, such Gregor Strasser.

¹⁴The *elective* monarchy of the ancient Germans—that of the Frankish warrior raised aloft on a shield by *his peers*—was also “of divine right,” if it is admitted that the “divine” is none other than the pure blood of a noble race.

¹⁵Translated into French by Robert d'Harcourt under the title *Libres propos sur la Guerre et la Paix* [(*Free Remarks on War and Peace*), trans. François Genoud, vol. 1 (Paris: Flammarion, 1952); vol. 2 (Paris: Flammarion, 1954)]. (Contrary to Savitri, Robert d'Harcourt is not the translator of the volumes, but the author of the Introduction to the first volume. In English: *Hitler's Table Talk, 1941-1944. His Private Conversations*, trans. Norman Cameron and R.H. Stevens, Introduction by H.R. Trevor-Roper, third ed. (New York: Enigma Books, 2000).—Ed.]

¹⁶[Hermann Rauschnig, *Hitler m'a dit. Confidences du Führer sur son plan de conquête du Monde à l'ancien chef national-socialiste du Gouvernement de Dantzig*, trans. Albert Lehmann (Paris: Coopération, 1939).—Ed.]

¹⁷A French translation (abridged) appeared from Gallimard [Auguste Kubizek, *Adolf Hitler, mon ami d'enfance*, trans. Lise Graf (Paris: Gallimard, 1954).—Ed.]

¹⁸Hans Grimm, *Warum? Woher? Aber Wohin?* (Lippoldsberg: Klosterhaus Verlag, 1954), 14.

¹⁹Rauschnig, 142.

²⁰Rauschnig, 279.

²¹Rauschnig, 279.

²²The Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verse 7.

²³*The Lightning and the Sun*, written from 1948 to 1956 (Calcutta: Savitri Devi Mukherji, 1958).

²⁴ The Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verse 8.

²⁵ "Ich aber beschloss, Politiker zu werden," *Mein Kampf*, 225.

²⁶ Adolf Hitler, his eyes ravaged by gas, threatened by blindness, learned the news in the military hospital at Pasewalk where he had been evacuated.

²⁷ In the presence of Himmler, Lammers, Zeitzler, *Libres Propos*, 244 [*Hitler's Table Talk*, 250].

²⁸ Rauschning.

²⁹ Rauschning, 147.

³⁰ Rauschning, 147-48.

³¹ Rauschning, 69.

³² Rauschning, 71.

³³ *Libres propos*, 141 [*Hitler's Table Talk*, 144].

³⁴ *Libres propos*, 141 [*Hitler's Table Talk*, 144].

³⁵ *Libres propos*, 140 [*Hitler's Table Talk*, 143].

³⁶ Rauschning, 71.

³⁷ Rauschning, 71.

³⁸ Rauschning, 21.

³⁹ Rauschning, 22.

⁴⁰ Rauschning, 209.

⁴¹ Rauschning, 209.

⁴² Rauschning, 210.

⁴³ Rauschning, 210.

⁴⁴ Leon Degrelle, *Hitler pour 1000 ans* (Paris: Éditions de la Table Ronde, 1969).

⁴⁵ Degrelle, 129.

⁴⁶ Degrelle, 130.

⁴⁷ Degrelle, 174.

⁴⁸ Degrelle, 175.

⁴⁹ Degrelle, 170.

Chapter IX - The Overthrow of Anthropocentric Values

“Awake, stir your fettered strength,
Make the sap run in our dried up furrows;
Make flash, under the flowered myrtles,
An unexpected blade, as in the Panatheneae.”

—Leconte de Lisle (“The Anathema,” *Barbaric Poems*)

The increase in population is, as I tried to show above, at the same time the consequence and the cause of ever-renewed technological development—the *consequence* of the conservation, thanks to improvements in medicine and surgery, of a more and more considerable number of people who, normally, should not live; the *cause* of efforts by creative minds to create means to satisfy the needs, real or imagined, of a population that multiplies, often despite the absence of protective hygiene, and even more so *if* such hygiene is available. It is a vicious circle, and all the more tragic that it can probably be broken only on a worldwide scale. It would be criminal, indeed, to encourage the most noble and gifted people to lower their birthrate, which would expose them, given equal armaments—or simply in the fatal peace of a “consumer society” infinitely extended through gradual technological progress—to being erased by human types that are qualitatively inferior to them but dangerously prolific and whose demographics escapes any control.

Nobody was more conscious than Adolf Hitler of this fact, which he

accords, in his policies, a place that it had never had under any régime, however racist, of the past. And it is perhaps in this more than in anything else that the obvious opposition of Third German Reich to the main tendencies of the modern world appears.

These tendencies are expressed in a precept harped on a hundred thousand times: “Live and let live”—applied (and this is to be emphasized) to men of all races and all degrees of health or physical or mental illness, but *only to man*. It is the opposite precept that our protectors of the sacrosanct mammal with two legs apply to the quadrupeds, whales, reptiles, etc., as well as the birds and the forests. There, it is a question of “letting live” at most what does not obstruct the indefinite expansion of all kinds of men and even, in extreme cases, only what supports this expansion, as it is apparently the case in communist China, where only the “useful,” i.e., exploitable animals have the “right to live.”

The eternal glory of Adolf Hitler—and, perhaps, the most brilliant sign that he was, *par excellence*, the man “against Time”; the man of the last chance for not partial but *total* rectification—is, precisely, to have overthrown this order of things. It is his glory for all times to have—and that even in a country in the midst of war, where so many urgent problems imposed their priority—“let live” Nature: protected (as far as possible) the forests and their inhabitants; took a clear position against vivisection; refused for himself all meat and dreamed of gradually suppressing the slaughterhouses, “after the victory” (when he would have had a free hand). It is his glory, even more, to have mocked the misplaced zeal of lovers of “purebred” dogs, cats, or horses who were indifferent to the purity of their own progeny, and applied this time to man, *in the name of the human élite*, the very principle that had for millennia regulated the behavior of man with respect to animals and trees: “let live” only what does not obstruct the flowering of this élite; in the extreme case, only what favors it—or at least did all that was materially *possible* in this direction, in a world where, in spite of his power, he still had to take into account constant opposition.

I pointed out above the encouragement the Führer gave to the German birthrate. The German people, at the same time the most gifted of the West, the most disciplined, and the most hardened by war, was to be the principal source of the future European aristocracy. (Hadn't they already been that of the old aristocracy of the continent? The people from whom came, with the Franks, all the lords of Europe in the Middle Ages?). It was necessary that this source remain inexhaustible. However, “the most exceptional member of a family is often the fifth, the seventh, the tenth, or the twelfth child”² and birth control brings about, in the more or less long term, the fall of stronger peoples—as it had, noted the Führer, brought about the end of the ancient world by numerically weakening its patrician houses in favor of the plebs who multiplied unceasingly and provided more and more of the adherents of leveling Christianity.³ It was thus necessary to honor mothers of large families.

But it does not follow that, according to the example our friends of man, Adolf Hitler contemplated with satisfaction the idea of an Earth infinitely exploited by an infinitely increasing population. Far from it! Even in Germany, the systematic encouragement of the birthrate as well as the protection of healthy children of good race were coupled with a severe policy of selection that, before the seizure of power, the diffusion of *Mein Kampf*

had revealed to the public.⁴ In expression of this same policy, the law of Third Reich envisaged the sterilization of incurable patients, the damaged, the defective, thus of the more or less mixed Germans of non-Aryan blood—Jewish or otherwise—who were likely to transmit their physical and mental infirmities or their racial inferiority to their descendants. It also prohibited formally—under penalty of forced labor—any marriage and all extramarital sexual intercourse between Jews and Germans or people “of related blood” (*artverwandt*), i.e., Aryan, and more specifically Germanic.

Strict as it obviously was for the whole of the people, it was even more so for the members of the élite corps—the true Nordic aristocracy from any point of view—that the SS represented. They were directed to marry. It was, for them, a duty to the race—and also a command of the Reichsführer SS, Heinrich Himmler.⁵ And they were asked to have as many children as possible. But they could choose their wives only with the authorization of the “SS Race Office” (*SS Rassenamt*) that examined with ultimate rigor the family tree of the girl, as well as her state of health and that of her ancestors.

And, if they were to create life profusely, they were *also* to be prodigious with their own blood, on all the fields of battle. It was to them that were entrusted the missions that required the most sustained courage, the most superhuman endurance, the most complete contempt of suffering and death. It is enough to compare the losses borne by these men on all fronts, but especially on the eastern front, with those of the other German military units and the best foreign armies, to feel just how little the life an individual of the élite, and *a fortiori* that of any lesser individual, counted in National Socialist Germany, when it came to the service of Reich. Admittedly, the birthrate was encouraged there, and the more so as the quality—physical and psychic—of the parents was more perfect. Admittedly, no German and no German of pure blood were to try to cheat nature by using contraceptives, and thus to risk depriving the race of an exceptional specimen.⁶ But, in addition, war—which the Führer envisaged, even “after victory,” as being quasi-permanent on the edge of the conquered territories, like the moving borders of the old Roman Empire; war, the “natural state of man”⁷ as he himself said—limited and would continue to limit the number of adults, so much so that an SS family could not foresee the probability of survival . . . unless it counted at least “four children.”⁸

In other words, to the dream of perpetual peace in a stunted world, where man would have made Nature the maidservant of his petty pleasures and his petty health, Adolf Hitler opposed the dream of permanent battle—of “perpetual revolution”—at once the joy and the duty of the Strong, standing alone in the midst of universal disgrace. To the comfortable law of least resistance, he opposed the old Law of the Jungle: the ideal of life as at the same time exuberant and precarious, the *dangerous* life. To the slogan that slovenly, vacant, pretentious, and wretched youths were to diffuse soon in the nightmare world of that followed the collapse of the Reich: “Make love, not war!” he opposed beforehand the law of the English aristocracy of old: “*To breed, to bleed, to lead.*”

But that is not all. One of the most depressing traits of the Dark Age as it draws to its end is, certainly, the disordered proliferation of mankind. Malthus had, more than a hundred and fifty years before, already announced the dangers, but only from the economic point of view. Our optimists of today try to respond to him by suggesting new possibilities for exploiting the earth, and even the sea, which would allow us, according to them, to view

without concern the quintupling, even the tenfold multiplication, of the human population of the planet. But the dangers remain and become greater and greater, because the *global* increase in the number of men happens today not in an “arithmetic” but in a *geometric* progression. And it seems indeed that currently—more than a quarter century after the defeat of National Socialist Germany—the point has been attained beyond which *nothing*, except a gigantic external intervention, human or . . . divine, could arrest it—all the more reason to *decrease* the population of the world to the level where it would cease to imperil the natural balance.

However, more than any other, the Führer was conscious of the catastrophe already represented (and more and more represented) by the overpopulation of certain areas of the earth—and not only because of the inevitable pressure, of more or less brief duration, of the “hungry” against the “affluent.” What he feared above all was the gradual disappearance of the natural élites, of the *racial* élites, under the rising tide of biologically inferior multitudes even if, here and there, some barrier could be set up in order to protect them. Because it should be noted that, at least in our time, it is, in general, the least beautiful and the least gifted races and, within the same people, the least pure elements, that are the most prolific.

What the Defender of the Aryan élite also feared was the lowering of the physical, intellectual, and moral level—the loss of *quality*—of generations to come. It is, indeed, a result, statistically inevitable, of the unlimited increase in the number of humans, even “of good race,” as soon as natural selection is beaten and breached by the generalized application of medicine, surgery, and especially *preventive* hygiene, factors of *reverse* selection. Also, his program of purifying the German people (and, if he had won the war, the people of Europe) entailed, parallel to the sterilization of the incurable, who were able, despite everything, to justify their own existence by some useful work, the pure and simple physical suppression (without suffering, self-evidently) of beings human in form only—but only just—such as monstrosities, idiots, the mentally retarded, the insane, etc. It was conceived as a definitive return to healthy Nature, which drives the mother bird to throw the deformed chick out of the nest; also, in the spirit of the stockbreeder who, from the litters of his bitches or his mares, culls without hesitation the deformed specimens or those too weak to survive without constant care. It was conceived in the spirit of the divine Lycurgus, legislator of Sparta. And it is known that the laws of Lycurgus had been dictated to him by Apollo of Delphi—“the Hyperborean.”

Unfortunately, this program knew only the *beginning* of application. The savage opposition of the Christian Churches, Catholic as well as Protestant, resulted in “putting off until later” the drastic measures it comprised. Adolf Hitler was too realistic to fly in the face, in the midst of war, of prejudices that eleven hundred years of Christian anthropocentrism had anchored in the psychology of his people—and to face the indignant sermons of some bishops, such von Galen of Münster. It would have been difficult to put these prelates (and this one in particular) under arrest, without risking in their flocks a disaffection that could not have been more inopportune for the régime. Thus (*inter alia*) some ten thousand mental patients survived the fall of the Third Reich in the asylum of Bethel, close to Bielefeld—*unfortunately*, I repeat.

It remains true that the physical elimination of human rejects was, with the sterilization of patients who were incurable but still “usable” as “economic factors,” was an essential aspect of Adolf Hitler’s fight against decadence. The pure and simple suppression of medicine and preventive hygiene was, logically, to be another aspect of it. And it *would*, no doubt, have been another aspect, in a victorious Germany that would have dominated Europe and would not have had anything more to fear from the menace of the prolific multitudes, massed in the East under the command of leaders who had identified the old cause of Pan-Slavism with that of Marxism-Leninism. Indeed, in view of the tragic reality of this menace—and what it represented, in the longer run, and for quite different reasons, namely, the overpopulation of *the entire Earth*—it was with this foreign proliferation that a brake had to be applied first.

In a discussion on 15 January 1942, the Führer refers to the “alarming” increase in the population of India, an increase of fifty-five million in ten years—much *more* alarming, one should say, that, in this distant and last bastion of a properly Aryan religious and metaphysical tradition, it is the low castes, the aboriginals and Eurasians—the *non-Aryans* and the racially-mixed—that multiply at an almost insane rate, while the few million Aryans who succeeded for sixty centuries to survive more or less pure, in a vast multiracial environment, represent an increasingly restricted minority and enjoy (and enjoyed already in 1942, thanks to the parliamentarism introduced by the British), less and less political influence. But this tragedy did not concern Germany in war. The Führer continues: “We notice the same phenomenon in Russia; the women there have a child every year. The principal reason for this increase is the reduction in mortality due to progress in hygiene. *What are our doctors thinking?*”³ There, it concerns the direct threat of indefinitely increased masses, which are likely to submerge and dissolve in their midst the future German colonists of the steppes of the East and, at the same time, to soften the combatants of the German army the least detached from the human-too-human; Aryan masses, undoubtedly, but non-Germanic, and that the fate of history has opposed to Germans in the Middle Ages, and, later, sometimes mixed with Mongolian blood. It concerns a danger for the German people and the balance of the new world that the Führer dreamed of founding: a Pan-European Empire, if not Pan-Aryan, dominated by Germany.

Adolf Hitler wanted to counter this danger, and he surmised well that the prohibition of preventive hygiene measures would not be enough. Also, if one believes the report of Rauschnig, he had considered more radical measures—always in the spirit of the immemorial Law of the Jungle; of the “struggle for life,” that the superior man has to apply *against every other man* of lower quality than himself since they are his true rivals on earth: *they*, and not the noble beasts, aristocrats of the forest, savannah, or desert, his “equivalents” in the world deprived of the Word; they, and not the trees, ornaments of the soil. “Nature is cruel,” declared the Fighter “against Time”; “We thus have the right to be as well. At the moment when I will launch into the storm of iron and fire the flower of Germanism, without a pang of regret for the precious blood that will gush in floods, who could dispute the right to destroy millions of men of lower races, who multiply like insects, and whom I will not, moreover, exterminate, *but merely systematically prevent from reproducing?*—for example, by separating the men from the women for some years”⁴. . . And more: “Since so much has been said for centuries about the protection of the poor

and the miserable, the moment perhaps has come to preserve the strong, who are threatened by their inferiors.”¹⁵

Lastly, it is of little use to recall that this “directed economy of demographic movements,”¹⁶ by means of which he hoped to be able, beyond the Germanic world, to stop this tendency to overpopulation characteristic of the Dark Age, represented only one aspect of his activity against the current of the tendencies of this Age. A parallel action, more visible and more brutal—like that so much decried and so misunderstood, of the *Einsatzgruppen*—would have completed it later. While all the wisdom of the Führer must be presented as a return to eternal Principles, his *methods* do not fail to recall those of Antiquity in their total absence of “individual conscience” and, therefore, remorse, as much with him, who was *the* person in charge, as with the men who applied them. The culling of human rejects even in the midst of his own people makes one think of the summary treatment reserved in Sparta for malformed newborns that the Ephors judged unworthy of being raised. And the action of his *Einsatzgruppen* in Poland and Russia—among the many populations controlled and always ready to revolt—singularly recalls the pitiless Spartan *kryptei* among the Helots. The one as well as the other, above all, are acts of preventative defense against being swarmed by the vanquished, whose mere awareness of their number encourages them to raise their heads, and that the least thing could cause them to rise up in force against their conquerors.

An enthusiastic declaration of the Führer shows, moreover, better than long commentaries, his eminently revolutionary attitude and his contempt for the modern world that he knew, in any case, was doomed and that he dreamed of destroying: “Well, yes, we are Barbarians, and we want to be Barbarians. It is a title of honor. *We are those who will renew the world. The current world is close to its end. Our only task is to ransack it.*”¹⁷

To ransack it in order to build on its ruins a world in agreement with the eternal values; with “the original meaning of things.”¹⁸

* * *

One can reconcile the actions undertaken, in Germany and in the countries occupied by the armies of the Third Reich against the Jews with those of the *Einsatzgruppen* in the Eastern territories. In both cases they acted, according to instructions transmitted by Reinhardt Heydrich in May 1941 to the heads of the latter, “to destroy without mercy any opposition past, present, and future to National Socialism,”¹⁹ i.e., to eliminate as much as possible the current or potential enemies of the new faith and the new Germanic Empire. In the second case, the action reveals a scale of values in perfect opposition to all anthropocentrism—or furthermore, a scale of values completely stripped of hypocrisy. *For war is in itself the negation of any anthropocentric faith or philosophy*—above all war between men of different races and civilizations, in which the one considers the habitat of the other as necessary, or favorable, for their own development. Himmler pointed out that the Anglo-Saxon pioneers in North America “had exterminated the Indians who only asked to live on their native ground”²⁰ And the most savage anti-Hitlerians are indeed forced to admit that he spoke the truth and that there is not any “respect for human dignity” in the attitude of the founders of the USA with respect to the true Americans. It is too easy, *after the fact*, when they installed their democracy across a whole continent practically empty of its inhabitants, a race destroyed in the most

cowardly manner—by alcohol—it is easy then, I say, to proclaim that the era of violence is over; to prohibit others from carving out a “living space” as one carved one out for oneself, and, if their efforts fail, to make them appear before a parody of an “international Tribunal” as “criminals against humanity.” It is easy. But it shows dishonesty, bad faith. It also shows secret and sordid envy—of the dwarf against the giant—of the plutocrat in search of new markets against the warrior capable of honest and *detached* violence; also, of all the proud citizens of trembling colonial powers against the triumphant Third Reich at the peak of its glory.

In these two actions—those of the *Einsatzgruppen* in Poland and Russia, and that against the Jew everywhere—those responsible for the Third Reich treated, or allowed to be treated, the men of conquered countries *as the founders of the USA had treated the Redskins, but with less hypocrisy*. They openly admitted that “the greatest tragedy is to create a new life by treading upon corpses”—the number of corpses does not matter if the “new life” is closer to its divine prototype, if it is more faithful to the supreme values, than the life that disappears. And they sincerely believed that it was it, or it would be. (And it would, indeed, have been, if Germany had won the war.)

Moreover, they had acted and would act without hatred and sadism.

To the American prosecutor Walton, who questioned him during his trial, *after* the disaster, Gruppenführer SS Otto Ohlendorf, commander in chief of *Einsatzgruppe D*, declared that a man “who showed pleasure in these executions, was sent home”—which is to say that these executions were considered in high places, as in the ranks of the SS, as an unpleasant necessity, as a task to be accomplished without hesitation, certainly, but without joy or distaste, *with a serene indifference*, in the interest of the German, soon to be pan-Aryan, Reich, which was also “the interest of the Universe.”²³ Indeed, in the spirit of the supreme Leader, Adolf Hitler, the expansion and the transformation of the Reich were to start a *world* “rectification,” in the traditional sense of the word.

But if, in practice, a “People’s Commissar,” a *Slavic Communist*,²⁴ were killed as an “enemy of the Reich,” as well as a Jew, it remains true that there is a nuance—a difference of significance—between these two actions. The Slavic Communist was—just as any Communist, just as a good number of non-Communists, such as the nationalists of the Polish *intelligentsia*, who were also shot by the commandos of *Einsatzgruppen*—considered as personally dangerous. In killing him, one eliminated an enemy, real or supposed. (There was not time to examine each particular case and to see whether, perhaps, some individuals of value could not have been, with time, brought to accept a new Europe dominated by Germany.)

The Jew—more for the danger that he could represent, and often represented personally—was himself held to be dangerous *by his very essence*: by belonging to the people whose historical role was to spread counter-truths and counter-values, the source of subversion, the source of “*Anti-nature*”; the “chosen” people of the Powers of Decline (the exact antithesis of the Aryan and especially of the German), without whom neither Marxism, nor Jacobinism, nor Christianity—this “Bolshevism of the ancient world,” as the Führer put it so well—nor any of the forms of the superstition of “man” and his “happiness” at all costs would ever have seen the light of day. He symbolizes the victory of the Dark Age that

the initiates know to be inevitable, but that they endeavor, despite it all, to push back as long as possible, if they have a heart that loves combat. His elimination was, even more than that of people of all races who believed his lies, a challenge thrown to the Forces of disintegration. Because he was the “impure” element, Himmler had, in more than one speech, compared him to the parasitic insects whose presence degrades the most beautiful hair, the most robust body. And he saw in its suppression “not a question of ideology, but a matter of *cleanliness*.”³⁵

And yet . . . If there was an order to the commanders of the *Einsatzgruppen* to eliminate without mercy “the enemies of National Socialism” (and that means the Jews as well) there does not exist any German document proving that the “final solution of the Jewish problem” meant the “total physical liquidation of the Jews.” In the famous Protocol of the Wannsee Conference of 18 January 1942, the authenticity of which is questioned as well by an author as impartial as André Brissaud,³⁶ one finds, during the show trials after the war, with the well-known bad faith that regarding the SS, the SD (*Sicherheitsdienst*), Gestapo, etc., the sentence that actually means “expulsion of the Jews from German living space”—*Zurückdrängung der Juden aus dem Lebensraum of the deutschen Volkes*—translated as “extermination of the Jews in German living space.”³⁷ And indeed, it seems that, initially, it is only “expulsion” and *not* indiscriminate extermination that was carried out, and that, in spite of the aggressiveness of the Jews of the whole world, in spite of the resounding “declaration of war against the German Reich” issued in New York at the beginning of August 1933, by Samuel Untermyer, President of the “International Jewish Economic Federation to combat the Hitlerite oppression of Jews” . . . while there still had been in Germany neither “oppression” nor persecution; in spite of the call of Wladimic Jabotinski—future head of the Jewish terrorist organization Irgun Zwi Leumi—in the Jewish review *Masha Rietsch* in January 1934, for “the extermination of all Germans.”

That seems all the more true as *before* the war, the Sub-Group IV 134 of *Reichssicherheitshauptamt* (RSHA) itself was occupied, in close cooperation with Haganah, the clandestine Zionist organization, with sending the Jews of Reich to Palestine, then under British mandate, and that in spite of the opposition of the government in London. Thus, in 1938 and the first months of 1939, nearly four hundred thousand Jews left the German territory, in full agreement with the National Socialist authorities.³⁸ Not to mention those who left it without being forced, from 1933 to 1938, or *before* 1933.

Moreover, the famous “Nuremberg Laws” of September 1935, which could not better reflect the spirit of the Hitlerian revolution and the purest Aryan racism, while denying in Jews (as well as all non-Aryans) the possibility of acquiring German nationality and prohibiting them “to raise the German colors or to hoist the national flag of Reich,” gave them the right “to hoist the Jewish colors.” The exercise of this right, it was specified, “was placed under protection, of the State,”³⁹ which proves quite well that, at that time, Israelites were still—in spite of their historical role as “ferments of decomposition”—considered in National Socialist Germany, certainly as foreigners, of which it was advisable to be wary and who should be held at a distance, but not as “vermin” to destroy. Things would change in 1941 and above all in 1942, and more and more as the Second World War became more relentless, more “total,” and that, thanks above all to those

“million non-Jewish friends of the Jews,” with whom Samuel Untermyer had envisaged, almost ten years before, favorable collaboration with his brothers in race in their fight to the death against the Third Reich.

For as of May 1940, the massive attack of the English air force, *deliberately directed against the German civilian population*, commenced. The English General Spaight boasts enough of it in his book *Bombing Vindicted*. And the flood of phosphorus and fire did nothing but intensify after the entrance of the USA into the war, until, night after night, whole German cities were transformed into blazing infernos. It is estimated that approximately five million German *civilians*, women, old men, children, died during these ferocious bombardments: crushed under the smoking debris or burned alive in their shelters by burning liquid asphalt that flowed through the melted streets.

The Führer did not, from 1933 until shortly after the “declaration of war” of several Jews in the name of them all, have *all* the Jews of Germany interned, as he could have then. He felt strong enough to be generous, and besides, there was a luminous side to his personality along with the implacable. He had allowed to leave all who wished it—to leave *with* their money, which they immediately used to stir up world opinion against him and his country. He had done everything, tried everything, to peacefully uproot them from German living space; but no government had agreed to accommodate them *en masse* on its territory or in its colonies. Now, it was war. And it was *a Jewish war*, as they themselves proclaimed to anyone who wished to hear them; a war *waged* by Aryans whose self-interest (badly understood), narrow and jealous nationalism, and especially the superstition of “man” inherited from both Christianity and Descartes had, for years, been exploited by Jewish propaganda; a war made against the Germans as “enemies of humanity” and against the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* as “a negation of man.” It was hell unleashed against Germany by the Jews, in the name of “man.”

Nobody, certainly, if he is not one of those who “live in the eternal,” can boast of knowing the deep thoughts of Adolf Hitler. However, it is logical to suppose that, at the origin of the hardening in his attitude towards the Jews that appeared after 1941, but especially later, there was, in him, a violent reaction against this superstition of “man” and all the morals that result from it, in view of the daily horror and relentless increase of “phosphorus cleansings,” as their authors, the Anglo-American bombers, called them. If this was the application of the morality of “man,” relentlessly crushing National Socialism by burning alive, women and children included, the people who had acclaimed it and carried it to power, then why still hesitate to oppose them, until the final consequences, with the immemorial morality of the Jungle: the fight to the death between incompatible species?

Perhaps the Führer did not *order* the massive suppressions of Jews, without distinction of sex or age, more in conquered spaces of the East (where besides they very often mingled with the most dangerous snipers and saboteurs), than in the concentration camps. But he allowed his collaborators to act, and most carried out radical measures—like Goebbels, whom Hitler, however, had severely reprimanded shortly after the well-known popular “pogrom” the night of 9-10 November 1938, called *Kristallnacht*. Heinrich Himmler and

Reinhardt Heyrich did nothing but carry out suggested measures, for which the Führer accepted full responsibility.

* * *

But it is above all the properly constructive aspect of Hitlerism that makes of it *the* philosophy of the combat of the élite against leveling—against “massification” (*Vermassung*)—and the instrument of rectification *in extremis* of Aryan humanity and, through it, of all earthly life, against the current of Time.

I have said and repeated throughout these discussions: the “New Order” of the Führer—which he wanted and which, unfortunately, the pressure of the dark Forces of the whole world was to crush *before* its installation—was nothing “new.” It was the oldest Order that can be: the “original” Order of things, firmly based on the eternal truths that dominate and condition this particular manifestation of the Being that is *life*.

But its resurgence in our advanced stage of the Age of untruths *par excellence* (and *a fortiori*, later still) could not and will not be able to never take place except *by grace of combat*. Because of that, the idea of combat without relent—of “perpetual revolution”—is inseparable from Hitlerism. It sustained as well its most positive creations, in all domains, by the most implacable defensive measures against the corruption of the race or the saboteurs of the régime. Hitlerian intolerance is, in its very aggressiveness, only a *defensive* intolerance: a *reaction*, as I tried to show, against the millennial intolerance of Judaism and its “jealous God,” and against those no less “jealous” entities (“universal conscience,” “democracy,” etc.) in which a more and more Judaized world believes. Hitlerism itself is, in its very conquering spirit, only a movement of *defense*, protection, resurrection of the fundamental values of Life, denied in the West for centuries. It is the defense of the ideal Order, more or less apparent in the most venerable ancient societies, against all interbreeding, all leveling, all choices against the grain, all perversions of nature; against the disintegrating pressure of what it is conventionally called “progress” and which is only, at bottom, the ever more emphatic affirmation of anthropocentrism. It is, I repeat it again, unthinkable apart from the Dark Age.

When I speak about this “constructive aspect,” I do not particularly have in mind the spectacular achievements, material, social, and even cultural, of the Third German Reich: not the revival of the national economy, almost the next day; not various initiatives or institutions that one could call “philanthropic,” if leaders of the régime themselves had simply held them to be only marks of social *justice*: assistance to mothers with children; distributions of coal to old men during the winter; cruises to the Balearic or Canary Islands organized for factory workers on paid leave—not the royal *Autobahnen* with four lanes as far as the eye can see amidst the splendor of the restored forests. All these were only the obvious signs of the victorious revolution—nothing but a start. The other signs, less obvious, more subtle than the former, had already made their appearance in all domains of life. The newborns received, more and more often, beautiful German names, evocative of a legendary past. Furniture—at least in certain privileged homes, such as those of members of the SS—was decorated with symbolic motifs, whose occult influences were felt even by those to whom they were never explained. But, whatever their importance may have been, they were still only *signs*. They were not *therevolution*.

The true, positive, creative revolution—*unique* among the political upheavals of every century, since Antiquity—was *the return to the sources, under the command of a qualified Leader and Master*: at the same time initiate and strategist, and supreme holder of political authority; prophet of the “new” (or rather eternal) Doctrines *and* founder of the corresponding visible order; invested, as I mentioned above, with the “power of the Two Keys”—elected by these Forces of Life that militate with more and more impersonal fury against the current of the fatal tendencies of the Cycle close to its end. The true revolution was the effort of restoration of a traditional society, hierarchized according to the intangible values of time immemorial; resting firmly on the ground while it would carry its élite of race, character, *and knowledge beyond the human*, as the plant with the long serpentine stems maintains on the surface of the pond, far above the nourishing mud, its mystical lotuses, blooming in the light.

The European, if not pan-Aryan, society that the Führer wanted, was not to be anything else than that. Centered politically around the “Greater Reich”—i.e., Germany, supplemented by spaces conquered in the west and especially in the east, it would have been dominated by the Germanic élite of the S.S. into which one would have incorporated more and more Aryans of non-German origin, judged worthy to form, with their brothers of blood, the warrior aristocracy of the new world. And a part at least of this young aristocracy would have been—*already was*, in fact—a spiritual élite: an initiatory group, attached, via a very old tradition, of Germanic expression, with *the* primordial Tradition. Controlled since 1933 by the very Incarnation of the divine Liberator who returns unceasingly and, in subsequent years, by those of his paladins he himself would have chosen, the Reich was to become again what it had been, centuries before Christianity and Rome: the soil of the old German tribes; a “Holy Land” in the esoteric sense of the word; the cradle of a civilization nourished by energies streaming out from a powerful center of initiatory realization. And it is notorious that this new Aryan civilization, with its Germanic élite, had been this time inspired by exactly the same principles as the old society of Vedic and post-Vedic India, in times when the caste system, based here too on “race and personality,” still corresponded effectively with the natural hierarchy of men.

There is, in both cases, at the root of the whole social structure—and, with exceptions, at the base of the relationship between conquerors and conquered—the same concept of irreducible congenital inequality between the human races, and even between the more or less clear subdivisions of the same fundamental race—inequality that no religious or philosophical anthropocentrism can attenuate, and that it is up to the wise legislator to reinforce—if that is possible—never to fight. The abyss that, in the spirit of Führer, separates the Aryans worthy of this name from the “sub-humans,” recalls in more ways than one, that which, in the Sanskrit Scriptures, separates and opposes the “twice born” *Arya* from the *Dasyu*. The Führer, according to Rauschnig, goes so far as to speak about a “new variety of man,” the result of a true “mutation” in the “scientific and natural sense of the word,”³⁴ who “would exceed today’s man by far” and would move away more and more from “the man of the herd” who has already entered, according to him, “the stage of deterioration and obsolescence.”³⁵

It seems that he considered this “mutation”—which, like the initiation of the “twice-born” of ancient India, or that of the free men of pagan Greece into the “mysteries,” concerned

only the race of the Masters—as the result of a severe series of tests. He judged that it was too late to impose such asceticism on the already mature generation. It was the youth, the “splendid youth” that Adolf Hitler loved so much—whose destinies he was to still try to guide “in centuries to come,” by writing his Political Testament under the thunder of the Russian guns—that was to undergo it, and to emerge transformed, hardened, improved, *raised to a higher level of being*; a level that an élite within the élite was still to exceed.

It is in the “fortresses” (*Burges*) of the simultaneously warlike and mystical Order of the SS—these veritable seedbeds of Kshatriyas of the West—that masters of arms and spiritual masters of the new aristocracy were to carry out the education of the young candidates for super-humanity. “My pedagogy is hard,” declared the inspired Legislator of the new Aryan world. “I work with the hammer and break off all that is weak or worm-eaten. In my *Burges*, of the Order, we will raise a youth before which the world will tremble; a violent, imperious, intrepid youth” . . . a youth that “will be able to bear pain. I do not want in it anything weak or tender. I want it to have the *force and the beauty of young lions* . . . the innocence and the nobility of Nature.”⁷⁷ And further on, in the same conversation with Rauschnig: “The only science that I will require of these young people is the control of themselves. They will learn how to overcome fear. Here is the first degree of my Order: the degree of heroic youth. It is from there that the *second* degree will depart: that of ‘the free man,’ the man ‘at the center of the world,’ ‘the God-man.’”⁷⁸

Who was it, this “God-man,” this “man in the center of the world,” whose nature seems to have completely escaped in Rauschnig, as no doubt it did a number of other interlocutors of the Führer? Who was it—who could it be—if not he whom the sages, in the traditional sense of the word, call “the primordial man” or “the paradisiacal man”: he who has succeeded, thanks precisely to his “self-control,” in identifying himself with the center his being (which is, like that of *any* being, human or not, the very center of the manifested world) and who, thereby recovered the original innocence, since “*while acting, he does not act*”?⁷⁹

But there was a “future stage of virile maturity,” other degrees of initiation, more elevated, of which, according to Adolf Hitler, one was “not allowed to speak.” There were revelations that were to come “later”—“a long time, perhaps, after his death.” He knew that his death—like, at least apparently, that of the whole universe of truth which he was striving to recreate by iron and fire—would be indispensable to the ultimate achievement of his mission. He had had, at sixteen years of age, an extraordinary intuition of it, I should say: *a vision*.

He had, it seems, never expressed to anyone the depths of his thought, nor the extent (and horror) of what, from the angle of the “eternal Present,” his interior eye could discover about the immediate future of Germany and the world; nor the profound reasons—more than human—that made his combat necessary in spite of the old certainty and the more and more obvious prospects of inevitable collapse. He never said anything, because metaphysical knowledge, which alone justified all he could have said, is, like any knowledge of this order, incommunicable. Among his most devoted collaborators, the only ones who *could* follow him without an act of faith, were those—like Rudolf Hess—

who, without being like him aspects of He-Who>Returns-Age-After-Age—were nevertheless initiates. These did not need any transmission, verbal or written, to grasp all that, in the secret thought of Führer, although impenetrable to the discursive intelligence, did not exceed *their* level.

* * *

The absolute rejection of an education that is “free and obligatory,” and the *same for all*, is still one of the great features that brings the society that Adolf Hitler dreamed of founding—and already that of the Third Reich itself—closer to traditional societies of the past. Already in *Mein Kampf*, the idea of an identical education for young boys and girls is rejected with utmost rigor.⁴⁵ One cannot give the same instruction to adolescents whom Nature destines for different and complementary functions. Likewise, one cannot teach the same things, and in the same spirit, to young people of the same sex who will, later on, have to devote themselves to unrelated activities. It would be to fill their memories with an accumulation of information for which the majority have no use, while depriving them, undoubtedly, of invaluable knowledge and neglecting the formation of their characters.⁴⁶ That is true, certainly, when they are sons of the same people. It is more so when they are not. To realize this, one need only think of the incongruities resulting from the mania for the general diffusion of a uniform instruction in a country of multiple races and cultures, such as, for example, India; or those caused by offering a baccalaureate program in French literature to twentieth-century Khmers, ignorant, for the most part, of their own culture.

Adolf Hitler saw, in this calamitous stupidity, one of the most alarming symptoms of the universal gangrene of the anti-Tradition. He wanted people to be taught only what it is good and desirable for them to know to take their place in the human hierarchy, the place they are *destined* to occupy by their total heredity: their race and their innate personal capacities. Few thinkers have attacked with his vehemence the “civilizing” mission of the Christian missionaries in Black Africa and elsewhere, their obstinate imposition on people of other climates ridiculous clothing⁴⁷ and values that serve only to derange them and make some of them revolt. Few were as categorical as him in condemning a uniform general education, distributed without discrimination in the primary schools, to the children of the masses, even European—even German. He judged particularly useless, for the great majority of sons (and more so for the daughters) of the people, the superficial study of foreign languages, as well as science. One had, according to him, to be content to teach just enough of these matters “to give a good start”⁴⁸ to those pupils who would take a true interest in them and would continue their schooling.

In a European society dominated by its Germanic élite, such as the Führer would have reconstructed it, if he had been able, education and culture, and *a fortiori* the practical probability of a advanced spiritual development, were to recover the secret character—strictly initiatory—that they had had in most remote antiquity, among the Aryan peoples and the others: among the Germans of the Bronze Age as in the Egypt of the Pharaohs, and in India. They were to be reserved for the privileged.

Emerging “in the beginning,” i.e., in the heroic age of National Socialism, from the decisive test of combat, these privileged ones came necessarily from all the classes of the “*pre-Hitlerian*” society. It could not be otherwise in a time when “class,” not corresponding to the purity of blood and its inherent qualities, no longer has any

justification. But these soldiers of the first hour would, little by little—along with the youths rigorously selected and hardened, in the “*Burghs*” of the Order of the SS, in the asceticism of the body, the will, and knowledge—form an aristocracy, hereditary from hence forth, strongly rooted—owners of vast family domains in conquered spaces—and *itself* hierarchized. They would, these members of the élite corps *par excellence*, among whom stood side by side the most handsome, the most valorous sons of the peasantry, the most brilliant academics of good race, and many youths representing the ancient and enduring German nobility, gradually meld themselves *into a true caste*, an inexhaustible reservoir of candidates for super-humanity.

And, I repeat, this new nobility of the Western world, which he was *creating*, would also admit Aryans of “other nationalities” who had “shown sympathy” with the combat that Führer carried out,⁴³ admittedly “for the great Reich,” but *also* for the return of the entire Earth to a life based on *the* traditional truth; “for the great Reich” *because* to him it alone could be instrument of this rectification *in extremis*, if any somewhat durable rectification were not *already* impossible. Already the Waffen SS, which, were it not for the destiny proper to our end of the cycle, could have been *the* barrier against the immense enterprise of subversion that Marxism represents, included contingents from about thirty countries, *including an Indian Legion and a “Britische Freiwilligen Korps”* (British Volunteer Corps) or “English Legion of Saint George”—for it is true that “great empires are, of course, born on a national base but very quickly leave it behind them.”⁴⁴ And what is true of an “empire,” is all the more true of a civilization.

“Total freedom of instruction” was thus to be the privilege of the élite of blood and character—of the *natural* élite—and of “those whom it would admit to its midst.”⁴⁵ (And it was going to admit fewer and fewer to the extent that, thanks to the rigorous racial selection to which it would be subjected, it would rise more and more above the less pure, less perfect masses.) If necessary, completely released “of all humanitarian and scientific prejudices,” and returning to those of the first ages of the world, the future Hitlerian civilization would impart “to the great mass of the lower class” and, *a fortiori*, to the lower races conquered abroad, whom the Führer designated in advance with the name of “modern slaves,” the “benefit of illiteracy.”⁴⁶ And wherever, for the maintenance of harmony between the community, the visible hierarchy, and the real hierarchy of the world of Essences, a certain knowledge and a certain quality of existence would be considered necessary or advantageous, it would impart different degrees of knowledge and asceticism, or encourage their acquisition—“a level of education for each class, and, within each class, for each level.”⁴⁷ And that even among the élite, which, I repeat, would comprise “levels” corresponding to innate capacities of development and action.

In several discussions, the Führer admitted great debts to his adversaries, in particular the Catholic Church, of which he admired its solid structure and duration, and, within the Church, the Order of the Jesuits, with its spiritual exercises and iron discipline. He admitted having borrowed from Freemasonry the practice of secrecy—the very thing that made them strong, and made them dangerous in his eyes. He wanted, he said, to beat the Jews “with their own weapons,” and declared—with justice—that “he who learns nothing from his enemies is stupid.”⁴⁸ But these contributions, as important as they may be, would never have been enough to give to true Hitlerism the traditional character that I tried,

throughout these pages, to highlight. They would not have been enough, because the Church and the Freemasons were, as a whole (as spiritual groups), cut off, already for centuries, from *the* primordial Tradition, and because the Jews, the agents of deliberate organized leveling of all non-Jewish humanity, could not, for this reason (i.e., apart from isolated apolitical individuals, thirsting for pure spirituality, who perhaps exist among them) do anything else but represent the *anti-Tradition*: the inspiring and directing brain of social subversion, itself the tangible expression of subversion in the esoteric sense of the word. *Another thing* was needed: no more borrowing from the deformed, if not reversed, image of *the* Tradition, such as it appears in the organizations and in the pseudo-religious, pseudo-racial community that National Socialist Germany had to fight, but a powerful, effective, true bond with the Tradition, a bond assured and maintained by the only means by which it ever was restored and consolidated: *initiation*.

If one thinks of this total rejection of modern prejudices, by which Hitlerism is opposed to all the political doctrines of our time, as of the centuries that immediately preceded it; if one remembers this dream of universal hierarchy, based above all on *blood*, that was and remains his own; and, especially, perhaps, if one considers this resounding negation of the great Jacobin idea of the “right of all men” to at least primary instruction, one cannot help but relate the spirit of the Führer to that the ancient legislators, spokesmen of the Gods. I have, in connection with the liquidation of idiots, mental retardates, and other human rejects that Adolf Hitler wanted, and the whole biological effort of selection practiced under his orders, especially within the SS élite, evoked the laws the Delphian Apollo once dictated to Lycurgus. (And the physical perfection that was required of the volunteers of the Black Order, bring immediately to mind that which this same God, Aryan par excellence, demanded of his priests: that anyone with weak eyesight or even one tooth in need of care, be barred from the possibility of the noviciate.)

The *secret* character of all science—even secular—in the future Hitlerian civilization, and the efforts already made under Third Reich to limit, as much as possible, the ills of general education—the “most corrosive poison” of liberalism—evoke the curse that, thousands of years ago, and in all the traditional societies, was visited on all those who would have divulged willy-nilly—and especially to people whose *blood* is held to be impure—knowledge that priests (and those whom they considered worthy) had exclusively. They recall the very ancient *Laws of Manu* and the strict prohibition therein on teaching Sudras (and, with better reason, Chandalas, Poukhasas, and other people of *mixed* blood) the science of the sacred Scriptures and magical incantations.⁴⁹ The most severe penalties applied, in ancient India, to the *Aryan* who allowed himself to state a secret text in the presence of a man of the servile castes, *and* to the Sudra, or the mongrel, who may have *heard*, even without having listened. Similar laws existed among all peoples still attached, each via its élite of blood and science, to the original Tradition, all science then still “sacred” and secret.

In his book, brimming with gall but also abounding with *involuntary* homages to the Führer—the most malevolent criticisms that, in fact, *are* compliments, of which he is unaware—Hermann Rauschnig describes Hitlerism as “the irruption of the primitive world into the West.”⁵⁰ In reality, it is not the “primitive world” that is operative here—not, at least, the “primitive world” in the sense that Rauschnig intends—but the

primordial world; the world before any rupture with the Tradition of more than human origin. The “savages” to whom the Christian alludes, furious to be misled, are by no means “primitives,” but degenerates: precisely what the West is approaching, having just rejected the latest of its Saviors to date. The civilization that the latter *had* founded, if, by its refusal, Europe had not shown that it was *already* “too late,” had all the characteristics of the mighty “rectifications” that occur throughout the cycle, each time more briefly, but always inspired by the same nostalgia for the more and more inconceivable Golden Age, the Age of Truth.

Granted, irresistible forces, essentially telluric, had, at the call of Adolf Hitler, enthralled the crowd. And from the imposing night processions, in the light of torches, to the sound of battle songs, the drums and the brass bands, a true collective enchantment was unleashed. Why not? That also belonged to the art of awakening immemorial instincts; of the “return to Nature,” in its depth and its richness—and its innocence—after centuries of lies and emasculation. In spite of that, it was not “the tom-tom of savage tribes” that, as Rauschnig writes, dominated the moving structure of the Third Reich, and above all, the thought and the aspirations of the Führer and the grand masters, known *or hidden*, of the SS—élite within the élite. It was, inaudible to carnal ears, but everywhere present, subtle, indestructible, calm even above Germany in flames, even above Europe degraded *after* the disaster of 1945, the eternal “music of the spheres” about which Plato spoke.

And those who were (and are) likely to seize its rhythm, to hear it, would continue to hear it even after the defeat: before the dwarves, disguised as “judges,” of the carnivalesque post-war tribunals; at the foot of the gallows and in the concentration camps of the victors; in the spinelessness of the “consumer society” imposed on the dismembered Reich and on Europe, the colony of the USA—the society with empty arsenals and brimming larders, as required by the Jews, who had forgotten nothing, and, alas, learned much since the time of the Weimar Republic.

For what is eternal cannot be destroyed. And the initiate is he who lives in the eternal and acts in the name of the very principles that govern the Universe. A Hindu of those who, at the beginning of the Second World War and even *before*, had greeted in the person of Adolf Hitler an “avatar of Vishnu” and the “leader of all Aryans,” told me that he recognized him as such because he wanted “to return the caste system to its original meaning, then, to extend it to the whole world.”²⁸ In him, he specified, had reappeared That which, a few thousand years ago, had declared to the hero Arjuna: “From Me emanate the four castes, created by the different distribution of qualities.”²⁹ That concurs with and confirms all that I have just said—the initiate being *consciously* identical to the Principle of all being or non-being (having “*realized*” the identity of its essence with Him).

* * *

In spite of the polemics that the name of the Führer always unleashes, more than a quarter century after the disappearance of his person, his initiation into a powerful esoteric group, in direct connection with *the* primordial Tradition, is today no longer in doubt.

Granted, his detractors—and they are numerous!—tried to present him as a man carried away in all excesses, after being driven by his “hubris,” his lack of measure, to betray the spirit of his spiritual Masters. Or, they saw in him a Master of error, a disciple of “black

magicians,” himself the soul and instrument of subversion (in the metaphysical sense, which is the most tragic). But their perspicacity is suspect for the sole reason that they view everything from the “moral” point of view—and a false morality, since it is supposedly “the same for all men.”

What, indeed, rebuffs them, and prevents them *a priori* from recognizing the *truth* of Hitlerism, is its total absence of anthropocentrism and the magnitude of the “war crimes” and “crimes against humanity” on which it is historically dependent. In other words, they reproach Hitlerism for being in dissension with “the universal conscience.” But the too famous “universal conscience” does not exist; it never existed. It is, at most, only the sum of the prejudices common to people of the same civilization, insofar as they neither feel nor think for themselves—i.e., it is in no way “universal.”

And, moreover, spiritual development is not a business of morals but of knowledge, of direct vision of the eternal Laws of being and non-being. It is written in those ancient *Laus of Manu*, whose spirit is so close to that of the most enlightened devotees of the Führer, that “a Brahmin possessing the entire Rig-Veda”—which does not mean knowing by heart the 1009 anthems that make up the oldest of all Scriptures of Aryan language and inspiration, but having supreme knowledge—initiation—which would imply the perfect comprehension of the symbols that hide there under the words and the images that they evoke—it is written, I say, that this Brahmin “would be sullied by no crime, even if he killed all the inhabitants of the three worlds, and accepted food from the vilest man.”³⁵ Granted, such a man, having transcended any individuality, could act only without passion and, like the sage about whom Bhagavad-Gita speaks, “in the interest of the Universe.” But by no means does it follow that his action would correspond to a morality centered on “man.” There is even cause to think him capable, if need be, of going far beyond such a morality. Because nothing proves that “the interest of the Universe”—the agreement of an action with the deep exigencies of a moment of history, that the initiate himself grasps from the angle of the “eternal Present”—does not require, sometimes, the sacrifice of millions of men, even the best.

Much is made of the membership of Adolf Hitler (as well as several very influential personalities of the Third Reich, *inter alia*, Rudolf Hess, Alfred Rosenberg, and Dietrich Eckart), in the mysterious society, founded in 1912 by Rudolf von Sebottendorf.³⁶ Just as much is said about the determining influence there would have been on him of writings of a very particular esoteric and messianic character, *inter alia*, the writings of the former Cistercian monk Adolf Josef Lanz, called Jörg Lanz von Liebenfels, founder³⁷ and Grand Master of the “Order of the New Templars” and his review *Ostara*.³⁸ One cannot fail to point out his slim connection with the geopolitician Karl Haushofer, member of the “Society of Vril,” versed in the knowledge of secret doctrines that would have been revealed to him in India, Tibet, and Japan, and very conscious of the immense “magic power” of the Swastika.³⁹ Finally, one must stress the particular role of initiator, which, of those near him, at least Dietrich Eckart would have played—if not Dietrich Eckart and Rudolf Hess, although both one and the other always posed in *public* life as *his* faithful disciples and collaborators. Dietrich Eckart would have, in December 1923, on his deathbed, declared before some of his brothers of the Thule Society, that the Masters of the aforesaid Society, including himself—he would have said “us” while speaking about

them—would have given Adolf Hitler “the means of communicating with *Them*,” i.e., with the “Unknown superiors” or “Intelligences above humanity,” and that he would have, in particular, “influenced history more than any other German.”

It is advisable, however, not to forget that, whatever may be the initiatory training he followed later, it seems certain that the future Führer already was, “between twelve and fourteen years of age,”³⁸ and perhaps even earlier still, in possession of the fundamental directives of his historical “self”; they had already appeared in his love of art in general, and especially architecture and music; his interest in German history (and in *history* in general); his ardent patriotism; his hostility to the Jews (whom he already *felt* to be the absolute antithesis of the Germans); and finally, his admiration without bounds for all the works of Richard Wagner. It seems certain, if one refers to the account that his friend of adolescence, August Kubizek, left us of his life until the age of nineteen, that his great, his true “initiator”—the one who really awakened in him a more-than-human vision of things prior to any affiliation with a group with an esoteric teaching whatever it be—was Wagner, and Wagner only. Adolf Hitler retained all his life the enthusiastic veneration he devoted, almost since childhood, to the Master of Bayreuth. Nobody ever understood, *felt*, like him, the cosmic significance of the Wagnerian themes—nobody; not even Nietzsche, who nevertheless had undoubtedly traversed a certain way towards knowledge of the first Principles. The creation of *Parsifal* remained an enigma for the philosopher of the “superman,” who grasped only its Christian trappings. The Führer could rise beyond the apparent opposition of contraries—including the apparent one between “The Good Friday Spell” and the “Ride of the Valkyries.” He saw further. He hailed, behind “the poetic decoration of Wagnerian drama” . . . “the practical teaching of the stubborn fight for selection and renewal,”³⁹ and in the Grail, Source of eternal life, the very symbol of “pure blood.” And it was the glory of the Master to have known how to give his prophetic message the *form* of Parsifal as well as that of the completely pagan “Tetralogy.” It is that the music of Wagner had the gift to evoke to him not only the vision of “former worlds” but also scenes of history “in potential,” in other words, to open the doors of “the eternal Present”—and that, apparently, *in adolescence*, if one believes the admirable scene that August Kubizek reports having taken place following a performance of Wagner’s *Rienzi* at the Linz Opera, when the future Führer was sixteen years old. The scene is too beautiful not to quote it *in extenso*.

While leaving the theater of Linz where they had just attended a performance of Richard Wagner’s *Rienzi*, the two young people—Adolf Hitler and August Kubizek—instead of returning home, took, although it was already past midnight, “the way that led to the top of the Freienberg.” They liked this deserted place for passing, alone in the middle of nature, beautiful Sunday afternoons. Now, it was Adolf Hitler, visibly upset after leaving the spectacle, who had insisted that they go back there, in spite of the late hour—perhaps because of it. “He” (i.e. Adolf Hitler) “went,” wrote Kubizek, “without saying a word, without taking account of my presence. I had never seen him so strange, so pale. The higher we climbed, and the more the fog dissipated.” . . . “I wanted to ask my friend where he wanted to go thus, but the fierce and forbidding expression on his face prevented me from asking him the question.” . . . “Arriving at the top, the fog”—in which the city was still plunged—“had disappeared.”

Above our heads the stars shone all their fires in a perfectly clear sky. Adolf then turned to me and seized my two hands, which he tightened fast between his. It was a gesture that I had never seen him make before. I felt the extent to which he was moved. His eyes shone with excitement. The words did not leave his mouth easily, as usual, but hoarsely. His voice was raucous and betrayed his distress.

Little by little, he started speaking more freely. The words came from his mouth in a flood. Never before had I heard him, and never again I was to hear him speak as then, when alone, standing under the stars, we had the impression of being the only creatures on earth.

It is impossible for me to relate in detail the words that my friend uttered before me in this hour.

Something completely remarkable, which I had never before noticed when he spoke to me with excitement, struck me then: *it was as if another "I" spoke through him*—an Other, whose presence upset him as much as it did me. One could in no way believe that it was a matter of an orator carried away by his own words. Quite the contrary! I rather had the impression that he himself was astonished, I would even say bewildered, by what spouted out of him with the elementary violence of a force of Nature. I dare not venture any opinion on this observation. But he was in a state of *rapture*, in which he transposed in an imposing vision, to another plane of his own—without directly alluding to this example and model, and not merely as a simple repetition of this experience—what he had just lived in connection with *Rienzi*. The impression the opera made on him, rather, had been the external impulse that had constrained him to speak. Like a mass of water flooding forth irresistibly from a broken dam, a torrent of eloquence flowed from him. In *sublime images, with an invincible power of suggestion, he unfurled before me his own future and that of the German people* . . . Then, there was silence. We went back down towards the city. The clocks of the belltowers struck three in the morning. We parted before the house of my parents. Adolf shook my hand. Amazed, I saw that he did not return home, but started again toward the hill. "Where are you going now?" I asked him, intrigued. He answered laconically: "I want to be alone." My eyes followed him a long time, while wrapped in his dark coat, he went up the empty street, in the night.⁶⁰

"And," Kubizek adds, "many years would pass before I understood what this hour under the stars, *during which he had been lifted above all terrestrial things*, had meant for my friend."⁶⁰ And a little later her reports the very words Adolf Hitler pronounced, much later, after having told Frau Wagner⁶¹ the scene I have just related—unforgettable words: "At this point in time everything began." Then, i.e., when the future Master of Germany was, I repeat, sixteen years old.

* * *

It is, at the very least, curious, that this extraordinary episode—which, in addition to its clear "ring" of truth, has as a guarantee the very ignorance Kubizek seems to have had of the supra-human domain—has not been, to my knowledge, commented on by any of those who tried to attach National Socialism to "occult" sources. Even the authors who wished—quite mistakenly!—to ascribe to the Führer the nature of a "medium," did not, as far as I know, try to make use of it. Instead of that, they emphasized the immense power of suggestion that he exerted not only on crowds (and women), but on all those who came,

be it only occasionally, in contact with him, on men as coldly detached as Himmler; on soldiers as realistic as an Otto Skorzeny, a Hans-Ulrich Rudel, or a Degrelle.

However, to regard as a “medium” one who enjoys such a power is to ignore the basic principles of the science of parapsychological phenomena. A medium—or “subject”—is one who receives, who *undergoes* the suggestion, not one who is able to *subject* others to it, and especially so many others. This power is the privilege of the hypnotist or “magnetizer,” and, in fact, of a hypnotist of a superhuman calibre; of a magnetizer able to compel, to his advantage—or rather to that of the idea he wants to promote—those who are the strongest, the most composed, the most refractory to any influence, to play the role of “mediums.” One is not at the same time magnetizer *and* medium. One is one *or* the other, if not neither one nor the other. And if one wants to assign the “parapsychological” a part in the history of the political career of Adolf Hitler—as I believe one has the right—then the magnetizer is *him*, whose power of exaltation and *transformation* of human beings, by the word alone, was comparable to the power said to have been exercised once by Orpheus, with the enchantment of his lyre, on people *and wild animals*. The “medium” is the German people, as a whole, or almost—and some non-Germans throughout the world, to whom the radio transmitted the spellbinding Voice.

The episode referred to above—I translated Kubizek’s account of it—could very well be used as an argument in favor of the presence of “mediumic gifts” in the young Adolf Hitler *if* these so-called gifts were not contradicted in a resounding way, precisely by confusing the power of suggestion that he did not cease exerting, throughout his career, on the multitudes *and* practically all individuals. Kubizek tells us, indeed, that he had the very clear impression that an “*other I*” had then spoken *through* his friend; that the prophetic flood of eloquence appeared to spring forth as from a foreign force within him. However, if the adolescent orator had nothing of the “medium”; if he in no way was possessed by “an other”—God or the Devil, it does not matter; in any case *not* himself—then what was this “other ‘I’” who seemed to replace him, during this unforgettable hour at the top of the Freienberg, under the stars? And to replace him so completely that his friend would have been pained to recognize him, if he had not continued *to see him*?

It is understood that Kubizek “did not dare pass judgment” on the above. He speaks, however, about the “ecstatic state” of “complete rapture” (*völlige Entrückung*) and of transposition to an experience lived by the visionary on “another plane, in accordance with him” (*auf eine andere, ihm gemässe Ebene*). What is more, this vivid and recent experience—the impression produced on him by the story of the Roman tribune of the fourteenth century, translated and interpreted by the music of Wagner—had been, the witness tells us, only “the external impulse” that had led him to a vision of the future, personal as well as national; in other words, that had served as the *occasion* for the access of the young man to a new consciousness: *a consciousness in which space and time, and the individual state that is related to these limitations, are transcended*. The “another plane, in accordance with him” of the young Adolf Hitler means nothing less than the “eternal present,” and far from being “possessed” by some foreign entity, the future Master of the multitudes had become master of the Center of his own being; he had, under the mysterious influence of his Initiator—Wagner—taken the great decisive step on the way of esoteric knowledge, undergone the first irreversible change—the opening of the “Third Eye”—that had made him an “Edenic man.” He had just acquired the degree of

being corresponding to what is called, in initiatory language, the *Lesser Mysteries*. And the “other ‘I’” that had spoken with his mouth about things of which his conscious everyday self was still unaware, or perhaps only half-perceived, “as through a veil,” a few hours before, was *his* true “I,” and that of all living things: *Being*, with which he had just *realized* his own identification.

It may seem strange to the immense majority of my readers—including those who, still today, venerate in him “our Führer for always”—that he could, being so astonishingly young, show such an awakening to supersensible realities. Among the men who aspire with all their ardor to essential knowledge, how many are there, indeed, who grow old in pious meditation and exercises without ever reaching this stage? But if there is a domain where the most fundamental inequality and the most flagrant appearance of the “arbitrary” reigns, it is surely this one.

God puts his august sign on the face of whom he likes;
He forsook the eagle, and chose the little bird,
Known as the Monk. Why? Who can say? Nobody!⁴

It is not impossible for an exceptional youth of sixteen to cross the barrier that opens up the spirit in search of the principal truth, the initiation in the *Lesser Mysteries*. According to what is still told in India of his life, the great Sankaracharya would have been one. And twenty-two centuries earlier, Akhnaton, king of Egypt, was also sixteen years old when he started to preach the worship of Aton, Essence of the Sun, whose “Disc” is only the visible symbol. And there is every indication that there were others, less and less rare as one goes backwards along the course of the cycle of which we live in the last centuries.

If, in addition, one sees Adolf Hitler as one of the figures—and undoubtedly the penultimate one—of He-who-returns when all seems lost; the most recent of the many Precursors of the supreme divine Incarnation or the last messenger of the Eternal (the “Mahdi” of the Muslims; the Christ returned in glory of the Christians; Maitreya of the Buddhists; Saoshyant of the Mazdeans; Kalki of the Hindus, or whatever name one prefers to call He who must put an end to this cycle and open the Golden age of the next one), then all is clear. For then it is natural that he was an exceptional adolescent and already before that an exceptional child; a child for whom a sign, a word, or nothing (or what could appear to be “nothing,” to the eyes of everyone else) was enough to awaken intellectual intuition.

Then, one can even think that during the school years 1896-97, 1897-98 (and part of 1898-99) that he spent as pupil at the college of the Benedictine abbey of Lambach-an-Traun, in Upper Austria, the magic of holy Swastika—powerful cosmic symbol, immemorial evoker of the most fundamental Truth—seized, penetrated, dominated him; that he would be, beyond the exciting solemnity of the Catholic worship, identified with it forever. For the reverend Father Theodorich Hagen, abbot of Lambach, thirty years before, had this sacred sign engraved on the walls, on the woodwork, in all the corners of the monastery, however paradoxical that such an action, “without precedent” in a Christian convent,⁶⁵ might appear. And while he sang in the choir, the young Adolf Hitler, nine years

old in the year 1898, ten in 1899, had “just opposite him” on “the high back of the abbatial armchair,” in the very center of the heraldic shield of Father Hagen, the ancient Symbol from now on destined to remain forever attached to his own name.

Thus it is natural that he had very early, parallel to his opening to the world of the Essences, the consciousness of what must be done in this visible and tangible world to bring to it, in the eleventh hour, a “rectification”; or even merely to suggest one—for sounding the last, the supreme warning of the Gods, if the universal decline were (as it seems, indeed, to be) irremediable. And, according to what Kubizek reports, everything indicates that this was so, since, at the moment of his extraordinary awakening, the future Führer spoke about the “mission” (*Auftrag*) that he would one day receive to guide the people “from servitude to the pinnacle of freedom.”⁶⁵

* * *

If, now, one wonders which influence, besides that of the music of Wagner and that, less immediate, perhaps, but always vivid, of the Swastika, could help the young Adolf Hitler acquire so *early* the power to transcend space and time, one immediately thinks of the sole love of his youth: the beautiful Stefanie with the heavy blonde braids rolled up around her head like a flexible and brilliant crown;⁶⁶ Stefanie, to whom he never dared address a word, because she “had not been introduced to him,⁶⁷ but who had become in his eyes “the feminine counterpart of his own person.”⁶⁸ Kubizek insists on the exclusiveness of this very particular love, and on “the ideal” plane on which it always remained. He tells us that the young Adolf Hitler, who identified Stefanie with Elsa of *Lohengrin* and “other figures of heroines in the Wagnerian repertory,”⁶⁹ did not feel the least need to speak to or hear her, so certain he was that, “intuition sufficed for the mutual comprehension of extraordinary people.” He was satisfied to see her passing in the distance; to love her from afar like a vision of another world.

Once however, on a beautiful Sunday in June, something unforgettable happened. He saw “her”—as always, at the side of her mother—in a procession of carriages decked with flowers. She held a bouquet of poppies, cornflowers, and daisies: the same flowers that swamped her carriage. She approached. Never had he seen her so close—and never had she seemed more beautiful to him. He was, said Kubizek, “walking on air.”⁷⁰ Then, the luminous eyes of the girl lighted upon him for a moment. She smiled to him, in a carefree manner, in the festive atmosphere of this sun-drenched Sunday, took a flower from her bouquet, and threw it to him.⁷¹ And the witness of this scene adds that “never again”—apparently, not even when he saw her again in 1940, shortly after the campaign in France, at the pinnacle of glory—did he see Adolf Hitler “more happy.”

But even then, the future Führer did nothing to approach Stefanie. In his idyll he remained, “for weeks, for months, for years.”⁷² Not only did he no longer wait for the girl after the just-mentioned gesture, but “any initiative that he could have taken beyond the rigid framework of conventions would have destroyed the image he fashioned of her in his heart.”

When one remembers the role played, in the life and spiritual evolution of the knight of the Middle Ages, of the “Lady of his thoughts”—who as well *could be* (although it was not necessarily) a figure whom he had merely glimpsed, and even some remote princess,

whom the devoted knight knew only by her reputation for beauty and virtue—and when it is known, moreover, what deep connections existed between the Orders of Chivalry and the hermetic, i.e., initiatory, teaching, one cannot help making the connection.

Kubizek ensures us that, at least during the years that he lived in Vienna in his company, the future Führer did not answer even once the solicitations of women—did not await any of them, did not approach any of them, although he was “physically and sexually completely normal.”⁷⁴ And he tells us that the adored image of she who, in his eyes, “incarnated the ideal German woman” would have sustained him in this deliberate refusal of any carnal adventure.

It is instructive to note the reason for this refusal that Kubizek relates in all simplicity, not understanding the implications of the words of his friend of youth. Adolf Hitler wanted, he tells us, to safeguard in himself, “pure and undiminished,”⁷⁵ what he called “the flame of Life,” in other words, the vital force. “Only one moment of carelessness, and this sacred flame is extinct forever”—at least for a long time—he wrote, showing us thereby the value the future Führer attached to it. He tries, without success, to elucidate what it is about. He sees in it only the symbol of the “holy love” that awakens between people who keep pure of body and of spirit and who “are worthy of a union intended to give the people a healthy posterity?”⁷⁶ The safeguarding of this “flame” was to be, he continues, “the most important task”⁷⁷ of the “ideal State” that the future founder of the Third German Reich thought about during his solitary hours. That is true, undoubtedly. But there is more to it.

There was, it seems, on the part of the young Adolf Hitler a voluntary refusal of sexual life, not, certainly, with the aim of the vain “mortification of the flesh,” but for the use of the “sacred flame of life” for the conquest of the higher states of his being and, finally, for the conquest of the realization, of the *experience* of the Unthinkable beyond Being and Non-Being: the “supreme Heaven” of Dante; the One of Plotinus; the Brahman of the Sanskrit Scriptures. The revolution that he already contemplated could only come from “on High,” for it is a true, *the sole* true revolution: the overthrow of anthropocentric values that are nothing but the product of the laughable vanity of fallen man. He knew it. And thus, no doubt, more than one knight aspiring to “God,” that is to say, to knowledge of the supreme Principle, resisted more easily temptations of the senses by evoking the idealized image of his “Lady”; thus Dante saw himself accompanied through two levels of his ascent through successive paradises by the radiant Beatrice whom he had, on the material plane, seen two times, but who never spoke to him—thus also Adolf Hitler ascended, we think, accompanied inside by the blonde Stefanie, to the first levels of spiritual development beyond the stage where he had been able to arrive without her. He saw in her some of the great female figures of Wagnerian drama. He saw in her “the German woman *par excellence*”; living Germany. It was natural that she concretized for him in human form the power of suggestion—the symbolic eloquence—of the music of the Master of Bayreuth and the immemorial Swastika.

For the initiation of the future Führer to the most universal truths was to be done under the Germanic sign, in the particular tradition with which he was going to be attached, to be identified, more and more; for he was at the same time the sleeping Emperor, surging

suddenly forth from his cave to the call of his people's despair, and Siegfried, the Warrior "freer than the Gods," creator of a world of supermen: the Germanic form of He-who-comes-back age after age.

It is remarkable that, "in full possession of himself,"* he had, already at the time in question here, the position that he was to take later in *Mein Kampf* against all the social problems raised by sex: that he felt the same revulsion for venal love (even legalized) as for any manner of unhealthy eroticism; the same respect for the "sacred Flame of life"—the *divine* force, source of racial immortality, that it is not advisable to divert from its goal for the mere pleasure of the individual, but to put at the service of the race. It is remarkable that, for everything related to the sexual field in general (as with other fields), he already considered them, *for others*, from the point of view of a legislator, while for himself the only things that counted were knowledge and the power linked to it, and the path that leads to it: the preparation for the extraordinary role he was to play in history. In the midst of the great corrupt city, he was surrounded, Kubizek tells us, "by a screen of unshakeable principles that enabled him to build his life"—I myself would say *his "being"*—"in complete internal freedom, independent of a threatening environment."* One thinks, reading these words, of the "magic circle" that surrounds and protects a man who reaches a certain stage of initiatory realization and helps him to continue his development in a true, albeit invisible, isolation.

For Adolf Hitler, how long did this isolation and this "severe monastic asceticism,"* about which Kubizek speaks, endure? Probably until he reached the supreme degree of knowledge, in other words the state where he was finally fully aware, not only of being (like the tribune Rienzi) "charged with a mission" for the people, but of having chosen this task for himself and of having decided "to take human form" in the visible world in order to achieve it, and to do this *even if it were to be a total failure*, for in spite of everything, this was written in the eternal order of things. This stage, the final transformation—irreversible; that which corresponds to initiation in the "Great Mysteries"—having been accomplished, all asceticism became superfluous—like the vessel, once exiled but finally returned to port, that need no longer go forth.

* * *

It is known that at an appointed time "Beatrice is supplanted by Saint Bernard to guide Dante in the ultimate stages of his ascent to the summit of the successive paradises."* One can wonder who, after Stephanie, helped Adolf Hitler to climb to the highest levels of secret knowledge, and when he climbed to them: when he still lived in Vienna? Or in Munich? Or shortly after his decision, upon the announcement of the capitulation of Germany in 1918, "to become a politician"? That is to say, as it had been the case of at least one other initiate who changed the face of the world, namely Christ himself, around thirty years of age? Or earlier? Or later? It is nearly impossible to answer this question with certainty.

Two things, however, are beyond doubt. First is that, all his life, the Führer continued still to bathe in the spiritual atmosphere of Wagner—even more than that of Nietzsche—and to draw his inspiration from it. "I know thoroughly all the thoughts of Wagner. At the various stages of my life, I always return to him," he supposedly said one day to Hermann Rauschning* while he found that, with Nietzsche—and although this thinker "already

foresaw the superman as a new biological type,” . . . “all is still floating.”⁸ I repeat: Wagner, himself initiated to the highest degree—his work being the proof—was, through his work, the true spiritual master of Adolf Hitler.

The second unquestionable thing is that, either directly through the *Thulegesellschaft*, or, before his first contacts with it, through other contacts—perhaps already in Vienna—with people having the same preoccupations, the same dreams, and above all *the knowledge of the same Order* as its members, Adolf Hitler knew the old hyperborean Tradition, according to Guénon the Source of all the others, within which he received his supreme initiation. Because, for him, the fact that he was one of the earthly incarnations (in Sanskrit: *avatara*) of He-Who>Returns in each epoch of tragic decadence, to fight against the current of Time and to attempt a “rectification,” did not exempt him from the secret teaching of the Masters of a particular form of the eternal Tradition. These Masters, from whose tutelage he could very well have escaped, and, what is more, with whom—as André Brissaud suggests⁹—he could have clashed in the future, had, in spite of it all, their role to play in his awakening to Himself. Other very great figures of the past, who left their imprint on history—among others, the Buddha himself, considered in Hinduism as a “Incarnation of Vishnu”—have had Masters, even if they were quickly to exceed them.

One would have to have been a member of the *Thulegesellschaft* to say with exactitude what distinguished its teaching from that of other real or pretended initiatory organizations, or those claiming to be such. But that is not so important if, as A. Brissaud seems to think, Adolf Hitler very quickly released himself from the influence of the Masters he could have had (besides, of course, that of Wagner, whose music, at once epic and initiatory, underlay his whole life and even accompanied him beyond death).¹⁰ What is important to realize is that he had—one could not with certainty say precisely *when*, but surely *before* the seizure of power—actually received the supreme initiation that put him above the contingencies of this world *and beyond good and evil*; in other words, that he “awakened” completely and definitively so that he *was* of all eternity and remains so absolutely.

As I pointed out above, the particular restrictions that he formerly needed to impose on himself, in a spirit of asceticism, became useless. And if he continued to observe some of them, if he, *inter alia*, stubbornly abstained from alcoholic beverages and tobacco, it was by natural disposition rather than from concern with discipline. And if he also refused to eat all animal flesh, it is that there was, deep inside him—the artist and friend of animals—an increasingly profound dislike of the *ugliness* and horror represented by the slaughterhouse and butcher’s shop. That said, he lived consequently as a harmoniously balanced man, mixing, without embarrassment and astonishment, in the most refined society if he considered it necessary for his work, or if, after hours of contact with his rough S.A. and the people, he found relaxation there. He appreciated the company of women and—like Siegfried, like the Prophet Mohammed, like Krishna, the incarnate God, and other famous Combatants “against Time”—he knew love, sporadically at least, so it seems; when he had the leisure! He lived, above all, to the limit of all the satisfactions possible. He procured *art* of all forms; art that he prized so highly that he did not allow even one man who was insensible to it ever to lead the National Socialist State. People who, like the French writer Malraux—whom one certainly cannot suspect of partiality in

his connection!—met him in society gatherings, at the dinners of ambassadors, admitted that he had “spirit,” and even “humor”; that he “*could dance*,” in the sense in which Nietzsche understood this expression.

But, parallel to that, he remained always and above all the man of his combat. And he seems to have been increasingly conscious of the necessity, for those who directed this combat under him and in collaboration with him, to have, themselves, a share of secret knowledge of superhuman origin. Hence his dream of a German Empire arranged hierarchically—and, beyond that, of a world arranged hierarchically—according to the spirit of the Tradition; of a “system of castes on a planetary scale,” to use again the expression of an intelligent Hindu admirer of the Third Germanic Reich. Hence, also, his efforts toward the creation of the *Order*—“a veritable lay priesthood,” as Rauschnig writes—which was to be the guardian of *the* Tradition at the summit of the social pyramid of the Great Reich and, after the inevitable collapse, at the summit of that of the faithful survivors. This *Order*, as I have said, was that of the *Schutzstaffel* or “Protection Echelons,” commonly indicated by its initials—SS—the Order that the Führer wanted at the same time to be “militant” and “triumphant,” in the sense in which these describe the Church in Catholic theology; i.e., warlike, concerned above all with the defense and the expansion of the Strong of the Aryan élite in this world, *and* having reached, at least to a certain degree, *being*, separate from the remainder of men, as the “elect” are separated from the “world”—the initiates from the uninitiated persons—in all traditional societies. Without the existence of such an Order, the overthrow of false values on all planes (including the material plane) was inconceivable.

‡ Declaration of Adolf Hitler to Joseph Goebbels, 26 April 1942. *Goebbels Diaries*.

‡ Pages 177, 178, 179.

‡ Except those of Scandinavian origin, and even they too are Germanic.

‡ *Free Remarks*, 74.

‡ *Free Remarks*, 254.

‡ *Mein Kampf*, in particular pp. 279-80.

‡ Nuremberg Laws, September 1935.

‡ Order No. 65, of 31 December 1931.

‡ “Does one know what one loses because of birth control? The man killed before his birth is an enigma.”—Adolf Hitler, 19-20 August 1941 (*Free Remarks*, 29).

‡ Rauschnig, 22.

‡ *Free Remarks*, 74.

‡ *Free Remarks*, 203.

‡ *Free Remarks*, 203.

‡ Rauschnig, 159-60.

‡ Rauschnig, 160.

‡ Rauschnig, 160.

‡ Rauschnig, 160.

‡ *Mein Kampf*, 440.

‡ Andre Brissaud, *Hitler and the Black Order*, edition 1969, page 319.

‡ Confidences with Kersten (see the book of Kersten: *Les mains du miracle* [*The Hands that Made the Miracle*], p. 319).

‡ Brissaud, 309.

‡ Brissaud, 324.

‡ Bhagavad-Gita, III, Verse 25.

‡ Many Commisars of the People in Soviet Russia were then Jews, but not all of them, far from it.

‡ Citation needed.

- ²⁶Brissaud, 309.
- ²⁷Quoted *in extenso* in Grimm, 187.
- ²⁸Brissaud, 307.
- ²⁹Article 4 of the Third Nuremberg Law.
- ³⁰If, through the voice of its responsible representatives, a nation, whatever it is, declared war on France, would not all citizens of this nation living in France be immediately interned?
- ³¹Sauvageon, an author of the post-war period, has given this cynical title to the one of his novels.
- ³²Grimm, 84.
- ³³Rauschning, 59.
- ³⁴Rauschning, 272.
- ³⁵Rauschning, 272-73.
- ³⁶ Rauschning, 278.
- ³⁷ Rauschning, 279.
- ³⁸Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verse 20.
- ³⁹*Mein Kampf*, pp. 459-60.
- ⁴⁰*Free Remarks*, 309 and 344.
- ⁴¹ *Free Remarks*, 309.
- ⁴² *Free Remarks*, 344.
- ⁴³ Rauschning, 62.
- ⁴⁴ Rauschning, 62.
- ⁴⁵ Rauschning, 62.
- ⁴⁶ Rauschning, 62.
- ⁴⁷ Rauschning, 62.
- ⁴⁸Laws of Manu, Book IV, 80-81.
- ⁴⁹ Rauschning, 287.
- ⁵⁰ Rauschning, 287.
- ⁵¹Probably a reference to Swami Satyananda of the Hindu Mission.—Ed.
- ⁵² Bhagavad-Gita, IV, verse 13.
- ⁵³ Laws of Manu, Book II, 261.
- ⁵⁴The Thule Society—Ed.
- ⁵⁵In 1900.
- ⁵⁶Founded in 1905.
- ⁵⁷Brissaud, 53.
- ⁵⁸Brissaud, 39.
- ⁵⁹Rauschning, 257.
- ⁶⁰Kubizek, 139-41.
- ⁶¹Kubizek, 141.
- ⁶² Kubizek, 141-42.
- ⁶³There is a French edition of Kubizek's *Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund*, published by Gallimard. But the original text was unfortunately abridged there. The most interesting passages of this account do not appear in the translation.
- ⁶⁴Leconte de Lisle, in the poem entitled "Hiéronymus," of the *Tragic Poems*.
- ⁶⁵Brissaud, 23.
- ⁶⁶Kubizek, 140.
- ⁶⁷The name Stephanie evokes the idea of the crown ("Stephanos" in Greek).
- ⁶⁸Kubizek, 88.
- ⁶⁹Kubizek, 88, "die weibliche Entsprechung der eigenen Person."
- ⁷⁰Kubizek, 78.
- ⁷¹Kubizek, 78.
- ⁷²Kubizek, 84.
- ⁷³Kubizek, 87.
- ⁷⁴Kubizek, 276.
- ⁷⁵Kubizek, 280.
- ⁷⁶Kubizek, 280.
- ⁷⁷Kubizek, 280.
- ⁷⁸Kubizek, 276.
- ⁷⁹Kubizek, 286.

⁸⁰ Kubizek, 286.

⁸¹ René Guénon, *L'ésotérisme de Dante*.

⁸² Rauschnig, 257.

⁸³ Rauschnig, 273.

⁸⁴ Brissaud, 109.

⁸⁵ After the announcement of the tragic death of the Führer in 1945, a German radio announcer played the last part of the opera of Richard Wagner, *Götterdämmerung*, the celebrated “Twilight of the Gods.”

Chapter X - Hitlerian Esotericism and the Tradition



Illustration: A propaganda double entendre:
Thomas Hart Benton's "The Year of Peril. Again" (1941)
"The fools scorn Me when I take on human form;
My essence, supreme source of beings, escapes them."

—Bhagavad-Gita, 9, verse 2

There were, naturally, levels among the elect. (Curiously, the *name* of this élite of physical health and beauty, warlike courage and, *more or less*, secret knowledge, which the broad public knows only by its initials [SS], means, as I mentioned above, "protection levels"). I have, I believe, also mentioned these levels in alluding to the *Ordensburgen* [Order Castles], in which took place the military training, the political and, to a certain extent, metaphysical education, of the SS, and especially of their *cadres*—because the Hitlerian *Weltanschauung* is inseparable from the metaphysics that underlies it. That is so true that a critic of National Socialism and the work of René Guénon could say that the latter was "*Hitlerism minus the armored divisions*," without the initiate of Cairo ever writing one single word on "politics."

All the candidates—I should say "the novices"—of the SS, were not trained and educated in the same *Ordensburg*. And all those of the same *Ordensburg* did not receive—especially at the higher levels—the same teaching. That depended on the tasks for which they were judged apt, even within the élite. Because it comprised several organizations,

from the most visible, the *Waffen* [Armed] SS—the most famous also, because of the superhuman heroism of which it gave proof so many times during the Second World War—up to the most secret, the *Ahnenerbe* (Ancestral Heritage), founded in 1935, and all the more difficult to know since many documents that referred to it (also secret, which goes without saying) were destroyed, “before the arrival of the Allies in Germany,” and that “the members of this organization who survived the collapse of Third Reich” . . . “concealed with a strange resolution.”

It is at least logical to think that it was probably the *Ahnenerbe* which, in “the Black Order” of Adolf Hitler, was the agent of the Tradition—and more specifically, certain sections of the *Ahnenerbe*, because it comprised many of them, including “fifty-two scientific [sections],” i.e., dealing with *objective* research, *though* not necessarily in the spirit and employing the methods used in the applied sciences. According to the declarations of Wolfram Sievers before the tribunal of the victors in Nuremberg, to whom one owes this detail, the same Institute “carried out or tried to carry out more than one hundred missions of research of great extent.” The nature of some of this research reveals a very clear interest in esoteric questions. Thus they studied the symbolism of the harp in Ireland; also, the question of the survival of the *true* Rosicrucian brotherhood—in other words, of initiatory groups still having the complete tradition of the Templars (of which the first Rosicrucian brotherhood would have received the heritage). Thus they reconsidered the Bible and the Kabbalah, while trying to draw the hidden meaning from them—wondering, in particular what role the symbolism of numbers plays in one and the other. Thus they further studied the physical and mental structure of human specimens of various races—that of the Nordic with the very special care that one can guess—in order to ensure the value the concepts of heredity and race, so fundamental in Hitlerism. Thus they devoted systematic *and sustained* efforts to all research aimed at revealing to the Germans the glory of their own Antiquity, historic or prehistoric—and of their Middle Ages—and to highlight the importance of the corresponding sites.

Without denying that there is, in Christianity as in Judaism itself, and all the associated religions or philosophies close to or even far from the Tradition, a share of esoteric truth, they put the emphasis on the traditional form specific to the Germanic people. The traces of this one are found in the symbols, engraved on rock, of most remote prehistory, and, after the bloody eradication of the worship of Wotan by Charlemagne and his immediate successors, in certain rites practiced in the Middle Ages in the Chivalric Orders or the Holy Vehm. It would be interesting to know if the latter, which did not cease to exist as a secret organization, has, or had at a given time, some relationship with the Thule Society. Heinrich Himmler—the Head of the SS, and the man whose career, so much derided outside Hitlerian circles, is (besides that of the Führer itself) stamped more than any other with the detached violence that signifies a higher quality of *being*—insists on the above, albeit in “a veiled expression,” “intentionally vague” in his speech of January 1937, which contains the *sole* public or semi-public reference to the *Ahnenerbe*. There is high ideological importance to archaeological discoveries made by the Institute of this name in Altchristenburg, in East Prussia: as of this day, several layers of Germanic fortifications, increasingly old, refute the opinion that East Prussia was a Slavic land. But there is more: the “reorganization” and “maintenance” of cultural centers consecrated “to the greatness of Germany and the German past” . . . “in each area where an SS company is found” is

recommended. And he gives examples of such centers. One is *Sachsenhain*, close to Verden, where 4,500 rough blocks, each transported from a Saxon village, had been set up one after another on both sides of a road in the middle of a forest, in memory of 4,500 Saxons decapitated there, on the banks of the Aller, in 782, by order of Charlemagne, because they persisted in refusing a foreign God whom he wanted to impose to them. The other is the site of the Externsteine, *impressive* vertical rocks marking, close to Horn, *one of the great spiritual centers of the world of all time*, and *the* sacrosanct place of worship of the ancient Germans. At the top of the highest of the rocks, in the place of the ancient *Irmisul* of gold torn off in 772 by the soldiers of the same Christian conqueror, floated henceforth—the victorious, liberating symbol of the reconciliation of all the opposite aspects of German history in the knowledge of its deep unity—the red, white, and black flag with the Swastika of the Third Reich.

And the examples show sufficiently that it was not only about “culture,” but about secret knowledge, or, about the national culture of the Germans in general, and, for the initiates of Order of the SS and in particular of *Ahnenerbe*, of secret knowledge of the great cosmic truths, apprehended through traditional symbolism such as the Germanic people knew it, and such as a quiet minority *preserved it*.

For—and it is here a point to be noted—in spite of the very strong “pagan” current that underlies Hitlerism, and which appears especially in the unreserved rejection of any anthropocentrism, such as the whole *personal* God, it was never a question of rejecting or even under-appreciating anything that in the German—and European—ancestral heritage gives honor to the Aryan genius.

The Führer had, says André Brissaud, “the feeling”—I myself would say the certainty—that “all that which in recent Western history had taken the form of a religion, and the Christian religion particularly” . . . “pertains to the ‘too human,’” and therefore did not have a great deal to do with really transcendent values, and, moreover, “offers a general climate or an inner order scarcely compatible with its own provisions and its vocation, set alongside the truths and the dogmas of the faith suggested to the ordinary man.” However, the whole of Western civilization is at the same time “recent” and “Christian.” It never should be forgotten.

That did not, however, prevent Adolf Hitler, who was impartial, as is necessary for any *sage* (and even more so for any human expression of the Divine), from admiring Charlemagne—the *Sachsenschlächter* or “exterminator of the Saxons,” as he was called by Alfred Rosenberg, Johannes von Leers, Heinrich Himmler, and a good number of other high-ranking dignitaries, thinkers, and men of action of the Third Reich. He saw in him a conqueror with an immense will to power, and *above all* the first unifier of the Germans; he who, alone in his time, had had the *idea of the Reich*, even if it had been useful to impose on it the artificial unity of “faith,” and if this “faith” was the Christian faith, i.e. a foreign faith. One remembers that Adolf Hitler insisted on the corrosive action of Christianity on the Greco-Roman world, and that he described it as “pre-Bolshevism.” But it does not matter what this faith was (and still is), if it were the cement of a conquering Germanic Empire and, later, the occasion for all the flowering of art that one knows. Insofar as this art is *beautiful*, it presupposes, in any event, a certain knowledge of that

which is eternal. The Führer thus accepted with respect, as a *German* heirloom, a replica of the sword of the Emperor of West.

He also admired the great Hohenstaufen Emperors—especially Frederic Barbarossa, he-who-must return—and who had returned, in him (for only a little while, alas!); and Frederic II, *Stupor Mundi* [Wonder of the World], in whom so many of his contemporaries believed they saw the *Antichrist*—as men nowadays, deceived by propaganda, were to see in him, the Founder of Third Reich, the incarnation of Evil. He admired Frederic II of Prussia, Bismarck, all those in whom the conquering force of the German people had been expressed, of whose cultural—and much more than cultural—mission he did not have the slightest doubt.

And Heinrich Himmler himself, while paying a brilliant homage to the Saxon warriors, martyrs of the ancient national faith in Verden, in the year 782 of the foreign God, professed a veritable adoration of the Emperor Henry I and exalted the Knights of the Teutonic Order—certainly not because the latter had, with great reinforcement of brutality, forced the Slavs (and finally the Prussians) to accept Christianity, but because they had, by the sword, “prepared the way for the German plow”: made possible the German colonization of vast territories in the east.

What there was, moreover, of the eternal in the warlike religion of Wotan and Thor—and, *before* that in the immemorial Nordic religion of the Sky, the Earth, and “Son” of the one and the other, which Dr. Hermann Wirth studied—was to survive in Christian esotericism, and in esotericism as such. This has, parallel to the teaching of the Churches, continued throughout history to have its initiates, less and less numerous, undoubtedly, but always present, and sometimes very active. (One counts, indeed, among them immortal creators such as the great Dürer and later Goethe, Wagner, and to a certain extent, Nietzsche. And it is known that Frederic II, “the Great,” King of Prussia—the hero *par excellence* of the Führer—was Grand Master of the Old Prussian Lodges). The deep significance of the ancient *Irmingsul*, Axis of the world, is not, at the bottom, different from that of the Cross, *detached of all Christian mythology*, i.e., of the story of the execution of Jesus considered as a fact in time. The point of the venerable Germanic symbol indeed aims at the Pole star, which appears as the “One” or supreme Principle; and its curved branches are supposed to support the circle of the Zodiac, symbol of the Cycle of manifestation, being driven around its motionless center. There are in certain very old churches of Germany today “crucifixions” in which the cross itself has the curved branches of the “pagan” *Irmingsul*—the ensemble suggesting the fusion of the two religions in their most elevated and most universal symbolism. In addition—according to Professor von Moth, of Detmold—the *Fleur de Lys*, connected, as everyone knows, with the idea of royal or imperial power, is, in its form, a somewhat stylized *Irmingsul*, or “Pillar of All,” having like it a polar and axial significance. Any legitimate power comes indeed from On-high. And the Swastika, also “essentially the sign of the Pole” thus of the “rotational movement that is achieved around a center of an immutable axis” and—the movement representing life—of “the vivifying role of the Principle in relation to the cosmic order” is connected thereby to the *Irmingsul* and the cross.

What, therefore, was important, what was exalted, was *all* that had contributed, or could contribute, to reinforce the Germanic will to power—condition of the universal “rectification,” which only regenerated Germany could begin. It was, in addition, to keep alive the deposit of traditional truth, i.e., of *more than human*—cosmic—truth transmitted down through the ages. The expression of this heritage, the form in which it was presented, could certainly vary from one time to another thanks to the political fluctuations of the visible world, but at bottom remained *one*, and is explicated as well in the supreme beauty of the old Scandinavian sagas as in the music, eminently Christian in inspiration, of Johann-Sebastian Bach, and, this goes without saying, in complete artwork [*Gesamtkunstwerk*] (musical *and* literary), also *initiatory*, of Richard Wagner.

This deposit, more invaluable than anything, came from mysterious Hyperborea, original homeland of the “transparent men,” sons of the “Intelligences of Beyond”; of the Hyperborea whose center—the “capital”—was Thule.

* * *

It is undoubtedly unnecessary to point out that the “transparency” in question here is not anything material and consequently visible. It seems to be a state of *being* more subtle than that which we know, more open to direct contact with the intangible and even the formless. In other words, the Hyperboreans, guardians of the primordial Tradition, would have been capable of intellectual intuition to a degree that we cannot conceive.

Who were they? And—if they really existed—*where* did their territory extend? The more or less evocative allusions made by the ancients—by Seneca in his *Medea*; by Pliny the Elder, Virgil, Diodorus of Sicily, Herodotus, Homer (in the *Odyssey*) and the author or the authors of Genesis, and especially the enigmatic *Book of Enoch*—are rather vague, though all refer to the “Far North.” And the evocation of the extreme “whiteness” of the Hyperboreans, of the inexpressible beauty of their wives and the “extraordinary gifts of perspicacity” of some of them, would make one think of an Aryan race immensely higher than the average Nordic of today, which is not astonishing since they belong to a past that is lost in the mists of time. But there is more: the scholar Bal Gangadhar Tilak, better known under the name of Lokomanya Tilak, a learned and *wise* Hindu, has, in his work *The Arctic Home in the Vedas*, very clearly connected the oldest tradition of India to an area located in the high latitudes, an area of the long polar night and Midnight Sun and the *aurora borealis*; an area where the stars do not rise nor set, but move, or seem to move, circularly along the horizon.

The Rig-Veda, which he studied in particular and from which he draws the majority of the quotations in support of his thesis, would have been, as well as the whole of the Vedas—or knowledge “seen,” i.e., direct—revealed to these “Aryas,” i.e., “Lords” of the extreme North, and precisely preserved by them during the migrations that have, over centuries, brought them little by little into India.

Tilak places the abandonment of the Arctic fatherland at the time when it lost its moderate climate and its green vegetation to become “icy,” i.e., at the time when the axis of the Earth shifted more than twenty-three degrees some eight thousand years ago. He does not specify if the island or the portion of the continent thus struck with sudden barrenness was swallowed up, as in the Legend of Thule, or continues to exist somewhere in the vicinity of or inside the Arctic Circle. He does not mention, either, the stages that the trustees of the eternal Vedas—Wisdom hidden in the sacred texts of this name—had to

traverse between their Arctic fatherland and the first colonies they founded in the Northwest of India. And, his work not being addressed to initiates—who would have no need for it anyway—but only to oriental scholars of good faith, whom he knows are insensitive to any argument not supported by *proof*, he does not evidently say anything of the “underground” initiatory centers, Agartha and Shambhala, which are so often an issue in the secret teaching that the “Thule Society” gave its members—a teaching that was thus received by, *inter alia*, Alfred Rosenberg, Rudolf Hess, Dietrich Eckart and, probably via the latter, Adolf Hitler himself. (*Agartha*, or *Agarhi*, is the center placed “under the wheel of the Golden Sun,” that is to say, that to which are attached the contemplatives who refuse in advance to take part in the businesses of this world: that of sages whom I called “men above Time.” Shambhala is, by contrast, the spiritual center of the men “against Time”: initiates who, while living in the eternal, agree to act in this world “in the interest of the Universe” according to immutable values, or, to employ the equivalent words of the Führer, according to the “original sense of things.” It was, naturally, to this second center of the Masters of Action that Adolf Hitler was attached.)

It is remarkable that the names of Agartha and Shambhala “appear several times on the lips of more than one head of the SS during the Nuremberg tribunals, and, more particularly, of the SS who were among the persons in charge of the *Ahnenerbe*.” This organization has, *inter alia*, it is known, sent to Tibet “an expedition directed by the ethnologist, *Standartenführer* SS Doctor Scheffer.” The fragments of his reports, which exist on microfilms in the “National Archives in Washington, D.C.,” appeared “extraordinary” to André Brissaud, who read them. *Why* such an expedition? Admittedly not to try to find in Central Asia, “the origins of the Nordic race,” as Brissaud seems to believe. Under the Third Reich, even school children knew from reading it in their textbooks—some of which, such as that of Klagges and Blume, *So ward das Reich*, were remarkable—that this race had migrated from the North towards the South and the East, and not conversely. No. What was wanted, undoubtedly, by Doctor Scheffer and his collaborators, was rather to try to penetrate the mystery of Agartha and Shambhala, perhaps to test, with the assistance of the heads of a spiritual center where it appears, to come into contact with the principle (because *it is* a principle, not a character) that René Guénon calls the “King of the World.” That seems all the more plausible as, among the sections of the *Ahnenerbe* whose work was classified “secret business of Reich” and “of which one was entirely unaware,” “one included, in addition to the study of old languages, of cosmology and archaeology, *that of ‘Yoga and Zen’*,” and another was interested “in esoteric doctrines and magic influences on human behavior.”

* * *

Moreover, it is not only with the initiates of the Forbidden City of Lhasa (and perhaps with the Dalai-Lama himself) which the spiritual élite of the Order of the SS—which was that of a new Traditional civilization *in potentiality*, if not currently in gestation—sought to make contact. In my humble knowledge, there were also similar encounters in India—meetings that people hardly suspect in the West—and completely apart from the *political* conversations that took place with certain Hindu leaders, such as Subhas Chandra Bose, in India and in Germany, before and during the Second World War.

There appeared in Calcutta, beginning in 1935, a “cultural” review, *The New Mercury*, very skillfully published by Sri Asit Krishna Mukherji in collaboration with Sri Vinaya Datta and some others. The speeches of the Führer, of which the official press in English

as well as in Bengali reported only extracts, were printed there *in extenso*, especially if they presented, as was often the case, an interest beyond “politics.” One of them, which had then particularly drawn my attention, related to the subject of “Architecture and Nation.” But the aforementioned review also published studies on anything that could illuminate a profound *non-political* connection, going back very far and very deep, between traditional Hindu civilization, which had never ceased to exist, and traditional Germanic civilization, as it had existed long before Christianity, and aspired to rebirth in what was *essential*. These studies revealed in their authors, beyond indispensable archaeological scholarship, a serious knowledge of cosmic symbolism. Several were, it goes without saying, centered on the Swastika. They seemed to want to show—indirectly—the exceptional character of a great modern State that recognized for “its own” a Sign of such a universal range, which engraved it on all its public monuments, stamped it on all its standards. It suggested at the same time the aspiration of this great State to renew contact with the primordial Tradition—from which Europe had been detached for centuries, but which India had kept as a priceless deposit.

I do not have any evidence that the services of the *Ahmenerbe* played any role whatsoever in the publication of *The New Mercury*. That appears to me, in fact, as very improbable since this special section of the SS was itself founded only in 1935—the same year as the review. But I know that the latter was at least partly supported financially by the government of the Third Reich. Germans, and the representatives—German or not—of German firms in India, were supposed to subscribe to it. And one of them at least, to my knowledge, was recalled to Germany, having being dismissed from the direction of the branch which he governed for years, for having refused to do so and declaring that “this propaganda in a new style” (sic) did not interest him.

The founder and editor of the periodical, Sri A.K. Mukherji, remained in close contact with Herr von Selzam, Consul General of Germany in Calcutta, as long as he remained in this station. And this official representative of Adolf Hitler, the day before his departure, gave to Mukherji a document addressed to the German authorities in which it was specified in all letters that, “*no person in Asia* has rendered services comparable to his.” I saw this document. I read it and read it again, with joy, with pride—as Aryan and as Hitlerian, and as wife of Sri A.K. Mukherji. I already mentioned this in these discussions. It is not possible for me to say if the “services” in question had or had not gone beyond the rather narrow limits of the activities of Sri A.K. Mukherji as an editor of a semi-monthly review that was Traditionalist and at the same time Hindu and pro-German. It would indeed seem that they went beyond them—because the review lasted only two years, the English authorities having prohibited it towards the end of 1937, shortly after the definitive “turning” in the evolution of the British policy *vis-à-vis* the Reich. In any event, I did not yet personally know Sri A.K. Mukherji at that time: his name evoked for me only the existence of the sole review of clearly Hitlerian tendencies that I knew in India. But something leads me to believe that the knowledge that he had subsequently, and even before, of esoteric Hitlerism, i.e., of the profound connection of the *secret* doctrines of the Führer to the eternal Tradition, did not have any common measure with the vague impressions that I myself could have had on the same subject. During the very first conversation that I had with him, after having had the honor of being introduced—

on 9 January 1938—to him who, less than two years later, was destined to give me his name and his protection, asked me incidentally what I thought of . . . Dietrich Eckart.

I knew that he was the author of the famous poem “*Deutschland Erwache*,” a combatant of the very first days of the *Kampfzeit*, dead a few weeks after the failed “*Putzsch*” of 9 November 1923 at the age of fifty-five years, the comrade to whom Adolf Hitler had dedicated the second part of *Mein Kampf*. I was still unaware of the existence of the *Thulegesellschaft* and was consequently far from suspecting the role that the poet of the national revolution had been able to play for the Führer.

I displayed with enthusiasm my pitifully small scholarship. My interlocutor who had rendered—and was soon going to render—to the Third Reich (and later to its Japanese allies) “services comparable to those of no one other,” smiled and passed on to another subject.

* * *

The opinion that Adolf Hitler was an agent of diabolic Forces, that his initiation was only a monstrous counter-initiation, and that his Order of the SS was a sinister brotherhood of black magicians could not—without a doubt!—be any more widespread among anti-Hitlerians with more or less a smattering of occultism. (And they are not lacking.)

The most convincing counter-argument seems to come from India. In the West, indeed, the confusion in the field of knowledge of principles is today such as it is difficult to say if there is there still a group that legitimately can pride itself on a true affiliation with the Tradition. There is not, therefore, a point of comparison between the attitude of true initiates and that of charlatans. According to René Guénon, practically all the societies of Europe that claim nowadays to be “initiatory” would be classified under the latter heading. However, it is *their* members who make themselves heard, who are agitated, who take a position against Hitlerism—as Louis Powels and the Jew Bergier did every time they could in the review *Planet*. In fact, I do not know of even one European group interested in esoteric doctrines that is not definitely anti-Hitlerian. (I may be deceived, certainly. I would *like*, on this point, to be deceived.)

But it is not the same in India.

Initially, one faces there a completely different “spiritual landscape.” Instead of dealing with groups with more or less “initiatory” pretensions moving in the midst of an immense secular society infatuated with applied sciences and “progress,” and especially worried about its material well-being, we are in the presence of a traditional civilization, quite alive in spite of the increasing influence of technology. The man of the masses, *not*-poisoned by propaganda since he still enjoys the “blessing of illiteracy” (to use again a favorite expression in the Führer), *thinks* more than an individual of the same social standing in the West—which among us is not an achievement! He thinks, especially, *in the spirit of the Tradition*; witness the Sudra youth whose story I recalled at the beginning of these *Memories and Reflections*.

The Hindu who has attended school and even studied in Europe or in the USA is not therefore hostile to the Tradition. The idea of natural hierarchy, of biological—thus *racial*—heredity, closely related to the *Karma* of each person, is familiar to him. And in the immense majority of cases, he sees according to immemorial rules of his caste—even though the “progressive” government of so called “free” India (in reality a grotesque copy

of the Democracies of the West) has proclaimed the suppression of the castes and imposed universal suffrage. In certain cases, of course, he brings subversive ideas or shocking practices back from his contacts with foreigners. But then he is scorned by his own, and orthodox society turns away from him—no government having the power to force matters, he has to accept it whether he likes it or not. As for the traditional initiatory groups and the isolated Masters of true secret science, they continue to exist as in the past—in silence, unperceived by the general public. They are held, in theory, out of the swirl of politics and do not give press conferences. At most a word, a remark made near a visitor respectful of the Tradition although himself uninitiated, can sometimes allow one to divine the terrestrial sympathies of this or that sage.

There are *also*, as one has to expect in a time of universal decline, people who make a profession of “spirituality” and groups that claim transcendent Masters and claim to transmit a so-called “initiation” *without having a shadow of a right*. The charlatans in orange tunics—or naked, their bodies covered with ashes—who trail around the temples, especially in the places of pilgrimage, living by begging or swindling, posing as “*gurus*” to credulous widows, are not lacking. They are rascals, but of small scale and limited noxiousness. Infinitely more dangerous are the individuals or the groups who work to inject into India—as much as possible—the anthropocentrism inherent in the religious or political doctrines influenced more or less directly by Judaism or the Jews. I mean by this all the individuals or groups who, under cover of a false fidelity to the Tradition which they twist and disfigure as they please, preach egalitarian principles, democracy, horror of any violence, even detached violence, when this is exerted against “men,” whoever they may be—whereas the monstrous exploitation of animals (and trees) by man hardly disturbs them (if they are not completely indifferent there, and even if they do not justify it!). I think of all those who claim to pay homage to “*true ancient wisdom*” by obstinately denying any natural racial hierarchy, by condemning the caste system *in principle*, by preaching the “right” of people of different races to marry if they believe they are finding “their happiness.” I think of those who would like to replace, among Hindus, the old privileges of caste with privileges based on “education” (in the Western sense of the word), and replace the concern with metaphysical orthodoxy with an increasingly more intense preoccupation with the “social,” the “economic,” “the improvement of the living conditions for the masses.” I think of the organizers of “Parliaments of Religions,” of advocates of a fusion between “East and West” at the expense of the spirit of the Tradition common, in the beginning, to both, and that Hinduism alone preserved as the basis of civilization; with missionaries of a morality centered on “man,” as conceived in the Christian West and the rationalist West.

The “Mission” that claims that name of divine Ramakrishna—a true initiate who lived in the last century—seems more and more to tend in this direction, under the influence of Western benefactors, especially Americans. But this tendency does not date to today. It has been more than one hundred and fifty years since the foundation of the Brahmo Samaj Society of deists profoundly marked by their English university education and the “Protestant” form of Christianity. This sect, under pretext of bringing Hinduism back to a so-called “original purity,” interpreted it according to the “modern spirit,” that René Guénon so correctly deplored as the influence of Europe. But, as Guénon goes on to say, in spite of the social position of its members and, what is more, the high the caste of the

best known of them, they are rejected by orthodox Hindus. They refuse to give them their daughters in marriage—or to accept theirs for their sons. And in the villages, they would not accept from them a glass of water—and, I repeat, no government has the power to force them. This attitude comes from what the followers of Brahma Samaj reject as the *principle* of the caste system: the unequal “dignity” of men according to their heredity. It comes from the fact that Brahma Samaj is not Indian—no more than are the other sects of the same spirit, whatever they are.▪

I do not want to go into detail on those. That would carry the reader too far. But it is not possible for me to overlook two organizations that were founded in South India: one, the Theosophical Society in Adyar close to Madras; the other, the community that was formed in Pondicherry around wise the Bengali Aurobindo Ghosh, now deceased.

The first is a vast international institution of subversion in the deep sense of the word, as Guénon has shown extremely well in his book *Theosophy, a False Religion*.▪ What they would like to pass off as “doctrines” is a farrago of arbitrary constructions of the intellect and various notions and beliefs of which *the names—karma; transmigration of souls*, etc.—are drawn from the Hindu and Buddhist traditions. These notions and beliefs are quite as arbitrary, and scarcely as orthodox, as the theories they go into—such as, for example, the idea of the “group soul” of animals dear to Leadbeater; such as, also, everything the Theosophists teach about their various “Masters”: Koot Hoomi, Rajkoshi, and others. The illustrious Lokornanya Tilak, whose work I quoted above, compared Annie Besant, President of the Theosophical Society until her death in 1933—and for a time President of the Indian National Congress—with the she-devil Putna, sent to nurse the Child-God, Krishna, in order to kill him with her poisonous milk. Tilak hoped that, like the young God who, while assimilating the poison with impunity, finally killed Putna by emptying her of all her substance, Hindu society could be defended and confound those who try to seduce it with skillfully disguised untruths.

The other institution developed around an apparently genuine sage. However it tended, already during his life, to descend to the level of an enterprise of very skillful and very lucrative exploitation. Indeed, it bought one after the other all the houses of Pondicherry that were for sale, so that it included in 1960, apart from the center where some disciples dedicated themselves to meditation, many workshops for pottery, joinery, weaving, etc, etc whose products were—and are still today—sold for profit; co-educational schools, with sports classes; a university, provided with richly equipped laboratories.

This prosperity is, I am told, due mainly to the business genius of the “Mother” of the *ashram*—a woman of Jewish origin, the widow of a Jew, then of a Frenchman—and the son that she had with her first husband. Members of the organization, full at the same time with zeal and practical direction and enjoying the confidence of these two people, are also, perhaps, persons in charge, each one following his talents. In any event, in the reception hall, where there are many photographs of the late guru and the “Mother” for sale—large and small, for all budgets—one is impressed by the *business-like* atmosphere of the place, an impression that is specified and intensified during a visit of the workshops. And one recalls, by contrast, the spiritual energy that emerges from certain writings of Aurobindo Ghosh: his *Essays on the Bhagavad-Gita*, his *Divine Life* or his *Synthesis of Yogas*. There is the feeling of a deep rift between this more than flourishing organization,

which covers two thirds of a city of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, and the wise one who lived there in the most complete isolation—invisible to the crowd and even to his disciples, except for a few hours a year.

However, there is a fact that seems to me eloquent, and it is this: in the midst of this traditional civilization that is still that of India, it is precisely from these organizations—the most secular, the most “modern,” in a word the most anti-traditionalist—that the gestures, writings, and declarations hostile to Hitlerism came.

Aurobindo Ghosh himself did not, to my knowledge, ever express a judgment “pro” or “contra” any of the great figures or the great political (or more-than-political) faiths of our time. He had definitely left action—and *what* action!—for contemplation, and it was confined to the spiritual domain. But at the end of 1939—or was it 1940?—the newspapers of Calcutta published that the “*Ashram* of Pondicherry” had made the colonial Government of India a gift of ten million pounds sterling “to help the British war effort.” Mr. de Saint-Hilaire, known as Pavitra, secretary of the *Ashram*, whom I questioned on this point in 1960, answered me that he “could not say to me” if information collected and published twenty years earlier in the press of Calcutta was exact. But he told me that “that could well be,” considering that Hitlerism went, according to him (and undoubtedly also according to more than one person having some influence in the *ashram*), “against the direction of human evolution.” (Against evolution? And how! Nothing could be truer! But far from being a reason to fight it, it would be, on the contrary, a reason to support it. Universal decline is a sign, more and more visible, that our cycle advances rapidly towards its end. Any combat *against* it, all “return to the eternal principles,” necessarily goes “against the direction of human evolution.” It is a phase of the perpetual fight against the current of Time. But this is, I repeat it, I insist on it, a reason—the imperative reason—to exalt rather than to condemn it.)

In addition, the heads of the Theosophical Society—according to René Guénon, Masters of *counter*-initiation, in spite of their claims to the contrary—proved, during and after the Second World War, how much they hated (and hate still) the doctrines of Adolf Hitler. Arundale, then President of the Society, traversed India in search of compliant, i.e., purchasable, priests and ordered prayers for the victory of the “Crusade” against National Socialism. And one only has to open any issue of *Conscience*, the official organ of Theosophy, to see displayed in black and white anti-Hitlerian propaganda that has nothing to envy in the contemporary newspapers of England or the USA, and even the press of the Soviet Union (*after* they heard of the rupture of the Germano-Russian Pact of 23 August 1939). It is not only to the supposed invisible “Masters” of the Theosophists, Koot Hoomi, Rajkoski, and others—that one attributed “secret missions” for the success of the United Nations.

Apart from the Theosophical Society—even it in close connection with certain Western Masonic Lodges—it is among the Hindus of the dissident sects, such as Brahma Samaj, where I met the only anti-Hitlerians who crossed my path in India—apart from, of course, the great majority of non-German Europeans and all the Communists without exception. I will cite, for example, only the open air University of Shantinikétan that represents then and always the Brahma Samajist milieu *par excellence*. The poet Rabindranath Tagore,

its founder, was still living when, in 1935, I spent six months at this university in order to improve my knowledge of the Bengali language and to learn Hindi there. I noticed there nothing special except the presence, as “a German professor,” of a Jewess of Berlin, Margaret Spiegel, known as Amala Bhen, who had come, after two years of staying in the ashram of Gandhi, to spread her hatred of the Third Reich to the pupils who were entrusted to her and the Hindu colleagues whom she could indoctrinate. I soon knew that “Govinda,” the Buddhist monk whose saffron-colored robe and beautiful Burmese parasol added a picturesque note to the landscape, was also a Jew from Germany. I was also told of the profound friendship that bound the poet to Andrews, a British former Christian missionary. But nobody *expressed to me* hostility towards my Hitlerian faith—except Amala Bhen.

This one, to whom somebody thought it good to introduce to me “as European” on my arrival in Shantiniketan, was, at the end of hardly half an hour of conversation, extremely well versed on the “pan-Aryan” nature of Hitlerism such as I conceived it and always conceive it. She hastened to tell me—she who had come to the end of the Earth “not to see the shadow of a Nazi anymore”—that I was “worse than the whole pack rolled in one”—of those whom she wanted to avoid so much. Indeed, she told me, they marched in the streets of the cities of the Reich singing: “Today Germany belongs to us; tomorrow, the whole world!” but they thought especially of Germany, in spite of the words of their song. While I, while insisting on the deep identity of the Hitlerian *spirit* and of that of orthodox Hinduism, prepared the way for future military *and* moral conquest and the unlimited influence of the German Reich which would extend throughout Asia.

These remarks flattered me well beyond my merits. But the hostility of Margaret Spiegel, known as Amala Bhen—and undoubtedly that of “Govinda,” which he took good care not to present to me—appeared to me still confined to the non-Hindu element of the University of Shantiniketan.

It was surprised to learn a few months before the Second World War that the poet Rabindranath Tagore himself had sent to the Führer a telegram of protest against the invasion of “poor Czechoslovakia.” *Why did he interfere?*—he whom I could not help but exalt for his work *as an artist*. Didn't he realize that it was especially the poor Germans of the Sudetenland who had the right to be protected? Didn't he know that Czechoslovakia had never been anything but an *artificial* State, an assembly of elements that could not be more disparate, built of all parts to be used as permanent thorn in the side of German Reich? But what could I say? Would he have even been able to trace the map of it? Then why this indiscreet intervention? Had it been suggested to him—or inspired—by the foreigners, Christians or Jews, whom I have just named, and by others, all humanitarian s and antiracists—at least anti-Aryans—who haunted Shantiniketan occasionally, or who lived there?

Or wasn't I rather to admit that such an artist—who could reveal, under his pen of genius, something luminous and musical in a neo-Sanskrit language such as Bengali—a Brahmin who rejected *en bloc* the caste system, *could only be* anti-Hitlerian? The standpoint of the poet *against* the Defender of the Aryan élite of Europe, in a European conflict, shocked me even more as Rabindranath Tagore had a complexion of ivory and the most traditional

features of the White race—physical signs of a relationship without mixture with those Aryan conquerors who transmitted to old India the Tradition of Hyperborea. But I could—I would—have thought that, if these same visible signs of Aryan nobility had not been able to prevent him from joining his voice to that of the despisers of the “Law of color and social function”—*varnashramdharma*—in India, it was not very probable that they had been able to become in him the occasion of an awakening of ancestral conscience, bound as it must with an unspecified sympathy to this European and modern form of “the Brahminic spirit” that is Hitlerism.

* * *

On the other hand, I was always agreeably struck by the comprehension that I met, as a Hitlerist, from orthodox Hindus *of all castes*.

I have, at the beginning of these discussions, related the episode of the Sudra youth with the beautiful historical name of Khudiram, who showed more understanding of true values—and a more exact appreciation of the role of Adolf Hitler—than all Democrats of Europe and America put together. I also quoted Satyananda Swami, the founder of the Hindu Mission, for whom, however, the creation of a Hindu front united against the influence of Islam, Christian missionaries, and Communism, counted much more even than the strict observance of orthodoxy. This one held our Führer to be an “incarnation of Vishnu—the only one in the West”.

I could, on this subject, multiply my recollections and recall, for example, the admirable Brahmin of Poona, Pandit Rajwadé, so versed in knowledge of the works of Nietzsche as if they were sacred texts (which he commented on, twice per week, in front of a narrow circle of disciples) and who professed deepest admiration for the “king *chakravartin* of Europe” come “to restore the *true* order” in a world adrift. I could also tell of another hardly ordinary man—less *well-read* perhaps but gifted with a strange power of clairvoyance—whom I met at the beginning of the war in a friendly family, of which he was the *guru* or spiritual master. This sage said to me: “Your Führer can only be victorious because it is the Gods themselves who dictate his strategy to him. Every evening, he doubles himself and comes here to the Himalayas to receive their instructions.”

I wondered what Adolf Hitler would have thought of this unexpected explanation of the victories of the German army. I said to the holy man then: “It is, in this case, unquestionable that he will gain the war”.

“No,” he responded, “because there will come a time when his generals will reject his divine inspiration and will disobey him—will betray him.”

And he added: “It cannot be otherwise; if he is an Incarnation, he is *not* the supreme Incarnation—the last of this cycle”—Alas!

But that is not all. How could I forget the *atmosphere* of the orthodox Hindu families that I know best? That, for example, of the house of one of my brothers-in-law, then still alive, a doctor in Medinipur, where I was at the time of the Norway campaign and the beginning of the France campaign? All agreed with enthusiasm with my suggestion to go to the temple of the Goddess Kali—to the “House of Kali,” as one says in Bengali—to return thanks to She who at the same time blesses and kills for the triumphal advance of the soldiers of great German Reich. We went there in a procession, carrying offerings of rice, sugar, flour, fruits, scarlet garlands of flowers—in the absence of the blood sacrifice the idea of which the family rejected as much as me. I still recall accompanying a youth also

proud of his Aryan descent, standing in front of the terrible Image with the curved saber. Inhaling the incense fumes, soothed by the enchanting musicality of the Sanskrit liturgical formulas, I sometimes closed my eyes to see better in spirit the imposing fresco of the procession of the German armored tanks along the roads of Europe. I intensely lived my role of unifier between the oldest living Aryan civilization of the East and this Aryan West that Adolf Hitler was in the process of conquering in order to return it to itself and to regenerate it. Then I looked over my nephews and nieces, and the young Brahmins, their neighbors and fellow students, who had accompanied me. And I dreamed of the day when I would finally see the new Emperor—the eternal Emperor—of the Twilight Lands [*Abendland* = West], awakened and emerged from his mysterious cave, and when, greeting him with my extended arm, I would say to him: “*Mein Führer*, I bring to you the allegiance of the élite of India!”

That did not appear an impossible dream then.

How could I forget the general joy in Calcutta—and undoubtedly also in the rest of the peninsula—at the news of the entry of the troops of Adolf Hitler into Paris, or, some twenty month later, with the news of the stunning advance of our Japanese allies to the border of Assam and beyond? The children themselves, newsvendors, their faces radiant, triumphantly threw to the public the names of the cities taken—every day the news: Kuala Lumpur, Singapore, Rangoon, Mandalay, Akyab . . . Imphal, in Indian territory—one after the other. The colonial government had prohibited listening to German radio. People who understood German listened to it clandestinely. I know Hindus who lent their ears *without* comprehending a word of it—simply to hear *the voice* of the Führer. They felt that He who spoke to the Aryan world in an “Indo-European” language that was unknown to them was *also* addressing them—at least the racial élite of their continent.

* * *

But still that is nothing. What is even more extraordinary is that this worship of the Führer *has survived in this country after the downfall of Third Reich*. I found it alive at the time of my stay in India from 1957 to 1960, and I find it again, to my joy and in spite of intensified Communist propaganda, in 1971, and that, I repeat, especially in the milieus most faithful to the Tradition.

In the book devoted to India in the “Small Planet” collection, the orientalist Madeleine Biardeau, herself definitely hostile to our *Weltanschauung*, is obliged to note it—with regret, not to say with bitterness. “In no country,” she writes, “did I hear more praise of Hitler. Germans are congratulated for the sole reason that they are his compatriots.”—And she is as obliged to admit that the resentment of the Hindus towards British domination—now finished anyway—*does not suffice* to explain this worship. The scholar has, underhandedly as one would expect it, an explanation that is suitable for her. The Hindu, she says, feels and honors the presence of the Divine in all that is “great”—even the “great in the evil.” In other words he is free of the moral dualism that still underlies, almost always, the value judgments supported by the man of West.

That is certainly true. But that is not a sufficient explanation. The only justification for this praise addressed to a foreign Aryan leader in India resides, not in *the fact* that the Hindu easily transcends moral dualism, but in *the reason that explains this fact*. This

reason is to be sought in the attachment of the Hindu to the Tradition, in addition, in his acceptance of the sacred knowledge with complete confidence, even if he himself did not acquire it. It is in the name of this more than human science that he finds natural that, in certain circumstances, that which, on an average human scale, would seem “evil,” is not. It is in the light of the doctrines of necessary violence, exercised without passion “in the interest of the Universe”—i.e., of Life, *not* of “man”—it is in the light of the venerable Bhagavad-Gita, which proclaims *the innocence* of violence of this nature, that the orthodox Hindu can precisely see in the Master of the Third Reich—despite all the propaganda about concentration camps that has saturated all the rest of the men on this Earth for several decades—something other than “the incarnation of Evil.”

Moreover, it is impossible for him not to be struck by the similarity of spirit that exists between Hitlerism and, not, certainly, philosophies of non-violence, which were detached from the Brahminic trunk, or the sects of Hindu dissidents, but the most rigorous and oldest Brahminism. One and the other are centered on the idea of purity of blood and the unlimited transmission of healthy life—above all of the life of the racial élite; the life that allows the man who controls himself to rise to the level of a god. One and the other exalt war fought with an attitude of detachment—“war without hatred”—because “nothing can be better to the Kshatriya” or the perfect SS warrior—“than just combat.” One and the other establish on the Earth—as do all the “traditional” doctrines as well—a visible order modelled on cosmic realities and cosmic Laws of life.

This worship of the Führer, surviving in India in spite of so much enemy propaganda well beyond the disaster of 1945, is, moreover, a proof—if one were in need of one—that Hitlerism, stripped of its contingent German *expression*, is also indeed attached to *the* primordial—Hyperborean—Tradition of which Brahminism seems to be the most ancient living form. It is undoubtedly attached to it by what has, in spite of the imposition of Christianity, survived in Germany of a very old and properly Germanic traditional form, rising from a common Source: the holy “Arctic fatherland” of the Vedas . . . and the Edda.

* * *

It is impossible to say to what extent the *Thulegesellschaft* was in possession of this priceless heritage from the depths of the ages. No doubt some of its members—Dietrich Eckart, Rudolf Hess, and, of course, the Führer himself—were. One of the features specific to the initiate would be the capacity to simulate—at all times he considered it suitable to his designs—anger, madness, imbecility, or every another human state. Now the Führer *compelled* himself—he says so himself—“to appear hard.” And his too famous paroxysms of rage—on which the enemy pounced with delight as a source of ridicule exploitable *ad infinitum*—was, according to Rauschnig, “*carefully premeditated*” and “was intended to disconcert his entourage and to force them to capitulate.” Hermann Rauschnig, who at the time he wrote his book apparently hated his former Master, did not have any reason to destroy, as he does with the stroke of a pen, the legend that aimed at discrediting him in the eyes of more than one level-headed man. Or rather, if he had a reason, this could be, despite everything, a remnant of intellectual honesty.

As for Rudolf Hess, the comedy of “amnesia” that he so masterfully played during the Nuremberg Tribunal misled the most informed psychiatrists. And the “normal” tone, sometimes even playful, of his letters to his wife and his son—which disconcerts the

reader from a man more than thirty years a prisoner—suffices to prove his *super*-humanity. Indeed, only an initiate can write, after three decades in a cell, in the light and detached manner of a husband and father traveling far from his family for three weeks. The Führer, according to all appearances, exceeded his Masters of the Thule Society (or anywhere else), and escaped the influence that some of them—one will never truly know *which*—would have liked to have on him. He had to do it, being sovereign, being one of the visages of He-who-returns.

And if abruptly the war took a bad course; if—what is at the very least disconcerting—the point of no return was Stalingrad, which, according to some, was even the site even of ancient Asgard, fortress of the Germanic Gods, it is undoubtedly because, for some hidden reason, it *had* to be so. And hadn't the young Adolf Hitler had that revelation under the night sky, at the top of Freienberg, at the gates of his beloved town of Linz, at sixteen years of age?

The immediate material cause, or rather the occasion of the fatal turning, had to be not a fault of strategy on behalf of the Führer—it is recognized that he was never mistaken in this field—but some stiffening, as sudden as it was unfortunate, in his attitude *vis-à-vis* the adversary. Siegfried, the superman, once showed such pride fraught with consequences by refusing—so as not to seem to yield to a threat and therefore to fear—to return to the Rhine maidens the Ring that belonged to them by right. This gesture would have saved Asgard and the Gods. The refusal of the hero precipitated its downfall. The new Siegfried, undoubtedly, also not to appear “weak,” although no challenge had been launched against him, refused to exploit, as he certainly could, the goodwill of the people of the Ukraine—*anti*-communists, aspiring to their autonomy—who had initially received his soldiers as liberators.

Did he do it knowingly, realizing that the loss of the war, written in the stars from all eternity, was a catastrophe necessary for Germany and the entire Aryan world that only the test of fire could one day purify? It is something only the gods know. The speed with which Germany has, since the first years of the post-war period, taken the bait of material prosperity without *any* ideals, shows how much, in spite of the enthusiasm of the large National Socialist gatherings, it was only incompletely freed from its comfortable humanitarian moralism and superficially armed against Jewish influence, as well as profound “politics,” i.e., exerted in the field of the values.

It remains true that, in his famous Testament, the Führer calls upon the Aryans—*all* the Aryans, including the non-German ones—“*of centuries to come*,” exhorting them “to keep their blood pure,” to fight the doctrines of subversion, in particular Communism, and to remain confident of themselves and invincibly attached to the aristocratic ideal for which he himself fought. The National Socialist *party* can be dissolved; the name of the Führer can be proscribed, the faithful hunted down, forced into silence, dispersed. But Hitlerism, nourished from the Source of super-human knowledge, cannot die.

It also remains true that the men of the *Ahnenerbe* were not *all*, after 1945, hung as “war criminals” or killed with a bullet in the dungeons or the concentration camps of the

victors. Some even seem to have enjoyed a strange immunity, as if a magic circle had surrounded them and protected them before the “judges” of the Nuremberg Tribunals. The section of the *Ahnenerbe* that dealt in particular with esoteric doctrines had, according to André Brissaud, “eminent collaborators in the persons of Friedrich Hielscher, Wolfram Sievers, Ernst Jünger, and even of . . . Martin Buber, the Jewish philosopher.”* (Why not, indeed, if this Jew had reached a high degree of knowledge in “pure metaphysics,” and was not politically active? Doesn't D.H. Lawrence write somewhere that “the flowers meet and mix their colors at the top”?) André Brissaud “does not know” if Friedrich Hielscher was a member of the *Thulegesellschaft*. He presumes it. But he knows that this senior SS officer “certainly played a great role in the secret, esoteric activity of the *Ahnenerbe*, and had a great influence on his disciple, Doctor Wolfram Sievers, *Standartenführer* SS and secretary-general of this Institute.” “At the time of the last trial in Nuremberg,” continues the historian of *The Black Order*, “Friedrich Hielscher, *who was not prosecuted*, testified in a curious manner: he made political diversions ‘to drown fish’ [to waste time] and made intentionally absurd racist remarks, *but did not say anything of the Ahnenerbe. Sievers too did not speak*. He listened to the evocation of his ‘crimes’ with an apparent detachment and heard himself condemned to death with total indifference. Hielscher obtained the Allies’ authorization to accompany Sievers to the gallows, and it was with him that the condemned said *the prayers particular to a cult about which he never spoke*, neither during interrogations, nor during his trial.”*

One cannot but wonder how many old SS members like Hielscher of some section of the *Ahnenerbe*—this guardian of the profound orthodoxy of Hitlerism, i.e., of the esoteric *knowledge* that constitutes the base of it—escaped the revenge of the victors and live still today on the surface of our Earth, it does not matter where. There is perhaps in Germany even that one circle that one does not know because they carry the *Tarnhelm* of divine Siegfried: the helmet that allows the warrior to appear in whatever form he pleases and even to make himself invisible. It would be even more interesting to know how many *young men* less than twenty-five years old are already affiliated, in absolute secrecy, with the fraternity of the knights of the Black Order, whose “honor is loyalty,” and are preparing, under the direction of the elders, to climb the levels of initiation—or are, perhaps, the first climbers of it.

No book like that of André Brissaud, or René Allau, or anyone, will ever provide, on this point, the curious with information which they only have to find and which, once in their possession, would risk being spread sooner or later through irresponsible chattering. For true disciples of the Führer, who did or did not meet him in the visible world, the existence of such a top secret, pan-European, even pan-Aryan network, is not in doubt anymore. The *raison d'être* of this invisible and quiet fraternity is precisely to preserve the core of more than human traditional knowledge—on which Hitlerism is centered, and which ensures its perennality. Sincere Hitlerists, but still without experience of initiation, will come there if the Masters, guardians of the faith, judge them worthy. But then they will not speak any more than Friedrich Hielscher or Wolfram Sievers, or so many others. “He who speaks does not know; he who knows does not speak,” said Lao-Tsu, whose wisdom remains intangible and whole, even if his country—most ancient China—rejects it today.

- Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier, *The Morning of the Magicians* (Paris: Gallimard, 1960), 326.
- André Brissaud, *Hitler and the Black Order*, 283.
- Brissaud, 285.
- Brissaud, 285.
- Brissaud, 283.
- Brissaud, 284.
- Brissaud, 111.
- The Prussians were still “pagans,” that is to say, faithful to their German gods, in the fourteenth century.
- René Guénon, *Fundamental Symbols of Sacred Science*, 89.
- René Guénon, *Fundamental Symbols of Sacred Science*, 90.
- Brissaud, 59.
- Born on 3 July 1856, died 1 August 1920. He was a Brahmin of Maharashtra, of the sub-caste of Chitpavan.
- Brissaud, 56-60.
- Brissaud, *ibid*.
- Klagges and Blume, *So ward das Reich*, page 15.
- René Guénon, *The King of the World*, page 13.
- Brissaud, 285.
- For example Arya Samaj, which has “Arya” in its name even though it too rejects the idea of a natural hierarchy of races.
- A practically unattainable book today.
- Mr. Paul Richard, her first husband, was called Alfassa. The “Mother,” still alive when these pages were written, died since then—in 1973—at 95 years of age.
- He had, at the beginning of the century, played a leading role in the anti-British “terrorist” movement of Bengal.
- *Crusade to Europe* is the title of the book of General Eisenhower on his campaign against Germany.
- In 1947 Gretar Fels, President of the Theosophical Society of Reykjavik, assured me that “Master Rajkoski” had “helped the Allies” to fight Nazism.
- It is the name of a young hero of Bengal, who gave his life for the independence of India.
- See first edition, 33, 34, 35.
- See first edition, 39.
- That is often still spelled “Midnapore.” City of Western Bengal.
- Madeleine Biardeau, *L’Indie*, “Small Planet” series.
- It is the subtitle of a book published *after* the war on the career of Field Marshall Rommel.
- Bhagavad-Gita, Song 2, verse 31.
- Rauschnig, 34.
- Rauschnig, 84.
- Frau Ilse Hess published two collections of letters of her captive husband: *London, Nuremberg, Spandau* and *Prisoner of Peace*.
- Brissaud, 285.
- In *The Plumed Serpent*.
- Brissaud, 285.
- Brissaud, 285-96.

Chapter XI - Incurable Decadence



“No longer giant, similar to the Spirits, proud and free,
And always indomitable, if not victorious;
But servile, crawling, crafty, cowardly, envious,
Frozen flesh where nothing stirs or trembles any more,
Man will swarm anew under the skies.”
—Leconte de Lisle (“Cain,” *Barbaric Poems*)

The perennality of Hitlerism as an expression of *the* eternal, more-than-human Tradition—in particular of the Germanic form of this Tradition—adapted to our time, does not at all, however, mean the resurgence, in the more or less near future, *of the new civilization* which was taking shape within the framework of the Third Reich. As I tried to show in another study, all the religious or political (or both religious and political) leaders who act against decadence, against the false values inseparable from the puerile over-estimation of “man,” fail in the long run, even when they appear to succeed—for decadence is *the* very direction of Time, against which no one should expect, during a cycle, to remain *victorious* forever.

If, despite everything, they managed to found a civilization attached by its guiding principles to some particular form of the Tradition, they achieved this at the price of certain essential compromises on the *exoteric* level, which ensured the permanent

enthusiasm of the crowd to them, the consequence of spectacular success. A legislation based on their teaching still governs States, if not continents, centuries after their deaths. And although their work is exhausted and falls apart all the more quickly the further they pass from the promoters of “rectifications”; although, if they could “return,” they would hardly recognize their creation in what, in the course of Time, became of the civilizations they had founded, they left something visible; something pitifully ossified—sometimes even degenerate—but, at least, of historical importance.

As for the others, whose creation against the directing tendencies of their times ends with them: that happens when the inspired leaders refuse the compromises which, more and more as the ages pass, are the indispensable conditions of success in this world. But that also happens every time such leaders live and act in a “condemned” time, i.e., in a time when *no* “rectification” of any size (and any duration) is possible any longer—*no matter what the value and the skill of those who undertake it.*

Only then is Kalki—the *last* of the avatars of Vishnu, or whatever name the men who are attached to the various expressions of the single Tradition like to call him—assured of “success” in a combat against the current of Time. And this success will then be total, consisting of nothing less than the absolute reversal of the values which characterize the end of a world and the birth of a world that is unknown and had been for a very a long time unthinkable. Accompanied by destruction without precedent, it will mean the end of the present cycle—the end of the Dark Age in which nothing good can arise any longer; the end of this accursed humanity, and the appearance of conditions of life and means of expression like those of every Golden Age.

The leaders who carried out, or who will carry out, some phase of the eternal fight “against Time” *after the point* when the last great rectification would have still been possible—after what Virgil Gheorghiu calls “the Twenty-fifth hour”—have not and could not leave anything behind them in this visible and tangible world, apart from a handful of clandestine disciples. And those do not have, and will not have, anything to hope for—save the arrival of Kalki; or the Saoshyant of the Zoroastrians, the Maitreya Buddha of the Buddhists, the glorious and militant Christ whom the Christians await at the “Second Coming”; the Mahdi of the Muslims; the immortal Emperor of the Germans, surging forth, armed, from his enigmatic Cave at the head of his avenging Knights. He who returns for the last time during our cycle bears many names. But He is the Same, under each of them.

Yet one recognizes Him by his actions, i.e., his victory over all opposition, followed by the dazzling dawn of the following cycle: a new *Satya Yuga*, or Age of Truth. The defeat in this world of a Leader who fought against universal decadence, thus against the very direction of Time, is enough to prove that this Leader, however great he was, was not *Him*. It could certainly well be Him *in his essence*: the eternal Savior, not of “man” but of the Life, “returns” innumerable times. But it was certainly not Him in the ultimate form in which He must reappear at the *end* of any cycle. *Adolf Hitler was not Kalki*—although *he was* the same, essentially speaking, as the ancient Rama Chandra, or the *historical* Krishna, or Siegfried, or the Prophet Mohammed, the Leader of a true “holy war” (i.e., of a ceaseless combat against the Forces of disintegration;

against the Forces of the abyss). He was, like every great Combatant against the current of Time, a Precursor of Kalki. He was—always *in his essence*—the Emperor of the Cave. In him, the Emperor reappeared, intensely awakened, and armed, as he had reappeared already under the figures of various great German leaders, in particular Frederic II of Prussia, whom Adolf Hitler venerated so much. *But he was not his last and definitive reappearance in this cycle.*

In one case as in the other, he had awakened to the sound of the distress of his people. Carried by the enthusiasm of action, he and his faithful barons dashed a few steps out of the Cave. Then they had returned to the shade, Omniscient Ravens having told him that it was not, in spite of impressive signs, “yet the hour.” Frederic II founded the Prussian Old Lodge, thanks to which a more-than-human truth had, after him, continued to be transmitted to some generations of initiates. Adolf Hitler left his admirable Testament, in which he too exhorts the best to keep their blood pure, to resist the invasion of error and lies—of the *counter-Tradition—and to wait.*

He knew that the “twenty-fifth hour” had sounded—and for a long time. He had, at sixteen, as I pointed out, an anticipatory vision of his own combat, materially vain, but nevertheless wholly necessary.

As a German, as an Aryan, as a man conscious of the excellence of the Aryan race, independent of the fact that he was himself an integral part, he wanted ardently to overcome the world united against him and his people. He directed of all his forces, all his genius, towards the construction of a *durable* superior society, a visible reflection of the cosmic order; towards the Reich of his dreams. There he strove against any hope, any reason, in an immense effort to stop at all costs the levelling, the stultification, the disfigurement of the most beautiful and most gifted variety of men; to prevent and prevent forever its reduction to the state of a *mass* without race and character. And he fought, with all the bitterness of an artist, against the shameless destruction of the living and beautiful natural environment, in which he saw, rightly, an increasingly obvious sign of the imminent victory of the Forces of disintegration. His irrational confidence in a salvation *in extremis*, thanks to “the secret weapon”; his feverish waiting, under Berlin in flames, for the arrival of “the army of General Wenck,” which for a long time had ceased to exist, recall—in a dramatic absurdity that Christians can contemplate—the attitude of Christ at Gethsemani—praying to have removed from his lips the chalice of suffering which he had, however, come to drink to the dregs.

Adolf Hitler—inasmuch as he was a combatant *against* Time, whose kingdom, if it belonged to the eternal, was *also* “of this world”—clung until the end to the illusion of a total victory and, despite everything, of an immediate rectification. He clung to them, I repeat, as a German and as a man. *As an initiate*, he knew that it was only an illusion; that it was “too late”—already in 1920. He had *seen* it, in that extraordinary night at the top of Freienberg, in 1905. And the true Leaders of the “Black Order”—in particular those of the *Ahnenerbe*—educated like him about the inevitable, conscious like him of the destiny of the cycle close to its end—prepared, already *before 1945*, the clandestine survival of the *essential*, beyond the collapse of National Socialist Germany.

And we who follow them and follow *him*, also know that there will be never be a Hitlerian civilization.

No, hope no more to see us again,
Sacred walls that could not preserve my Hector.

I remember this verse that Racine puts in the mouth of Andromache, in scene IV of the first act of his tragedy of this name. And I think that the imposing processions to the rhythm of the *Horst Wessel Lied*, under the folds of the red, white, and black swastika standard, and all this glory that was the Third German Reich, the core of a pan-Aryan Empire, are as irrevocably *past* as the splendors of glorious Troy; also “past” and also immortal, because one day Legend will recreate them, when epic poetry is again a collective need.



He who returns age after age, at the same time destroying and preserving, will again appear at the end of our cycle in order to inaugurate with the best the Golden Age of the following cycle. As I recalled in these pages, Adolf Hitler awaited Him. He said to Hans Grimm, in 1928: “I know that I am not He who must come”—i.e., the *last* and only completely victorious one of the Men against Time of our cycle. “I undertake only the task of the most urgent preparation (*die dringlichste Vorarbeit*), because no one else is there to take charge.”

One incommensurably *harder* than he will accomplish the final task—the task of rectification—on the ruins of a humanity that believed all was permitted because it is endowed with a brain capable of calculations, and which largely deserved its fall and its loss.

What does it mean to speak of the irrevocable impossibility of “rectification,” in the sense in which a devotee of the cyclic theory of History—such as, in India, the first ranks of orthodox Hindus; such as, in the West, a Rene Guénon or a Julius Evola—would understand this idea? They would say—and there it is almost a “self-evident truth”—that the continuation of the course of events and currents of thought, and of the evolution of the human and not-human world, such as we know it since there is a history, i.e., since with aid of traces and documents, we are able to construct for ourselves an idea, as non-arbitrary as possible, of the past.

We can hardly go back beyond a few millennia if we want to stick to history itself, i.e., to a more or less *explainable* human past. We are just able to throw a glance back a few tens of millennia, on the basis of art objects, mysteriously preserved, of which we know neither the significance nor the use, but we nevertheless admire the obvious perfection. I saw, a few years ago, in the small museum of the chateau of Foix, a statuette of flint of such modelling and of such expression that none of the masterworks of Tangara exceeds it in beauty. The anonymous sculptor who left this wonder, lived, the guide told me, “some thirty thousand years ago.” What did he want to make while undoubtedly spending several years of his life to give a soul to this unimportant fragment of the hardest stone there is? Did he want to represent a divinity: to create a concrete form which helped him and others to concentrate their minds, the first step towards the “realization” of the Unthinkable? Did he want to immortalize a beloved face? To attract in a point scattered forces—and which—with a definite aim—and which?

Only the men who really live “in the eternal” and who can, through a created object, come into effective contact with its creator, who is always present for them, could say. I cannot say. But I know the profound impression that this statuette left in me: the impression of a forbidden world, separated from ours by some impenetrable veil and of a *quality* much higher than ours; of a world where “the average man”—the simple craftsman—was how much closer to that hidden Reality than the greatest of our relatively recent artists (without speaking, of course, of all the producers of “modern art”!).

Thirty thousand years! In perpetuity without beginning or end, it was yesterday. Certain archeologists—of whom I cannot, in my ignorance, judge the exactitude or the error of their evaluations—allot ten times this age to the enigmatic cut and carved blocks of Tiahuanaco. Granting that they speak the truth, or that they are mistaken only by a few millennia, it was still yesterday. It is, beyond a certain distance into the past, difficult to distinguish the differences. That applies already to the very short period that represents a human life. As incredible as it may seem, my oldest clear memories relate to the time when I was between one-and-a-half and two years old. I remember very well, down to the furniture, the apartment in which my parents lived at that time. I easily revive the impression that certain curios made on me, and several episodes connected with the baby carriage in which my mother perambulated me. But these memories, which go back, let us say, to 1907, appear hardly older to me than those of the first film, *Quo Vadis?*, that I saw in April 1912, since it was preceded by the Newsreels of which one, the most important and the only one my memory retained, was none other than the famous

shipwreck of the Titanic. If I were to live several centuries, I would undoubtedly put “on the same plane” memories referring to my tenth and my fiftieth years (in the way that “pre-dynastic” Egypt and that of the Pharaoh Djoser appear to me, in the fog of time, almost contemporary).



Tiahuanaco, Bolivia

Thus all that I can say of the more or less remote milestones that scientists, specialists in prehistory, discover along the way traversed by creative men—we do not even know *which*—is that they evoke the whole of a past in which all that *counts* for me, and in particular the *beauty*, strangely surpasses the present that I see around me.

I was taught, as was everyone, that prehistoric man was “a barbarian,” of whom I would be afraid if, such as I am, I found myself, by the effect of some miracle, in his presence. I doubt it strongly, when I think of perfection of the craniums of the “Cro-Magnon race,” higher in capacity than those of the most beautiful and the most intelligent men of today. I doubt it when I remind myself of the extraordinary frescos of Lascaux or Altamira—the rigor of the design, the freshness and harmonious assemblage of the colors, the irresistible suggestion of movement—and especially when I compare them with those decadent paintings without contours, and what is more, without any relation to healthy visible *or* invisible reality, that the cultural authorities of Third Reich judged (with reason) appropriate exhibits for a “museum of horrors.” I doubt it when I remember that they did not find in these caves, and in others as well, any trace of blackening of the stone by any kind of smoke.



Cave paintings, Altamira, Spain

That would lead us to believe that the artists of twelve thousand years ago—or more—did not work either in the light of torches or of lamps with wicks. Thus what kind of artificial illumination did they have which allowed them to decorate the walls of caves as obscure as oubliettes? Or did they have, beyond us *and* our predecessors of the great ages of art, the *physical* superiority to be able *to see* in the thickest darkness, to the point that they could go there to play and to work *without* lighting? If it were so—as some (wrongly or rightly?) supposed—the normal reaction of a spirit prizing perfection, at least before *these* representatives of prehistory, should be not a retrospective fear, but an admiration without reserve.

To go back beyond any time in which the men who created art *and symbols* surely lived, would be to give an opinion in the old controversy of the biological origins of man. Can one, without entering the field of the pure hypothesis? Can one see, in the classifiable traces of a past of a million years and more, the “proofs” of any bodily filiation between certain primates of extinct species and “man”—or certain races of men—as Robert Ardrey made on the basis of the observations of an impressive number of paleontologists? The assumption that certain “Hominid” primates of extinct species, or even living ones, were rather specimens of very old degenerated human races, wouldn’t it explain just as well, if not better, the data of experience? Men of the quite inferior races of today, whom one wrongly calls “primitive,” are, on the contrary, the ossified remnants of civilizations which, in the twilight of the past, lost any contact with the living source of their ancient wisdom. They are what the “civilized” majority of today could well become if our cycle lasted long enough to give them time. Why could not the

“Hominid” primates as well be remnants of men, fallen survivors of completed cycles, rather than the representatives of human races “in gestation”? Not being myself either paleontologist or biologist, I prefer to remain apart from these discussions to which I could not bring any new valid argument. The scientific spirit prohibits one to speak about what one does not know.

To tell the truth, I know neither the age of the ruins of Tiahuanaco or of Machu Picchu, nor the secret of the transport and erection of monoliths of hundreds of tons; nor that of painting—and of *what* painting!—without torches and lamps, in caves where the it is as black as a furnace or a dungeon of the Middle Ages. But I know that the human beings who painted these frescos, raised these blocks, engraved in stone a calendarmore complex and more precise than our own, according to which one can give an approximate date to the civilization of Tiahuanaco, ranked above the men than I see around me—even those comrades in combat, before whom I feel so small.

They were our superiors, certainly not in the power, which all the moderns share, to obtain immediate results at will, merely by pressing buttons, but insofar as they could see, hear, smell, *know directly* both the visible world, near or distant, and the invisible world of Essences. They were closer than us, and the most remarkable of our predecessors of the most perfect “historical” civilizations, to this paradisiacal state that all the forms of the Tradition make, at the beginning of times, a privilege of not yet fallen man. If they were not—or were no *longer*—all sages, at least there lived among them proportionally many more initiates than even in our more remote Antiquity, more or less datable.

But that is not all. The visible world around them was infinitely *more beautiful* than what is spread out today—or was spread out already yesterday and the day before yesterday, in the vicinity of human agglomerations. It was more beautiful because there were then *few* men, and many animals, and trees, and immense inviolate spaces. There is no worse enemy of the beauty of the world than the unlimited proliferation of man. There is no worse enemy of the *quality* of man himself than this proliferation: It is necessary—one cannot repeat it too much—to choose between “quantity” and “quality.” The history of our cycle is—like that of *any cycle*—the history of an indefinitely prolonged combat between quality and quantity, until the victory of the latter: a victory complete but very short, since it coincides inevitably with the *end* of the cycle and the arrival of the Avenger, whom I call by his Sanskrit name: Kalki.

If I say that the heroic but practically vain attempt at “rectification” that Hitlerism represents is *the last*—beyond which any effort of whatever magnitude against the current of Time, is doomed to immediate failure—it is because I do not know, in the current world, any force able to stop universal decadence, in particular to pitilessly reduce the *number* of men while raising the *quality* of the survivors; none, i.e., apart from that sole champion of the Powers of Light and Life, fully victorious: Kalki. Despite all the power and all the prestige at his disposal, Adolf Hitler could not create—*recreate*—the conditions that were and remain essential to the blossoming of a Golden Age. He could not either supplant technology or reduce *in the whole world* the number of men to something on the order of a thousandth of what it is today, i.e., practically to what it was during the centuries that preceded our Dark Age.

It is possible and even probable that, *victorious*, he would have tried to do it, gradually. Still, it would have been necessary that his victory be complete, and on a scale not only European, but world-wide; and that there be on Earth no rival power able to thwart his work. But then he would have been Kalki Himself, and we would live today at the dawn of a new cycle. In fact, he needed technology and at least an increasingly numerous *German* population, to carry out, under the *current* conditions, his combat against the current of Time. If, like several of his great predecessors who left behind them new civilizations, he had, on the material plane, been partially successful, his work—for the sole reason that it would have been part of an epoch so near the end of the cycle—would hardly have lasted. Let us suppose that it would have deteriorated in a few years, given the sordid selfishness and stupidity of the immense majority of our contemporaries, even the better races. The most skilful cook cannot prepare an appetizing and healthy omelet with rotten eggs. As atrocious as this may seem to us, with its immediate and remote consequences, the military defeat of 1945 was still better than the rapid degeneration of a Hitlerian civilization that appeared too late: after the final end of the era of possible, even ephemeral, rectifications!



Willy Meller, *Schicksalsstunde* (Hour of Destiny)

There is, in the downfall of the Third German Reich, in the horror of the last days of the Führer and his final faithful followers in the Chancellery Bunker, under the blazing inferno which Berlin had become, a grandeur worthy of the tragedies of Aeschylus or the Wagnerian Tetralogy. The combat without hope and weakness of the superhuman hero

against inflexible Destiny—his destiny, and the world’s—replayed itself there, undoubtedly for the last time. *The next time*, it will be neither giants nor demigods, but wretched dwarves who will undergo the inevitable destruction: billions of dwarves, banal in their ugliness, without character, who will disappear before the Avenger like an anthill destroyed by a lava flow. In any case, whether or not we survive the painful childbirth of the new cycle, we will *not* be among these dwarves. The crucible of 1945 and especially of the post war years—the crucible, victoriously surmounted, of seductive prosperity—will have made us, some of us, what we are and remain. And in the howling of unchained power which will mark the end of all that we so cordially despise, we will greet with a shiver of ecstasy the Voice of divine revenge, whose triumph will be ours—even if we must perish.

Better that, a hundred times, than participation in universal degeneration under a title that is glorious, but more and more empty of any significance! That would undoubtedly have been our lot, if the victorious Reich had survived the “twenty-fifth hour.”

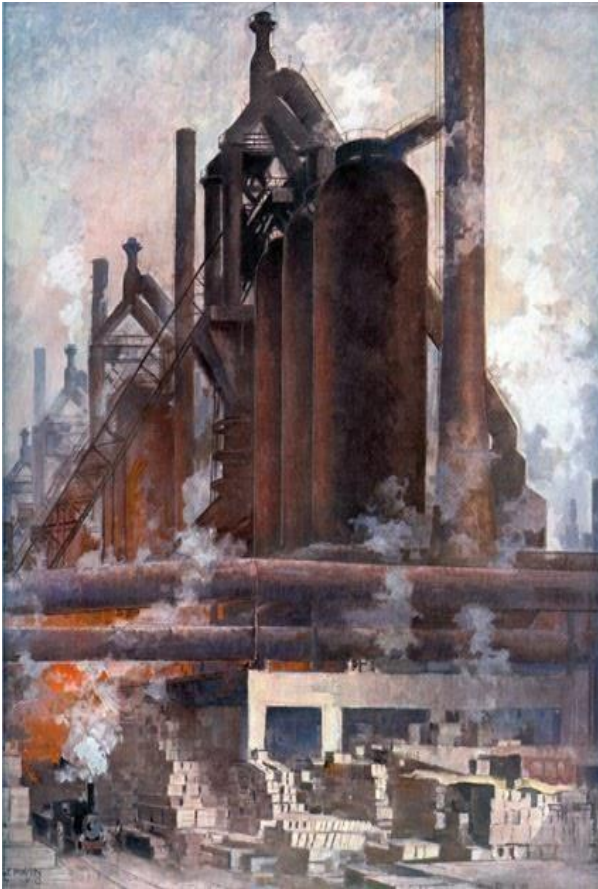
What, then, remains to be done by those who live *now*, devoted body and soul to our ideal of visible (and invisible) perfection on all planes? On a worldwide scale, or even national, *absolutely nothing*. It is too late. The “twenty-fifth hour” has sounded for too long a time.

On the individual scale, or at least “restricted,” there remains to preserve, insofar as it is still possible, the beauty of the world: human, animal, vegetable, inanimate; *all* beauty; to obstinately and efficiently preserve elite minorities; dedicatedly to defend them at all costs—*all* noble minorities, whether they be those of the Aryans of Europe, Asia, or America, conscious of the excellence of their common race; or of those splendid large felines threatened by extinction; or of those noble trees threatened by the atrocity of being uprooted by bulldozers in order to install, on their nourishing soil, invading multitudes of mammals with two legs, less beautiful and less innocent than they. It remains to take care and resist; and to aid *all* beautiful minorities attacked by the agents of chaos; to resist, even if that should delay only a few decades the disappearance of the last aristocrats among men, animals, or trees. There is nothing else that one can do, if not, perhaps, to curse in one’s heart, day and night, today’s humanity (apart from very rare exceptions), and to work with all one’s efforts for its destruction. There is nothing to do if not to take responsibility for the end of this cycle, at least by wishing it unceasingly, knowing that thought—and especially *directed* thought—is also a force, and that the invisible governs the visible.

You who are ours—sons and fathers of the Strong and Beautiful—look around you without prejudices and passion and say what you see! From one end of the Earth to the other, the Strong retreat before the weak armed with malicious ingenuity; the Beautiful, before the puny, the deformed, the ugly, armed with fraud; the healthy, before the sickly armed with the spoils of combat wrested away by the demons with whom they have made a pact. The giants yield ground to the dwarves, holders of divine power usurped by means of sacrilegious research. All that you see more clearly than ever since the disaster of 1945.

But do not believe that it only goes back to 1945. Certainly not! The collapse of the Third German Reich and the persecution of the Religion of the Strong, which since then prevails more relentlessly than ever, are only the consequences of a desperate fight, as old as the fall of man and the end of the “Age of Truth.” They are the recent phases of gradual and inexorable loss of ground, lasting for millennia, and is only *apparent* since our unfruitful effort to obstruct it.

Consider the trees. Among the Strong, they are the oldest. They are our elder brothers: old kings of Creation. For millions years, they alone possessed the Earth. And how beautiful was the Earth in the time when, aside from some giant insects and the life born amidst the oceans, it nourished only them!



Franz Gerwin, Hermann-Göring-Werke, Hochöfen im Bau

The Gods know what enthusiasm seized me, at the time of my return to Germany in 1953, at the sight of the reborn industries of the Ruhr basin! In each cloud of nitrogen peroxide that erupted in burning spirals from the rebuilt factory chimneys, I greeted a new and victorious challenge to the infamous Morgenthau plan. And yet . . . an image haunts and fascinates me: that of the Ruhr basin in the epoch when the future coal which, along with iron, creates wealth today, existed “in potency” in the form of forests without end of tree-sized ferns. I think I see them, these fifty-meter ferns, serried to infinity, one against another, rivals in force in their push towards the light and the sun. It grew dark between their innumerable trunks, for the canopy, always green, of their tangled leaves was thick. One humid night, heavy with the vapors arising from the warm blackish mud in which their roots plunged; one night which the wind, blowing through the gigantic fronds, filled with a harmonious wailing, or that the torrential rains filled with a dim. Everywhere one finds coal mines today, such forests then extended.

But there is, in my eyes, a more nostalgic image still. It is that of the forest of many beings, populated by variegated birds, reptiles magnificently marked with brown, pale yellow, amber, and ebony, and of mammals of every species—in particular the felines: the most beautiful living beings—the forest of the centuries and millennia that preceded the appearance of man on our planet, and the forest of times when man, not numerous, was not yet the harmful animal that he has since become. The domain of trees then extended almost everywhere. And it was *also the* domain of animals. It encompassed that of the oldest civilizations, which were also most beautiful. And man, to whom the dream of “dominating Nature” and reversing its balance to his profit would then have seemed absurd and sacrilegious, found normal his numerical inferiority. In one of its more suggestive poetic evocations of ancient India, Leconte de Lisle has one his characters say:

I know the narrow, mysterious paths
That lead the river to the nearby mountains.
Large tigers, striped and prowling by the hundred . . .

In the hot and humid forests on the banks of the Ganges (or of the Mekong), there were tigers, leopards, and elephants. In the north of Asia and Europe, there were aurochs and wolves by the thousand, by the million. The first hunters—the first herders, rivals of predators with four legs—killed some, certainly, in order to keep for themselves the flesh of the domesticated herds. But the forest without limits left others there. The natural balance between the species was not broken *yet* and was not to be for a long time. It was not yet the day when the forest—or the savanna—definitively retreated before man, where “civilization” encroached upon it without rest.

For centuries, however, man was destined to remain confined within extremely restricted areas. In Antiquity, in Egypt as well as in Assyria or Mesopotamia, in Syria, in North Africa, and Southern Europe, one encountered lions within a few kilometers of the cities. All the stories of the Ancients, from the Bible to the adventures of Androcles (how recent, in comparison!) report this. They hunted this cat, alas! And that is also stated abundantly by testimonies, written or carved. Personally, I have always—I, the

friend of felines—been outraged by reading the inscription which reports the success of the young Amenhotep III, who supposedly, in only one hunt, killed “one hundred and four” of these royal animals. And the famous bas reliefs of the Museum of Oxford which, with the alarming realism, the secret of which Assyrian art possesses to the highest degree, depict Assurnasirpal, and his party in tow, piercing with arrows a whole army of lions—of which some, their backs broken, twist and seem literally to howl in pain—inspire me to nothing less than a burning hatred of *man*.



And yet . . . I must admit that, at the dawn of the fourteenth century BC no more than during the ninth, this primate had still not become, on the scale it was soon to become, the plague of the living world. He hunted, it is true, just like other predators. And he had the arrow, which strikes from far, instead of the honest claw and tooth, that only reach up close. But he did not exterminate whole species, as he was destined to do later, unlike any other beast of prey. The forest, the savanna without end, the desert—the space which he *could not* fully occupy, and in which he was not able even to make his presence felt in a more or less permanent way—remained the free if not inviolate domains of non-human life. No civilization had yet monopolized, to the profit of “man,” all the territory on which it flowered. Egypt itself—whose people were, by far, the most prolific of Antiquity—kept, in addition to its luxuriant palm plantations, its fauna of lions, crocodiles, and hippopotamuses. And, what is more, thanks to its theriomorphic representations of the Divine, and thanks especially to the pious love with which it surrounded certain animals—such as the innumerable cats, nourished and cherished by the priestesses of the Goddess Bastet—it maintained with this fauna a bond of a subtler and stronger order, comparable with that which exists still today between the Hindu and the Cow, certain monkeys, and certain snakes, among other symbolic animals. It would have seemed to a superficial observer that, in spite of hunting, in spite of sacrifices, in spite of the vast use of wood in the construction of houses and ships alike, animal species and sylvan beings could count on an indefinitely prosperous future.

However, already at that relatively remote time, man had become “the only mammal of which numerical increase does not cease.” In other words, the balance which had been maintained so long between *all* living species, including man, was—for a several *centuries already*—broken in favor of the latter.

It is at the very least curious to note that this expansion, still slow, perhaps, *but from then on inexorable*, of the mammal with two legs, starts, according to the estimate of researchers, “around four thousand years before the Christian era,” i.e., according to Hindu tradition, a few centuries before the beginning of the Dark Age, or *Kali Yuga*, in which we live. This is not astonishing. The “Kali Yuga” is, *par excellence*, the age of universal and irremediable decadence, or rather, the age during which irremediable decadence, unperceivable at the dawn of the cycle, when relatively slow, accelerates until becoming, *at the end*, vertiginous. It is the age during which one witnesses more and more the inversion of eternal values in the life of the people, and in that of the increasing majority of individuals, and the persecution, increasingly keener (and more effective, alas!), of beings who live and want to continue to live according to these values: the human élite—élites of all traditional civilizations, who originally are always biological élites—and of the animal and vegetable world as a whole.

It is the age where, contrary to the primitive order, quantity has, more and more, precedence over quality; where the Aryan worthy of this name retreats before the masses of the lower races, more and more numerous, compact, and uniformly smeared with compulsory education. It is the age also, where, in addition, the king of the animals and, with him, all the aristocrats of the jungle, retreat before the average (and less than average) man—less beautiful than them, far less than them; definitely further from the perfect archetype of his species than they are from theirs.

It is not the triumph of man in the sense in which *we* understand the word, of this “god-man” who is sometimes mentioned in certain remarks of Adolf Hitler, such as those Rauschnig reported. This man died, most often in the uniform of the S.S, on all the battlefields of the Second World War, or in the dungeons of the victors of 1945, or hung on their gibbets. If he survives exceptionally—or if, born after the disaster, he breathes among us, adorned with youth—it is in the strictest clandestinity. He lives in a world which is not his, and which he knows will never become his, at least until the day when the sleeping Emperor—He-Who>Returns-Age-After-Age—will finally come forth from the shadows where he awaits and will remake the visible in the image of the eternal. Until this day, the superman, or at least the candidate for superhumanity, knows that he is and will remain “vanquished”—he who has no place anywhere; whose actions are in vain, heroic though they may be.

The man who reigns today—the victor of 1945 and, before him and with him, the winner in all the *decisive* conflicts of ideas of genuine world-importance—is *the insect man*. Innumerable, and more and more uniform, banal, despite all possible contortions to give himself an “original” air, and to believe it; irresistible by sole virtue of his proliferation without limits, he takes possession of the Earth at the cost of all beings that change relatively little, while he himself was degraded more and more quickly during this cycle, and particularly during the Dark Age.

It is still the verses of Leconte de Lisle—that nostalgic bard of all the beauties destroyed by the inexorable march of Time—that I remember when I think of “this little worm, weaker than the grass” of the ancient Forest, but strong because of the absolute power of his intelligence dedicated to the work of disintegration—to diabolical work (“the reverse” of the ideal order). The poet addresses himself to the Forest, which seemed to have lasted forever, and says to it :

Like a swarm of ants on a journey,
That one crushes and burns, yet still they march,
The floods will bring the king of the last days to you;
The destroyer of woods, the man with the pale face.

Words which are only too true, with this qualification that, if the “Whites” indeed were, until the middle of the twentieth century, the pitiless destroyers of the forests, like the fauna—those who massacred forty million bison in North America; and those who literally emptied North Africa and Western Asia of their lions, and India of the majority of its tigers and leopards—the “Blacks,” and the darkies of all shades, have, with a sinister enthusiasm, hastened to follow, and to continue, with the eagerness of neophytes, the war of “man” against trees and animals. They were put at the service of the “Whites”—not necessarily and not always Aryans—and have believed his lies, accepted his money, and assisted him in the work of destruction. They killed for him the elephants whose ivory he sold; hunted or trapped the big felines whose magnificent pelts he coveted. And completely internalizing the anthropocentrism recently learned in his schools, and quite proud to have at least some of his technologies, they continued the butchery after he himself had begun to weary of it; even after a tardy remorse—or a late realization of the meaning of his own self-interest—had encouraged him “to protect,” henceforth, the species threatened with extinction. It is *all* humanity that is guilty of usurping the Earth at the expense of the forest and its former inhabitants; all, except the few individuals or groups, always in the minority, who protested against it all their lives and proved, by all that they said, wrote, or did, that they have, in this war as odious as it is old and apparently interminable, clearly took the side of the animal and the tree, against man, of whatever race.

At the root of this unlimited usurpation is, undoubtedly, technology, which is, we would well admit, an expression—the most inferior, certainly, but an expression nevertheless—of Aryan genius. Even in the Roman era, when unfortunate wild beasts were captured by the hundreds and thousands, to be sent, sooner or later, to their deaths in the circuses, never did the massacre of African, Asiatic (and European) fauna reach the proportions it was destined to reach in our time, and already in the last century, thanks to modern methods of hunting, and in particular to firearms.

But technology in all its forms, including this one, developed only as an advantageous solution—sometimes the only *possible* solution—to problems of the survival of increasingly compact *masses* of men. It is only beyond a certain *numerical* limit that man, *of whatever race*, becomes a plague for all that lives on the earth that he inhabits, and, if he is of one of the lower races (generally, alas, the most fertile), a dangerous rival of the noblest race—a true plague, from all points of view.

The passage of the poem quoted above, reminds me of the title of a book published in France a few years ago—a cry of alarm at the idea that what will be, in a generation or two, the amplitude of human expansion on the surface of our unhappy planet: *Six billion insects*.

Six billion insects, i.e., six billion mammals with two legs, their practices and mentality more and more resembling termites, and.... no more, or almost no more, of the beautiful animals that decorated the Earth since the dawn of time! For man does not only kill wild beasts with his hands. There are those he condemns to death merely by removing their essential living space: the forest, savanna, even (in the case of the small half-wild beasts which are the cats), the ordinary vacant lots where their prey usually live.

Any forest, uprooted without pity by the bulldozer so that one can install on the ground it occupied a human agglomeration, certainly less *beautiful* than it, and generally of nearly zero cultural value, is a hymn to the glory of the eternal that disappears to make way for “cheap laughter, noises, cries of despair.” Much more: it is a habitat stolen from noble wild beasts—like squirrels, birds, reptiles, and other forms of life which perpetuated themselves there, *always in perfect balance in their relationships to others*. The action which supplants the forest for the profit of man—this insatiable parasite—is a crime against the universal Mother, whose respect should be the first duty of so-called “thinking” beings. And it is almost comforting, for those who really think and are not particularly enamored of the mammal with two legs, to see that the Mother reacts sometimes to this insult, appearing under her terrible aspect. One installs a thousand families on a levelled, weeded, asphalted site wrenched from the forest. And the following rainy season—the massacred trees no longer able to retain the water with their powerful roots—the rivers overflow, carrying away in their furious torrent ten times more people from the area and all the surrounding areas. The usurper is punished. But it teaches him nothing, alas, because he multiplies at a vertiginous rate, technology countering natural selection and preventing the elimination of the sick and weak. And he will continue to deforest, to submit at the expense of other beings.

But the wild beasts, birds of prey, and in general the animals that live free, are not the only victims of the unlimited expansion of man. The number of domestic animals itself—except those of the species that man raises especially to kill and eat, or to exploit them in one way or another—decreases quickly. The cause of this is the accursed technology that has modified human life in the heavily mechanized countries and removed the salutary restrictions to human proliferation provided, every few decades, by periodic epidemics.

I remember with nostalgia the beautiful cats that abounded, more than half a century ago, in the streets and houses of the good town of Lyons where I was born, and where I grew up. Rare then was the store where one did not see one of these felines sitting in the door, or comfortably stretched on the counter, or rolled in a ball in “its” basket, somewhere in a corner—well-nourished, loved, trusting, allowing itself to be caressed by the child I was. Rare was the family where one did not see one—unless they had a dog instead, also loved, cherished, happy (in general). The majority of the townsmen did not have holidays then; certainly not paid holidays. And of those who, perhaps, did have them, not *all* of them believed themselves obliged to pass them away from home. Or, if

they did go away, at least one member of the family remained to deal with the animals; or a neighbor, who did not leave the city, or an obliging concierge, took care of them. My parents had a cat since before my birth. And also as far back as I can remember, I can see myself passing my hand with delight over silky fur, warm and purring, while a beautiful velvet head rubbed against me, and two eyes of amber, half-closed, looked upon me with a total abandonment.

Today, in the same city, and in more and more of the others, the children who grow up in the daily company of beloved domestic animals, dogs or cats, are more and more rare. This raises the question: "What would we do with them at the time of the indispensable holidays? And what would we do with them if it is necessary to move to a building where we would not be allowed to have animals in the new apartment?" One no longer conceives of spending one's whole life in the same house, without annual holidays, without voyages, without changes. One prefers to do without familiar animals rather than car trips. Few people give up any travel because of love for the animals they took under their protection, if they cannot take them along and if they cannot find anybody to pay to take care of them. On the other hand, at the time of the annual rush of holiday makers out of the cities, one meets abandoned animals in the streets, along the roads, and even in the woods (sometimes *tethered* to tree trunks, and destined by this fact to die slowly of thirst and hunger); animals which, in their innocence, had trusted men and had given them unconditional love, and that these same men had, for a time, *seemed* to love: that they had nourished and cherished—and which they have, finally, ejected with a kick from their car, to go away, with a light heart, without responsibilities, without "embarrassment," to enjoy their leave; in fact, they never had loved.

If there is an immanent Justice, it is to be wished that such people perish of hunger and of thirst, abandoned, disavowed by all those in whose affections they believed, on some desert island or at the bottom of a dungeon. They, sometimes, are punished in an unexpected way, such as the man and woman whose punishment the *Journal* of the Animal Protective Society of Lyons reported without, however, publishing their names. Parents of a small boy of six, they had, in spite of the tears and supplications of this child, pushed out the door of their car the dog who had given them all his love, then had set out again at top speed, had arrived at their vacation resort, had settled into their hotel, and had gone to sleep without remorse. But serene Justice was watching over them. The following day, the two unworthy beings found their only son dead, in a pool of blood: he had opened his veins with the "Gilette" of his father. On the night table they found, written in the child's hand, some words: his verdict against them and all those who resemble them; to remember, day and night, the rest of their lives: "Papa and mamma are monsters. I cannot live with monsters!"

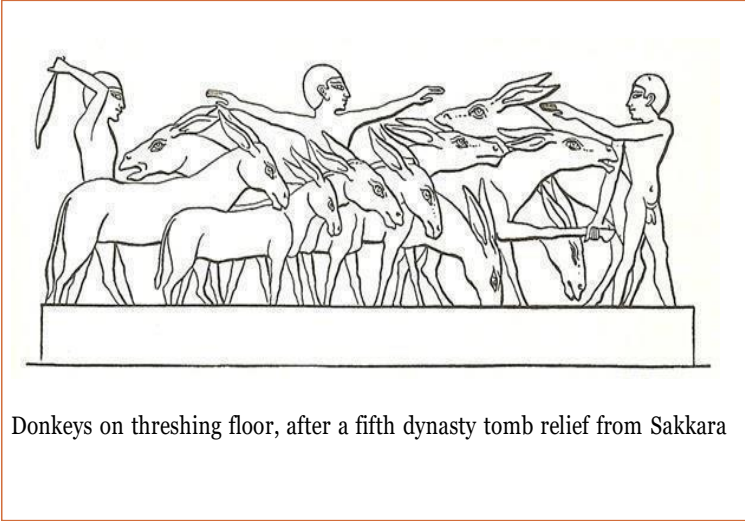
This act of heroism of a very young child could not, alas, return the unfortunate animal to the lost hearth. But it retains a symbolic value. It proclaims, in its tragic simplicity, that, in this world of the Dark Age almost at its end, where all belongs to man, and where man belongs more and more to the Forces of the abyss, it is better to die than to be born. It is connected, in its *essence*, and in spite of the entirely different circumstances that caused it, with all the glorious suicides motivated by an intense dislike of one's surroundings, at one time still respected if not admired; with the abrupt

revelation that the true villainy, that *all* villainy—in particular, all *treason*—is cowardice. It is connected with all similar acts of heroism—suicides *or*, sometimes, murders demanding even more despair even than suicide—moved by the awareness that the inevitable future, consequence of the present, can only be a hell.

I think, in particular, of the words that the sublime Magda Goebbels addressed to the aviatrix Hanna Reitsch, a few days before giving her six children a sleeping draught and then the poison that would spare them the horror of the post-war world: “They believe in Führer and Reich,” she said. “When those are no more, *they have no place at all in the world*. May Heaven give me the strength to kill them!”

In the world of which the Führer had dreamed, cowardice—and especially cowardice among people of the Aryan race—would have become unthinkable. The little boy whose death I related would there have been at home, because he only asked to live among people as noble as him (and undoubtedly as his ancestors). He would surely have sensed, in the Defender of eternal values—like him a friend of animals, and above all dogs—a leader worthy of his total allegiance. But the last attempt at rectification had failed, fifteen years before his birth. The world today, the post-war world, appeared to him in the person of his abominable parents. Because it is not only those who believed and still believe “in Führer and Reich,” but all “good and brave” characters, all the *Aryans* worthy of the name, who have no place there, and whom one meets there—as one might expect—less and less.

What is more, the old bonds of affection that so often used to bind a man with his horse, or his ox—his faithful companion in work—exist less and less. The French peasant, of whose attachment to his oxen Pierre Dupont sang not so long ago, now uses a tractor. The European peasant preceded, or follows, in this “progress.” The plowman of the “underdeveloped” countries will follow him sooner or later, thanks to the technical assistance of the U.S.A. or the Soviet Union, and intensive propaganda. The ox will be less and less used . . . unless as an animal to be butchered. The horse also—alas! Admittedly, the “good old days” allowed many cruelties. I remember clearly the indignation (and the hatred of man) that rose in me, as a child, at the sight of the brutality of certain carters, in the town as well as in the countryside. And venerable Antiquity—including Egyptian Antiquity, the most gentle, with that of India—left us some examples of scenes which do not have anything to envy in those which, between 1910 and 1920, caused, along with my impotent anger, the intervention, verbal and often also *legal* of my mother. Among other images of everyday life which cover the walls of an Egyptian tomb of the twenty-third century before Jesus Christ, there is one of a man beating an unlucky ass which, its long ears flattened back, its large eyes full of terror, seems to beg him. The twenty-eighth century BC: it was already the Dark Age, in spite of the science that made possible, *among the elite*, the still very recent construction of the Pyramids of Giza.



Donkeys on threshing floor, after a fifth dynasty tomb relief from Sakkara

Above I referred to the hunts of Antiquity and the bloody games of the Roman circuses, along with the vivisection (that I know of) practiced in the sixth century before the Christian era, under the inclination of the “scientific curiosity” of certain Greeks. And the world did not go, as a whole, throughout this cycle (like the *whole* cycle) from bad to worse. One could, apart from the great misery of the asses and the dogs in the countries of the East, and in particular in the Moslem countries—misery which lasts today—evoke the horrible treatment inflicted upon cats, and especially *black* cats, in Western Europe, from the Middle Ages until eighteenth or even nineteenth century—long practiced abominations without names, of which the effect in the invisible was, perhaps, to make the continent *collectively responsible*, unworthy of all “rectification” during this cycle—in particular, unworthy of Hitlerism, which could have delayed, for a few decades, the degeneration. One could also point out the recrudescence of vivisection which coincides with the revival of the interest in experimental sciences in the sixteenth, and especially the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries *and* since.

Ill fortune has willed that this infamy—which in the last century and nowadays grew to alarming proportions among people rotten with anthropocentrism, Christian as well as rationalist—has spread, at precisely the same time as this anthropocentric attitude, in all the countries politically *or morally* colonized (or in *both* manners) by the European Occident, or the American, i.e., practically encompassing the whole earth.

To cite only one example, but one of great significance, the Indian Government—democratic and humane, as it must be in a world dominated by the victors of 1945—in the last few years, encouraged the export of thousands of monkeys, knowing full well that they would be subjected to criminal experiments (which it regarded, undoubtedly, as “credible” because made “in the interest of science,” therefore of “man”).

And even on Indian soil, since the aforementioned “independence” of the country, as in the time of the English, various research centers exist and multiply, in particular for research against cancer, in the laboratories of which the same horrors take place as in

those of Paris, London, Chicago, or Moscow. And in the large cities, stray dogs, considered “useless” by the neophytes of anthropocentrism, die in atrocious suffering, systematically poisoned with strychnine, as I saw some dying in Greece in 1970. (And what to say of the treatment of the dogs of Constantinople, the most brutally collected in the world—with the lasso; with pincers—and thrown on a deserted island in the Sea of Marmara to die of hunger and thirst, by order of the “Young Turk” government a few months after its accession to power, in 1908?..).

However, despite all these horrors and many more, there still existed, a few decades ago, a very powerful bond between a number of human beings and *their* domestic animals: dogs or cats (in Western Europe, at the beginning of this century); war and racehorses; plow oxen and buffaloes. The attachment of the Arab to his horse or his camel was proverbial. The progressive mechanization of the world is today breaking this bond, in all lands.

On my return to India in 1971, it was for me a great joy to see again, in the countryside flooded by monsoon rains, so many good, large buffaloes, *well nourished*, plunged with delight to the muzzle in the innumerable ponds, and ruminating peacefully.



Water buffalo in their element, near the Jal Mahal, Jaipur

There were, and still are, thousands. But *until when?* Until—like horses and oxen elsewhere—tractors replace them. And the tractors will replace them without fail, if increasingly vast extents of fertile ground must be—in India as everywhere—stripped of their forests to nourish a soaring population—*doubling* every thirty years.

The proliferation of man is, as I have repeated, the root of the mechanization of life—an unthinkable process, because perfectly superfluous, in a population as thin as it still was a few millennia ago. In addition, medical technology, put in the service of rampant anthropocentrism, contributes more and more to the proliferation of man while acting *against* natural selection. It is a vicious circle, which is necessary to break at all costs. We were and we are, we, the Aryan racists, enthusiasts of Adolf Hitler, *the only human beings to seriously want to break it by again giving free reign to the salvation of natural selection*. But the “twenty-fifth hour” having apparently already sounded many years, if not centuries, before 1933, we could not keep power and win the war. And the process of gradual degradation of man, at the same time as the extermination of the noblest animals and the destruction of the forests—the process of the desecration and disfigurement of the Earth—continue. It can *only* continue, in view of the mental attitude of the men currently in power.

¶ In *The Lightning and the Sun*, a book completed at the beginning of 1956, and published in Calcutta in 1958.

¶ The “*Deutera Parousia*” of which the Greek Orthodox Church speaks.

¶ Tanagra is an ancient Greek city state in Bœotia noted for the beauty of the terra cotta statuettes, primarily of women and children, found in its tombs—Ed.

¶ “The great king of the IIIrd Dynasty” (H. R. Hall, *Ancient History of the Near East*, 9th edition).

¶ Paintings of the caves of Lascaux date from the “*Middle Magdalenian*” period (Larousse). [The Magdalenian culture spanned roughly from 16,000 to 9,500 BC, and the Middle Magdalenian period commenced around 12,500 BC.—Ed.]

¶ Leconte de Lisle, “Çunacépa” (*Ancient Poems*).

¶ These cats were mummified after their deaths. Hundreds of thousands have been founded in the necropolises where they had been deposited.

¶ “. . . *der einzige Säuger, der sich in ständiger Vermehrung befindet*” (*Tier*, vol. 11, no. 5, p. 44. Article: “Die Überbevölkerung droht als nahe Weltkatastrophe” [“Overpopulation threatens the Next World-Catastrophe”]).

¶ “Die Überbevölkerung droht als nahe Weltkatastrophe,” p. 44.

¶ Leconte de Lisle, “The Virgin Forest” (*Barbaric Poems*).

¶ Leconte de Lisle, “The Virgin Forest.”

¶ . . . and American. It is impossible, here, not to refer to the massacre of the seals—in particular of *baby* seals—so atrocious that a number of our contemporaries themselves have become indignant.

¶ Leconte de Lisle, “The Virgin Forest.”

¶ I, however, know of some who did it.

¶ One discovered, few years ago, several *thousands* of dogs thus given up in the forest of Fontainebleau.

¶ One remembers the well-known song: “I have two large oxen in my stable, two large white oxen, marked with red . . . “

¶ See the books of Doctor Fernand Méry, *Sa Majesté le Chat (His Majesty the Cat)* and *Le Chat (The Cat)*, in which it is recalled that unfortunate animals known as “diabolic” were “crucified, skinned alive, thrown howling into blazing infernos.”

¶ Today, in 1976, the dogs of Delhi without collar and tag are electrocuted—or sent to the All India Institute of Medical Sciences to serve as objects of experimentation. This year the municipality has in this way removed more than thirty thousand.

¶ It is interesting to recall that the three principal members of the “Young Turk” government—Enver Pasha, Talat Pasha, and Essad Pasha—were in origin three *Jews* whose families had been “converted” to Islam.

Chapter XII - The Call of the End



“And you, divine Death, where all returns and is erased,
Gather your children to your starry breast,
Free us from Time, Number, and Space,
And return to us the repose that life has disturbed.”

—Leconte de Lisle (“Dies Irae” [Day of Wrath], Ancient Poems)

It is appropriate to repeat—and to insist on the fact—that the proliferation of man not only threatens slow but sure extinction of the big cats, true masterworks of Creation, the elephants and other noble herbivores, and the holy forests themselves, but also the most beautiful and the most gifted of the human races, in particular the one that interests us above all others, our own Aryan race. That is inevitable, at least without timely intervention to the contrary by legislators, supported if need be by force. That is inevitable, I say, for the simple reason that the lower races are, by nature, definitely more prolific. (It is the same with the various species of four-legged mammals: mice and rats multiply how much more quickly than lions and tigers!)

It is clear that a racial élite can continue only by keeping its blood pure. And it is clear that, even then, it cannot continue to play its natural role, which is to rule, on the political level as well as in all other domains, unless it forms part of a civilization which, contrary to the Democracies to today, “popular” as well as plutocratic, rejects any idea of priority granted to the greatest number. As soon as one accepts the principle of universal suffrage—one man, one vote *whatever the man*—as soon as one attributes to *every* man (no matter which race, be it the least beautiful or the least gifted, no matter even the level of personal degradation) an immense “value,” superior, by mere fact of being “a man,” to the noblest animal or tree, *one endangers the human élite*.

And the threat of impotence, deterioration, and finally death weighs on it all the more—is all the more alarming and imminent—since preventive sanitary technologies more effectively impede infant mortality and epidemics of all kinds from taking their toll on the weak of any race and holding in check the tendency of the lower races to breed like rodents. Because if nothing is done to slow down at all costs the rate of reproduction of those races, and if, in addition, one imposes or permits a higher and higher minimum level of education for them, it will automatically be *they* who will have the last word in a world governed by “the majority” of humans—or, rather, some demagogues without race and without faith, skilled at manipulation, and, behind those—the international Jew. Because it is he—the eternal enemy of any racism (except his own)—who is able, by spending a fortune, to create or remove the most varied demagogies.

In India, this process has already followed its course for decades, even for a century, since the moment when, themselves victims of the false belief in the “value of *every* man,” the British believed it their duty, not only to Indianize their administrative services, but to Indianize *from the bottom*, by giving more and more advantages to the inferior castes (i.e., races) of India at the expense of the Aryan castes. It is the English, and them alone—I never cease repeating it—who are directly responsible for the accelerated decadence of this vast country, not by “exploiting” it economically to excess, but *by infecting its future leaders with their democratic and humanitarian ideas*.

They are responsible for it in two ways. Initially, they installed hospitals everywhere, with their dispensaries, doctors, and medical research laboratories. They inaugurated, on a vast scale, combat against epidemics and, above all, against infant mortality—against the quick elimination of the weak—and, by all means, encouraged the Indians to continue this after their departure. And then, while as a consequence of this, the population increased at an alarming rate (it *doubles* every thirty years!) they applied to its enormous masses—*of different races, but, in increasing majority, of inferior races*—the same democratic principles which did not cease infecting Europe since 1789.

They trained in their schools the Indians (Hindus of all castes but, more and more, of lower castes; Mohammedans, Christians) to whom they transferred the burden of power, initially under their colonial aegis, then without restrictions upon the “independence” that followed their departure. They introduced—imposed—the vote for all; they gave, as a voter, the same importance (if small it be) to the savage Kouki of Assam, to the Naga, Sandal, and Gund, as to the Brahmin with the fairest complexion and harmonious features, the blood brother of the best Europeans, and more cultivated than many of them. They chose to succeed them the Indians—educated in their schools—who were psychologically dead to the racist spirit of the Hindu Tradition and sure to continue their work of disintegration.

These Indians there now do the impossible for the promotion of the masses of lower races, increasingly more dense, more teeming, more invasive thanks to the retreat of mortality. They established legislation that gives everywhere, from the start, the majority of positions to the members of these masses as soon as they assimilate a minimum of literacy. The result is generalized disorder; incredible incompetence at all levels: a telegram sent “express” from Delhi takes four days to reach Jammu; the buses of Delhi depart at the convenience of the driver and arrive when they can, etc., etc. Another result is corruption at all levels, in all services. But that matters little.

What is essential is that now one says, abroad, “India” instead of “the Indies” and thus was born the illusion of an Indian “nation.” What is essential is that this “nation,” or rather this State—which the spirit of the degenerate, Judaized, humane, and pacifist British continues in fact to govern—is a *Democracy* and, what is more, a “secular” Democracy without official religion (because it refuses this title to immemorial Hinduism), even against any traditional religion, in the manner of the France of Emile Combes; a State in which, some dare to hope, the cult of Science and Humanity—of Science applied to the well-being and “happiness” of “all men,” will more and more replace the worship of the ancient Gods, according to the superannuated dreams of Auguste Comte. What is essential is that this State is a multiracial Democracy, in which all shades of lower humanity are in open or concealed, noisy or quiet, revolt against the few million Brahmins and Kshatriyas—even against those of them (as is case of so many Brahmins of the *South*)

the ancestors of whom were originally granted the privileges and honors of the caste because of their extraordinary merits, *without* them being Aryan in *race*.

It is fortunate that in India the masses are profoundly conservative and gifted with an uncommon force of inertia. It is not impossible that, by sheer indifference, and without even vaguely realizing what they are doing, they resist successfully all pressures exerted on them to tear them away from Tradition, or what they have retained of it. They will resist perhaps even literacy—I wish to speak of the harmful effects that this has so often had on trustful and credulous populations of traditional civilizations. They will not inevitably lose faith in their gods and in everything in their way of life that they think attaches them, near or far, to the divine order.

I have, in these pages, alluded to the worship of Viswakarma that I saw practiced in 1958 by the factory workers of Joda, in Orissa. It is not impossible that, for a long time to come, even up to the end of this Dark Age—and not only in Joda, but in the vast, more and more industrialized agglomerations—the “hard-working masses” of India will continue to ritually bedeck with scarlet flowers—once a year, in honor of the Cosmic Workman—the monsters of steel and complex wheels which help them to “produce” always more. No Government, apparently, would object.

Besides, governmental objections little disturb the Indian masses, even workers (even more so peasants). One of the first gestures of the first Government of “independent India” was “to remove the caste system” and open the temples to the Untouchables—those whom it is good form to call, following to the expression invented by Gandhi, “Harijans” or “People of God”—as if *all living things* did not participate, more or less, in the divinity of Reality in itself, in the Hindu view of the world.

However, since my return to India in June 1971, I myself have observed that, on the whole, caste has no less meaning in the eyes of Hindus and no less importance in their lives than forty years ago. It is enough to convince some to open any large or small daily newspaper and to read the matrimonial advertisements. One finds there, for pages, sentences like this one: “Wanted: young Agarwala man” (it is a sub-caste of Vaishyas of the United Provinces) “for beautiful girl, seventeen years old, of the same sub-caste; good housewife and equipped well”; or “Wanted: young Saraswati Brahmin girl” (it is a sub-caste of Brahmins of Maharashtra) “for young man of same sub-caste, back from Europe, with brilliant prospects. Would like dowry in proportion”; or even: “Wanted: Brahmin girl of Chitpavan sub-caste” (also a community of Maharashtra) “Young, pretty, *of robust health and fair complexion*, versed in domestic arts, for young Brahmin of the same community, with fine features and a fair complexion, with prospective employment. *The dowry can be small, if the girl is beautiful, of fair complexion; and if she is from an orthodox family*” (i.e., faithful to the tradition). Could one not say in particular that the author of this last advertisement is “one of us”? And yet . . . He simply wrote as Hindu deeply attached to

his ancient tradition. But it is true that *the Tradition is the same*. This Brahmin of 1971 has, without knowing it, a longing for immemorial Hyperborea. And there are, in India, millions like him.

Advertisements, similar to those that I have just quoted, *cover whole pages*. One finds also, of course, from time to time, the request of some father (or brother) with “broad” ideas (i.e., strongly influenced by foreign propaganda) in which it is specified that “caste does not matter.” There were already forty years ago such advertisements—one in a hundred—in the daily newspapers of the large cities. They emanated, for the most part, from “Brahmo Samajis.” The mentality they reflect is unknown in the villages of India, where ninety-five percent of the population lives.

As for the immense mass of the “Harijans,” the Government in vain opens wide the doors of the temples to them, but they do not care to enter. They know that it is against custom and that custom is sacred, whereas the Government is not. They continue to keep away as in the past.

Despite everything, the poison of the *Anti-Tradition*, the virus of a new mentality that is anti-racist and above all anti-Aryan—opposed to that which governed Hindu life for sixty centuries—was injected into the heart of a growing number of *young people* of both sexes and *all castes*. It was injected already during the time of the English, and, as I have so often repeated, by the English themselves, their professors as well as by their missionaries—or by the Jews of the high degrees of Masonry who agitate behind and through them, generally without their knowledge. It may be that Hindu civilization resists it even to the end of this last age of our Cycle. It may be that in the long run, it ceases to resist and succumbs. It all depends how long our cycle must still last—and especially on the speed of proliferation of the non-Aryan Hindu castes.

Their revolt,² which is felt today everywhere among their *educated* members, is, and will continue to be in a multiracial “democracy,” directly proportional to their numerical increase, i.e., to the success of preventive hygiene measures and treatments which favor them. The current Indian Government, with the deeply anthropocentric views inherited from the humanitarian if not Christian West, can only continue to apply such measures, the suppression of which would seem to them “monstrous,” pure and simple.

The Aryan Indian, certainly, will remain in India. But he will have (like Aryans everywhere where they multiply alongside the populations of lower races enjoying “rights” equal to his) *less and less power*. The democratic system, if it is not eventually destroyed by violence, will prevent him from acting, even from affirming himself in speech and in books.

It would thus be necessary that, with immense and irresistible impetus against the current of the Dark Age, India repudiate democracy and anthropocentrism and revert to living in the atmosphere of the ancient racism of hierarchized castes—the Aryan, the Brahmin and Kshatriya, at the top, having all temporal power *and* spiritual authority, that which rules and that which legitimates. But if, as all would believe, the “twenty-fifth hour” has truly sounded, no one before Kalki Himself can raise and guide such a force. That which our beloved Führer, Precursor of Kalki, succeeded in doing amidst a Nordic majority, with the collaboration of more than one million S.S. combatants, élite warriors and worldly mystics, completely devoted to the Aryan cause, nobody else will succeed in doing under equivalent conditions; nobody, except Kalki, the last “man against Time” who will close the cycle.

* * *

And what I say about the retreat of the Aryans is not confined to India. It is an observable fact in any country with a multiracial population in which the State is opposed to promoting superior ethnic elements, instead of encouraging them at all costs and by all means. It is, in particular, an obvious fact in any country with a multiracial population in which the State clings to a democratic regime, where power lies with the majority. It is a fact which, by an ironic turn of events, threatens more and more to impose itself even in Great Britain, as an increasing multitude of non-Aryans of the most various races, and people without any race, invades (peacefully) its territory and multiplies there.

Barred from visiting England since my participation in the Hitlerian camp in the Cotswolds in August 1962, I cannot, unfortunately, give here the results of any recent personal observations. I can, however, affirm that the situation created there more than nine years ago by the presence on British soil of nearly two million Africans, Jamaicans, and Pakistanis—not to mention the Jews who arrived since 1933—was *already* alarming, if not tragic. And according to what I have been able to learn, since then conditions have gotten worse, no measures having been taken to expel of *all* these foreign elements.

Well they have, it appears, tried—or made a pretense of trying—to exert a somewhat more rigorous control on the entry of these Commonwealth subjects into England. But that is not the solution to the problem. Non-Aryans, and especially Africans and Jamaicans (the latter, originally, African Negroes), *multiply at a rate nine times faster than the Aryan average* in Europe. Thus it is clear that it would surely not be sufficient to prohibit all new immigration to stop the danger that threatens *the very substance* of Great Britain.

But suppose that *not even one* non-Aryan, Negro, or Jew, or Indian Sudra converted a relatively long time ago to Islam (because these, in general, are the “Pakistanis”) disembarks or lands in England from today, even to stay temporarily. That would not change practically anything in the situation *in the long run*, i.e., that which constitutes

already the tragedy of the racial problem in the country that foolishly took up arms to fight Hitlerian racism. It would change nothing because, I repeat, the non-Aryan immigrants already installed in England—who work there, live there with their families, who, for the most part, have acquired citizenship—*multiply much more quickly than the English*, because the advantages, in particular the medical advantages, that are lavished upon them do nothing but support their increase in population. All *new* immigration being, let us suppose, prohibited, the numerical proportion of the Aryan population to the non-Aryan population of Great Britain during next decades, and *a fortiori* during centuries to come, would not change any less in favor of the non-Aryans, and among them, the Negroes: the people who multiply *the most quickly*.

It is also necessary to take into account the inevitable mixtures of races—all the more frequent (and more revolting) as the perversity of the men and women of the advanced Dark Age grows. One must also add the influence of a whole literature intended to awaken and maintain a morbid sexual curiosity. Today—indeed yesterday, ten years ago and more—it is not (and was not) rare to see in the streets of London some beautiful English blonde pushing a baby carriage in which rests (or rested) one or sometimes two small Euro-African mongrels. One sees (and saw) some in the small cities. (I saw some in Corydon, Cheltenham, and elsewhere).

It would be possible to put an end to these shameful unions—against nature—and this production of mongrels, only by changing from top to bottom the mentality of a youth up to now increasingly indoctrinated with antiracism, while taking radical measures for the definitive removal, if not the physical suppression, of undesirables actual or potential. If one were to keep them alive to use their labor, one would have to sterilize all the mongrels without exception, as well as the Aryan women guilty of crimes against the race—because those, once impregnated, even only once, by an alien seed, are no longer trustworthy. One knows of cases where the child of an extremely acceptable husband dangerously resembles the former lover (himself unacceptable) that his mother had left quite a long time *before* his conception.

And it would be necessary to oblige *all* Negroes, Jews, and other non-Aryan elements to leave the national territory, at least to live there only in exceptional circumstances, and, in this case, subjected to laws and regulations which keep them in their place—such as the famous “Nuremberg Laws” (of 15 September 1935) which protected the racial integrity from the Germans under the Third Reich.

But for that to be possible, Great Britain would need a dictatorial Government just like that of Germany in 1935, and inspired like it by the ancient faith in the excellence of the purity of blood. Can it ever hope to have one?

Such a Government could, beyond the Rhine, in 1933 take power “by legal means,” i.e. “democratically,” while resting on a majority of voters (and *what* a majority!) under universal suffrage. It could because the German people, without having the racial homogeneity of which the Führer dreamed, had at least sufficient biological unity to feel its interest related to that of Aryan blood. If nothing is done—and done shortly—to remove non-Aryans from any participation in the public affairs of Great Britain, it is clear that, considering their number, *which is shooting up*, they will play an increasingly decisive role in the policy, domestic and foreign, of the country, *and in its cultural life*. (Theatre, cinema, and television already seem, and for a long time, to have become the “private preserve” of the Jews, without whose approval nothing is played.)

The Aryans will have to finally abdicate the position of command that the virtues, inherent in their race, had given their fathers, in a time when democracy was conceived of as only between equals, and when there were neither Negroes nor Jews in England.³ They will be able, certainly, to remain pure of blood. And for that, it will still be necessary that they take great care that the spirit of their children is not contaminated by the influence, more and more insistent, of the multiracial schools, of the radio, of television—cinema, the press, books (in particular textbooks), in a word, of all the means of diffusion that the majority, hostile to all “racial pride,” will more and more firmly have taken in hand. What is certain is that their number will decrease more and more, and especially will decrease in proportion to that of the men of other races who will be called without any right, “English people” (like so many Indians of nowadays, Dravidians even mongrels of aboriginals, who, without any more right, are proud to belong to the “Aryajati”—the Aryan race, that of the biological elite of their land.)

Finally, in a few centuries, they will be a hundred thousand, fifty thousand, twenty thousand, dispersed all over the British Isles, then over-populated with mongrels of various hues. They will be submerged in some hundred or two hundred million robots with generally dark skin, with the most varied features, a termite mound directed by the diabolical intelligence of some Jewish technocrats. They will be, in this termite mound, the only creatures worthy of the name “men” in the sense in which *we* employ it. But the world then will have nothing to do with such creatures.

Perhaps they will cultivate a tardily awakened Aryan consciousness. Perhaps they will arrange, in spite of the distances, from time to time, to meet in small groups and discuss nostalgically “old England”—now more dead than the Athens of Pericles. Perhaps, during one of these pitiful meetings—on the occasion of some historical anniversary—a man will rise who is simultaneously well-informed and gifted with intuition, who will explain to his brothers in race the remote and deep causes of their decline.

“Here,” he will undoubtedly say to them, “we pay the price of the madness of our fathers of the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries; those who, in what was formerly our

Empire, encouraged the propaganda of the Christian missionaries, obligatory vaccination, and the adherence of the 'well-read' to democratic principles; especially those who, moreover, obstinately refused the hand offered to them sincerely by the greatest of all Europeans: Adolf Hitler; those who, in response to His reiterated offer of alliance and His promise to leave us the domination of the seas, unleashed against him the Second World War, drowned His country under a flood of phosphorus and fire, and burned alive nearly five million of His compatriots, women and children, under burning debris or in shelters where liquefied asphalt from the streets penetrated in burning torrents. We pay the price for the crimes of Lord Churchill and company and all those who believed in them and fought National Socialist Germany, our sister, defender of our common race. These men, you will say, were in good faith, but were short-sighted. It is possible. But that does not excuse them before history. Stupidity is itself a crime when the interest of the nation, and especially of the race, is concerned. One cannot do what our fathers did—to their shame and ours—and escape punishment!"

The punishment will be, as Prime Minister of Great Britain, some Christian with woolly hair and a simian visage—a descendant of immigrants from equatorial Africa ennobled for "services rendered" and perhaps named "Winston," in remembrance of the gravedigger of the former British Empire. The punishment will be living in the midst of a brownish and snub-nosed England—also, at least in the main, woolly haired—of which the former inhabitants, the legitimate inhabitants, the *Aryans*—Normans as well as Saxons or Celts, will count as little as American Indians on the reservations count today in the USA.

Then, perhaps, some of the groups of true Englishmen, more obstinate than others in their resentment of defeat and betrayal, more combative or only less despairing, will burn, every 8th of May, some effigy of Churchill, intentionally grotesque, his fat face bloated and big-lipped, provided with his legendary cigar, and painted like a clown, his large belly stuffed with sawdust. The 8th of May, indeed, will be finally recognized as the anniversary of the shame of England as much as the misfortune of the "sister Nation," formerly hated, since then loved with all the passion that accompanies a remorse that one knows is in vain. Perhaps these same English, and others, will make a public cult of Adolf Hitler, the Savior that their ancestors once rejected and that their ancestors of today—our contemporaries—still insult. Perhaps there will be, among the less and less numerous Aryans of the whole world, a minority—militant, serene, almost happy in its unshakeable fidelity—that will render him worship—while waiting to become (it or its descendants) the bodyguard of the Avenger of whom he had a presentiment, but that he was not: Kalki.

But all the tardy repentances and all the retrospective devotions will remain without effect, both in Europe and among the Aryan minorities of other countries, in particular the more and more Judaized and Negrofied America. Nothing will be able to snatch the youngest of the noble races of humanity from the fate that must befall it in consequence

of the crimes committed or tolerated by too many of its representatives, under the influence of cheap anthropocentrism. These infamies will be followed by “counter-shocks,” slowly no doubt, but all the more irresistibly as those who committed or tolerated them were more responsible (or should have been) while being less detached, more centered on themselves and their limited concepts, than on “The Universe”—the Cosmos and the Essence of the Cosmos.

There are infamies of all kinds, whose wages accumulate for millennia, crimes against all the animal aristocracies, against the powerful bison and the deer full of grace, against the great cats and common felines, tigers in miniature; crimes against the massacred forest; against the impassive sea, soiled with all the rubbish of invading industry; crimes against all the human aristocracies, in particular against the Aryan race itself—in Europe, against the Germans; in Asia, against the purest Aryans of India—in the name of Christ or Christian “values”; in the name of democracy or Marxism; always in the name of some faith or philosophy invented and diffused by Jews.

It is already too late to regret the past. It was necessary to think of it *before* the Second World war—and *not* to unleash it!—*before* the excessive industrialization of the West and then the world; *before* the intensified massacre of the forests and the big cats and all the horrors committed or permitted on animals, always innocent; on animals incapable of being “for” or “against” any possible ideology—in the name of the interests of man, whether his well-being or simply his amusement. It was necessary to think *before* the irresistible progression—the *geometrical* progression—of the multiplication of the two-legged mammal at the expense of quality, the ultimate source of all evils and degradations.

It is already too late today, not to mention a time when the degeneration of man, under the generalized reign of the Chandala, will be an accomplished fact. For the élite there are only a few things to be done. It has to only keep, against wind and tide, its faith in eternal *non-human* values; only to curse those men whom the Powers of the abyss chose as instruments of their inevitable victory; and, with all its powers, all its thirst for beauty and justice, to call for Kalki, the last hero “against Time,” the Avenger of all His glorious precursors; He who must succeed where they all failed, and to bring to an end this Dark Age.

Every time that one passes through an over-populated countryside, where quickly built houses and fields destined to nourish the human multitude extend indefinitely in place of destroyed forests, just try to put oneself in contact with the impassive and hidden Principle of action and reaction and pray intensely: “Return, O patient Lord of the earth and the jungle, its former king! Treat man, individually and collectively, as he has treated you—as he still treats you!”

* * *

It will be objected that I am unjust towards the human élites, the creators of culture. One will point out that, without a certain encroachment on the jungle, savanna, or forest, therefore without restriction of the natural domain of wildlife, there would never have been either cities or monuments, nor all that one includes under the name of “civilization”—the arts being all more or less related to one another, as with certain fundamental techniques.

That is true, and no one could deny it. Or rather, that *was* true, in times when one could still think that it was worth the trouble to cut down some trees to set up, of the top of a promontory, or on some other “high place,” a perfect temple—or to build, in the midst of a plain, one or several pyramids with powerful symbolism, whose measurements corresponded to those of the Earth, if not the solar system. That was true in times when, an integral part of Nature, man had not yet risen up against it, in the laughable pride of his advantages over other living species; times when, in the best societies, which all were more or less traditional societies, the most eminent spirits, far from exalting, like Francis Bacon or Descartes, the idea of the “domination of man” over the Universe, only dreamed of expressing allegorically, in carved, painted, sung, or written works, or by rhythmic sound and dances, their intuitive knowledge of cosmic truths—their vision of the eternal.

Then, human creation—always, moreover, contained within certain limits—was harmoniously inserted into the natural environment. It did not damage it, did not desecrate it. It could not be otherwise, since what was then held to be “art” was only what René Guénon calls “*objective art*,” i.e., works whose norms are directly related to the artist’s knowledge of the norms of the Universe, visible and invisible, human and non-human. Thus were born the colossi of Tiahuanaco, the pyramids of Egypt and America, the Greek, Hindu, or Japanese temples, prehistoric or relatively recent paintings in the depths of caves—Altamira, Lascaux, Ajanta—the Byzantine, Romanesque, or Gothic cathedrals, the great mosques of the world; and all music, sacred or initiatory, from Antiquity to Bach and Wagner; and the sacred dances of India and the entire world. Nothing that transports *one’s soul* from its native milieu—on the contrary, all that expresses it, translates it into the language of the eternal, attaches it to the whole.

But all that was yesterday; it was above all *in times of old*. It dates to before—and, in general, a long time before—the appearance of human insects and their sudden multiplication, in not just mathematical but geometric progression, resulting from techniques for the protection of the weak.

I repeat: quality and quantity are mutually exclusive. People whose number increases in geometric progression—doubling and in certain countries, tripling, every thirty years—can only ruin the earth—the landscape and the soil itself, upon which they suck like leeches. They need dwellings absolutely; no matter what; quickly built dwellings, costing as little as possible; *ugly*. Ugliness is not taken into consideration, provided that, in the

technically advanced countries, buildings offer more and more comfort; that they allow an increasingly automatic life. In the other countries, it will suffice that they are lined up, very similar, built in series, on the site of uprooted forests. Corrugated iron, broiling hot, will replace cool thatch. And fragments of rusted cans, crudely assembled, will form walls instead of palm fronds, which will become rarer. Thus these cut-rate dens are inferior, certainly, to the most primitive African or Oceanic huts and ancient caves. But they have the advantage that their manufacture can go hand in hand with the rate of human proliferation.

As for the work of art, visible reflection of the eternal, intended to last millennia—the pyramid, tomb, temple, or colossus carved from the living rock, or raised like a hymn in stone in the midst of a plain or high on an escarpment—that has not been a question for ages. Man does not build any more under the direction of the wise, to embody a truth inexpressible by words, but under that of entrepreneurs avid for quick profit—perhaps under that of the State, friend of the masses—to house the greatest possible number of people, no matter what people. The landscape is sacrificed, the forest torn away, and its inhabitants—the big cats, the reptiles, the birds—driven where they cannot survive or killed offhand. Man, formerly an integral part of Nature (and *sometimes* its crown), became the torturer of all beauty, the enemy of the universal Mother, the cancer of the planet.

Even the superior races do not create any more symbols. They replaced, or replace more and more, the temples and cathedrals with factories and medical research centers. And they “decorate” their public places with caricatures made of cement or iron wire. The music that their young people like, that they allow to fill the length of their days with their transistors, as background music of all their activities, all their conversation, all that can remain to them of thought, is a bad imitation of Negro music.

No doubt, the last great Aryan collective creation of the West was begun by Third Reich Germany: by the architects of the new Chancellery and the Stadium of Nuremberg, by the sculptors Arno Breker and Georg Kolbe, by the interpreters of Wagner—in particular, the extraordinary conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler. It was the result of an extraordinary spirit of *all* Germany, under the inspiration of the supreme Artist—Adolf Hitler—a counter-current to world decadence. This spirit was abruptly stopped, *at the end of only six years*, by the English declaration of war against Germany, immediately followed, as one knows, by the coalition of hatred, under the open or subtle direction of the Jews.

All that the non-German West has recently produced of true greatness—in France, for example, the work of a Robert Brasillach, a Henry de Montherlant, a Céline, a Benoist-Méchin, a Saint-Loup—was more or less touched by the spirit of the Reich. There hovers, moreover, from one end to another, a profound pessimism, like a prescience of inevitable death; the “decline of the West” that Spengler already announced.

And the East is no better. It lives on its stock of traditional wisdom; it performs its immutable rites; it cites its sacred Scriptures, the contents of which are older than pre-history, since they are the Truth itself—non-human Truth. But it does not seem to have the force on which to draw to regenerate itself from top to bottom. (It is, I remind you, a *minority* of Hindus, just as it is a minority of Europeans—and a minority without political influence, alas—that has understood what eternal bond exists between Hitlerism and the Doctrine of violent action with absolute detachment as preached by Lord Krishna to the Aryan warrior Arjuna in the Bhagawad-Gita.)

On the other hand, today in 1971, I find in India more echoes than ever when I express my impassioned longing for the *avatar* Kalki and of the end of the Dark Age. Others await it like me, they too without feeling that there is anything to deplore in the thought of the end of man—with the exception of those whom the last divine Incarnation will welcome as collaborators, considering them worthy to open with Him the Golden age of the next Cycle.

There is, indeed, no reason to be sad at the idea that the innumerable uglinesses that we see spread everywhere on all continents will one day be definitively swept away, along with those who produced, encouraged, or tolerated them, and continue without ceasing to produce new ones. Nor is there even reason to be sad for fear that old and beautiful human creations—the Pyramids of Giza, the Parthenon, the temples of South India, Ellora, Angkor, the cathedral of Chartres—could well be swept away at the same time, in the colossal fury of the End. The uglinesses that man has accumulated, the desecrations of the Earth he has committed, even the best races, in this century of universal degradation, neutralize by far all that the genius of the Ancients produced that is greater and more beautiful. They make us forget the winged bulls of Babylon and Assyria, the friezes of the Greek temples and the Byzantine mosaics and tip the balance in favor of the disappearance of the human species.

Moreover, eternal works have no place anymore in the world of today. One no longer even sees them. Horrible buildings of glass and steel—“for offices”—erected recently in very center of Athens, around the *Plateia Syntagmatos*,⁴ entirely hide the Acropolis from view to whoever stands at this place. The setting of a city of four thousand years is destroyed. Mount Lycabettus, three quarters denuded of its beautiful pine forests, is no longer Lycabettus in the eyes of those who knew and loved it fifty years ago.

And so it goes everywhere. It is—or it will be, tomorrow—on the planetary scale, the realization of the sacrilegious dream of Descartes and all the devotees of anthropocentrism. It is the triumph of the immense human anthill on the savanna, on the desert, all terrestrial spaces where the *superior* man still could, being alone, and, through visible beauty and contact with the innocence of Life deprived of the word, commune with the eternal.

When will the inevitable Avenger arrive? He who will reestablish Order and restore “each being to its place”?

Is this the devotion that I carry to him which made me—and *always* made me—love so much all the Forces that look down on high and seem to want to crush this insolate earthworm that is man? Is it, in particular, that which, in April 1947, made me greet the sight (and subterranean roaring!) of Mount Hekla in full eruption as one greets in India the divinities in the temples, and, in an ecstasy of joy, sing in Bengali the hymn of Shiva: “Dancer of Destruction, O Lord of the Dance!”⁵ That which drove me to walk all night long beside one of the seven lava flows, under a sky of pale violet, flooded with moonlight, striped with the aurora borealis, green fringed with crimson, crossed by a long black cloud of volcanic smoke—the sky against which the craters (there were several) launched their jets of flame and their incandescent fragments of rock? That in which, in the uninterrupted rumbling spewing from the bowels of the trembling earth, and sometimes bursting in sudden craters of fire, one recognizes the sacred Syllable “Aum!”—the same that I had heard, and that I would hear again, always with adoration, from the mouths of lions?

Was this the more or less obscure awareness of those who were themselves of the race of He-Who-Comes-Back-Age-after-Age, and, like Him, defenders of the beauty of the Earth—Avengers of the Strong against all the anthropocentric and therefore egalitarian superstitions, and in particular against Christianity, then lately imposed on proud Germans? Was it this awareness, I say, that drove the Vikings of Jutland, ancestors of my mother, to sing their hymns to Donner and Thor in the midst of the fog on a North Sea in fury—joyous to hear, in the rumbling of the thunder, the answer of the Gods?

Perhaps. What is certain is that I have always been *for* untamed Nature, against man; *for* the lion and the tiger, against the hunter, who is sometimes very ugly and, in any event, even if he might be beautiful, *less beautiful than they* who live on the edge of global decadence. What is certain, as well, is that I have always been *for* the superior man, *for* the strong, the conqueror (at least when, unlike the European invaders of the New World,⁶ he does not employ his force to spread some doctrine of leveling, justifying all interbreeding) against the pacifist, engorged on his pleasures; against the hairsplitter; and against the “scientist” working “for humanity” at the expense of innocent animals; I have always been *for* the SS against the Jew, and his servants more contemptible than him.

It was forty years ago, or almost, that I came to India to seek (for want of anything better) the tropical equivalent of Aryan and pagan Europe—of the ancient World, where reigned an enlightened tolerance and the worship of the Beautiful, synonymous with the Truth, drawing its very essence from the Truth. I came and remained, I left and I returned, always as a disciple of Adolf Hitler, the modern Visage of He-Who-Comes-Back, always

animated by the spirit of “combat against Time,” which he himself incarnates, along with all his glorious predecessors, and Kalki, the Victor who must one day succeed him and them.

Now there is nothing more to do, my comrades, than to live with my burning hope for the *end* of this humanity that rejected us, our Führer and us. It is not worth the trouble to save it. May it go to the devil, buried under the ruins of its hospitals, its laboratories, its slaughterhouses, and its “night clubs”!

I quote you the words that Leconte de Lisle addresses to the virgin Forest, burned, uprooted, cut down by man:

Tears and blood will sprinkle your ash,

And you will spring back to us, O Forest!

These, for me, are words of anticipated joy.

I also remind you of the words of Goebbels at the hour of the collapse of the Reich for which we lived: “Après le déluge: *nous!*” [[“After the deluge: *we!*”](#)]. It is no more than a wish to call all our forces the “Deluge”—the *End*, for which we take personal responsibility to bring about, by wishing for it day and night.

I would wish it; I would invite it, even if one persuaded me that none of us—including me, of course; including those whom I admire and love the most—would survive it. The world is too ugly without its true Gods—without *the sense of the sacred in the heart of life*—for the Strong not to aspire to its end.

My comrades, join with me, and sing together with Wotan, the Song of the End:

“Eins will ich: das Ende, das Ende!”

(“I will one thing: the end, the end!”)

A world without man is, and by far, preferable to a world in which no human *élite* will rule anymore. The roaring of the lion will again be heard everywhere, in the middle of the night, under a sky resplendent with moonlight or dark and full of stars. And once more living things will tremble before a King worthy of them.

Saint-Denis Jankélévitch

Started *again* (after a fashion) on 20 April 1969, in Montbrison, (France), after the loss of its beginning—80 pages of a first manuscript, impossible to *rewrite*; continued in Athens from September 1969 to August 1970, then in Germany, then in Ducey (Normandy) from October 1970 to May 1971, then in Poona (India), this book was completed in New Delhi on 12 September 1971.

¹Thanks to the “Communal Award” which I have discussed above, in Chapter 2.

²This revolt is shaped, in particular, in the *South* of India, by the struggle of the “DMK”—Dravida Munetra Khazgham—against the Brahmins, Sanskrit culture, the worship of Rama (the deified Aryan hero), and, in general, against all that in life and institutions recalls the Aryan presence.

³There were *no* Jews in England from 1290—when King Edward I expelled them—until the middle of the seventeenth century, when Cromwell, who received enormous sums from their bankers, called them back.

⁴“Place of the Constitution.”

⁵“প্রলয় নাচন, নাচলে ষখন, হে নটরাজ” ।

⁶With the diffusion of Christianity, interbreeding took place—in Latin America especially—to an extent without precedent.